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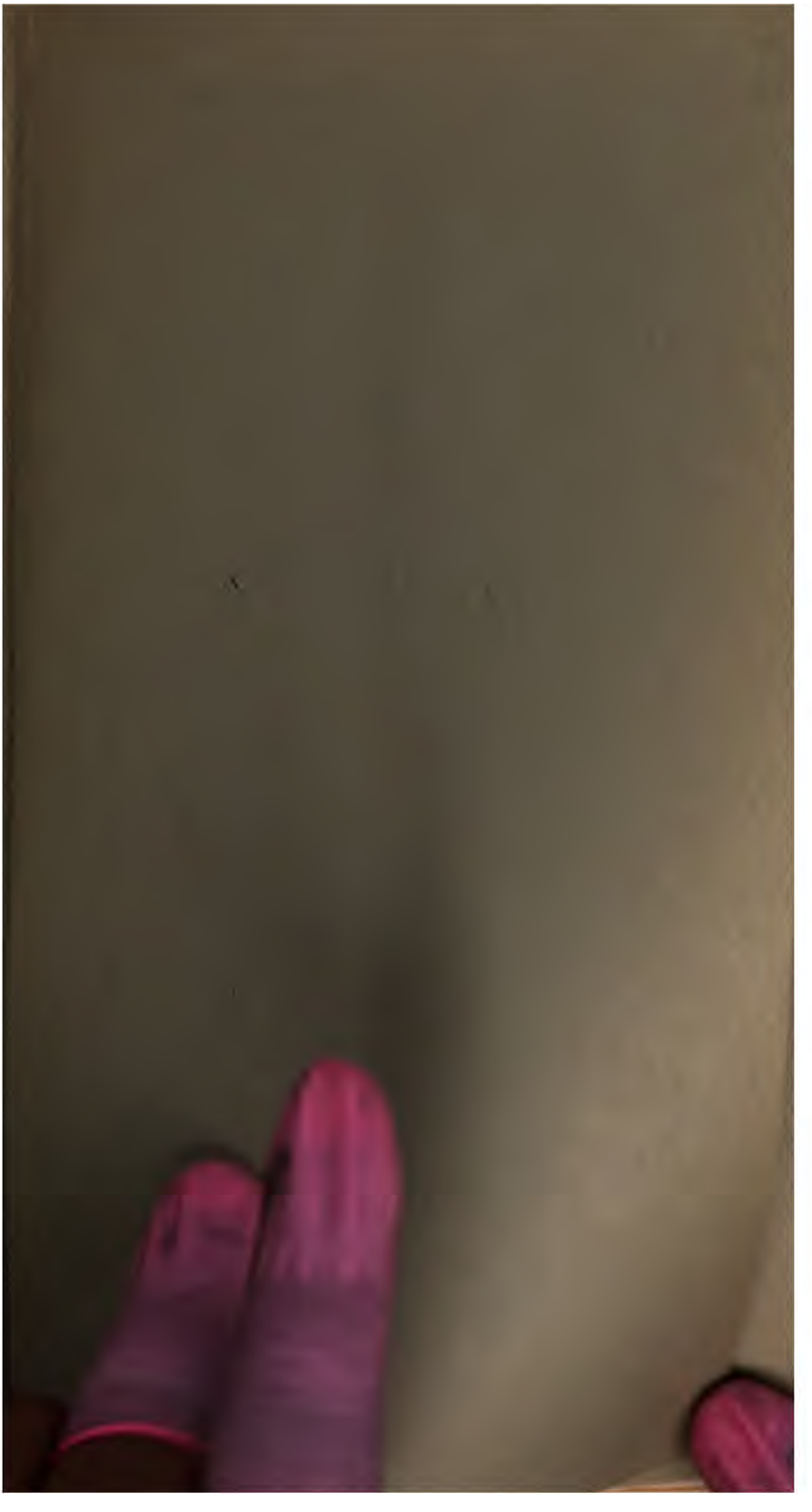

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THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1812—SIR ROBERT WILSON.

It is long before we arrive at the secret causes of events, the hidden motives of the actors in them. The events themselves are patent to all; their form, their shape, their result, we all can from the first appreciate. Brilliant and accurate descriptions of them we can gather from cotemporary records, but these relate to the outward seeming alone. It is long years afterwards, when the generation who witnessed them have sunk into the tomb, and the men who acted in them have journeyed hence, that we first obtain a glimpse behind the curtain, and acquire a knowledge of the real objects pursued, and the true springs of action. Thus it is that on many points connected both with the diplomatic history and the military events of the first French Empire, we are only now beginning to have revealed to us the secret causes, and to see in their just character the men who carried them on.

Upon the diplomacy of Napoleon I. much light has been shed by Thiers in his very valuable *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, and by the documents published in the *Memoires* of Joseph and Eugene. Many curious details have also been brought out by Marmont in his very interesting *Membires;* and Koch, in his *Life of Massena*, has explained much that is important regarding the military narrative of the campaigns in which that Marshal took a part. But there is no portion of this period both more interesting in itself, and upon which more new matter has been revealed, than the Russian campaign of 1812.

The brilliant eye-painting of Segur—the *Times'* correspondent of the campaign—left little to be desired regarding the external features of that most thrilling of military episodes. The Russian view was given with great clearness and great accuracy by Boutourlin, but he is essentially a supporter of one of the two great parties into which Russian public opinion was split—viz., that of the nobles, represented by Kutusoff; and that of the young Russians, by Milaradowitch and Bagrathion. He belonged to the former. Chambray has with great care and impartiality given the French account. He wrote with many advantages. Himself an actor in the events which he narrates, and furnished with all the information which the records of the French War-office could afford, he has produced a work which in some respects, and more especially with regard to the numbers of the French army at different periods, is the best which we possess. The keen Prussian

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orders for the appointment of a new chief might arrive during his absence. Before his (Wilson's) departure for St. Petersburg, however, it had been resolved to send to the Emperor not only the request of the army 'for a new chief,' but a declaration, in the name of the army, '*that if an order came from St. Petersburg to suspend hostilities and treat the invaders as friends*' (which was apprehended to be the true motive of the retrograde movements, in deference to the policy of Count Romanzow), '*such an order would be regarded as one which did not express his Imperial Majesty's real sentiments and wishes*, but had been extracted from his Majesty under false representations or external control, and *that the army would continue to maintain his pledge and pursue the contest till the invader was driven beyond the frontier.*' Since the execution of such a commission might expose a Russian officer to future punishment, and the conveyance of such a communication by a subject to the sovereign was calculated to pain and give offence, when no offence was proposed, it was communicated by a body of generals to Sir Robert Wilson, 'that under the circumstances of his known attachment to the Emperor, and his Imperial Majesty's equally well-known feelings towards him, no person was considered so properly qualified to put the Emperor in possession of the sentiments of the army; that his motives in accepting the mission could not be suspected; and that the channel was one which would best avoid trespass on personal respect, and prevent irritation from personal feelings being humiliated.'"—(WILSON, 111, 112.)

Sir Robert undertook the delicate mission, and reached St. Petersburg on the 24th August. The Emperor was then at Abo, whither he had gone to meet Bernadotte. There is no monarch who has come much worse out of the ordeal of history than this Swedish one. Selfishness seems to have been the only rule which guided his conduct. Of any higher motive he was entirely guileless. Thiers has revealed that he offered to unite his whole forces to those of France for the overthrow of Russia, provided the possession of Norway was secured to him. Napoleon—to his honour be it said—refused to spoliate his old ally Denmark, and Bernadotte then proceeded to offer his mercenary alliance to England and Russia upon the same terms. They accepted it, for it was of immense importance to them; and he now came to Abo to conclude the terms of his bargain. Then says Sir Robert:—

"Those negotiations were concluded which rendered disposable the Russian army of Finland, and secured the co-operation of a Swedish force, assuring Norway and Sweden, under the guarantee of England, with one million sterling as subsidy, *which, moreover, held out to the King the prospect of ascending the throne of France,*—Alexander having declared in his presence 'that he should consider it vacant in case of Napoleon's overthrow,' and having replied to the King's question, 'To whom then would it be given?' with a pointed emphasis and accompanying inclination of the head, 'Au plus digne!'"—WILSON, 113.

This is a most curious and valuable revelation. The conduct of Bernadotte in the subsequent course of the contest was so extraordinary—the resolution with which he held back his forces from any active participation in it was so great—the pressure which had to be applied to him by Sir Charles Stewart in 1813 to bring him up on the third day to Leipsic, and by Lord Castlereagh in 1814 to tear from his reluctant grasp the Russian and Prussian corps which rendered Blucher victorious at Laon, was so extreme, that every attentive reader of these transactions was driven to one of two alternatives—either that Bernadotte was a traitor or that he was aiming at the throne of France. This most curious revelation of Sir Robert Wilson's, however, renders the motives of his conduct clear. The Russian Emperor had indirectly held out to him the bait of the French throne to induce him to enter into the alliance, and it was therefore but natural that he should endeavour to hang back, as much as possible, in the actual contest, and avoid to the utmost of his power wounding the susceptible vanity of his future subjects, and being associated in their minds with the overthrow of their dominion and the humiliation of their country.

On the 3d September the Emperor returned to St. Petersburg, and during a private conversation after dinner, Sir Robert communicated to him the views of his army. His account of Alexander's conduct on

the occasion is so characteristic, and throws so much light both upon his character and the state of Russia at the time, that we give it in full:—

"During this exposition, the Emperor's colour occasionally visited and left his cheek. When Sir Robert Wilson had terminated his appeal, there was a minute or two of pause, and his Majesty drew towards the window, as if desirous of recovering an unembarrassed air before he replied. After a few struggles, however, he came up to Sir Robert Wilson, took him by the hand, and kissed him on the forehead and cheek, according to the Russian custom. 'You are the only person,' then said his Majesty, 'from whom I could or would have heard such a communication. In the former war you proved your attachment to me by your services, and you entitled yourself to my most intimate confidence; but you must be aware that you have placed me in a very distressing position. Moi! souverain de la Russie!—to hear such things from any one! But the army is mistaken in Romanzow: he really has not advised submission to the Emperor Napoleon; and I have a great respect for him, since he is almost the only one who never asked me in his life for anything on his own account; whereas every one else in my service has always been seeking honours, wealth, or some private object for himself and connections. I am unwilling to sacrifice him without cause: but come again to-morrow. I must collect my thoughts before I despatch you with an answer. I know the generals and officers about them well; they mean, I am satisfied, to do their duty, and I have no fears of their having any unavowed designs against my authority. But I am to be pitied; for I have few about me who have any sound education or fixed principles: my grandmother's court vitiated the whole education of the empire, confining it to the acquisition of the French language, French frivolities and vices, particularly gaming. I have little, therefore, on which I can firmly rely: only impulses: I must not give way to them, if possible; but I will think on all you have said.' His Majesty then embraced Sir Robert Wilson again, and appointed the next day for his further attendance. Sir Robert Wilson obeyed his Majesty's commands, who renewed the subject almost immediately by saying, 'Well! *Monsieur l'Ambassadeur des rebelles*, I have reflected seriously during the whole night upon the conversation of yesterday, and I have not done you injustice. You shall carry back to the army pledges of my determination to continue the war against Napoleon whilst a Frenchman is in arms on this side the frontier. I will not desert my engagements, come what may. I will abide the worst. I am ready to remove my family into the interior, and undergo every sacrifice; but I must not give way on the point of choosing my own ministers: *that* concession might induce other demands still more inconvenient and indecorous for me to grant. Count Romanzow shall not be the means of any disunion or difference; everything will be done that can remove uneasiness on that head, but done so that I shall not appear to give way to menace, or have to reproach myself for injustice. This is a case where much depends on the *manner of doing it*. Give me a little time—all will be satisfactorily arranged.'"—(WILSON, 116, 117.)

Sir Robert was shortly after sent back to the army, instructed by the Emperor to announce in his name to the generals that he

"Declared upon his honour, and directed him to repeat in the most formal manner, the declaration, that his Majesty would not enter into or permit any negotiation with Napoleon as long as an armed Frenchman remained in the territories of Russia. He would sooner let his beard grow to his waist, and eat potatoes in Siberia. At the same time, he specially authorized Sir Robert Wilson (who was to reside with the Russian Army as British Commissioner), to intervene with all the power and influence he could exert, to protect the interests of the Imperial Crown, in conformity with that pledge, whenever he saw any disposition or design to contravene or prejudice them.'—(WILSON, 119.)

It was the 15th September when Sir Robert left St. Petersburg for the headquarters of the Russian army. He did not rejoin it, in consequence, until after the evacuation of Moscow. Great events had happened in the mean time. Barclay had been superseded in the command by Marshal Kutusoff. His character is thus sketched by our author:—

"A *bon vivant*—polished, courteous, shrewd as a Greek, naturally intelligent as an Asiatic, and well instructed as a European—he was more disposed to trust to diplomacy for his success than

to martial prowess, for which, by his age and the state of his constitution, he was no longer qualified. When he joined the army he was seventy-four years old; and, though hale, so very corpulent that he was obliged to move about, even when in the field, in a little four-wheeled carriage with a head, called a droska. Such was the successor whom, as Alexander told the English general, Sir Robert Wilson, 'the nobility of Russia had selected to vindicate the arms of Russia, and defend their remaining possessions.'"—(WILSON, 131.)

Personally, Kutusoff was inclined to follow out the plan conceived by Barclay. But the circumstances of his appointment, and the feeling of the army, rendered any further retreat without a general battle impossible. Having chosen, therefore, a battle-ground at Borodino, seventy-five miles in front of Moscow, he hastened to occupy it, and strengthen it with earthworks.

It was not without great hesitation that Napoleon took the resolution of advancing from Smolensko direct upon Moscow. His most prudent course would have been to have taken up his position there behind the Dnieper and the Dwina, and employed himself during the winter in strengthening his position, securing his base, and reorganising Poland and Lithuania in his rear, ready to advance with the early spring on the Russian capital. But his active mind could not brook the prospect of the long inaction; he was deeply impressed with the idea, that if he could defeat the Russians in a general action, and occupy their capital, Alexander would immediately sue for peace; and he knew enough of the state of their army to be sure that they would not fall back much farther without fighting. Moreover, he felt strongly that the courses of the Dnieper and the Dwina ceased to be defensive lines the moment the hard frost set in. Influenced by these various considerations, and trusting much to his star, he took his final resolution at Dorogobouge to march straight on Moscow. At Gjatsk, on the 2d September, he halted for a day to refresh his men for the great contest which was impending, and had returns sent in of the strength of each corps. From these it appeared that he had 103,000 infantry and 30,000 cavalry—in all, 133,000 combatants present with the eagles: 420,000 had crossed the Niemen, about 120,000 had been detached to the flanks or left in garrison;—his loss up to this period alone, therefore, must have amounted to the enormous number of upwards of 160,000 men.

It was six o'clock on the morning of the 7th September when the strife of giants began at Borodino: 115,000 Russians, with 640 pieces of artillery, struggled there from the rising till the setting of the sun against 127,000 French and 580 guns.* No such terrible contest had yet occurred even in that age of ceaseless strife. Three redoubts covered the Russian left, one large fieldwork protected their centre. Around these the storm of battle ebbed and flowed—now surging over their blood-stained ramparts, now rolling down the heights beyond. Now heavy columns of French infantry forced their headlong way with the bayonet, anon with horrid yells the sturdy Russian foot, closing with a desperate courage, would win back their ground; then the glittering cuirasses of charging horsemen would sweep through the struggling crowd, or loose hordes of long-lanced Cossacks go swarming along the rear. When mutual exhaustion and the failing light brought this terrible battle to a close, the covering-works both on the Russian centre and left were in the hands of the assailants; but behind them, on the heights in rear of the ravines of Gorizkoe and Semenowski, the Muscovite masses lay, exhausted, but unbroken. About 80,000 killed and wounded men were stretched upon that field of blood, divided in about equal proportions between the two sides. But the French had two decided advantages: the guard, 20,000 strong, had never taken their muskets from their shoulders, while the last Russian reserves had been engaged; and on their right they had gained ground, which enabled

* For these numbers compare Thiers xiv. 318, and Chambray, ii. 33 with Boutourlin, i. 320, and Wilson, 136.

them to menace the Russian line of retreat.

These circumstances decided Kutusoff to retire, and accordingly, before dawn on the following morning, he evacuated the position, and fell back slowly, and in perfect order, to Mojaisk on the Moscow road. Benningsen, who had a keen eye for strategy, urged Kutusoff here,

"Not to fall back on Moscow, but to move with the main body of his forces in the direction of Kalouga, on which line he would be most advantageously posted in case the enemy persisted in his movement on Moscow to baffle his operation, or render it finally disastrous."—(Wilson, 161.)

But the commander-in-chief fell back leisurely along the main road, and, with some sharp rear-guard combats, arrived in front of Moscow, where he took up a defensive position on the 13th. Many of the generals, and the mass of the army, were eager for another combat beneath the walls of the capital; but at a council of war, held to decide the question, the opinion of Kutusoff prevailed,—that there was no good position covering the capital,—

"That the Russian army, in another battle before Moscow, might be so shattered as to be rendered incapable of resuming offensive operations in conjunction with the other armies on march, or manœuvring to act on the rear and flank communications of the enemy, the success of which operations, as well as their own safety, depended on the co-operating support of the Russian main army; that the enemy would be obliged to weaken his disposable force by the occupation of Moscow, whereas the Russian army would be daily gaining strength; and finally, that it must always be kept in mind that the contest was for the Russian empire, and not for the preservation of any particular city, or the capital itself."—(Wilson, 164.)

There can be no doubt that these reasons were perfectly sound, and fully justified by the event.

"On the morning of the 14th," says Wilson, "before day-dawn, the troops commenced filing through the city, and were soon accompanied by all the inhabitants and populace who could find any means of conveyance. A hundred and eighty thousand souls, out of two hundred thousand, with sixty-five thousand carriages of every description, exclusive of the artillery and military ambulances, passed the barriers in funeral march."—(Wilson, 165.)

The nation accompanied their army, and the empty shell of the capital was alone left to the invaders. We now come to the very curious and much-vexed question, Who burnt Moscow? Wilson agrees with Thiers and Alison in attributing the deed to the governor Rostopchin. The reasons he assigns seem quite decisive upon the subject. When Kutusoff fell back towards the capital, Rostopchin publicly avowed his

"Resolve, if the city were not to be defended by the Russian army, to convoke all the authorities and inhabitants for the purpose of arranging a general and municipally regulated conflagration—a sacrifice which he was confident would unhesitatingly be made by their patriotism, excited by their horror of the invader. As a further security against the counteraction of his design, he insisted on and obtained a solemn promise from Kutusoff, that if any change should occur in his resolution to defend the city, he would give him three full days' notice."—(Wilson, 162.)

Kutusoff could or did not fulfil his promise; the meeting could not be held, and thus

"Rostopchin, the governor, was placed in a false position. He could neither deny nor adopt the act; but his previous announcement of that intention, his demand of Kutusoff 'for three days' notice,' the removal or destruction of all the fire-engines and apparatus, the release of several hundred malefactors, and the organisation of their bands under directing superiors, impress conviction that Rostopchin was the author and abettor of the transaction. He never forgave Kutusoff for the infraction of the promise—a promise which he publicly declared Kutusoff 'swore by the white hairs of his head' to keep, and the breach of which compelled him to make clandestine preparations, and take measures as if he were instigating an offence against his countrymen and country; whereas, if it had been kept, an occasion would have been presented to him to assume the avowed responsible lead in an act of public virtue enhancing national fame."—(Wilson, 173.)

Of the stern character of the man,

and the fierce patriotic spirit which burned in every Russian breast, from the Emperor to the serf, the following anecdote will afford an illustration worth pages of declamation. Rostopchin possessed a magnificent palace residence at Woronowo, fitted up in the most superb and costly manner with articles of antique vertu. When the French approached the place, he desired the presence of several Russian generals and the English Commissioner.

"At the morning dawn a deputation of elders from the village appeared, stating that 'they had all made their dispositions to retire with the troops, and soliciting to be permitted to go to an estate of their suzerain's in Siberia, as they preferred to be removed there, or to any other provice of the empire, rather than to be subjected to French dominion.' The permission being granted, the whole colony, seventeen hundred souls, began their march, and presented one of the most affecting sights ever beheld: but not a plaint was heard. 'God give our Emperor and Russia victory, with benedictions on their lord,' were the only exclamations or expressions that escaped their lips. Having posted their declaration on the church doors in three languages, Rostopchin, on hearing the pickets commence skirmishing, and seeing the enemy in movement, entered his palace, begging his friends to accompany him. On arriving at the porch, burning torches were distributed to every one. Mounting the stairs, and reaching his state bed-room, Rostopchin paused a moment, and then said to the English General, 'That is my marriage-bed; I have not the heart to set it on fire; you must spare me this pain.' When Rostopchin had himself set on fire all the rest of the apartment, then, and not before, his wish was executed. Each apartment was ignited as the party proceeded, and in a quarter of an hour the whole was one blazing mass. Rostopchin then proceeded to the stables, which were quickly in flames, and afterwards stood in front contemplating the progress of the fire and the falling fragments. When the last cast of the Cavallo group was precipitated, he said, 'I am at ease:' and as the enemy's shots were now whistling around, he and all retired."—(WILSON, 179, 180.)

When Kutusoff evacuated Moscow, he fell back for two marches along the Kolomna road; wheeling then to his right, he made a semicircular march round Moscow at a distance of about twenty-five miles from it, up the stream of the Pakra, till he reached Krasnoi Pakra on the old road to Kalouga; here he arrived on the 19th. By this most able movement the Russian general at once drew near to his own reinforcements, threatened the line of retreat of the enemy, and secured his own upon the important city of Kalouga, whilst he preserved to himself, and debarred them from, the richest provinces of the empire. Here he remained until the end of the month, when Napoleon despatched a strong force under Murat and Poniatowski against him; he then fell back still along the old Kalouga road, from the banks of the Pakra to those of the Nara, and established himself at Taroutino, where he put a period to the long retreat of the Russian armies, and preserved in a much more secure position all the advantages of his former more advanced one on the Pakra. The camp of Taroutino was strong in itself, and now became the real capital of the mobilised Russian empire. It was the Torres Vedras of the Moscow campaign. In it Kutusoff remained undisturbed from the 2d October till the 24th of the same month, reorganising and recruiting his army. Of this period Wilson has left the following striking picture:—

"The reinforcement and provisioning of the assembling army was one of the most extraordinary efforts of national zeal ever made. No Russian who possessed any article which could be rendered serviceable to the state, withheld it: horses, arms, equipment, provisions, and, in brief, everything that can be imagined, was poured into the camps. Militia performed the most remarkable marches, even for Russians, to reach the head-quarters. Old and young, under and over the regulated ages, flocked to the standards and would not be refused service. Fathers of families, many seventy years of age and upwards, placed themselves in the ranks, and encountered every fatigue as well as peril with all the ardour of youth. Governors of distant provinces, without waiting for orders or requisitions, urged forward every supply they could collect; and so many cannon were despatched by relays, that a hundred and sixty beautiful new guns were in one day sent away as superfluous. When the

army amounted to a hundred and ten thousand men, not only were they regularly fed, but fifty thousand horses received full rations of hay and corn without the extension of the foraging range above twenty miles. The camp resembled a beehive in the activity of its swarming hosts. The whole nation was solicitous to fill it with stores and useful largesses.'—(WILSON, 194, 195.)

We now come to one of the most curious of the many curious revelations contained in this work, and that is as to the decisive part taken by Sir Robert in preventing Kutusoff from concluding an armistice with Napoleon for the evacuation of Moscow. When Napoleon first entered the Russian capital, he never doubted that a few days would bring proposals from Alexander, offering to conclude peace upon the most favourable terms, and conceding all the points at issue when the contest began. The burning of the town was the first rude shock which this pleasant anticipation received. But still he believed that, so long as he held Moscow, the Russians would be only too happy to conclude a convention, agreeing to his unmolested retreat in exchange for it. Yet as time passed on, and the negotiators came not, Napoleon grew anxious; his acute mind saw at a glance the enormous and frightful extent of the peril to which he would be exposed should he be ultimately compelled to fall back, and he took the first step on his own side, by sending General Lauriston on a secret mission to Kutusoff's headquarters to propose an armistice.

Sir Robert Wilson, on the 4th October, was at Milaradowitch's bivouac when he received a message from General Benningsen, requesting him to return instantly to headquarters. He found an assembly of general officers anxiously awaiting his return.

"They afforded him proof that Kutusoff, in answer to a proposition made by Lauriston on behalf of Napoleon, had agreed to meet him this same night at a station several miles from his most advanced videttes, on the road to Moscow, there to confer on the terms of a convention, 'for the immediate retreat of the whole invading army from the territories of Russia, which convention was also to serve as the basis of a peace to which it was to be the preliminary.' They added that 'Napoleon himself might be expected at the interview, as Lauriston had stated that he would be accompanied by a friend.' They therefore required from the English General 'that he would act as commissioner of the Emperor under his delegated authority,' and 'as an English commissioner charged with the protection of the British and allied interests:' adding 'the resolve of the chiefs, which would be sustained by the army, not to allow Kutusoff to return and resume the command if once he quitted it for this midnight interview in the enemy's camp.' They declared that they wished to avoid extreme measures, but that *their minds were made up to dispossess the Marshal of his authority if he should inflexibly persevere.*'"—(WILSON, 183.)

This was a dangerous mission to undertake and a delicate one to execute, but Sir Robert did not hesitate. Kutusoff, at the private interview which ensued, admitted the truth of what Sir Robert had heard as to an interview, and added that "he would admit that he already knew those propositions to be of a pacific character, and perhaps they might lead to an arrangement satisfactory and honourable for Russia," concluding by an assurance that his determination was "irrevocable," and justifying it by the state of the empire and the condition of the army, which, *although becoming numerous, was still far from being efficient in proportion to its numbers.* Sir Robert then reminded the Marshal "of the Emperor Alexander's last words to himself, the Marshal, on quitting St. Petersburg, relative to the rejection of all negotiation whilst an armed Frenchman was in the country; and of the renewal of that solemn pledge to him, the English General, with instructions to intervene when he saw that pledge and connecting interests endangered by any one, of whatsoever rank he might be," and he entered his protest and brought forward his arguments. But in vain; Kutusoff remained firm. The English General then brought in to aid his representations the Emperor's uncle (Duke Alexander of Wirtemberg), his brother-in-law (the Duke of Oldenberg), and his aide-de-camp (Prince Wolkonsky).

They expressed their "full confidence in the Marshal's loyalty, patriotism, and judgment; but recommend, under the considerations urged, and the suspicious temper of the army, to which they could testify, that the Marshal should annul the proposed interview out of the Russian camp, and invite General Lauriston to one at his own headquarters, as a more becoming and less disquieting proceeding."—(WILSON, 188.) Kutusoff at last gave way, the midnight interview was given up, and Lauriston publicly received at the Russian headquarters, where he handed to the Russian commander a letter from Napoleon to the Emperor Alexander, and was told by Kutusoff, that as to concluding an armistice, "he had no authority on that head." This transaction may be said to have rendered inevitable all the horrors of the Moscow retreat. It placed Kutusoff and Sir Robert Wilson in an attitude of almost open hostility, and drew from the Emperor Alexander the following severe instructions to the former:—

"In the interview I had with you at the very moment of your departure, and when I confided my armies to your command, I informed you of my firm desire to avoid all negotiations with the enemy and all relations with him that tended to peace. Now, after what has passed, I must repeat, with the same resolution, that I desire this principle *adopted by me to be observed by you to its fullest extent, and in the most rigorous and inflexible manner.*"—(WILSON, 203.)

From this time until the 19th October, Napoleon lay inactive at Moscow, wasting those moments which never could return, not undervaluing the frightful peril of his position, but hoping to the last that Alexander would accept his terms. Clearly seeing on the one hand the dreadful military difficulty and danger of a retreat, fully appreciating on the other the great political advantage of his position in the capital which he had won, he could not bring his mind to abandon this political vantage-ground, and for the first time in his life to fall back before his enemies. He proposed, indeed, at one time, to leave Moscow, and move with his main army to Weliki Luki in a north-westerly direction on to the St. Petersburg road, whence he could at once either support an offensive point to be made upon that capital by the corps of Victor, St. Cyr, and half of that of Macdonald (which had been left to guard his flanks and communications at Smolensko and Witepsk); or, in the event of that failing, retire directly upon Poland through Witepsk.* But the unanimous opposition of his generals and army at the very mention of an offensive movement caused this to be given up. At last he became convinced that all hope of negotiations was fruitless, and that retreat he must. But the determination was made too late. The hand of fate was already upon him. Whilst he wasted time at Moscow, the vast Russian plan for enveloping and destroying his host was in full progress. Every day increased the numbers and efficiency of Kutusoff's army at Taroutino. The peace with Sweden had rendered disposable the army of Finland; the greater part of it, reinforced by the militia of St. Petersburg, was moved up to the support of Count Wittgenstein, who was opposed on the line of the Dwina by the corps of Oudinot and Wrede, and might be reinforced by Victor from Smolensko. Wittgenstein, who would thus have about 50,000 men, was to act vigorously against Oudinot from the north, drive him back from Polotsk over the Dwina, advance to the banks of the Oula, and menace the line of retreat of the French army. Tchichagoff, who commanded the army of Moldavia, also 50,000 strong, rendered disposable by the treaty of peace with Turkey, was ordered up by hasty marches from the banks of the Danube to the marshes of Pinsk on the Polish frontier; he was there to join the force of Tormasoff, which was employed watching Reynier's corps and Schwartzenberg's Austrians, and drive them back on Poland. Leaving a corps to keep them in check, he was then to march on the line of the Beresina, and establish himself on the important bridge of Borissow, directly on Napoleon's line of retreat.

* Thiers, xiv. 411.

Thus, Wittgenstein from the north, and Tchichagoff from the south, were marching to unite upon the French line of retreat between Smolensko and Wilna, while Napoleon still lay in fancied security amidst the ruins of Moscow.

When the French Emperor at last determined to retire, he, with his usual genius, selected a route which would lead him through a new and hitherto untraversed country. His design was to move from Moscow upon Kalouga, and establish himself there in the most productive district of Russia, from whence he could fall back, if necessary, to Smolensko, by the untouched road of Jelnia. He was preparing for this movement when an attack was made by Kutusoff upon Murat and Poniatowski at Winkowo. These generals were surprised in their cantonments by the Russians, and driven back with the loss of 2000 prisoners, 38 guns, and an eagle, and might have been entirely cut off had Kutusoff attacked with more vigour.

This check roused Napoleon. He rapidly concentrated his army, which had now wasted away to little more than 100,000 combatants present with the eagles, and set out from Moscow upon the 19th October. Two roads lead from thence to Kalouga—the old, which passed through Kutusoff's camp at Taroutino, and the new, which led by Malo-Jaroslawitz. Napoleon set out upon the old one, but, after advancing along it for two days, he suddenly turned to the right, and gained by cross-roads the new route which led by Malo-Jaroslawitz.* The object of this skilful manœuvre was to turn the flank of the Russian army, and reach Kalouga before them. But Milaradowitch, whose corps was in advance, and with whom Sir Robert Wilson was, divining the French Emperor's intentions, pushed on by a forced march, and reached Malo-Jaroslawitz, the most defensible point on the new road, just as the enemy's advanced guard entered it. Then (24th October) ensued one of the most desperate combats of the whole war —Eugene, with his Italians, striving with the utmost energy to force the defile and clear the road to the land of promise beyond; Milaradowitch fighting to the death to hold the pass until Kutusoff could come up with the main army, and bar the further progress of the French. Hard indeed was the struggle which now ensued. The whole day, without intermission, the contest raged. Eleven times the town was taken and retaken, and it finally remained in the hands of the French. But Milaradowitch made good the marshy defile beyond until, between four and five in the afternoon, the dense columns of Kutusoff, who had slowly effected his flank march, arrived. The next day must decide the fate of the French army. Success would open to them the rich land of the south—defeat throw them back on the wasted line of the Smolensko road.

The Russians were busy during the night preparing for the coming battle, when about two o'clock in the morning the generals were summoned to a council.

"Kutusoff, sitting in the midst of the circle, shortly acquainted them that 'he had received information which had induced him to relinquish the intention of defending the ground in front of Malo-Jaroslawitz, and determined him to retire behind the Koricza to secure the road to Kalouga, and communication with the Oka.' This announcement was a thunderbolt that caused a momentary stupor."

The Russian generals and the English Commissioner remonstrated in the most earnest way against this determination—but in vain. To the latter Kutusoff replied:—

"I don't care for your objections. *I prefer giving my enemy a 'pont d'or' as you call it, to receiving a 'coup de collier':* besides, I am by *no means sure that the total destruction of the Emperor Napoleon and his army would be such a benefit to the world:* his succession would not fall to Russia, or any other Continental power, *but to that which already*

* Thiers is of opinion that it was only at this point (on leaving the old road) that Napoleon made up his mind to abandon Moscow, but this is opposed to the opinion of all the other French military writers, and can be supported only by *indirect* evidence.—See Thiers, xiv. 467 note.

commands the sea, and whose dominion would then be intolerable."—(WILSON, 233, 234.)

This is one of the most curious and characteristic conversations given in the whole book, and sheds much light both on the extreme caution of the old Russian general, on the jealousy of the predominating influence of England felt by the Russian noblesse whom he represented, and on the share that jealousy had in rendering him unwilling to upset the balance of power in Europe by the entire destruction of Napoleon.

The next day the Russian army had fallen back to its new position, but Napoleon made no move. On the day after, apparently daunted by the desperate defence which Milaradowitch had made, he gave up his plan of forcing a passage to Kalouga; made no attempt to reach Smolensko by the untraversed road of Medynsk and Jelnia, which lay open to him; but set out by the shortest and most direct, but utterly wasted and ruined, route to that place by Mojaisk and Wiazma. Thus both armies at the same time fell back from the smouldering remains of Malo-Jaroslawitz. This was a fatal step for Napoleon. It was better to have suffered any loss in forcing Kutusoff's new position than to have fallen back, without provisions or supplies of any sort in hand, along the utterly barren and devastated line of his former advance. But his generals were completely discouraged, and all, except Davoust, urged an instant retreat by the shortest route. His cavalry was in the most miserable state; not more than 12,000 retained their horses, and these were so wasted away that they were fit for no exertion—whilst artillery had to be abandoned at every step for want of horses to draw them. Napoleon yielded to the general discouragement, and marched upon Mojaisk.

Kutusoff detached in pursuit Milaradowitch, with his own corps and Paskewitch's, and Platoff with his Cossacks; but he moved with the main body of his army along a parallel line by Medynsk and Jelnia. This secured to him the immense advantage of marching his troops through a virgin country, where provisions were plentiful and shelter could be procured, whilst it rendered any halt on the part of the enemy impossible, as his advance would always turn their position, and expose them to the danger of having their line of retreat cut off. Napoleon conducted his retreat not in one solid mass, but by successive corps, with the interval of a march between each. This course, rendered absolutely necessary from the want of magazines, and the difficulty of finding subsistence along the road, exposed the rear of the column to the greatest danger from a flank attack. Milaradowitch and Platoff followed the French with the most relentless fury, but their force, not amounting to more than 27,000 men, could not alone intercept their route. On the 4th November, Milaradowitch, by a flank movement, cut in between the rear-guard, consisting of Davoust's corps and that of Eugene, which was next to it, close to Wiazma. Eugene hastened back to disengage Davoust, Ney halted at Wiazma to support Eugene. Kutusoff was at this time at Biskowo, a short distance to the left: the thunder of the cannon on the main road was distinctly heard. Aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp arrived from Milaradowitch begging reinforcements, and promising decisive success. Benningsen and the other Russian generals entreated their commander to advance, or at least to send on a part of his force.

"The English General represented 'that even a division of cavalry with some flying artillery must embarrass the enemy, and perhaps might achieve a *coup-de-main* in his rear of influential importance.' Kutusoff remained inflexible, only saying '*the time has not yet come.*'"—(WILSON, 245.)

He could easily, by pushing on to Wiazma, have established the whole of his army across the road beyond that town, and thus have cut off Ney, Eugene, and Davoust, or he might have supported Milaradowitch, and overwhelmed Davoust alone; but he would not run the risk. He left it to the slow but sure event of famine and the cold. Milaradowitch, in consequence, had to draw back from the main road, and content himself

with attacking the flank and rear of the French as they filed past. He inflicted on them a loss of 6000 men, 2000 of whom were prisoners.

Napoleon now hastened on to Smolensko, when he hoped to be able to establish himself in winter quarters. At Dorogobouge he was met by intelligence of the conspiracy of Malet in Paris, which so nearly overturned the Imperial government, and by the most disastrous news from both his wings. Tchichagoff, with the army of Moldavia, had joined Tormasoff, driven back Reynier and Schwartzenberg, and, after leaving 25,000 men to watch them on the Polish frontier, was now marching with 35,000 upon the upper Beresina and his line of retreat; while on the other flank, St. Cyr, who commanded Oudinot's corps and the Bavarians, had been driven by Wittgenstein from Polotsk and the line of the Dwina, and was falling back on the Oula where he hoped to meet Victor, who had marched in haste to his support from Smolensko. Thus, from the north and the south, the French Emperor's line of retreat was equally menaced. He despatched the most pressing orders to Victor to unite with Oudinot's corps and drive back Wittgenstein on Polotsk; and to Schwartzenberg to hasten by forced marches after Tchichagoff; while, still further to secure his flank on the side of the Dwina, he directed Eugene to quit the Grand Army and march across the country to Witepsk, on that river.

But a worse enemy even than the Russians was now at hand. The winter was about to set in. It is a circumstance, however, worthy of the utmost attention in estimating the real cause of the ruin of the French army, to note what is now admitted both by Thiers and Chambray, from the evidence of official documents, that at Dorogobouge, *before the fatal cold set in*, the effectives of the Grand Army, which had crossed the Niemen 420,000 strong, fought at Borodino 133,000, and left Moscow 100,000, had *sunk down to* 50,000 *combatants*, followed by an unarmed crowd of camp-followers and stragglers to about the same amount. This is a point of such importance that we shall quote the exact words of M. Thiers in describing the state of the French force at this time:—

"Il n'y avait que le canon qui rendit l'honneur, la dignité, le courage à ces soldats extenués. *Tous les blessés avaient été délaissés, et des soldats alliés*, dont nous ne designerons pas ici le corps, *chargés d'escorter les prisonniers russes, s'en débarrassaient en leur cassant la tête à coups de fusil.* Quiconque était atteint de cette contagion d'egoïsme si générale, si tristement frappante dans les grandes calamités, ne songeant qu'à soi, desertant ses rangs pour chercher à vivre, allait accroitre la foule errante et désarmée qui etait en sortant de Dorogobouge *de* 50 *mille individus environ*, compris les fugitifs de Moscou et les conducteurs de bagages. Plus de dix mille soldats etaient déjà morts sur les routes. Il restait à peine *cinquante mille hommes sous les armes.* Toute la cavalerie, excepté celle de la garde, etait démontée." —(Thiers, xiv. 513.)

The description of the setting in of the cold, and of the sufferings of the French army, is one of the most terribly striking parts of Sir Robert's work. No one but an eyewitness could have given the thrilling touches which almost make us shudder:—

"On the morning of the 4th (November), as has been noted, snow had first fallen in large flakes so as to cover the soil. On the 5th the quantity increased considerably. On the 6th rose that razor-cutting wind which hardened the snow and made it sparkle as it fell like small diamonds, whilst the air, under the effect of its contracting action, was filled with a continual ringing sound. The atmosphere seemed to be rarified till it became quite crisp and brittle. The enemy, already afflicted by hunger, fatigue, sickness, and wounds, were ill prepared for this new though always certain calamity. From this time a state of feeling prevailed that denaturalised humanity—a general recklessness pervaded all—a callousness to every consideration but selfish momentary relief, with one honourable exception in favour of the French, who, when captive, could not be induced by any temptation, by any threats, by any privations, to cast reproach on their Emperor as the cause of their misfortunes and sufferings. The famished, dying of hunger, refused food, rather than utter an injurious word against their chief, to indulge and humour vindictive inquirers. With this

exception, rage appeared to madden all. . . . . The maniacs tore away the clothing of their own companions when they were to be abandoned. If any food was found, they turned their arms against each other. They repulsed with force every one who endeavoured to share their bivouac-fire when one could be lighted, and they mercilessly killed every prisoner. Nor was the Russian peasant, victim of the enemy's fury in his advance as well as retreat, less ferociously savage."—(WILSON, 253, 254.)

But the treatment of the prisoners almost exceeds belief, from its barbarity:—

"All prisoners were *immediately and invariably stripped stark naked*, and marched in columns in that state, or turned adrift to be the sport and the victims of the peasantry, who would not always let them, as they sought to do, point and hold the muzzles of the guns against their own heads or hearts, to terminate their suffering in the most certain and expeditious manner; for the peasantry thought that this mitigation of torture 'would be an offence against the avenging God of Russia, and deprive them of His further protection.' A remarkable instance of this cruel spirit of retaliation was exhibited on the pursuit to Wiazma. Milaradowitch, Benningsen, Korf, and the English General, with various others, were proceeding on the high-road about a mile from the town, where they found a crowd of peasant women, with sticks in their hands, hopping round a felled pine-tree, on each side of which lay about sixty naked prisoners prostrate, but with their heads on the tree, which those furies were striking in accompaniment to a national air or song which they were yelling in concert; while several hundred armed peasants were quietly looking on as guardians of the direful orgies. When the cavalcade approached, the sufferers uttered piercing shrieks, and kept incessantly crying, 'La mort, la mort, la mort.'"—(WILSON, 256.)

Again—

"When General Benningsen and the English General, with their staffs, were one afternoon on the march, they fell in with a column of seven hundred naked prisoners under a Cossack escort: this column, according to the certificate given on starting, had consisted of twelve hundred and fifty men, and the commandant stated 'that he had twice renewed it, as the original party dropped off, from the prisoners he collected *en route*, and that he was then about completing this number again.'"—(WILSON, 257.)

One more example, and we have done.

"The clinging of the dogs to their masters' corpses was most remarkable and interesting. At the commencement of the retreat, at a village near Selino, a detachment of fifty of the enemy had been surprised. The peasants resolved to *bury them alive* in a pit: a drummer boy bravely led the devoted party, and sprang into the grave. A dog belonging to one of the victims could not be secured; every day, however, the dog went to the neighbouring camp, and came back with a bit of food in his mouth, to sit and moan over the newly-turned earth. It was a fortnight before he could be killed by the peasants, afraid of discovery."—(WILSON, 260.)

To the honour of humanity it must be stated that, on the English General's urgent representation of this frightful state of things, the Emperor Alexander took the most vigorous steps to check these horrors, by prohibiting the murder of prisoners under threat of the severest punishment, and by ordering a ducat in gold to be paid for every prisoner handed over safe to the civil authority—unfortunately, however, with too little effect.

Eugene's cross-movement towards Witepsk proved most unfortunate. Harassed by the Cossacks, decimated by the cold, he had to abandon his whole artillery, baggage, and sick, on the swollen banks of the Wop, and soon after learned that the point of his destination was in the hands of the enemy. He then returned to Smolensko, where he arrived on the 13th in the most miserable plight. Napoleon meanwhile had arrived on the 9th at Smolensko, and occupied himself in reorganising and feeding his army from the magazines there. But no protracted stay could be made. Kutusoff was sweeping round his right flank, and might anticipate him on the Dnieper. Victor and Oudinot had been unable to arrest Wittgenstein's movement, and Tchichagoff was rapidly approaching the town of Minsk, on his direct line of retreat, and where all his principal stores and magazines had been collected. On

the 14th, accordingly, he set out from Smolensko with his Guard. Eugene was to follow next, then Davoust, Ney to bring up the rear, each upon successive days. The army now numbered about 42,000 men present with the eagles, and 30,000 stragglers.*

The direct road from Smolensko to Wilna passes through Orcha on the Dnieper. Less than half-way between Smolensko and Orcha is situated the small town of Krasnoi. Through this point Napoleon must retire—upon this point Kutusoff was now marching. Here the two main armies would come into collision, and Napoleon might be utterly destroyed, for he was advancing by successive corps, while Kutusoff moved as a whole, and the latter had 50,000 regular troops, the former not more than 40,000. The force of the Russian army we have put down at 50,000, being the number which Boutourlin gives it at. Wilson says it was 80,000 strong. This, however, seems evidently to be a miscalculation. The Russians suffered greatly during their pursuit of the French. They lost 10,000 men at Malo-Jaroslawitz; they abandoned the active pursuit one march beyond Krasnoi, and yet reached Wilna only 35,000 strong. Upon these points all are agreed. Should Sir Robert's estimate be correct, the Russian army hardly fell off at all between Malo-Jaroslawitz and Krasnoi, while it was engaged with and pursuing the enemy; but suddenly after it had given up the pursuit, and was slowly moving on Wilna, it sank down from 80,000 to 35,000; in other words, suffered a loss of 45,000 men. This is quite incredible. Boutourlin's estimate, who makes it leave Malo-Jaroslawitz 80,000, reach Krasnoi 50,000, and Wilna 35,000 strong, bears internal evidence of probability and truth. In reconciling these conflicting statements, it must be borne in mind that Wilson seems to include the Cossacks (nearly 20,000 in number) in his estimate, and Boutourlin to exclude them in his.†

Napoleon reached Krasnoi on the 15th November with his Guard, and Kutusoff brought his whole army up to Jourowa, on his right, within a short march of that place. He could easily have anticipated Napoleon, but he would not do so, and would only allow Milaradowitch to advance and cannonade his flank. The next day Kutusoff brought up his army to Chilowa, close to Krasnoi, where Napoleon lay; while Milaradowitch, on the high-road between that place and Smolensko, almost destroyed Eugene's corps. On the 17th, Napoleon sallied out from Krasnoi to meet Davoust, and offered battle to the whole Russian army. Kutusoff, whose men were drawn out in complete array, waiting with impatience for the signal to engage, would not give the order. Hour after hour passed by. Davoust, severely pressed in flank and rear by Milaradowitch, came up. Gallitzin, who commanded in the Russian centre, executed some vigorous charges without orders. But Tormasoff's column on the left, which might have occupied the Orcha road, and intercepted the French line of retreat, was not allowed to stir. In vain Benningsen, from the Russian centre, sent aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp to Kutusoff to report—

"Its success, and the certain destruction of the enemy, if he would admit the movement to be made as originally proposed. . . . To the English General, who had also quitted Benningsen to implore his consent to the advance of the army, and who had represented to him 'that Napoleon, his Guards, and what remained of his invading force, were now in his power—who had pledged himself from his own observation, that *by the single word march the war would be finished within one hour*,' he only drily observed, 'You had my answer at Malo-Jaroslawitz.'"—(Wilson, 273.)

It was not till two o'clock in the afternoon that he would allow Tormasoff to move, and the general advance to take place. But it was then too late. Napoleon, who had offered battle only to save Davoust, the moment that officer joined him commenced his retreat, and, filing rapidly

* Thiers says only 37,000 in the ranks; Chambray gives 49,000; Wilson 45,000; Alison 42,000—the latter number seems, on the whole, the most probable.

† Compare Boutourlin, ii. 232, with Wilson, 266.

out of Krasnoi, his rear-guard only fell into the hands of his opponents. The French lost in these actions two eagles, 45 guns, above 5000 killed and wounded, and about 7000 prisoners, mostly stragglers.

There can be no doubt that Kutusoff here threw away a certain opportunity of utterly destroying the army of Napoleon. But he was essentially cautious in disposition; he feared the great name of Napoleon; he would not believe in the exhausted state of the French army; and he distrusted the number of young soldiers and recruits in his own. His real views are probably given with great truth in the following words addressed by him to the Prince of Wirtemberg, and quoted by Thiers:—

"Je sais que vous jeunes gens, vous me disez du *vieux* (c'est ainsi qu'il se qualifiait lui-même), que vous le trouvez timide, inactif. Mais vous êtes trop jeunes pour juger une telle question. L'ennemi qui se retire est plus terrible que vous ne croyez, et s'il se retournait, aucun de vous ne tiendrait tête à sa fureur. *Pourvu 'que je le ramène ruiné,' sur la Berezina, ma tache sera remplie. Voila ce que je dois à ma patrie, et celà, je le ferai.*"—(Thiers, xiv. 552.)

But Ney's corps still remained to come up from Smolensko, and by Napoleon's retreat and the Russian occupation of Krasnoi, it was entirely cut off. Its destruction appeared inevitable. But Ney had a soul which no difficulties could overcome, and no dangers could daunt. He endeavoured at first to force a passage. But, says Wilson—

"Forty pieces of cannon loaded with grape simultaneously on the instant vomited their flames, and poured their deadly shower on the assailants. The survivors intrepidly rushed forward with desperate energy; part reached the crest of the hill, and almost touched the batteries. The Russians most in advance, shouting their hurra, sprang forward with fixed bayonets, and without firing a musket. A sanguinary but short struggle ensued: the enemy could not maintain their footing, and were driven headlong down the ravine. The brow and sides of the hill were covered with dead and dying; all the Russian arms were dripping with gore, and the wounded, as they lay bleeding and shivering on the snow, called for 'death!' as the greatest mercy that could be ministered in their hopeless state."—(Wilson, 279.)

That night (19th November), Ney, even in these desperate circumstances, disdaining to surrender, set out with 3000 combatants and as many followers (all that remained able to march out of 7000 soldiers and as many stragglers who had left Smolensko), and, turning to his right, moved through the darkness to the Dnieper. Abandoning on its banks all his artillery and waggons, he was able to pass most of his men on the thin and bending ice, and pressing on down its right bank, after enduring the most frightful hardships in forcing his way across country enveloped by hordes of Cossacks, he succeeded on the 21st in joining Napoleon near Orcha. "I have two hundred millions in the vaults of the Tuileries," said the French Emperor on hearing of his arrival; "I would have given them all to save Marshal Ney."

Napoleon, who had meanwhile crossed the Dnieper unmolested at Orcha, endeavoured to rally his army there, and restore some order to its ranks by means of a regular distribution of provisions from its magazines. But it was all in vain. The stragglers would not rejoin their colours, and the most alarming intelligence came in from the rear. Tchichagoff had captured Minsk, with all its immense stores, and was advancing straight on Borissow, on the Berezina, where was the only bridge by which Napoleon could pass; while, on the other side, Victor and Oudinot had made a joint attack on Wittgenstein, and been defeated. There was not a moment to lose. Setting out on the 20th from Orcha, Napoleon on the 22d received at Toloczin the frightful news that Tchichagoff had made himself master of Borissow, and was in possession of the only bridge by which the deep stream of the Berezina could be passed. All hope seemed now over. The Caudine forts, in all their bitterness, appeared inevitable. But Napoleon's vigour shone brightly out. Orders were despatched to Oudinot to move by forced marches on Borissow, and endeavour to recover the bridge;

while Victor was directed to cover the flank of the Grand Army against Wittgenstein, and, when it had filed past, follow as rear-guard. Oudinot's advanced guard, attacking with vigour, drove the Russians out of Borissow and over the river, but they destroyed the bridge as they crossed, and drew up on the other bank of the Berezina, to defend the passage of the stream and bar the road to France.

Napoleon's position was now all but desperate. In his front was the broad, deep, and bridgeless stream of the Berezina, guarded by Tchichagoff with 32,000 men. Descending on his right was Wittgenstein with an equal force; on his rear hung Milaradowitch, detached by Kutusoff, with 10,000 men; while the main Russian army, which had discontinued its direct pursuit at Krasnoi, lay at Kopys, on the Dnieper. His own force did not exceed 40,000 combatants, and as many stragglers, including the two fresh corps of Victor and Oudinot. His measures were taken with all his early genius and vigour. He fixed upon Studianka, about twelve miles above Borissow, as the point of passage. Thither General Eblé, with all the engineers of the army, was sent to construct bridges on piles. But the whole mass of the troops were directed on Borissow, while ostentatious preparations were made for throwing a bridge below that place. This fortunately entirely deceived the Russians. Kutusoff having got, as he thought, certain information that the French intended to pass at Berezino, on the lower Berezina, ordered Tchichagoff to keep his troops in that direction to oppose them. This drew him off from the upper course of the river, and enabled Eblé to construct his bridges unmolested. Oudinot, whose corps now formed the vanguard of the army, crossed on the 26th. On the 27th, the main body of the French passed, but Partonneaux's division of Victor's corps, which had been left as a rear-guard in Borissow to impose upon the enemy, was assailed when on its march to Studianka, and entirely destroyed. The next day the Russian general, who had now got certain information of the passage, assailed Napoleon on both banks of the river. Wittgenstein fell upon his rear-guard, under Victor, on the left bank. Tchichagoff assailed his main body, and more especially Oudinot and Ney, on the right. Tchichagoff was repulsed after a severe contest; but towards evening Victor was driven back on the bridges by Wittgenstein. At nine o'clock in the evening he passed the river. The two bridges had frequently broken during the passage of the troops, and thousands of the stragglers who had accompanied the army had perished in their endeavours to cross; but when night came, a sort of torpor seized upon the helpless multitude, and nothing would induce them to move.

"The next morning," says Wilson, "Eblé had orders to destroy the bridges at eight o'clock, but he protracted the execution for half an hour. The flames then burst forth, and with them ascended a wailing shriek of anguish and despair to the skies. Some sprang forward on the fiery platform, and were engulfed or consumed: some dashed into the river, and, crushed by massive blocks of ice, rolled down the stream, calling in vain for succour. It was a commingled herd of men, women, and children, doing they knew not what, flying they knew not whither, and in their delirium adding to each other's calamity. All was madness and indescribable woe. About nine, the Cossacks darted down upon their prey, and several thousands who were still frantically cleaving to the idea of an escape, found themselves thus for ever cut off from all hope."—(Wilson, 336.)

Henceforth the retreat of the Grand Army was little but a flight to Wilna: cannon and baggage were abandoned at every step. The cold increased to such a frightful pitch that the bonds of discipline and subordination were entirely broken in every corps except the Old Guard. The bivouac-fires each morning were marked by a frozen circle of dead men.

"The cold," says Wilson, "was intense—the thermometer 27° and 30° below freezing point, with sky generally clear, and a subtle, keen, razor-cutting, creeping wind, that penetrated skin, muscle, and bone to the very marrow, rendering the surface as white and the

whole limb affected as fragile as alabaster: sometimes there was a *foudroyant* seizure that benumbed at once the whole frame, and stiffened motionlessly the still breathing carcass, from which feet and hands were snapped off at the joints with the slightest degree of wrench, but without any pain."—(WILSON, 342.)

On the 5th December, Napoleon quitted the army at Smorgoni, and set out for Paris. The 9th, the miserable crowd of fur-covered and tattered stragglers, representing the invading hosts, reached Wilna. The next day they abandoned the place *en route* for the Niemen. Four thousand five hundred men in arms alone were grouped round the colours. Twenty thousand sick, wounded, and enfeebled were left behind in the town. Five miles beyond, a steep ice-covered hill at Ponari, impassable to carriages, caused the last of the guns and the last of the treasure to be abandoned. On the evening of the 13th December, Ney, with the rear-guard, recrossed the Niemen, and the next day there mustered on the Polish plains 400 infantry and 600 cavalry around the eagles of the Grand army. Six hundred thousand men had crossed that fatal river to pour into the Russian territory.

"Thus," says Sir Robert, "terminated the severest campaign of six months on record in the annals of the world. The Russians calculated that 125,000 of the enemy perished in the different combats; that forty-eight generals, 3000 officers, and 190,000 soldiers were captured; and that 100,000 were destroyed by cold, hunger, and disease: that only 80,000, including the Austrians and Prussians, repassed the frontiers; and that they (the Russians) captured seventy-five eagles or stands of colours, and 929 cannon, exclusive of those thrown into the rivers or buried; and this calculation as to totals cannot be impugned as exaggerated."—(WILSON, 368.)

With regard to Kutusoff's conduct in this campaign, men will probably be for ever divided. The young and ardent, the vigorous in character, the hopeful in disposition, will condemn it in no measured terms, and point with triumph to the great results which would have followed a more vigorous course at Wiazma and Krasnoi. The old and cautious—those whom knowledge of the world has rendered distrustful of fortune, and experience of war doubtful of battle—will commend the prudence which produced such great results at so small a risk, and secured the destruction of the greatest army ever prepared by man without the hazardous chance of a general engagement. To us it appears that, in the general conduct of the campaign, the highest credit is due to Kutusoff. We know no more masterly exhibition of strategical skill than is afforded by his circular march round Moscow to the strong position of Taroutino, whence he both menaced his enemies' communications and covered his own; or his still more able pursuit of Napoleon by the parallel route of Medynsk and Jelnia, which both conducted his own army through a country abounding with supplies, and rendered any halt on the French Emperor's part impossible, from his constantly outflanking him. But, on the other hand, he twice showed a decided want of nerve when it was necessary to stake the issue of the war on the result of a general engagement. Once at Malo-Jaroslawitz, when he fell back towards Kalouga, abandoning the Medynsk road to Smolensko to Napoleon, had he chosen to take it. Again at Krasnoi, when, having established himself in a position where, with a decided superiority of force, he commanded Napoleon's line of retreat, he would not throw himself frankly on. His caution here became timidity. He evidently feared to risk his army, composed, after Borodino, in great part of young soldiers and recruits in a contest with the wasted remains of Napoleon's veterans, who might, were they driven to despair, be joined by the great mass of stragglers who followed their columns. Alexander was highly displeased with his timidity; and the following extract shows clearly his opinion both of Sir Robert Wilson's services and those of the veteran Marshal. At Wilna, on the 26th of December, the Emperor's birthday, Alexander sent for the English Commissioner, and said—

'You have always told me *truth*—truth I could not obtain through any

other channel. I knew that the Marshal has done nothing he ought to have done —nothing against the enemy that he could avoid: all his successes have been *forced* upon him. He has been playing some of his old Turkish tricks; but the nobility of Moscow support him. In half an hour I must therefore decorate this man with the great order of St. George, and by so doing, commit a trespass on its institution; for it is the highest honour, and hitherto the purest, of the empire. But I will not ask you to be present—I should feel too much humiliated if you were; but I have no choice—I must submit to a controlling necessity. I will, however, not again leave my army, and there shall be no opportunity given for additional misdirection by the Marshal."—(WILSON, 356, 357.)

It is now ascertained beyond all doubt that the frightful losses sustained by the French in Russia were not owing to the cold. The following facts, upon which all writers of all parties are agreed, decisively prove this. Napoleon crossed the Niemen with 420,000 men; left Witepsk with 180,000; abandoned Moscow with 100,000; and could only muster at Dorogobouge, before the deadly cold set in, 50,000 combatants in the ranks. Allowing for 120,000 detached during the advance to the flanks, this makes the loss of combatants from the ranks amount to 250,000 in the army under Napoleon in person, before the winter set in. The cold aggravated frightfully the sufferings of the 50,000 who remained, but had nothing to do with the destruction of the main body (the 250,000). To what, then, was it owing? To three causes. I. *The immensity of the distances to be traversed.* From the Niemen to Moscow is above 600 miles. No human efforts were capable of conveying provisions for 420,000 men over such a distance. An English army almost perished because it could not procure land-transport sufficient for six miles of bad road, during inclement weather, from Balaklava to its camp before Sebastopol. Napoleon had 600 miles of road to bring his supplies along. No power could accomplish this. II. *The barren nature of the country through which they had to pass.* The rich lowlands of Italy or Germany will afford sustenance to any number of men marching through them in an ordinary manner. All that is there required is a store with the army of six or seven days' provisions, for the case of its concentrating to fight. But the vast Lithuanian and Russian plains, thinly inhabited, covered with pine forests, where towns are rare and cultivation sparse, could provide sustenance for no considerable body. The first corps exhausted their resources—the succeeding ones starved. III. *The immense superiority of the enemy in light horse.* The Cossack cavalry, almost impotent on the field of battle, are unrivalled for the light duties of a campaign. Their immense numbers, and the patriotic devotion of the peasantry, enabled them to destroy all the villages before the French reached them—to cut off all small parties sent out to forage—to capture all convoys, unless guarded by immense escorts. The innumerable cavalry, artillery, and baggage animals of the French army speedily devoured all fodder near the road; if they went to a distance in search of it, they were captured; if they did not, they died of want. This frightfully aggravated the difficulty, already overwhelming, of transport, and soon destroyed the efficiency of the allied horse. These three causes, combined with the heroic devotion of the Russian people, which led them to shrink from no sacrifice, however great, in the defence of their country, shivered to pieces the whole power of banded Europe, even when concentrated by the iron will and directed by the unrivalled genius of Napoleon I.

CAPTAIN SPEKE'S ADVENTURES IN SOMALI LAND.—PART III.

ADEN.

THIS was the climax of my first proceedings with Africa.

Lieutenants Stroyan and Herne were now both employed at Berbera or in its vicinity. The former had been making slight excursions inland, shooting, and had killed three elephants; whilst the latter was purchasing baggage-cattle for the expedition transport. After enjoying a short repose in civilised life, I again felt restless, and proposed a move to proceed thither in order to assist Lieutenant Herne in completing the desired complement of animals. This at once met the views of our commandant, who, doubting whether Berbera could supply a sufficient number of beasts of burden of itself, asked me to cross over the Gulf and see what I could do at Kurrum, to keep in communication with Herne, and as soon as I had got enough, to march with them along the sea-shore to Berbera.

Nothing could have suited me better. I saw before me, by this measure, active employment until the breaking up of the Berbera fair.

A kind friend (Lieutenant Dansy of the Bombay army, late Assistant Political Agent of Aden, who knew the characters of all the Somalis well) offered to procure me a man as guide and interpreter who had formerly performed, during the time of his appointment some political service in the Somali country, with great credit both to his mission and himself. In consequence of this he was nicknamed el Balyuz, or the Ambassador.

Balyuz was a clever Hindostani scholar, and, as I ultimately found, possessed such an honesty of purpose and straightforwardness of character, as rendered him a perfect *rara avis* amongst all Somali. He was of the Mijjarthayne tribe. Travelling in his company, after my experiences with Samater and Ahmed, was verily a luxury. I parted with him at the termination of the expedition with pure feelings of affection.

Lieutenant Burton now conceived the idea of suppressing the system of Abbanship, thinking, as the Somalis had access to Aden without any impost, Englishmen ought to enjoy a corresponding freedom to travel in Somali Land. This perhaps was scarcely the right time to dictate a policy which at once would be distasteful as well as injurious (in a monetary sense) to the people with whom we were about to travel, and with whom it was highly essential to our interest to be on the most friendly terms.

I now applied to the Government for some Somali policemen, but unfortunately there were then too few hands present to carry on the duties of the office, and I could not have them. I therefore engaged, by the orders of Lieutenant Burton, a dozen men of various races (Egyptians, Nubians, Arabs, and Seedis), to form an escort, and armed them with my sabres and muskets. They were all raw recruits, and unaccustomed to warfare. Still, we could get no others. With a little practice they learnt to shoot at a mark with tolerable accuracy.

Seven of these men, together with the eight camels I brought across from Bunder Goree, were despatched direct to Berbera, whilst the remaining five, and some ponies I purchased in Aden, remained with me. I then took a bag of dollars for purchasing camels; some dates and rice for the consumption of the party; and with the Balyuz and the old servants, Imam the butler, and Farhan the gamekeeper, all was ready for my second adventure on the 20th February, 1855.

LEAVE ADEN FOR KURRUM.

21*st February*, 1855.—Having engaged a buggalow and stowed away all the traps, I embarked in the evening, weighed anchor, and set sail. Even before we could sail out of the harbour, the first row commenced. The Nakhuda (captain), as is often the case in these primitive countries, kept no regular sailors, but trusted to finding men, desirous of going to their country, who would work his vessel for him—all Somalis being by nature sailors.

The sailors he had now on board were of the Habr Gerhajis and Habr Teljala tribes, who occupy the coast-line near Kurrum, and had waited the opportunity of obtaining a passage over there in company with me. They were all dreadfully uproarious, and would not by any persuasion on my part keep quiet. On inquiring from the Balyuz the cause of their violent discussions, he informed me they were drawing lots to see who should be my Abban, and those of the seven foreigners I had with me. The bare idea of eight Abbans was too ridiculous, and their persistency made it beyond a joke. I instantly ordered the sails to be hauled down, and had my instructions about Abbans proclaimed to the whole crew: that the Balyuz was my Ras Cafila, and the other foreigners my protectors. If they determined on wrangling any more, I should 'bout ship and settle the difference with them in a less ceremonious manner in the harbour. This effectually stopped their tongues, and we again proceeded on the journey. After two entire days' sailing across the Gulf with variable and gentle breezes, we arrived at our destination, Kurrum, in safety, on the third evening, the 24th February, and at once sent some Government letters to the Agils, ordering their attendance, and to proclaim publicly the nature of my business, in order that camels might be brought for sale. I found all the people extremely obliging; they tried to make my residence as comfortable as they could; showed me great deference because I was an Englishman, and brought their camels readily, though, of course, as might be expected, they were canny in their mode of dealing, trying to dispose of their worst animals first, and asking prices much above the market tariff. For poor animals they asked from four to five and a half dollars, which, though not a third of the price I paid in the Warsingali country, was full price for the finest animals at Berbera. Berbera during the fair time is undoubtedly the cheapest place to purchase camels in of all the coast-line, and the farther you leave it the more expensive animals become, increasing in price at the same ratio as the extent of distance. Whilst halting here I heard for the first time of the existence of the Victoria Nyanza, my discovery of which I described in my former paper in the Magazine in October last. The people described its dimensions as equal in extent to the Gulf of Aden, and further alluded to its being navigated by white men. None of the men present had been there to see it, though it was currently known as a positive fact amongst them. I did not believe the story in the light they expressed it, supposing they confounded an inland sea for the Western or Atlantic Ocean. Colonel Rigby, H.B.M. Consul at Zanzibar, tells me he also heard of this lake when he was travelling in this country some years previously. It is strange this story was never published earlier. The white navigators alluded to are evidently the expeditionists who went up the White Nile about twelve or fourteen years ago, and the Nile and lake have been confounded for one water in the transmission of the intelligence, though both were seen.

The minds of the Kurrum people seemed greatly discomposed about various rumours which they heard. One was, that the English intended to suppress the slave trade, and they wished me to tell them if such was not a fact—saying it would be unjust for us to do so, as slaving was an acknowledged right given them in the

Holy Scriptures, and handed down by their Russŭl Mahamed.

The other bugbear which alarmed them was a report that the English intended either to take possession of Berbera, or that they would give it to Sharmarky.

The village of Kurrum consisted of a single fort and a large collection of mat huts, all grouped together, and was situated close to the shore. The maritime plain consisted of sandy-brown soil, very uninteresting, with scarcely any vegetation growing on it, and was here only about half a mile broad. The hills in the background were very insignificant, not half so high as any I had seen, and were dull and brown, like those one sees when travelling down the Red Sea. The people say that in its recesses and ravines acacias and other gum-trees grow as they do elsewhere. Gum only exudes in the dry hot season; and the confined air in the ravines is described as being so hot that people can hardly stay there, and many of the gum-pickers who do become deaf in consequence of it.

The water which the villagers used was so brackish as to be hardly drinkable. I lived here five days, enjoying sour camel's milk, gossiping with the natives, and roaming about the place. The difference between the life I was now living, attributable principally to the sagacity and good-heartedness of the Balyuz, was a charming contrast to my wretched existence when with the Warsingalis. I bought twenty-five camels, at an average rate of five and a half dollars a-head, and then stopped purchasing, as I heard by letter from Lieutenant Herne he had then got nearly sufficient for our requirements, —that camels were very plentiful at Berbera, and he was buying them at a cheaper rate than I could.

On the 29th February, at 4 P.M., I broke ground with all my camels and ponies, and commenced the march on Berbera. At sundown, after travelling three miles along the sea-shore, we encamped in a watercourse called Goldéra. The water we found here, in a little well in its bed, was deliciously sweet—so pleasant after the brackish Kerrum wells. No one, not having been deprived for a long time of the pure element, can conceive the greed with which a man first plunges his head into clear sweet water. It is the natural fluid for man, and for no other beverage does abstinence produce so keen an appetite.

The following morning, a little after daybreak, the caravan was ready and we soon got under weigh. Travelling with tedious slowness, aggravated by the dreary monotony of the road and the sandy plain, constantly crossing dry, shallow water-courses, lined on both sides by fringes of stunted acacias or other salsolacious plants, we at last arrived at a hot spring of sweet water, called Golamiro, and rested here for several hours during the great heat of the mid-day sun. When the day became cooler we resumed the march, and travelled until after dark to a grazing-ground one mile short of Enterad, and there spent the night. The farther we travelled westwards, the broader became the maritime plain, and the richer its clothing of shrubs and grass. Besides the ordinary acacias, which were finer and more numerous, there were many patches of the bastard cypress and tall rank grasses growing on sandy hillocks, in the same way as they do in India. The Somalis exultingly pointed this out as a paradise, replete with every necessary for life's enjoyment, and begged to know if the English had any country pastures like it, where camels and sheep can roam about the whole year round without exhausting it.

31*st*.—To-day we made a short march, passing through Enterad, and encamping on a grazing-ground one mile to its westward. The village, as usual, was close to the shore, for the convenience of shipping. It is not half the size of Kurrum, but boasts of a fort of recent construction, with six rusty pieces of cannon lying on the sand in front of it. An Agil named Abdie, being chief of the place, is the lordly proprietor of these instruments of DEFENCE. On first entering the place he advanced to receive me, and politely said, "Had you not dropped so suddenly in upon me this morning, it was my intention to have welcomed you with a royal salute, for the honour you have done,

as the representative of the English, in paying me this visit." This speech, though showing what his feelings were towards me, was obviously a matter of simple palaver; for, in the first place, the guns could not have possibly been fired without occasioning their total destruction; and it was doubtful if he possessed any powder. Whilst sitting in his village, and drinking a bowl of sour curd—the first thing always offered to a visitor—I observed a group of old men sitting, in hot discussion on some knotty point, under the lee of the fort, and desired the Balyuz to ascertain the purport of the arguments under debate, as by their gesticulations I could plainly see it had some connection with my coming there. After joining them and listening some time, he returned to say they were discussing the possibility of our expedition ever reaching the Webb (River);* to go as far as Ugahden, they thought, was out of the question. Hearing this, I went up to them, and asked what reasons they had for thinking so. They replied openly that the Somal would stop us before we got half-way. The Balyuz then interposed, saying, "But the British are strong, and can do anything they like." Hearing this, they laughingly replied, "If the Somal came down to fight, and then ran away back into the fastnesses of their hills, what would the English do then, who cannot live a day without drinking beer and eating meat? whereas the Somal can do very well without anything, seldom requiring even water, and not more than one morsel of meat, for a whole week together." I concluded the argument by saying—"Without any exertion on our parts, we could cripple you at once; we have the seaboard in our hands, and at any moment could stop your trade; so that neither grain nor clothing would ever be supplied you; besides, if we wished, we could take quiet occupation of your hills and watering-places; and then what would become of you?" The sages mildly shook their heads, and said the English were indeed Shaitans devils), and that they had never looked at their position in that light before. I then repaired to the camp, and found the cattle, as usual, gone out to graze, under charge of their drivers and two soldiers. In the evening, when the animals were brought home to be picketed, one pony and one camel were found wanting.

I sent men immediately to track the missing ones down, when it was discovered, by foot-prints, that some savages had singled them out from the herd, had driven them gently into a deep ravine, and when there out of sight had hurried them off in speed to the hills lying beyond the plain. This open plunder on the coast, where British authority seemed to prevail, was monstrous. I summoned Abdie, as chief of the place, told him the whole story, and demanded that he would produce the missing animals immediately, as it was impossible for him not to be cognisant of the transaction. He said he did not then know who had stolen them, but I might rest satisfied he would find out by the morning, and they should be returned intact. He assured me he was lord of all he surveyed, and his power was infinite within the limits of his clan. The same night he brought back the pony, and said he would produce the camel in the morning. I believed he had played this trick himself to show the effect of his power, and so did the Balyuz; but he said he had been obliged to pay ten dollars to the thief before he would give it up. I now demanded he would produce the thief for trial, suspecting that thief to be himself, but he said he could not. This reply made the Balyuz knowingly cock his eye. The next day, as the camel did not come by noon, I wrote a letter to Aden reporting the circumstance, and begging some retribution would be taken from the Agil, as it was obvious to any man who knows these savages, that Abdie could not have been ignorant of one single feature in the whole of these transactions. Though the loss was small, I did not think it of little importance, as it remained a precedent, if overlooked, for the committal of greater deeds. And the place being a port, was open

* What river they alluded to I could not understand.

to the exaction by blockade of any fines, which, without doubt, is the true way to make Somalis feel.

During that day and the succeeding one we travelled along the coast to Legareh, a small dilapidated fort, standing alone without any other habitation, as if only intended for a traveller's lodge. Near it was an old well, said to be of antique construction, sunk by the former occupants of the land. As we increased our distance westwards, the maritime plain also enlarged, and was bounded to the southwards by small irregularly-disposed hills, all brown and dreary-looking as before. To judge from the quantity of vegetation, it would appear that water is nearer the surface here than elsewhere, though there was none of any importance to be seen. These few marches, slight as they were, served to prove the stamina of the soldiers, and showed the Seedis to have twice the heart and bottom of the Egyptians, who succumbed at once to the influences of the sun and fatigue of marching.

3d April.—The caravan broke ground at 2 A.M., and after travelling over much the same ground as yesterday, nearly the whole day long without passing a single habitation, arrived in the evening at Berbera. Here I was warmly met by my future travelling companions, Lieutenants Herne and Stroyan, and began again a social life of great enjoyment. Berbera was in the plenitude of its prosperity. Its market was full of life and bustle, and the harbour was full of native oriental craft. Our camp was pitched on a little rise in the land, facing the east and overlooking the fair. Our tents, three in number, were formed in line, Lieutenant Stroyan's on the right, Lieutenant Herne's in the centre, and mine on the left flank, about a dozen yards apart. Lieutenant Herne had procured his fair share of animals, and we mustered from forty to fifty camels and six or seven ponies and mules, including those I brought. These at night-time were all tethered in front of our tents, and guarded by a sentry. During the day, they were always sent out to graze under an escort of soldiers, with Somali archers to look after them. The boxes, pack-saddles, and grain were placed between the central tent and mine, whilst the dates and more precious cloths I kept underneath my tent. Including ourselves, servants, guards, and camel-tenders, we mustered in all about forty souls; amongst these were the two Abbans of Lieutenants Herne and Stroyan, who, now matters had gone so far, could not prudently be dispensed with, but my man, the Balyuz, was considered chief, or Ras Cafila.

During the four days succeeding my arrival, I inspected the fair and shipping. The marketplace was supposed to contain upwards of 60,000 people, Banyans from Cutch and Aden, Arab merchants and Somalis, who had been gradually flocking in from about the 15th November; and as they arrived, erected mat huts as booths for carrying on their bartering trade. According to Lieutenant Herne's investigations, the Somalis took coarse cloths, such as American and English sheeting, black and indigo-dyed stuffs, and cotton nets (worn by married women generally to encase their hair), small bars of iron and steel, as well as zinc and lead; beads of various sorts, and dates and rice. In exchange for these, they exported slaves, cattle, gums of all sorts, ghee, ivory, ostrich feathers, and rhinoceros' horns.

7th.—At sunrise this morning a very interesting scene took place in the arrival of the great annual Harar caravan,—a large body, composed of an aggregate of numerous small caravans, who all march together that their combined strength may give mutual support. Down the whole breadth of the plain, like a busy stream of ants, they came in single file, one camel's nose tied to his leader's tail. Immediately on their flanks were Somalis, armed with spear and bow, the men who tended them, and looked after the loading. Outside them again were occasional detachments of men riding ponies, all armed, and guarding the caravan from sudden surprise or attack. In this caravan alone there were about 3000 people, as many head of cattle, and 500 or more slaves, all driven

chained together for sale in the market. A little later the same morning a second excitement enlivened our little camp in the approach of a man-of-war, which came sailing up the coast in full sail, looking like a giant swan in contrast to the little ducks of native shipping. It was the Hon. East India Company's schooner Mahi, commanded by Lieutenant King, conveying our Captain, Lieutenant Burton, and the complement of the expedition. Arrived in the harbour, we saluted them with our small-arms, and went on board to pay respects and exchange congratulations. Lieutenant King then gave us a hospitable entertainment, and we all repaired on shore.

The same evening a thundering salute from the Mahi was fired, to assure the Somalis we were travelling under the auspices of the British Government, and Lieutenant King departed with his vessel.

Lieutenant Burton now took occupation of the centre tent with Lieutenant Herne, and the party was complete.

We were then severally appointed to our respective duties, Lieutenant Burton commanding; Lieutenant Stroyan, chief surveyor; Lieutenant Herne, photographer, geologist, and assistant-surveyor; whilst I was to be a Jack-of-all-trades, assisting everybody, looking after the interests of the men, portioning out their rations, setting the guards, and collecting specimens of natural history in all its branches. The central tent was fixed as a place of rendezvous for all to flock to in case of any sudden alarm. Here I appended my guns and sword, whilst my revolver-pistol and dirk were placed within my belt by day, or under my pillow by night. I made the whole guard sleep with their arms in rear of the camp, where it was most likely any attack might be expected. As so many men were necessarily brought on duty by watching the cattle grazing in the daytime, I only posted two sentries by night to watch the camp—one with the guard in the rear, the other over the cattle in front, whilst we Englishmen and the Baluuz occasionally patrolled the camp to see that the sentries were on the alert.

9th.—On this day the Gugi, or south-west Somal monsoon, in opposition to the Dairti, or north-east monsoon, commenced in the hills behind our camp, and warned us that we should soon have to start southwards. The fair had already begun to break. Caravan after caravan streamed out of the town, and, wending their way across the plain like strings of ants emerging from a hole, and, like the busy habits of those little insects, kept the whole maritime plain alive in motion. At this time we were daily expecting a vessel from Aden, which would bring us some letters and instruments that were on their way out from England, and saw the great Ugadhen caravan preparing to leave, but were undecided what to do—whether go with them, without our things from England, or wait and rely upon our strength in travelling alone. The latter alternative was unfortunately decided upon, and we saw our wonted protector depart upon its journey.

15th.—Saw the shore and harbour alike both destitute of any living thing, save a few diseased and dying cattle, and one poor forlorn girl, in whom the smallpox had begun to show its symptoms, and who was now mercilessly left by her parents, with only two or three days' provisions, to die like a dog on the inhospitable plain. Having suffered from that disease myself, and not fearing contagion, I went to her and administered some medicine, which she took without any hesitation; and I hoped to cure her, for she was really, barring the blackness, a very pretty creature, but the disease was beyond my skill to relieve. I then took her to a room in the tomb of an Arab sheikh, gave her some rice-water, and bade her keep out of the sun, but it was no use. She took fright at the idea of living with the dead, and wandered into the desert no one knows whither, and was seen no more. Even the matting and sticks which formed the booths, with two or three exceptions, were packed on the camels, and carried away. We were now alone, and nobody came near us; our two Abbans had begged and obtained permission to go with their families to their homes

in the hills close by, in company with the retiring caravans, leaving their sons for the time being, as substitutes, until we marched past their abodes.

In this isolated position we felt no alarm for our safety, as long at least as we remained upon the sea-shore, deeming the Somal would never be so imprudent as to attack us in such a vital place to them as Berbera, where their whole interests of life were centred, and where, by the simple process of blockading, we could so easily take retribution in any way we liked.

So confident were we in this assumption, that we did not take the precaution of standing sentry ourselves, at night, thinking it more prudent to nurse our strength whilst here, to be better able to endure it when it would become necessary after our leaving the sea-shore.

Though Somalis are cunning as foxes, they are not wise.

On the 18th April, by a providential coincidence, a small Arab vessel came into the deserted harbour to see if anything still remained of the fair. In her there were several men and four women, Somalis, desirous of going to their homes. Finding we were the only people left, and not daring to travel in that country alone, they petitioned us to take them with us. It was hard to refuse these poor creatures; but fearing our supply of dates and rice would not hold out with so many additional mouths to eat it, we reluctantly refused the men. The four women, however, on their engaging to do the minor offices of the camp, to bring water, and lead the camels, were permitted to remain with us. That evening we invited the captain and his crew to dine in the camp; and fortunate it was so, as the sequel will show. Shortly after sundown, as we were all sitting in our usual way, on an extemporary divan in front of the tents, drinking coffee, telling stories, and enjoying the cool sea evening breezes, a challenge was heard by the near sentinel, followed by a sudden and rapid discharge of musketry, which took us by surprise. I had previously given strict orders that no ammunition was to be wasted in firing to frighten, or giving false alarms; therefore, hearing this, I instantly ran to the spot to see what was the matter, and found three men walking quietly into camp, leading ponies by their reins, whilst the guard, to intimidate them, were firing bullets in the air immediately over their heads. My anger knew no bounds. All hopes of security seemed annihilated by such direct disobedience to all order, and persistence in such a false principle as trying to frighten, which all black men, by a sort of natural instinct, invariably endeavour to do. I then assembled the men, and in presence of the intruders, again proclaimed through the Balyuz my intention to punish with severity any person who might create a false alarm or fire a bullet vacantly in the air; directing, that in case of any opposition to a challenge, they should fire into, and not over, their object.

I then sent the Balyuz and the three newly-arrived men round to the front of the camp, where Lieut. Burton and the other two officers were sitting, to be interrogated as to the purpose of their visit. We all at first naturally suspected them of being spies sent to inspect our dispositions and resources, but after a long palaver with Lieutenant Burton, he concluded that their coming there was accidental, and not designed. True to their nature as Easterns, who from constant practice can forge lies with far greater facility to themselves than they can speak simple truths, bringing in with the readiest aptitude the application of immediate circumstances to harmonise appropriately in the development of their tale, these men at once made use of the circumstance of the arrival of the vessel that evening, saying they merely came down to ascertain if the ship was not full of building material, as it was currently reported amongst their clan, the Haba Owel, that their old enemy, Shramankey, the chief of Zeylah, was lying with other vessels in the port of Seyareh, waiting an opportunity to land at Berbera and take occupation of the place by building forts, as he had done on previous occasions. This story seemed the

more circumstantial from the fact that everybody knew Shramankey wished to have the place, and that he would at any time have taken it, had it lain within his power to do so.

The more to impose on our credulity, they further asked with an air of indignation, "How could you suspect us of any treacherous intentions towards you, when you know us to be men of the same tribe as your Abbans?" The palaver over, these wolves in sheep's clothing were allowed to sup on dates with our men, and depart at pleasure.

At the usual hour we all turned in to sleep, and silence reigned throughout the camp. A little after midnight, probably at one or two A.M., there suddenly arose a furious noise, as though the world was coming to an end: there was a terrible rush and hurry, then came sticks and stones, flying as thick as hail, followed by a rapid discharge of firearms, and my tent shook as if it would come down. I bounced out of bed, with pistol and dirk in hand, and ran across to the central tent to know what was the matter, and if we were to have any shooting. Lieutenant Burton, who was occupied in trying to load his revolver, replied there was:* "Be sharp, and arm to defend the camp." This I immediately did, stepping out in front of his tent; but though I saw many dusky forms before me, it was too dark to discern whether they were friend or foe. Whilst standing, in hesitation how to act, stones kept whizzing over and around me, and I received a blow with one in the inside of my knee, which nearly knocked my leg from under me; it came from the left, where I had not been looking. I then ran under lee of the fly of the tent to take a better survey, and, by stooping low, could perceive the heads of some men peeping like monkeys over the boxes. Lieut. Burton now said, "Don't step back, or they will think we are retiring." Chagrined by this rebuke at my management in fighting, and imagining by the remark I was expected to defend the camp, I stepped boldly to the front, and fired at close quarters into the first man before me. He was stooping to get a sight of my figure in relief against the sky; he fell back at the discharge, and I saw no more of him. Proceeding on, I saw some more men also stooping; I fired into the foremost, and he likewise fell back, but I do not know that I hit him. I then fired into a third man at close quarters, who also receded, possibly uninjured, though I cannot say. I was now close to the brink of the rising-ground, entirely surrounded by men, when I placed the muzzle of the Dean & Adams against the breast of the largest man before me, and pulled the trigger, but pulled in vain; the cylinder would not rotate; I imagine a cap had got jammed by the trigger-guard. In a fit of desperation, I was raising the revolver to hit the man in the face with it, when I suddenly found my legs powerless to support me, and I was falling, grasping for support, and gasping for breath, I did not then know why. In another instant I was on the ground with a dozen Somalis on the top of me. The man I had endeavoured to shoot, wrenched the pistol out of my hand, and the way the scoundrel handled me sent a creeping shudder all over me. I felt as if my hair stood on end; and, not knowing who my opponents were, I feared that they belonged to a tribe called Eesa, who are notorious, not only for their ferocity in fighting, but for the unmanly mutilations they delight in. Indescribable was my relief when I found that my most dreadful fears were without foundation. The men were in reality feeling whether, after an Arab fashion, I was carrying a dagger between my legs, to rip up a foe after his victim was supposed to be powerless. Finding me naked, all but a few rags, they tied my hands behind my back, and be-

* I must here notice, although I have endeavoured to stick as closely as possible to the narration of my own story in these pages, that I saw Lieutenant Herne, who had been guarding the rear, opposed to the whole brunt of the attack, fighting gallantly with his sable antagonists, and from the resolution with which he fired at them, he must have done some damage.

gan speaking to me in Arabic. Not knowing a word of that language, I spoke in broken Somali, and heard them say they had not killed any of the English, and would not kill me. The man I had last endeavoured to kill was evidently the captain of the gang; he now made me rise, and, holding the other end of the rope to which my hands were attached, led me round to the rear of the camp, taking great precaution not to bring me in contact with many men at once, fearing lest they might take the law into their own hands, and despatch me against his will and authority. Arrived on the interior or rear side of the camp, men kept flocking round me, and showed a hasty anxiety to stab their spears into me; all, doubtless, were anxious for the honour of drawing the white man's blood, but none, in my captor's presence, dared do it. I was now becoming very weak and faint, and almost unable to breathe; for the fact was, when I was knocked down, it was done with such violence by a shillelah on the lung breast, my whole frame was stunned by it, so that I could not feel; but now a swelling had set in, which, with the tightness of the skin drawn over the chest, by my hands being tied behind, nearly prevented respiration. I begged my captor to untie my hands and fasten them in front. He obligingly did so. I then asked for a little water and something to lie down upon; they were both supplied. Feeling myself somewhat revived, I began a rambling conversation with my captor, who sat by my side still holding the string, when several other men came and joined in the talk. They began a mocking tirade in their own language, of which I understood but little and could answer less; when an Aden donkey-boy (judging from his appearance) came with a jeering, sarcastic sneer, and asked me, in Hindostani, what business I had in their country, and where I had intended going, adding, were I a good Mohammedan like themselves, they would not touch me, but being a Christian I should be killed. This ridiculous farce excited my risible faculties, and provoked a laugh, when I replied, Our intentions were simply travelling; we wished to see the country of Ugadhen, and pass on to Zanzibar. I was a Christian, and invited them, if it must be so, to despatch their work at once. On the donkey-boy's communicating this to the bystanders, they all broke into a rude boisterous laugh, spun upon their heels, and went off to open out the property. Nothing as yet had been taken away. Several wounded men were now brought and placed in a line before me; they groaned, and rolled, and stretched their limbs, as though they were in agonies of pain, and incessantly called for water, which was readily supplied them. In the rear I heard the sound of murmuring voices, the breaking of boxes, and ripping of bales of cloth as though a band of robbers were stealthily dividing their unlawfully-gotten spoils in silence and fear of detection.

Just then the day began to dawn, and the light increased sufficiently to disclose what had been done. The tents were down, the property was lying in order on the ground, the camels and ponies were still picketed in their places, and all the robbers were standing looking on. At this juncture my captor and protector gave his end of my string over to the care of another man of very mean aspect, ordering him to look after me, and see that nobody came to injure me, whilst he retired in the direction of the property, and, selecting two fine stalwart men of equal proportions with himself, came again in front of me; then linking arms, and sloping spears over their shoulders, they commenced a slow martial march, keeping time by singing a solemn well-regulated tune, in deep, full, stentorian voices, until they completed the full circuit of the camp, and arrived again in front of me. This, I imagine, was their "Conquering hero comes," the song of victory. It was well sung, and had a very imposing effect, greatly increased by the dead silence which reigned in every other quarter. I felt quite sorry when this act was over, and would willingly have had it encored. From the orderly manner and regularity with which every-

thing was done, I judge this to be a fair sample of the manner in which all plundering parties are conducted. The song and march were no sooner at an end than the whole ground became a scene of busy, active life. Every man, save the one who was holding my string, rushed in a regular scramble upon the property, and, like a legion of devils, began tearing and pulling at everything in promiscuous confusion, to see who could carry most away. Some darted at the camels and began pulling them along, others seized the ponies and began decamping; again, others caught up the cloths, or dates, or rice, or anything they could lay hands on, and endeavoured to carry them off. But this was not so easy; there were too many men to be all satisfied, and those who had least began wrangling with their more fortunate competitors, who, on their part, not wishing to relinquish anything they had obtained, forcibly contested for their rights. A more complete and ferocious *mêlée* I never witnessed. The whole ground was a scene of pull devil, pull baker, and victory to the stronger. As one man, hurrying along, was trailing his cloth behind, another rushed at it and pulled him back; clubs were unsparingly used, and destruction threatened with spears; what would not easily succumb to pulling, was separated with stabs of the spears or cuts of their knives. The camels and ponies were not more easily disposed of; by snatching from one hand and snatching from another, they were constantly in different people's hands. It was a scene very like that of an Indian poultry-yard when some entrails are thrown amongst the chickens, and every fowl tries to rob the other. Whilst all were intent with deep earnestness in this scramble, an alarm was suddenly given that another party were coming down the hills to fight and rob them of their spoils. The disordered band were instantly panic-stricken; for a moment or two there was the deadest silence; and then everybody save some forty or fifty men, who were probably more experienced hands, burst across the plain, flying in long jumps, and hurrying with all their might towards the hills. I heard afterwards it was not an unusual practice in this land of robbers for one party to get up an attack upon a caravan, and then another one, getting wind of their design, to project a plan of despoiling them as soon as they shall be in such a disconcerted *mêlée* that they would not be able to act in concert to support one another.

Whilst they were away, three fine-looking men came, with some of our soldiers' sabres; and one, standing over me, threatened, with ferocious determination in his countenance, to cut me in two. Twice he lifted his sword above his head, and brought it down with violence to within an inch or two of my side, and each time withdrew it, as if suddenly repenting of his purpose. I stared him earnestly in the face, but neither flinched nor uttered any noise. They then left me, and went to join the other forty thieves. I conceive this demonstration was made with a view of testing my pluck, and had I cried or implored for mercy, I should inevitably have been killed upon the spot. The last and worst scene in this tragedy was now to be performed. My jailer, who was still holding the string, stepped up close to me, and coolly stabbed me with his spear. I then raised my body a little in defence, when he knocked me down by jibbing his spear violently on my shoulder, almost cutting the jugular arteries. I rose again as he poised his spear, and caught the next prod, which was intended for my heart, on the back of one of my shackled hands; this gouged the flesh up to the bone. The cruel villain now stepped back a pace or two, to get me off my guard, and dashed his spear down to the bone of my left thigh. I seized it violently with both my hands, and would not relinquish the gripe until he drew a shillelah from his girdle, and gave me such a violent blow on my left arm, I thought the bone was broken, and the spear fell helplessly from my hands. Finding his spear too blunt for running me through by a simple jib when standing still, he now dropped the rope-end, walked back a

dozen paces, and, rushing on me with savage fury, plunged his spear through the thick part of my right thigh into the ground, passing it between the thigh bone and large sinew below. With the action of lightning, seeing that death was inevitable if I remained lying there a moment longer, I sprung upon my legs, and gave the miscreant such a sharp back-hander in the face with my double-bound fists that he lost his presence of mind, and gave me a moment's opportunity to run away; which, by the Lord, I lost no time in doing, taking very good care, by holding my hands on one side, not to allow the dangling rope to trip me up. I was almost naked, and quite bare upon the feet, but I ran over the shingly beach towards the sea like wildfire. The man followed me a little way, but, finding I had the foot of him, threw his spear like a javelin, but did not strike me, for I bobbed, and allowed it to pass safely over my head; he then gave up the chase. Still I had at least forty more men to pass through, who were scattered all about the place, looking for what property they could pick up, before I could get safe away. These men, seeing the chase, all tried to cut off my retreat. However, I dodged them all by turns, running fast across them, and bobbing as they threw their spears after me, until I reached the shore, when I had the satisfaction of seeing the last man give up the pursuit and leave me to myself. I was fast fainting from loss of blood, and sat gently on a mound of sand, picked the knots which bound my hands open with my teeth, and exposed my breast to the genial influences of the refreshing sea-breeze, which at sunrise, as this was, is indescribably pleasant. But what a gloomy prospect was now before me!! I was growing weaker every minute; my limbs were beginning to stiffen and the muscles to contract, and I thought there was no help probably nearer than Enterad; what was to be done? I could not travel the distance, and I must perish miserably by slow degrees, from starvation and exhaustion, in the dreary desert; far better, thought I, had the spear done its worst, and no lingering would have followed. Whilst reflecting in this strain, my eyes, wistfully gazing on the few remaining huts of Berbera, lit upon some female figures beckoning to me, but could not divine who they were, or what was their meaning. I rose as a last hope, and hobbled towards them, for my right leg was nearly crooked up double, and was so weak it could not support the weight of my body but for an instant at a time. Drawing nearer, I discovered them to be the four women whom we the evening before permitted to join our camp. Just then I saw some men hurrying from the eastward along the shore, endeavouring to meet me. These, I soon perceived, were the old Balyuz and several of our servants. As soon as they arrived, they told me all that had happened. Immediately on the outbreak, the soldiers fired their guns, and all but one or two at once departed. Lieutenant Stroyan, he supposed, was killed at the outset; Lieutenants Burton and Herne had run away with him immediately after I left the central tent to fight. The former had been speared in the face, the latter had been much bruised with war-clubs, and some of the men had received severe sword-cuts. After escaping from the fight, Lieutenant Herne took refuge in the empty huts of Berbera, and at daybreak sent a servant to detain the Enterad vessel, which had so providentially come in the previous evening. My companions were then on board of her, and had sent the Balyuz with the men to search for me, and pick up anything they could find. I was now carried to the vessel, and stretched upon the poop in safety, and felt more truly thankful for this miraculous escape than words can tell. It is only after a deliverance of this kind one fully values or can properly appreciate the gift of life. My companions seemed downcast and full of sorrow for the sad misfortune which had so disastrously terminated our long-cherished hopes, and had deprived us so prematurely of an old and valued friend, especially dear to me, as he was a thorough sportsman. For courage, daring, and enterprise, as well as good fel-

lowship, there never lived a man more worthy of esteem than poor Stroyán.

Lieutenant Burton had sent a boat's crew off to near the site of our camp, a distance of three miles, to fetch away anything that might remain there, and bring it to us. They found the place deserted, with only such things left as the Somali could make no use of, and were too cumbersome to carry away; such, for instance, as grain, boxes, books, and various scientific instruments, which, after being wantonly deserted, were left scattered on the ground. It appeared, by accounts brought back, that many of the men who ran off at the first false alarm never ventured again to help themselves from the spoils. They had now destroyed about £1500 worth of property, but had enriched themselves but very little, for, whilst fighting, they had destroyed in the scramble nearly everything of any worth to themselves. When the boat's crew returned with Lieutenant Stroyan's body, it was found to be too late to sail that evening. During the time of waiting, a poor man, with no covering on his body, crawled up to the vessel, and implored the captain, in the name of Allah—the fakir's mode of begging—to give him a passage to Aden. His prayer was answered, and he came on board. He was a Mussulman, born in Cashmere, and had been wandering about the world in the capacity of a fakir; but was now, through hunger and starvation, reduced to a mere skeleton of skin and bones. His stomach was so completely doubled inwards, it was surprising the vital spark remained within him. On being asked to recite his history, he said, "I was born in the 'happy valley' of Cashmere; but reduced circumstances led me to leave my native land. When wandering alone in some woods one day, I had a visitation, which induced me to turn devotee, and wander about the world to visit all places of pilgrimage, carrying only a bottle and a bag, and ask charity in the name of God, who supplies the world with everything, and takes compassion on the destitute. At first I travelled in India, visiting its shrines and temples, and then determined on crossing the sea to see what other countries were like. Taking passage at Bombay, I first went to Muskat in Southern Arabia, and thence travelled overland to Aden, begging all the way, and receiving kind hospitality wherever I spent the night. In Aden I remained a while, and by constant begging accumulated sufficient property to purchase food for a considerable time, when I again set out, in the name of Allah, to see what the Somalis' land was like. At first I went across to Kurrum, and lived there as long as my little stock held out, but I could get no assistance from the people of the place. The stock exhausted, I was spurned from every door. At last, despairing of obtaining anything on the coast, I ventured to see what the interior would produce, but I found the Somalis everywhere the same; they were mere hywans (animals), with whom no human beings could live. A man might travel in Arabia or any other place in the world, but in the Somali Land no one could exist. Finding myself reduced to the last stages of life, for no one would give me food, I went to a pool of water in a ravine amongst the hills, and for the last fortnight have been living there on water and the gums of trees. Seeing I was about to die, as a forlorn hope I ventured in this direction, without knowing whither I was going, or where I should come to, but God, you see, has brought me safely out."

20*th*.—This morning we weighed anchor, and in two days more arrived in Aden.

Thus then ended my first expedition,—a signal failure from inexperience, and with a loss of £510 worth of private property. I had nothing to show but eleven artificial holes in my body. Had we gone with the Ugahden caravan, I feel convinced we should have succeeded; for that is the only way, without great force, or giving yourself up to the protection of a powerful chief, that any one could travel in Somali Land. Fire-arms are useful in the day, but the Somali despise them at night, and consequently always take advantage of darkness to attack. Small-shot and

smooth-bore guns, on this account, would be of far greater advantage as a means of defence, than rifles with balls; and nothing but shot well poured in would have saved us from this last attack. We have been often condemned for not putting on more sentries to watch; but had the whole camp been in a state of ordinary preparation, with such cowardly hearts as our men all had, we should have been as signally defeated. *Experientia docet;* and I now think small shot is the only force to employ against Somalis; whilst, to have marched with the Ugahden caravan, would have proved as easy and safe as travelling usually is with a cafila of merchants.

On arriving in Aden, I was a miserable looking cripple, dreadfully emaciated from loss of blood, and with my arms and legs contracted into indescribable positions, to say nothing of various angry-looking wounds all over my body. The doctors took compassion on me, formed into committee, and prescribed, as the only remedy likely to set me right again, a three years' leave to England, where, with the congenial effects of my native home, they hoped I should recover. Lieutenant Burton now sent in an estimate of all loss to the Government, and advised, as the best plan of taking an effectual revenge upon the Somalis, in whose territories we were attacked (the Habr Owel), that a ship should be sent to blockade their coast, with a demand that they should produce for trial in Aden the living bodies of the two men who so cruelly killed our lamented friend, and so wantonly endeavoured to despatch me. Further, that a sum of money equivalent to all our aggregate losses should be paid in full ere the blockade would be raised. This was considered the wisest method by which, in future times, any recurrence of such disasters would most probably be avoided. It is needless to observe, considering the importance of Berbera to the welfare of the Habr Owel, their subsistence and their existence as a nation depending on it, that anything might have been exacted from them that we wished to extort, or they could afford to give. The Government, unfortunately for our pockets, were of a different opinion; they would have nothing to do with money exactions when human blood had to be avenged. Moreover, they had been wishing to suppress the slave-trade, and found in this occurrence a favourable opportunity to indulge their hobby. They therefore established a blockade of all the coast-line between Seyareh and Jibal Elmas, demanding, as the only alternative by which it would be raised, the surrender of the principal instigators of the outrage on us for trial in Aden, of whom the first in consequence was Ou Ali, the murderer of Lieutenant Stroyan. When the season for the fair arrived, the only vessel present in the Berbera harbour was a British man-of-war, and the Habr Owel then believed we were in earnest. Until then, it appeared, they would not believe it, thinking our trade in Aden would suffer by this proceeding as much as their own. They were, however, mistaken; trade found an outlet at other places; and they, by its suppression on their grounds, were fast sinking into insignificance. Seeing this, they showed by urgent prayers a disposition to treat on any conditions we might like to impose on them, and even sent in for trial to Aden a man who showed the scar of a gun-shot wound on his back, and at the same time declared their intention of forwarding all others to us as soon as they could catch them, and that they were ready (so I hear on good authority) to reimburse us for the property we had lost.

To make the matter short, I will give you intact the articles of a treaty which was signed at Berbera on the 7th November 1856, between the Hon. East India Company on the one hand, and the Habr Owel tribe of Somalis on the other, as it appears in an appendix (D), in a *History of Arabia Felix or Yemen*, by Captain H. L. Playfair, Assistant Political Resident, Aden.*

* Articles of peace and friendship concluded between the Habr Owel tribe of Somalis on the one part, and Brigadier William Marcus Coghlan, Political Resident at Aden, on behalf of the Honourable East India Company, on the other:—

During my residence in Aden, which lasted three weeks, or until the second mail after my arrival took its departure for Suez, my wounds healed up in such a marvellously rapid manner, I was able to walk at large before I left there. They literally closed as wounds do in an Indian-rubber ball after prickings with a pen-knife. It would be difficult to account for this rapidity with which my wounds closed, knowing, as everybody who has lived in Aden must do, that that is the worst place in the world

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"Whereas, on the 19th of April 1855 (corresponding with the 1st of Shaban 1271), a treacherous attack and murder were perpetrated at the port of Berbera by a party of Habr Owel tribe, upon a party of British officers, about to travel in that country with the consent and under the protection of the elders of the tribe, in consequence of which outrage certain demands were made by the Government of India, and enforced by a blockade of the Habr Owel coast; and whereas it has become apparent that the said tribe has fulfilled these conditions to the utmost of its ability, and has prayed to be relieved from the blockade; therefore it is agreed—

"1*st*, That the elders of the Habr Owel will use their best endeavours to deliver up Ou Ali, the murderer of Lieutenant Stroyan.

"2*d*, That, until this be accomplished, the sub-tribe Esa Moosa, which now shelters, and any other tribe which may hereafter shelter, harbour, or protect the said Ou Ali, shall be debarred from coming to Aden.

"3*d*, That all vessels sailing under the British flag shall have free permission to trade at the port of Berbera, or at any other place in the territories of the Habr Owel; and that all British subjects shall enjoy perfect safety in every part of the said territories, and shall be permitted to trade or travel there under the protection of the elders of the tribe. In like manner shall the members of the Habr Owel tribe enjoy similar privileges at Aden, or in any other part of the British possessions.

"4*th*, The traffic in slaves through the Habr Owel territories, including the port of Bebera, shall cease for ever; and any slave or slaves who, contrary to this engagement, shall be introduced into the said territories, shall be delivered up to the British; and the commander of any vessel of Her Majesty's or the Honourable East India Company's navy shall have the power of demanding the surrender of such slave or slaves, and of supporting the demand by force of arms, if necessary.

"5*th*, The Political Resident at Aden shall have the power to send an agent to reside at Berbera during the season of the fair, should he deem such a course necessary, to see that the provisions of this agreement are observed; and such agent will be treated with the respect and consideration due to the British Government.

"6*th*, That on a solemn promise being given by the elders of the Habr Owel, faithfully to abide by the articles of this agreement, and to cause the rest of the tribe to do so likewise, and to deliver up to the Political Resident at Aden any party who may violate it, the blockade of the Habr Owel coast shall be raised, and perpetual peace and friendship shall exist between the British and the Habr Owel.

"Done at Berbera this seventh day of November, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six of the Christian era (corresponding with the eighth day of Rabea-el-Owel, one thousand two hundred and seventy-two of the Hejira).

(Signed,)	Mahomed Arráleh,	
"	Ahmed Ali Bookeri,	Ayal Yoonus.
"	Noor Fárrah,	
"	Ahmed Ghálid,	
"	Mahommed Wáis,	Ayal Ahmed.
"	Muggan Mahommed,	
"	Rooblie Hassan,	
"	Atéyah Hildér,	Makáhil.
"	Farrah Beni'n,	
"	Amalth Shekmarkie,	Ayal Hamood.

"Signed in my presence at Berbera, on the 7th November, 1856,

(Signed) H. L. Flayfair, Assistant Political Resident, Aden.

" W. M. Coghlan, Political Resident.

"Aden, 9*th November* 1856.

"Ratified by the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India in Council, at Fort-William, this 23d day of January 1857.

(Signed) Canning.

And Five Members of Council of India."

for effecting cures, had I not, in addition to a strong constitution which I fortunately possess, been living for many months previously in a very abstemious manner, principally, as appears in the body of the journal, on dates, rice, and sour curds.

I now left Aden on "sick certificate," and arrived in England in the early part of June 1855. The Crimean war was then at its height, and the military authorities were beating up for recruits in every corner of the land. This summons for war was irresistible. I was suffering a little from blindness, brought on probably by my late losses and impoverishment of blood. Still I lost no time in volunteering my services to take part in this great national object, thinking it was a duty, as a soldier, I owed my country, and delighting in the prospect of immediate and active employment, where, at any rate, I should be in Europe, and enjoying the temperature I had come home to seek. The Turkish Contingent was then being incorporated, and I was, being an Indian officer, competent to serve in it. With an introduction from friends, I wrote a letter to Major Graham, an officer appointed by the Horse Guards to engage officers for General Vivian's contingent, giving him an account of my past services, and asking for an appointment with the army. He at once closed with me, declaring "I was just the sort of man he wanted," and, granting two weeks' leave to prepare an outfit, told me to be off. In a fortnight more, I arrived in Constantinople, and was posted to a regiment of Turks, with the commission of captain. The Turkish Contingent was now at Buyukdere, but soon was ordered to embark in vessels and proceed to Kertch in the Crimea. I went with them, and remained serving until the close of the Crimean war. My commandant being otherwise employed, I, as second in command and Kaimakan of the 16th regiment of infantry, took its headquarters back, and disbanded them at Constantinople. Whilst I was engaged in these parts, and thinking there would be no further chances of my being able to return to Africa, I had made up my mind, at the expiration of the war, to try my hand in collecting the Fauna of the very interesting regions of the Caucasian Mountains, and had even gone so far as to purchase guns and equip myself for it. Captain Smyth, of the Bengal Army, an old and notorious Himalayan sportsman, had agreed to accompany me, and we wrote home to the Royal Geographical Society to exert their influence in obtaining passports, by which we could cross over the range into the Russian frontier; but this scheme was put a stop to by Dr. Shaw, the Secretary of that Society, writing out to say there would be very little hope of our being able to obtain the passports we required, and that he thought the time ill-advised for working in those regions, adding, at the same time, that an expedition to explore Africa was again being organised under the command of Captain Burton, and advising me to join it. By the same mail I received a communication from Captain Burton himself, inviting me to join him once more in exploring Africa. This settled the matter. Without a second thought I took my passage to England by the first mail, and travelled night and day until I again reached home.

POETRY.

It used to be said, half a generation ago, that this was an unpoetical age; and to be sure it continues to be said now, because nobody has forcibly originated a different opinion. Because we were an age of steam-engines and electric telegraphs, &c., &c., &c.—because Curiosity had taken the place of Enthusiasm—because the world had become practical, and was so busy ameliorating its neighbours' ills and lightening its neighbours' burdens, that it had no leisure to attend to the vain pipings of individual joy and sorrow. So said many a desponding critic in lamentation, and so said many a stout man of business, happily ignorant of the nature of the thing over the failure of which he rejoiced. Since then, certain national poems of the highest tragical sublime of poetry have rung deep into the heart of the universe—such poems as those of Crimea, of India, of Italy; epics terse, urgent, and splendid, showing what, and what manner of thing a man is, or can be, when all his philosophies, sciences, informations are stripped off him, and he stands in primitive straits, with only a hasty weapon to defend himself, and his life in his hand. Such a tide has brought with it, as might be expected, a full flux and flow of the ocean of song. The birds sing always, doubtless, but it is only when a storm is over that the universal twitter of gratitude catches one's ear with a sudden pleasure, as if the exuberance were unusual. The nation has not been unmoved to hear what her sons have done. The race has quickened through heart and limb to discover with a thrill of delicious surprise that it has not degenerated—that it is as its fathers were—that the skill in its fingers has not diminished the courage of its heart—and that in no age has a soul more dauntless abode in the land than that which clothes itself in the outside proprieties of the nineteenth century. In the perpetual course of change which is always astir, some shrewd alterations have taken place within these dozen years in our general opinions. *Then* we had prematurely concluded war to be over, poverty and pain to be on their way to the same happy end, and commerce, science, free trade, and anæsthetics to be working out, if not an entire exemption from death and trouble, at least the largest amount of ease and comfort imaginable. What is it that has shaken the undoubting faith in these great modern influences with which so many people, now of different sentiments, begun their own independent career? For example, there is commerce—trade. Perhaps there scarcely exists an Englishman, belonging by the faintest link to that class of Englishmen who make speeches, who has not gone out of his way some time in his life to deliver a panegyric upon the commercial spirit, the wealth, the enterprise, and the honour of English merchants and the trading community; nor an audience, from the House of Lords downward, which has not cheered such an eulogium: yet it is with a faltering tongue, and a certain sickening sensation at one's heart, that one echoes these popular sentiments to-day. Could all that miserable bankrupt array, who have flung other people's money away by handfuls, yet kept their own reputation unspotted up to the very moment of discovery—could such men exist, so many of them, in a soil that is quite untainted? One makes all haste to turn from the subject, and leave the decent outside cover over the concealed heart, for which, however, no man will vouch nowadays as everybody would have vouched ten years ago. Then there goes big Science, with his infallible calculations and his must-be's—his demonstrations that no accident need ever happen anywhere, and his successes on paper. But people begin to whisper to each other privately even such thrilling incendiary whispers as, What is the good of the telegraph? Was it good or harm to those poor souls who heard that a battle had happened ever so long before they could know whether the light of their eyes had gone out in the fury of that deadly mysterious

fight? Is it any good to the puzzled spellers-out of an enigma less intensely interesting, which one gives up in despair at last till the post comes, and the slower and surer intelligence? And if, after all, it is only good for per-centages, why this mighty pother about the instrument which falls into no higher rank than that of a modern convenience? Our faith is perilously shaken in those grand bulwarks of modern belief. We have little dependence to put, further than we can see them, on Trade and Science. We have tried to make a Paul and a Peter of the two, but they have not turned out Apostles. An older Apostle—a fierce John Baptist, violent and sudden—has startled us out of his desert,—War, grim with pain and hardships, carrying his misery full in front of him, so that every man may see. We have learned so much by his stormy advent which the smoother influences had never taught us, that it is hard not to assign some positive virtue to that great scourge of the world. We who had been forgetting our humanity in our civilisation—we to whom, amid all the comforts of peace, an entire annihilation of pain seemed the great thing to hope and wish for—what a revelation was that, shining lambent out of the rude soldiers' huts on the cold hills above Sebastopol, blazing from the desecrated English houses and fortress-walls of India! It is nature, but nature that has heard of a Gospel—rising up against philosophy, against knowledge, against the cold intellect which rules the earth. "It is not Death that kills," cry those rude martyr-soldiers,—simple fellows that knew nothing, loyally dying unknown and glorious in the dark trenches; and the cry is echoed with a still profounder tone from the royal tortured race on yonder burning plains. One can die, one can be slaughtered bit by bit, and torn limb from limb—one cannot lie or fail. With a force which it is impossible to over-estimate, that sudden revelation fell upon us in our calm. When they left us, we knew, among our cheers and tears, what was before them—*they* knew it, going like bridegrooms, not only to the field, but to the trench and hospital; and all that world of endurance and courage and patience—all that heaven of consolation and sympathy and strength, which we had been used to dismiss into the shade, and assign to invisible heroes and heroines of domestic life, came out in visible light and colour, as if it had been written on the skies. The pity of it might strike any beholder; the profound necessity of it—the bounden duty to send them out yonder, God consoling them, to endure whatsoever agony might fall to their lot, only never to yield, or betray, or fail—sank deep into the heart of this nation. For many a long year we had been solacing ourselves with cures and cordials, careful of life, chary of pain, fain to think comfort the one thing needful—concluding to ourselves that the heroic elements had subsided into the deepest quiet of private life, and lived now only in women with false lovers, and men struggling against disaster and poverty. We have even heard it said—as most other people doubtless have heard—that the poet in our own wonder-working days must change his sphere of operation—that the minstrel of the nineteenth century behoved to turn his eyes to sublimer instruments than that pretty mechanism of humanity which had occupied too much the other ages. He had to sing electricity and its triumphs. He had to transport himself back in imagination to that gorgeous, muddy universe in which the mastodon and the ichthyosaurus lived and loved, before such a creature as man was heard of. Who does not remember, some calm day ten years ago, when such things were suggested?—quite in spite of revolution on the Continent, and the first chapter of the imperial fairy-tale which, to be sure, might set these distant molehills by the ears, but had nothing to do with the placid workshop in which *we* mended and patched and dated this old earth! What a change! Who, does anybody suppose, would recommend geology now in preference to the Round Table? Who has a word to say in favour of that Sybil, thick of utterance and confused of meaning, the telegraph, which once was prophesied to be the biggest post of this age? This age

has gone back with a plunge to the primitive humanities. The genii have ceased to charm us. Slaves constrained to serve, willingly or unwillingly—vast, cruel, heartless forces, as ready to massacre as to help—by this time we have learned to bind on their harness calmly, and give them their place of servitude; and with a shock which vibrates through every nerve, have learned to know, that the common heart and life, common creatures that jostle us at every corner, are, in fact, all that the statesman, all that the poet, all that the age has of valuable and precious. We could do without those big blind slaves who do our bidding, careless whether we bless or curse them. Life would be much less convenient, but not a whit less noble, if we had neither steam-engine nor electric telegraph. All magic and glamour has died out of these bond-servants; and some Ithuriel with a touch of his spear has recalled us out of our foolish canonisation of such dumb elements to show us how the strength and comeliness and honour of a country—all that it needs for its poetry, because all that it needs for its life—depend not on what it knows or has, but on its heart and spirit—on its muscle and sinews—on the resolute soul and the firm limb. It is that fiery angel of War which, to our land and generation, has brought this lesson—a strange evangelist, but not the less a true one. It is he who has turned us from our costumes and conveniences to find out the worth and importance of the common creature man,—who alone gives importance and worth to those lifeless surroundings. Perhaps he has done us still a greater service. Perhaps we never understand so well the great central truth of Christianity, as when, distant lands and seas away from those of our own who are in the hottest peril, we can think with an unspeakable consolation of that chiefest Healer, Physician, Friend, whom neither land nor sea can divide from His wandering children. This common pang of war has relieved us from statistics and generalisation—from the hard bondage of progress, modern improvement, and the nineteenth century. 'We are not the tenants of an exceptional period—a summer of St. Comfort and St. Safety. We are, as our fathers were, driven to primitive hardships and endurances, sore put to it—life, and more than life, sometimes put upon the cast. We too, like our fathers, have yielded up the flower of our youth, the desire of our eyes. We have returned to our broad common ground of humanity, where we are all brethren. The schoolmaster has gone to sleep for a while, and that old greybeard Experience, who has seen so many changes in his day, has taken us in hand. And who will say that the current of life has not run stronger, and with an impetus more full and free, since we have learned this great lesson of humility, and found out that no discoveries, however great, can light upon anything which we can put in the place of this perennial unimproving man?

And as a natural consequence, the air is all a-twitter with that bird-singing which hails the cleared atmosphere after a storm. Poets did not take kindly to that suggestion of the mastodon. Nobody answered the invitation of science to sing the pre-Adamic history, and these were very small pipes which echoed the praises of the electric sprite. The new reign of poetry never was so much as inaugurated, and a languor fell upon this supreme branch of literature, enough to give some countenance to the idea that ours was an unpoetical age. Now everything is different. To-day is no longer a big Pharisee, holier than thou to all other human days, but fallen into like troubles and agitations with its long array of brethren, and better persuaded of its genealogy and universal connection than it has ever been hitherto. Of the common reinvigoration of the time, the faculty of verse has had more than its even share. Poetry has glided out of the intermediary period, during which it is represented as in a kind of interregnum, by volumes of fugitive verses, and has once more taken upon itself, in more stately wise, to put forth works entitled to the grave judgment of its generation, some of which may distinguish that generation to posterity. A volume of detached verses is seldom more than a vehicle for the conveyance of

some one or two little poems to the world. It is not to be supposed that the author intends it so; but such is the usual result, unless the volume happens to be one of mere mediocrity, from which no remarkable verse, however tiny, manages to detach itself. Such productions are, and ever will be,—there is an audience, never exhausted, which receives and esteems the fare; but Shakespeare himself could scarcely be expected (unless he is the real WE, and half-a-dozen people—a lawyer, a doctor, Lord Chancellor Bacon, and who knows what beside) to produce a volume of short poems all equally worth remembering. When the throne is vacant, or when the king is lazy, the poetic interregnum maintains itself by those soft pipings and stray notes of music—copies of verses, as our grandmothers called them; but a poem which the world willingly receives and acknowledges as such, belongs to a period when the Art is full awake and regnant in its proper sphere, and when the fugitive verses fall into their proper position, soft clouds and floating nebulæ about the greater planet. Two or three such poems have lately taken their reigning place, as everybody knows —poems of a character altogether individual and characteristic, and as much unlike the last illustrious generation of great poems, unquestionable as are their traces of legitimacy and honest descent, as they are unlike the productions of the days of Anne. Here is no recluse serenely meditating on his hills, no wierd Mariner of ghostly romance. These ancestors have tinged the diction and coloured the thoughts of young Arthur Hallam's faithful mourner, of Maud's unreasonable lover, and of Aurora Leigh; but the strain is different, almost more distinctly different than are the two periods of time which have produced them. These poems, which we have received and acknowledged for our best, are conclusive proofs, above all others, of our return to the common humanity and the broadest simple use of art. *Maud*, Mrs. Browning's great poem, and scarcely less the *Idylls*—though the remote and fabulous distance of that famous Round Table somewhat restores the compromised dignity of the poet—are all *stories*, active dramatic episodes; novels in verse, as clever critics say. *In Memoriam* is just so much more living than a story, as a heart is more alive than the external incidents in which by glimpses it reveals itself, being, as it is, a picture unparalleled of the movements and gestures, the broken thoughts, the mournful circles of musing always returning to one centre, which distinguish a great personal grief. Let us note that it is not grief in the abstract—nothing can be further apart from the vague elegiac performances already well known in the lower ranks of literature. The book is a book which we lay apart, very near our Bibles, for the solace of our dark hours. Never was a consolation book of pious sermons or exhortations to patience one-half so soothing to a mourner. Just so, when the great blow has fallen, and the world and the skies are dark, do we sit through the silent days, wading and wandering through those mists of reverie—taking up languidly one thought after another, looking at it with our dim eyes, turning to lay it, where everything is laid, on *that* grave. The very ring of the verses, and their somewhat artificial cadence, soothe the sick soul with a monotony that suits her mood. None of the other poetical productions of our age are half so perfect; but they are so much akin in character that it is the present life, and the common emotions, with which all concern themselves. It is not very long since we somewhat despised narrative poetry, with a comfortable feeling of patronage towards Sir Walter, and a certain condescending approbation of Crabbe: narrative poetry has taken its revenge. The voice of our cotemporary song has come down out of the clouds—not without a plentiful train of mists and rainbow-reflections got in that vapoury region—to the universal soil, where it no longer does itself into verses, but into men and women, with all due material accompaniments of place and scene. Novels in verse, to be sure—the title is perfectly appropriate, while, at the same time, ac-

knowledged and undeniable poems, which we need not fear to compare with the best of other years.

Such has been the very unexpected result of the improvements and perfections of our mechanical age. So far as men and women are concerned, the arts of improvement are extremely limited. We can improve custom undeniably, and comfort to any extent; but, with very little allowance for these changes, could adopt the personages who move about in the oldest of all old stories as perfectly satisfactory types of the personages of to-day. And of all things in the world, nothing is so interesting as this incomplete unreasonable creature who dominates the world. We come back to him with renewed cordiality after every excursion otherwhere into which we may have been seduced for the moment. He is always new in his perennial identity. It was not by any philosophic delineations of the supreme Spirit, but by so many broad and simple pictures of the primitive intercourse between a personal God and an actual man, that the first revelation came. By the divine extraordinary history of a man's life and death, came the gospel. God has acknowledged and countenanced by all modes—by history and parable, and, greatest of all, by Incarnation—that infallible means of getting at the human heart and interest. It is perhaps the only means by which the universal understanding can be thoroughly reached at and penetrated. Philosophy has its school, and there is a limited audience for the higher expositions of thought; but all mankind can be touched, can be roused, can be interested by the history of men.

And it is surely a vast mistake to suppose that poetry, of all arts, wants a recondite and select audience. Poetry and painting, the two simplest open-air expositors of the thoughts and heart of human genius!—yet how common it is to profess one does not understand, does not pretend to be a judge, would not presume to venture an opinion! Whose fault is it if the good people say so? Partly, doubtless, their own self-regard and self-timidity, afraid to like something that connoisseurs forbid them to like, and so damage their own character and reputation with their wiser neighbours; but partly, at the same time, the fault of the artists, who forget their true vocation, and work for the few instead of for the many, to whom they are specially commissioned. Does anybody suppose that a lecture, or any amount of lectures, would charm the rude heart out of a salvage man like a picture or a story—the sweet colour or the sweet tongue—that takes him captive, soul and sense? What is there in all the obscure poems or obscure pictures ever produced which, in all the uses of true poetry and art, can equal that rude Christopher, painted gigantic on a common wall, or thrusting out his big limbs from a German church-pillar, which whoso sees in the morning has a day of luck and good fortune, and meets no harm? Why cannot we somehow or other present something conveying that same idea—the Christopher-giant, the big strength that will serve only the greatest—to bring sweet luck and heavenly fortune to the work-day and the labouring man! What these two human teachers say, instead of an enigma, doubtful unless to connoisseurs and critics, should be such that he may run who readeth it. Long ago, in the ages which some of us call dark, the poet and the painter were the popular expositors, familiar to every one; and even now there is an unreasoning delight of admiration in the gaze of an Italian peasant who happens to be brought face to face with a picture which testifies to the lingering far-off traces of that familiar friendship. Perhaps, indeed, our own peasant population, or the plain-spoken multitude at the bottom of the social scale, might in a like manner avow a hereditary comprehension of the old friend so long departed from them. It is only the middle class who do not venture to believe themselves judges, and are afraid to think that they can tell what they like in that ethereal creature Art who never was a friend of theirs. Never more, perhaps, shall we fill a royal old city, like that old London of Elizabeth, with such a fresh tide of

new life and new inhabitants as came forth immortal through the amazed old *Globe*, when the unconscious playwright, who most likely did not recognise in himself that Shakespeare whom the whole world wots of, was behind the scenes. Never more, it is certain, shall the civic politics and local gospel of any town swell out into another *Inferno*, grim, splendid, everlasting, but there is surely still, when we can come at it, some means by which Poetry may reach a universal audience, and be recognized as a more intimate influence than any other form of literature. All that is obscure, and of doubtful meaning—all that which it requires special intellect or culture to comprehend, is as untrue to the meaning of this great human agency as it must be always false to art.

Herein lies the safety of narrative. We have no desire to yoke our Pegasus to cart or plough, but he goes better in this shining harness which is perfectly congenial to him, than with the loose and flying rein which so often slips from the rider's fingers. Perhaps it would be true to say that he is no true poet who has not left to the world—whatever wealth of verse may be accumulated behind him—some one portrait of man or woman, some one impersonation, lifelike and recognisable among humankind. For ourselves, we cannot undertake to remember a single verse of Shelley's; but we can as little forget that pale Prometheus on his rock, with the gloomy pale horror of firmament behind him, and the groan of his agony thrilling through earth and heaven. Did we see it painted somewhere, or was it but so many words that made the picture? So if the verses perished, and were made an end of—if even in a chance memory no musical line lingered, and the charm of words had evaporated from the tale—who could forget that noble Lancelot, sorrowful to the soul for the sin he could not shake off, profoundly and sadly faithful to the love which broke his heart? Or maiden Elaine, lovesick for that grandest melancholy figure, dying for love of the unattainable splendour and excellence—sweet, maidenly visionary, longing towards the highest? This is true poetry: if some new fashion of despot, inimical to the art, should seize upon every edition of the *Idylls of the King*, break the types, burn the manuscript, blot out miraculously every line of the poem out of every memory, this ethereal essence would still survive. Perhaps a still more ethereal, less describable essence floats out of the impassioned story of *Aurora Leigh*. It is not character, it is rather a certain sublimated soul of description, which haunts one's eyes, and gives a distinctness and warmth of colour to things one sees for one's self, but which happen to have been seen beforehand by that poet in a more radiant and intenser light. This still independent of words, however great the charm of these words may be. For example, to take one of the most popular morsels of the poem, let us see a beautiful child suddenly awaked out of its sleep, and though we cannot remember a syllable of the oft-quoted lines which everybody knows, we can no more help remembering the rosy infant which woke under the eyes of Aurora, than if that memorable baby had been presented, flesh and blood, before us. More or less of this soul of deathless character or vivid impression must survive out of every poem that truly claims the name. It is the bit of spiritual asbestos—the indestructible diamond which lives through the greatest burning. Were Wordsworth's works swept out of existence, Wordsworth's hills would breathe to each other this spiritual essence of his life; and that poem is not a great poem which could not afford to be consumed and perish, leaving behind it some such imperishable soul.

These characteristics, however, belong to great poems, and only a few works in any department of art ever reach to that supreme rank. A host of poems which are not great, make one of the earliest superficial proofs that great poems are come or coming, since the climax never arrives without a certain general prophetic excitement of the common soul. The air is numerous with verses; poetry, like the bees, murmurs through the gales, which are not zephyrs, of this reluctant summer, as they have done with gradual increase through some

summers past. Let us not scorn any of these poetry books. Have they not their audience—an audience far more eager, genial, and warm in welcome, than anything we can hope to attain to? Have we not all, in our day, lived upon these simple sweets, and loved them? It is the undying Youth always renewed, and never, thank heaven, perishing out of the land, about whose hyacinthine curls these song-birds cluster. It is to him they sing soft songs and tender measures before the age of passion. It is for him they weave those gossamer webs of soft superficial feeling—emotions which content his unawakened heart. Tender moralisings which stand for thought—mild touches of landscape which answer instead of nature—have not we all, some time or other, partaken of that fare, and thanked heaven for the genius that made it sweet, and risen up with tender impulses of emulation, and such affection for the singer as does not move us towards greater singers now? Few are the poetry-books which can tempt us through them nowadays; but because we are old, dare any one suppose that Youth is dead and the seasons changed? They still go piping through the country, these verse-makers, and the young people go after them in a sweet fervour and surprise of admiration: it is verse, and the Youth-Magician has glamour in his ears as well as his eyes. Where we only see a fiddler, it is Orpheus, to his eyes, that draws the bow—the strains are strains to which the stars stand still and listen, though we find so little music in them: therefore sing, ye minor minstrels! your evening stars and roses—your soft whispers of the love that is coming all in its early mists and rainbows—your tender lamentations and elegies are sweet to that young soul; what they lack, his own imagination can add to them; therefore sing! and let no evil-minded critic come between you and the young worshipper at your knee.

But there is an intermediate sphere—"ower bad for blessing, and ower good for banning"—which gives all the trouble in the world to public opinion and its self-constituted assistants—a tantalising and troublesome class, who have it in them, but will not bring forth in any satisfactory manner that portion of the divine gift which has fallen to their share. It is amusing to witness the efforts made by all our literary authorities for the proper establishment in life of these uncertain and provoking poets. What solicitations—what coaxings—what threats are put forth upon them! one critic dolefully beseeching that his poet will bestir himself a little, and justify the good opinion which *he* has not hesitated to pronounce; another opposing, all sardonic and ironical, the entrance of the candidate for honours, warning him that, without more serious effort, his hopes are vain. Nothing can be well imagined more provoking, if one happens to have hazarded one's opinion early as to the future chances of such an aspirant, than the appearance of a new piece of work from those dubious and not-to-be-trusted hands. The unfortunate censor of the press, for pure love, could whip his protegé, but dares not, out of regard for his own reputation, as well as for that of the reckless neophyte; and hence is built up many an uncertain, unsteady little turret of fame, founded on youthful promise, and the plaudits of a press which must be consistent to itself, whatever its author chooses to be—a flimsy erection, ready to topple over, any unwary moment, and with no real ground to stand on. Such reputations are not few, and, singularly undesirable as they are, the owners of them are perhaps the last to perceive the deceptive nature and unreality of the praise which is naturally pleasant to their palate. Dangerous praise—approval which does not stimulate, but lulls, and perhaps hinders some minds of the full degree of eminence they might have attained, had they been treated more honestly. To be sure, it is with this class that the art of criticism, so far as it has any title to be called an art, has most to do, and ought to have greatest influence. For great poems flash beyond criticism; we say our say because it is our business; and our wages oblige us, even when we have the grace to be ashamed of ourselves to utter judgment on the

Celestials. But we might as well hold our peace, as we are all very well aware; and as for the singing-birds, in their indiscriminate melodious crowd, who but some ruthless ruffian, severely goaded by the impish visitations of the printer's familiar, could find it in his heart to harm *their* innocence? It is precisely the intermediary people with whom, if we are to be of any service in this world, we have to do.

And it is a doubtful and difficult question how far any criticism, except that of time and circumstances, can decide upon the powers and capabilities of youth. Young men, trained as young men are after our highest standard of education, come naturally out of that process with a considerable amount of talk and conversation in them, which it requires no great inducement to persuade them to put on paper. A large amount of reading, a spirited adoption of opinions on which the youth's fervour and natural belief in himself confer a certain aspect of originality and genuineness, make a very pretty capital to start with, and it is necessary that he be permitted to work off that first impetus, before it is very perceptible what real mettle is in him;—whereas, on the other hand, a young man of genius is quite as likely—perhaps more likely, the natural veneration being stronger in him—to copy and echo his favourite authors as the more ordinary intellect by his side. The two run together, side by side, for some time after they have started. Perhaps a certain grace of incompleteness hangs about the performances of the destined poet, but the chances are that this is but an omen of failure to himself and other people. The competitors are fresh from the same subjects, the same studies, and a certain faculty of verse-making is the common property of youth. Who is to tell which of them will go beyond that graceful possibility of authorship which adds a certain ethereal touch to the refined intelligence of many an ordinary English gentleman? Who will make bold to conclude that this is the poet-born, and not the other? Perhaps there is no great writer or great man who does not lovingly and wistfully remember some one who started in the race with him, but did not, to the perennial amazement of the conqueror, win the crown. One hears of such at the commencement of every great life, at the beginning of every notable struggle—sometimes it is he, and not the real winner, whom the bystanders have most cheered. Can any one tell how this is, or discriminate when they set out between the man who will stop short presently, and drop out of the course, and he who will go on with a growing power and ardour to the crowning laurel and the celestial goal? Not bystanders alone, but elected umpires and sublime authorities of Olympus, have made the most egregious blunders on this score; nobody knows it, not even the victor himself, who in his heart has most likely adjudged the crown to his rival. They run together for a longer or a shorter time, as may be, and no man can tell which will win, when suddenly one comes to a sudden pause and stands still, not a little surprised at himself. Why does his comrade devour the way with these flying steps, while *he* is suddenly brought to a standstill? It is a predicament in which, one time or another, every man must find himself, who ventures on the contest with that child of air. Puzzled and amazed, the foiled competitor stands at the end of his tether, and sees the flash of his companion's progress, and hears the shouts that hail him. Blank and dismayed, the critics cluster round that unfortunate: some of them condole with him, some of them abuse him—for, to be sure, it must have been his fault: he was indolent, or he was careless, or he forgot how much other people's credit was involved with his own. They are all entirely amazed and uncomprehending, unable to explain to themselves how any man should dart forward with that ineffable, unexplainable speed. But on the other side, the modest genius stands breathless, surprised only at failure, able to comprehend his rival passing and surpassing, and going far above him, wondering only at that strange sudden pause and stoppage—as ready almost as the vanquished himself to blame some

blunder or circumstance for the inevitable breakdown.

Now to be able to divine which was which—to discriminate the unconscious champion, and prophesy on some surer ground than chance, which man, by divine right of nature, carried already the budding crown—would be something of a business for the critic, if he were equal to it. Unfortunately, it is only the old remorseless critic Time who ever does settle that question. The touch of his indifferent old fingers makes everything certain, if we can but wait long enough; but in the mean time what is to hinder that we should all let loose our opinion? or, at least, if nothing else is to be done, set forth before the competitors the dangers as well as the glories of the race—the possibilities of stopping short inglorious—the chance of being miraculously outstripped and left behind? Yet believe not, oh young hero! that our prelections will be of much advantage to your training. It will not be your fault if you stop short at the end of your tether. Neither we nor anybody else can lengthen that inevitable band; but if a word of well-meant and consolatory warning—preparation in case of the worse—excellent good advice, such as, the whole world knows, is universally acceptable to the well-conducted mind of youth, be of any service to you, you are heartily welcome to it; and it is hereby offered to you. Let not him that putteth on his armour boast himself as if he were putting it off. Be not too confident in your own powers. If, in this case, the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong, no man breathing can point out, until the issue proves it, where is that deep-breathed breast, and those winged feet.

Well up in the list of modern poets, who, whatever they may be, are not great poets as yet, stands the name of Owen Meredith—an appellation, as everybody knows, wisely chosen to veil another name, which might well bias anybody's judgment towards the heir of its glory. The young author has now ground of his own to stand upon, and appears before us a very clear and perfect instance of the uncertainty which we have just been speaking of. A young plant from the natural and uncultured soil could not have thrown out its early branches so vigorously, without establishing beyond doubt its innate powers, but the case is entirely different with the young representatives of the flower of English society, towards whose making all the arts have lent a hand, and to whom the accumulations of all the world—riches that have withstood the fire of ages, and the revolutions of time—come calmly, an assured inheritance. A young, capable, and ardent mind, full of youthful force and confidence, sedulously trained to acquaintance with all the literature of the world, accustomed to meet in everyday intercourse the best minds of its own era, permitted to snatch its own fervid and rapid impressions from the brilliant, gay, inscrutable surface which it calls Life; and full of an early power of expression which it is easy to mistake for something deeper than the ready utterance of youth—is of all other developments of intellect the one most difficult to judge of. Working-day people, when they write verses, are generally more humble in their self-estimate; and a man who has to hold his own against a hard world, forgets that confidence in words and symbols which we all start with, and learns to be sure of little more than the bit of steadfast ground he stands on—if he is happy enough to have so much—and the glimpse of sky over his head. But things are different with our young paladin. He goes abroad upon the world nowadays not with the old knightly purposes. He is not a Quixote; but he cannot help being young, however old, and sage, and experienced he may choose to appear. He goes out of his college in glory and in joy. He goes abroad to the Italy of romance—the France of pleasure. He casts his delighted eyes abroad, and sees the flower of humankind amusing itself; but he is a philosopher—that does not content him. So he plunges below the surface, as he imagines, and, emerging at the other extremity of social existence, finds another quality of humankind, not ornamental, also

amusing itself. Between the two hovers a dark sphere, often illuminated with brilliant hectic lights, where the two extremities surge together in wild, gay, sometimes hideous combinations; a world of vice which the young spectator visits unabashed spectator-wise, to study, not to enjoy;—and immediately our philosopher-poet flashes up to the hill-top, and sounds his trumpet, and utters his poem. Has he not a right to assume the prophet's mantle, the garland, and the robe of song? Has he not been looking out with fresh eyes, new and bright and unprejudiced—and does not he know Life?

What can any one say to him?—it is all entirely natural, so true in its falseness that the objector pauses, overpowered with the perpetual charm of that paradox. To be sure, it is not agreeable that his observation should be turned in that special direction, and that, even in his first delusion, life should bear that aspect to his eyes; but still we can surely all remember the time when the scene under our own eyes was the world, and our own conclusions were too infallible to be doubted. The triumphant young mind, dazzled with its own clearsightedness, is so abundantly true to itself in the midst of its wisdom, that we stop with a smile the disapproval on our lips. Some time the young philosopher will know better; sometime he will find out that German baths and French *salons* are a marvellously small bit of the world; and that a snatch of dissipation is no more life than the bitter bubbles of fermentation are wine. In the mean time, he has flashed abroad that wonderful delight of his first sensations, his joy, his admirations—sorrows that are unspeakable—loves that will last for ever; has done them all into melodious verse, and cast them abroad upon the world, and stands with the fumes of his poem—celestial intoxication—hanging about him, waiting for the plaudits that are to follow that outburst of the everlasting song!

Such are the circumstances in which Mr. Owen Meredith stands, as many another poet fated to the highest honours has stood in his day, before the world. We cannot tell whether this young author will hold out and attain a supreme place—and still less would we prophesy that he is one of those who will stop short, and carry nothing but a reputation of promise out of the hard-contested field. He has made a sufficient appearance to attract some interest and some curiosity—to thrill the souls of literary newspapers, and float his name and the knowledge of him upon the surface of society: he has done so much that it will be surprising if he does not do more. But he is so far from having achieved anything which will retain real influence on the public mind, or procure him any genuine reputation, that he is precisely in that typical position so tempting to the moraliser. He is a fugleman of that host so numberless in our days, of whom admiring friends expect such astonishing results, and of whom we read in those popular records of college-life, in which every second man is certainly born to be either Primate, Premier, Lord Chancellor, or First Poet of the age. How the world goes on in its old mediocrity all the same, in spite of these marvellous drafts of young life, is very astonishing; for State jobbing, and Church Patronage, and Promotion by Purchase, though doubtless inventions of the Evil One, have not been found hitherto to produce such very perilous and melancholy results as the extinguishment of a generation. Mr. Owen Meredith is a fugleman of the order, but an honest and candid one. He is not afraid to cast forth upon the world the overflowings of his mind, and be judged by the positive standard—the only tenable standard of men or poems—of what he can do. There is much to condemn in his fugitive verses; there is much wanting in his more serious work; but there is everything to commend in the sincere and open-hearted manner in which he gives forth his conclusions upon the world and life and things in general. This young writer does not affect anything rural or rustical. He makes none of the old conventional babbling of green fields; he assumes boldly that his artificial world is *the* world, and proceeds undaunted on that foundation. Feeling himself perfectly equipped, and

ready for anything that may happen to him, he goes forth with that sublime superiority to good and evil —that calm equality of observation, studying impartially vice and virtue —with perhaps rather a leaning of interest towards the former, a more dramatical and piquant element in the history of humanity, which characterises, in our day, these young philosophers—to declare to us his impressions and experiences. Life! oh, so serious! filling one's cup with an unspeakable bitterness, which nevertheless one somehow enjoys—and so wicked! men and women falling in and out of love without intermission, and bringing about the saddest catastrophes, which, melancholy as they are, one welcomes eagerly for the sake of an event and a sensation —and so perverse! the wrong man and the wrong woman always turning up in that lottery, where all the world (it is to be supposed) struggles constantly for prizes. This, at present, is Mr. Owen Meredith's conception of the existence, which, nevertheless, is shared by multitudes of commonplace middle-aged people, and has a background of very dull neutral tint, carelessly washed in, to throw into bolder relief those superlative moments of ecstasy and ages of anguish which belong to the young hero. And far be it from us to make any objection. Hard are those mentors who refuse to the young people their day of romance; but unfortunately our poet's romance is of a fashion unknown to the English imagination. It is French love which he keeps simmering over his brasier—the highest goddess of his thoughts "wears a chain," is hailed as "my love, and yet not mine," and reproached because she "could not wait" the advent of Love and the Poet. Now, though it may be very pretty and dramatical to imagine the separated pair from the end of the world sending their thoughts to each other—the lover who has come too late, and the lady who would not wait, each doing their sad duties angelically well, that dear sweet pale creature, enduring her husband and putting up with her children, and looking forward to a happy union in heaven with the true object of her affections—somehow it does not at all fall in with our insular prejudices. They are used to that sort of thing in France, and don't mind it; but we must remind our poet that he writes English, and that true art does not permit a thought which is conceived in the idiom of one tongue to be expressed in that of another. We know nothing about such loves in English speech. Vice is vice everywhere; and we have, to be sure, Divorce Courts, and other such horrors, like other people; but we have not come to like, and, the chances are, never will come to like, that delicious balance, so dear to our lively neighbours, which holds just at the climax point the grand moral seesaw, one end of which rises into superlative and angelical virtue, while the other drops into the gaping ruinous darkness. We do not appreciate the poise, nor enjoy the breathless and entrancing interest which attends it. The very virtue, at its highest, appears to our dull ideas something to be rather ashamed of than otherwise—something certainly quite beyond the touch of words. Nor can we, dull to sentiment in that supernal region, at all approve of the final appeal to heaven, which is suspiciously like a mere spiritual elopement. Loves of this fashion had much better be left to their native language; they do not suit our plain-spoken tongue, still less do they suit our contracted ideas. The love of England wears maiden blushes. We give free licence to all young poets to see this rose-light of morning upon earth and sea, to think nothing in the world so important as the "congenial soul" and "sympathetic heart"—the inspiration of their vernal songs,—even in the early glow of this intoxication, to fancy everybody as much interested in the universal love-making as themselves; but we set limits to the licence. The heroine who "wears a chain," blushes hectic, and not rose red. Let him write French who writes sentimental letters to her. We do not acknowledge, even as a dramatic *situation*—not even as a tableau of virtue triumphant—the legerdemain of Passion, poetical and superlative, balancing upon its seesaw.

Notwithstanding all this, there are

many graceful verses and pleasant snatches of song in Mr. Owen Meredith's early hours of idleness. Let us instance such a pretty cabinet picture, warmly framed and perfect, as the following:—

"My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ah, still I see your soft white hand,
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight,
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand;
The double Castles guard the wings,
The Bishop bent on distant things,
Moves sidling through the fight.
Our fingers touch; our glances meet,
And falter; falls your golden hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field your Queen
Rides slow, her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.
Ah me! the little battle's done,
Disperst is all its chivalry.
Full many a move sluce then have we
'Mid life's perplexing chequers made,
And many a game with fortune played.
What is it we have won?
This, this at least, if this alone,
That never, never, never more,
As in those old still nights of yore
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise),
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world and wintry weather;
And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess as then we played together."

And here is something which rings like real metal—

"Yet I am a part of the things I despise,
Since my life is bound by their common span;
And each idler I meet in square or street,
Hath within him what all that's without him belies,
The miraculous, infinite heart of man,
With its countless capabilities!
The sleekest guest at the general feast,
That at every sip, as he sups, says grace,
Hath in him a touch of the untamed beast,
And change of nature is change of place.
The judge on the bench, and the scamp in the dock,
Have in each of them much that is common to both:
Each is part of the parent stock,
And their difference comes of their different cloth.
'Twixt the Seven Dials and Exeter Hall,
The gulf that is fixed is not so wide;
And the fool that last year at her Majesty's ball,
Sicken'd me so with his simper of pride,
Is the hero now heard of, the first on the wall,
With the bayonet-wound in his side.

. . . . I know that all acted time,
By that which succeeds it is ever received,
As calmer, completer, and more sublime,
Only because it is finished—because
We only behold the thing it achieved—
We behold not the thing it was.

. . . . . .

Who knows how sculptor on sculptor starved,
With the thought in the head by the hand uncarved?
And he that spread out in its ample repose,
That grand, indifferent godlike brow,
How vainly his own may have ached, who knows,
'Twixt the laurel above and the wrinkle below?

Oh Lord of the soul of man, whose will
Made earth for man, and man for heaven,
Help all thy creatures to fulfil
The hopes to each one given!
So fair thou mad'st, and so complete
The little daisies at our feet;
So sound and so robust in heart,
The patient beasts that bear their part;
In this world's labour never asking
The reason of its ceaseless tasking.
Hast thou made man though more in kind,
By reason of his soul and mind;
Yet less in unison with life,
By reason of an inward strife,
Than these, thy simpler creatures, are?"

This last is better for its thoughts than its execution, which is a fault on the right side—execution without thought being the kind of production from which this young poet and the young world which he represents has most to fear. It is true that a power of execution in this day means rather a faculty for rough verses and irregular measure than for the smooth and polished diction of old; but it may very well happen that the rude rhythm takes a word of trouble, and is a delusion and snare more potent than even the liquid flow of words which made music to the ears of our fathers. In the volume called *The Wanderer*,* there are some apparent intentions of conveying a subtle thread of story out of one short poem into another, as has been done in Mr. Tennyson's *Maud;* but we cannot affirm that they have been successful. Mr. Owen Meredith, however, can tell a story; and this gift he

* *The Wanderer.* By Owen Meredith. Chapman and Hall.

manifests, not only in the little classic drama of *Clytemnestra*, which, notwithstanding many vigorous and picturesque passages, belongs to the Newdegate school of poetry; but also in the modern tale, with which he has followed the example of his greater contemporaries: for, not content with the verses, he has put forth his strength in one sustained effort, and the result is another novel in verse—the story of *Lucile*.*

Again a French plan and subject—again another example of that popular superiority to English ideas of life and love which has begun to steal upon *young* English literature. Lucile is that favorite heroine of French romance, a beautiful widow; wonderfully superior to the follies of fashion, and with touching evidences of a broken heart in her looks and behaviour, she is yet angelically present at various haunts of fashion, where she does much unintentional mischief and some good. She has, of course, two lovers, one of whom, hopeless himself, satisfies his revengeful feelings by deceiving and sending off the other. After an interval, when the deceived lover has married, the whole party meet at Ems, where Lucile defeats her rejected and vindictive suitor in a second attempt to injure the happiness of his former rival, and helps to establish a thorough understanding between the husband and wife. With these events the greater part of the story is filled. It is thoroughly conventional, the whole plan and construction of the tale being familiar to all experienced romance-readers, who are of course perfectly prepared to know that Lucile after this becomes a Sister of Charity, and is at last the means of bringing about a happy marriage between the children of those rivals for her own love. But many an excellent story is made out of the same conventional materials, and we do not quarrel with our author on that score, for there is abundant vigour and rapidity in the narrative, and much picturesque and lifelike description. Neither do we upbraid Mr. Owen Meredith for having a philanthropic bankrupt and a lost fortune among the accessories of his drama, as everybody else has at the present moment. The fact has been so sadly common, and its results contain so much rich and never-failing material, that one cannot wonder if it is very readily received into the repertory of the romance-writer, whether he writes in prose or verse. Mrs. Browning's Romney Leigh loses his sight in a fire, exactly as Jane Eyre's Rochester and various other heroes who had the luck to come after that first unfortunate gentleman have done. It is too much to demand originality of incident. But we have infinitely greater objections to the French character of the heroine than to the French name, which plays such pranks, as the author confesses, with English rhymes. The brilliant French widow is as much contrary to the genius of English romance, as she who "wears a chain," is to the love-sonnets of English poetry. These materials are alien and foreign to us, and convey a certain disrespect to the traditions of our language and literature, which is not excusable in a young writer, and which of course he must expect to impair the reputation of his book. This is quite a fundamental blunder, and worthy of all censure. Besides, if Mr. Meredith's Lucile was such a person as he calls her, what had she to do in that public room at Ems, being heartbroken, and lonely, and disgusted with the world? Had they all been carried by a sudden *tour de force* to some mysterious chateau, where the lady lived in seclusion, we could have forgiven the stratagem; but what had such a person to do at a German bath? We repeat like the oracle, who, for that once at least, was doubtless mistaken—this will never do! No!—not if Mr. Owen Meredith turned out another Wordsworth. It is possible enough to bear with a blue woman once in a way, instead of our English rosebud heroine, of whom we are never tired; but we set our face against the importation of the French widow into our tender fields and dewy landscapes. She is very charming, but we have nothing to do with her. Let us open

* *Lucile*. By the same.

the door for Madame, and bow her out to her carriage. We admire her sentiments and her toilette at a respectful distance, but she does not belong to us—never did, and never shall.

Having entered which protest for the benefit of all those young cultivators of literature who are contemptuous of our good English fashions of love-making, and of the maiden heroine of the same, we do not object to return to the book before us, where the story, despite the trammels of verse, moves lightly and not too slow, and where the scene and landscape are picturesque and true. Here is the coming on and dispersion of a mountain-storm:—

"After noontide the clouds, which had traversed the east
Half the day, gathered closer, and rose and increased,
The air changed and chilled. As though out of the ground
There ran up the trees a confused hissing sound,
And the wind rose. The guides sniffed, like chamois, the air.
And looked at each other, and halted, and there
Unbuckled the cloaks from their saddles.
Ere long
Thick darkness descended the mountains among,
And a vivid, vindictive and serpentine flash
Gored the darkness, and shone it across with a gash.
The rain fell in great heavy drops and anon
Broke the thunder.
The horses took fright every one.
The Duke's in a moment was far out of sight;
The guides shouted. The band was obliged to alight,
And, dispersed up the perilous pathway, walked blind
To the darkness before from the darkness behind.

And the storm is abroad on the mountains!
He fills
The crouch'd hollows and all the oracular hills
With dread voices of power. A roused million or more
Of wild echoes reluctantly rise from their hoar
Immemorial ambush, and roll in the wake
Of the cloud whose reflection leaves livid the lake.
And the wind, that wild robber for plunder descends
From invisible lands o'er these black mountain-ends:
He howls as he bounds down his prey, and his lash
Tears the hair of the timorous wild mountain-ash,
That clings to the rock with her garments all torn,
Like a woman in fear. . . .
There is war in the skies!
Lo! the black-winged legions of tempest arise
O'er those sharp splintered rocks that are gleaming below
In the soft light so fair and so fatal, as though
Some seraph burned through them, the thunderbolt scorching,
Which the black cloud unbosomed just now.
Lo! the lurching
And shivering pine-trees, like phantoms that seem
To waver above in the dark: and yon stream,
How it hurries and roars on its way to the white
And paralyzed lake there, appalled at the sight
Of the things seen in heaven.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile
The sun in its setting sent up the last smile
Of his power to baffle the storm. And behold!
O'er the mountains embattled, his armies, all gold,
Rose and rested; while far up the dim airy crags
Its artillery silenced, its banners in rags,
The rear of the tempest its sullen retreat
Drew off slowly, receding in silence to meet
The powers of the night, which, now gathering afar,
Had already sent forward one bright signal-star.

. . . . . .

The dimness of eve o'er the valleys had closed,
The rain had ceased falling, the mountains reposed,
The stars had enkindled in luminous courses
Their slow-sliding lamps, when, remounting their horses,
The riders retraversed that mighty serration
Of rockwork. Thus left to its own desolation,
The lake, from whose glimmering limits the last
Transient pomp of the pageants of sunset had passed,
Drew into its bosom the darkness, and only
Admitted within it one image—a lonely
And tremulous phantom of flickering light,
That followed the mystical moon through the night."

And here a hurried night-ride through the same scenery:—

"Fast and furious he rode through the thickets which rose
Up the shaggy hill-side; and the quarrelling crows
Clanged above him, and, clustering down the dim air,
Dropped into the dark woods. By fits here and there,
Shepherd-fires faintly gleamed from the valleys. Oh, how
He envied the wings of each wild bird, as now
He urged the steed over the dizzy ascent
Of the mountain! Behind him a murmur was sent
From the torrent—before him a sound from the tracts
Of the woodlands that waved o'er the dark cataracts,
And the loose earth and loose stones rolled momently down
From the hoofs of his steed to abysses unknown.
The red day had fallen beneath the black woods,
And the Powers of the night through the vast solitudes
Walked abroad and conversed with each other. The trees
Were in sound and in motion, and muttered like seas
In Etfland. The road through the forest was hollowed,
On he sped through the darkness as though he were followed
Fast, fast by the Erl King!"

Nor can we deny the truth and power of the following sketch:—

"When Lucile left Matilda, she sat for long hours
Forlorn in her own vacant chamber. Those powers
Of action and thought the day's sharp exigence
Had maintained for a while at a pitch so intense
Now when solitude found her within and without,
Released from the part she had fully played out,
Deserted her wholly. Alone in the gloom,
'Mid the signs of departure that gave to that room
A dull sense of strangeness, about to turn back
To her old vacant life, on her old homeless track,
She felt her heart falter within her. She sat
Like some poor player gazing dejectedly at
The insignia of royalty worn for a night;
Exhausted, fatigued with the dazzle and light,
And the effort of passionate feigning; who thinks
Of her own meagre rushlighted chamber, and shrinks
From the chill of the change that awaits her.

. . . . . .

Unable to sleep she descended the stair
That led from her room to the garden;
The air,
With the chill of the dawn yet unrisen, but at hand,
Strangely smote on her feverish forehead; the land
Lay in darkness and change like a world in its grave:
No sound save the voice of the long river-wave,
And the crickets that sing all the night. She stood still,
Vaguely watching the thin cloud that curled on the hill.
Ah, pale woman! what, with that heart-broken look,
Didst thou read there in nature's weird heart-breaking book?
Have the wild rains of heaven a father? and who
Hath in pity begotten the drops of the dew?
Orion, Arcturus, who pilots them both?
What leads forth in his season the bright Mazeroth?
Hath the darkness a dwelling save there in those eyes?
And what name hath that half-revealed hope in the skies?
Ay, question and listen! What answer?
The sound
Of the long river-wave through its stone-troubled bound,
And the crickets that sing all the night."

From these extracts our readers will see that there is no small amount of force and vitality, as well as skill in the craft of verse-making to be found in *Lucile*. We spare the dialogues; sad examples of what the poor muse is driven to in the conduct of a modern tale; poetry, of course, it is impossible to call these snatchy conversations put into rhyme; but they are cleverly done notwithstanding. The *rhymes* themselves, however, are not quite so carefully looked to as they might have been, and even in the full swing of narrative the reader is brought up suddenly with the sense of a jar on the road: *hers* does not rhyme well to *characters;* the effect of the emphasis on the last syllable of a long word—an experiment which the author of *Lucile* seems fond of trying—unfortunately, is not always successful, and we fear to whisper how often we have stumbled upon the jingle of *furl'd* and *world*, which seems a favourite combination. This is not a lack of power, but a lack of that which Carlyle describes as one of the supreme faculties of genius—

the faculty of taking trouble. It is nothing that a little additional pains and honest attention to the work cannot easily set right. Some rhymes there are in the world, exquisite beyond all music, which it is not permissible to think of otherwise than as born so, divine intuitions; so there are some Raphael touches which have certainly come direct out of the heaven of genius above all premeditation—but these are few; and vast is the charm of labour and pains to subdue the unruly syllables, and catch the floating notes of music always abroad upon the winds and air.

We remember to have heard of a young painter who brought a critic in whose judgment he had confidence, to see his picture. One may be sure the youth himself thought well enough of it in the first place. The authority looked, approved, commended, — nothing could be more satisfactory than his criticism — until, "Now, of course, you know as well as I do you have all the picture to paint, eh?" said the critic, getting up good-humouredly. We say the same to our young poet. You know perfectly well all the picture is to paint yet. There are good touches of design and ideas of colour. We have nothing much to object to your method of laying on; but to be sure the picture is all to paint.

And to show before we are done, that, despite the Frenchness of his womenkind and his love-making, there is in this book due sense of national excellences within our own sea-straitened limits; as well as for an excellent representation of one strong and evident national peculiarity, which, amid our perpetual reformations and the calm eclecticism of modern politics, both the poetry and the prose of English life may well make account of, we conclude with a sober and faithful portrait, in every way veracious, honest, and well drawn—the English Parliamentman of our day and generation:—

"Here
My next neighbour's a man with twelve thousand a-year,
Who deems that life has not a pastime more pleasant
Than to follow a fox or to slaughter a pheasant;
Yet this fellow goes through a contested election,
Lives in London, and sits, like the soul of dejection,
All the day through upon a committee, and late
To the last, every night, through the dreary debate,
As though he were getting each speaker by heart,
Though amongst them he never presumes to take part.
One asks one's self why, without murmur or question,
He foregoes all his tastes, and destroys his digestion,
For a labour of which the result seems so small?
'The man is ambitious,' you say—not at all;
He has just sense enough to be fully aware
That he never can hope to be Premier, or share
The renown of a Tully—or even to hold
A subordinate office. He is not so bold
As to fancy the House for ten minutes would bear
With patience his modest opinions to hear.
'But he wants something.'
What! with twelve thousand a-year:
What could Government give him would be half so dear
To his heart as a walk with a dog and a gun,
Through his own pleasant woods, or a capital run?
'No, but vanity fills out the emptiest brain;
The man would be more than his neighbours, 'tis plain;
. . . . . .
If the Fashion to him open one of its doors,
As proud as a sultan returns to his boors.'
Wrong again! if you think so—For, *primo*, my friend
Is the head of a family known from one end
Of his shire to the other as the oldest; and therefore
He despises fine lords and fine ladies. *He* care for
A peerage? no, truly! *Secundo*, he rarely
Or never goes out; dines at Bellamy's sparely,
And abhors what you call the gay world.
Then I ask,
What inspires and consoles such a self-imposed task
As the life of this man, but the sense of its duty?
And I swear that the eyes of the haughtiest beauty
Have never inspired in my soul that intense,
Reverential, and loving, and absolute sense
Of heartfelt admiration I feel for this man,
As I see him beside me, there wearing the wan
London daylight away on his humdrum committee,

So unconscious of all that awakens my pity
And wonder.

. . . . . .

The humility of it! the grandeur withal!
The sublimity of it! And yet, should you call
The man's own very slow apprehension to this,
He would ask, with a stare, what sublimity is?
His work is the duty to which he was born;
He accepts it without ostentation or scorn;
And this man is no uncommon type (I thank heaven!)
Of this land's common men. In all other lands, even
The type's self is wanting."

These verses, and the sentiment in them, will recall to some readers the father in the son.

Is this a suitable picture to end with? It is the practical poetry of English life — the epic of our daily existence as a nation. We hear of the Purchase system, and are well aware of the fact that a soldier's life is a very poor living, and not one to get rich by. Neither is the Church, though that has its big prizes; and it is hard enough upon hosts of poor subalterns and poor curates. But, after all, there is something of grandeur in the thought that the most important functions of society among us are not done for money; that there is among us a generous *duty*, if not ambition, which wastes its life in parliamentary committees, which spends its fortune to buy steps in its regiment, and have a better chance of being fired at, and which gives alike its life and substance to some parish bountifully endowed with fifty pounds a-year. It is not profit which solaces our hard-worked legislators—we do not buy the blood of those who fight for us, or pay for the ministrations that cheer our deathbeds. There is a world of good sense on the other side, and we consent to everything that is said of the importance of having the best men in the best places, of opening the way for talent, of clearing every legitimate pathway for the man who must live by his work. But let us thank Heaven, at the same time, as generously as they spend their lives, their blood, their strength for us, that in England the three great national functions are for the most part performed by men who get very poor interest for their money, who are ready to pay, and not to be paid, for the privilege of serving their country, and who have, in fact, no remuneration for their toil and pains but the old primitive and noble remuneration *in kind*, the "Honour, honour, honour, honour to him!" which is all we can give to our greatest heroes.

It is easy to speak of jobs, and families provisioned upon the State, and poor men kept down and deprived of the good things of their profession, and doubtless, in special instances, very true; but it is a miserable injustice to pass over that voluntary and generous plunge into all the hardest work of this country, which the higher classes of this country take so generally, without money and without reward, without even praise. It is the poetry diffused over our undemonstrative and sober-mannered island — a poetry not yet matched anywhere else — a national lyric of stronger and more splendid music than any Marseillaise.

JUDICIAL PUZZLES.—THE CAMPDEN WONDER.

THE little market-town of Chipping-Campden lies on the verge of the Cotswold Hills. It is a quaint old place, formed of one straggling street of low-gabled houses, with an ancient market-house in the middle. The ruins of Campden House, built in the year 1612 by Sir Baptist Hickes (the princely merchant who erected Hickes's Hall, and gave it to the county of Middlesex), remain a monument of the loyalty of his grandson, Baptist Lord Noel, who burnt his magnificent mansion to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Parliament troops.

Railroads have only lately traversed this out-of-the-way part of England. It is not on the high-road to anywhere, and though the country around possesses beauties peculiarly its own, it has never been frequented by tourists. It is best known by the love which Shakespeare evidently bore to it. There can be no doubt that it was the haunt of his boyhood. When Slender taunts Master Page by telling him that he bears his "fallow greyhound was outrun on Cotswold," we may be sure that many a course on those wide and then open downs must have risen to Shakespeare's recollection. It is here, too, that he places that pleasant arbour in Justice Shallow's orchard, where he ate "a last year's pippen of his own graffing with a dish of carraways, and so forth," with Falstaff and his "cousin Silence." It was "a goodly dwelling and a rich." Cousin Silence was, we have no doubt, a Campden man, and trolled out his fragments of carols at the little bowling-green there. Shakespeare tells us that he was a townsman. "Is old Double *of your town* living yet?" Old Double, who is immortal because he died. "See, see!—he drew a good bow. And dead!—he shot a fine shoot. John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! How a score of good ewes now? And is old Double dead?"

He probably acquired the skill as an archer, which endeared him to "John of Gaunt," at those games on Dover's Hill, in the immediate neighbourhood, which were celebrated by Ben Jonson, and which were held there annually until a few years ago. "Will Squele," too, was a "Cotswold man." Shakespeare must have loved the place, or he never would have coined so endearing a name. Who has not a kindly feeling towards Will Squele? The commentators have puzzled themselves greatly after their usual fashion, and have devised ingenious and improbable reasons why Falstaff's tailor should be one "Master Dombledon." They have sought for abstruse meanings in the name, stupidly fancying that it was originally written Doubledone, and implied a double charge. It is simply the name of a hill a few miles beyond Campden, and the use of it affords an additional proof of Shakespeare's familiarity with the country.

This little town was, in the year 1660, the scene of a tragedy so extraordinary that it is still remembered by the name of "The Campden Wonder."

On the 16th of August in that year, an old man of the name of William Harrison, who was steward to Lady Campden, and resided in the part of Campden House which still remained habitable, went on foot to Charringworth, a village about two miles distant, to receive some rents. He did not return so soon as was expected, and his wife, feeling some alarm at his absence, sent his servant, John Perry, to meet him about eight or nine o'clock. Neither Perry nor his master returning that night, the son of the latter set out early in the morning in search of his father. On his way towards Charringworth he met Perry, who told him that his father was not at that place, and they went together in search of him to Ebrington (a village between Campden and Charringworth), where they were informed that Harrison had called the evening before at the house of a man of the name of Daniel, on his return from Charringworth, but had almost immediately proceeded

on his way towards Campden. This was the last they could hear of the old man. But in the mean time a hat and comb, much hacked and cut, and a band stained with blood, which was recognised as having been worn by him on that night, were found in a wild spot, near a large furze brake, between Ebrington and Campden. The report immediately, and very naturally, arose that Mr. Harrison had been waylaid, robbed and murdered, and the whole population of the town turned out to search for his body. Their search was in vain: no trace of it could be discovered. Suspicion fell upon John Perry. The spot where the hat was found was just where he would have been likely to have met him on his return. He knew that he was going to receive a considerable sum of money. His master had left Ebrington safe. Perry's absence during the whole of the night was suspicious. The natural thing would have been, had he failed to meet his master, that he should have returned at once to Campden. He was taken into custody, and the next day was brought before a justice of peace. The account he gave was, that he had started on his way towards Charringworth immediately upon receiving his mistress's orders to do so; that after going a short distance, he met a man of the name of Reed, and, feeling afraid to go on in the dark, had returned with him to Campden: that he had started again with one Pearce, and, after going a short distance, had again returned. That he then went into the hen-roost, where he remained till about twelve o'clock, when, the moon having arisen, he took courage and again set out; but a mist rising, he lost his way, and lay under a hedge till morning, when he went on to Charringworth, and inquired for his master of one Edward Plaisterer, who told him that he had paid him twenty-three pounds the afternoon previous. That he made further inquiries, but without success; and on his return home about five o'clock in the morning met his master's son. This account, which was confirmed by the three men he referred to, was not considered satisfactory, and, after remaining in custody about a week, Perry's expressed a desire to be taken before the justice, to whom he said he would disclose what he would discover to no one else.

He then said that, ever since he had been in his master's service, his mother and his brother had been urging him to join them in robbing him. That their scheme was to waylay him on his return from receiving the rents. That he had accordingly informed his brother, on the morning of the day when Mr. Harrison went to Charringworth, of the errand upon which he had gone. That on the same evening, immediately after he had received his mistress's orders, he met his brother, and they went together towards Charringworth. That he watched his master, on his return, go into a field called the Conygree, through which a private path, which he was in the habit of using, led to his house. That he told his brother that "if he followed him he might have his money, and he in the mean time would walk a turn in the fields." That soon afterwards following his brother, he found his master on the ground in the middle of the field, his brother upon him, and his mother standing by. That his master was not then dead, for he exclaimed, "Ah, rogues! will you kill me!" That he begged his brother not to kill him, but he replied, "Peace, peace, you are a fool," and strangled him. That his brother took a bag of money out of his master's pocket, and threw it into his mother's lap; that they then carried the body into the garden, intending to throw into a large sink; that he left it in the garden and went to watch and listen, whilst as he believed, his mother and brother put the body into the sink; but whether they did so or not, he could not positively say. That going back into the town he met Pearce, and went with him towards Charringworth, as he had before stated. That he then returned to the hen-roost, and taking his master's hat, band and comb, he cut them with his knife, and threw them in the road where they were found.

Upon this, strict search was made for the body, not only in the place which Perry had mentioned, but in all the ponds in the neighbourhood,

and amongst the ruins of Campden House, but in vain. Joan and Richard Perry, the mother and brother of John, were taken into custody. They vehemently protested their innocence, and upbraided John for his falsehood. He still, however, stuck to his story, and retorted upon them with bitter reproaches for having urged him to the commission of so horrible a crime —affirming that he had spoken nothing but the truth, and declaring that he was ready to justify it to his death.

Immediately after the examination of the prisoners before the magistrate, a very remarkable circumstance occurred. They were removed separately, and of course in custody, John being some distance in advance of Richard. The latter, "pulling a clout out of his pocket, dropped a ball of inkle, which one of his guard taking up, he desired him to restore, saying it was only his wife's hair-lace." The constable finding a noose at the end of it, and feeling some suspicion, took it to John and asked him if he knew anything of it, on which John shook his head and said, "Yea, to his sorrow; for *that was the string his brother strangled his master with.*"

Unfortunately the only narrative which exists of this singular case diverges at this point into matters irrevelant to the main issue; but at the spring assizes following, after an interval of something more than six months, the three Perrys were tried for the murder. Up to this time John Perry had persisted in his story. On the trial, however, he, like his mother and brother, pleaded *not guilty*, and when his confession was proved, alleged that he was "then mad, and knew not what he said."

We are left in ignorance what evidence, beyond the confession of John, was produced at the trial. That there must have been some is clear, as that confession, though evidence against John, was none against his mother or Richard. All three were convicted, and a few days afterwards hanged, on Broadway Hill, within sight of the town of Campden.

As Joan Perry was suspected to be a witch, and was supposed to have bewitched her sons so as to prevent them from confessing, she was hanged first. "After which Richard, being upon the ladder, professed, as he had done all along, that he was wholly innocent of the fact for which he was then to die; and that he knew nothing of Mr. Harrison's death, nor what was become of him; and did with great earnestness beg and beseech his brother (for the satisfaction of the whole world and his own conscience) to declare what he knew concerning him; but he, with a dogged and surly carriage, told the people he was not obliged to confess to them; yet immediately before his death he said he knew nothing of his master's death, nor what was become of him, but they might hereafter possibly hear."

John Perry was hanged in chains upon a gibbet placed on the Broadway Hill.

Some years afterwards Mr. Harrison returned to Campden. The account he gave of the cause of his disappearance, and of his adventures during the period of his absence, in a letter to Sir Thomas Overbury of Bourton (the nephew and heir of the unhappy victim of the infamous Countess of Somerset), is so curious that we give it entire.*

"Honoured Sir,—In obedience to your commands, I gave you this true account of my being carried away beyond the seas, my continuance there, and return home. On a Thursday, in the afternoon, in the time of harvest, I went to Charringworth to demand rents, due to my Lady Campden; at which time the tenants were busy in the fields, and late ere they came home, which occasioned my stay there till the close of the evening. I expected a considerable sum, but received only three-and-twenty pounds, and no more. In my return home (in the narrow passage, amongst Ebrington furzes), there met me one horseman, and said, 'Art thou there?' and I, fearing that he would have rid over me, struck his horse over the nose; whereupon he struck at me with his sword several blows, and run it into my side, while I (with my little cane) made my defence as well as I could; at last another came behind me, run me into the thigh, laid hold on the collar of my doublet, and drew me to a hedge near to the place;

* 14 *St. Tri.*, 1313. Note to the case of Captain Green.

then came in another. They did not take my money, but mounted me behind one of them. drew my arms about his middle, and fastened my wrists together with something that had a spring lock to it, as I conceived, by hearing it give a snap as they put it on; then they threw a great cloak over me, and conveyed me away. In the night they alighted at a bay-rick which stood near unto a stone pit by a wall side, where they took away my money. About two hours before day (as I heard one of them tell the other he thought it to be then), they tumbled me into the stone pit. They stayed (as I thought) about an hour at the hay-rick, when they took horse again. One of them bade me come out of the pit; I answered they had my money already, and asked what they would do with me; whereupon he struck me again, drew me out, and put a great quantity of money into my pockets, and mounted me again after the same manner; and on the Friday, about sun-setting, they brought me to a lone house upon a heath (by a thicket of bushes), where they took me down almost dead, being sorely bruised with the carriage of the money. When the woman of the house saw that I could neither stand nor speak, she asked them whether or no they had brought a dead man? They answered no, but a friend that was hurt, and they were carrying him to a chirurgeon. She answered if they did not make haste, their friend would be dead before they could bring him to one. Then they laid me on cushions, and suffered none to come into the room but a little girl. There we stayed all night, they giving me some broth and strong waters; and in the morning, very early, they mounted me as before, and on Saturday night they brought me to a place where were two or three houses, in one of which I lay all night on cushions by their bedside. On Sunday morning they carried me from thence, and about three or four o'clock they brought me to a place by the sea-side, called Deal, where they laid me down on the ground; and one of them staying by me, the other two walked a little off to meet a man, with whom they talked, and in their discourse I heard them mention seven pounds; after which they went away together, and about half an hour after returned. The man (whose name, as I after heard, was Wrenshaw) said he feared I would die before he could get me on board. Then presently they put me into a boat, and carried me on shipboard, where my wounds were dressed. I remained in the ship (as near as I could reckon) about six weeks, in which time I was indifferently recovered of my wounds and weakness. Then the master of the ship came and told me (and the rest who were in the same condition) that he discovered three Turkish ships. We all offered to fight in the defence of the ship and ourselves, but he commanded us to keep close, and said he would deal with them well enough. A little while after he called us up, and when he came on the deck we saw two Turkish ships close by us; into one of them we were put, and placed in a dark hole, where, how long we continued before we were landed, I know not. When we were landed they led us two days' journey, and put us into a great house or prison, where we remained four days and a half; and then came to us eight men to view us, who seemed to be officers; they called us, and examined us of our trades and callings, which every one answered. One said he was a chirurgeon, another that he was a broadcloth weaver, and I (after two or three demands) said I had some skill in physic. We three were set by, and taken by three of those eight men that came to view us. It was my chance to be chosen by a grave physician of eighty-seven years of age, who lived near Smirna, who had formerly been in England, and knew Crowland in Lincolnshire, which he preferred before all other places in England. He employed me to keep his still-house, and gave me a silver bowl, double gilt, to drink in. My business was most in that place; but once he set me to gather cotton wool, which I not doing to his mind, he struck me down to the ground, and after drew his stiletto to stab me; but I, holding up my hands to him, he gave a stamp, and turned from me, for which I render thanks to my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who stayed his hands and preserved me. I was there about a year and three-quarters, and then my master fell sick on a Thursday, and sent for me, and calling me, as he used, by the name of Boll, told me he should die, and bade me shift for myself. He died on Saturday following, and I presently hastened with my bowl to a port almost a day's journey distant, the way to which place I knew, having been twice there, employed by my master about the carriage of his cotton wool. When I came thither, I addressed myself to two men who came out of a ship of Hamborough, which (as they said) was bound for Portugal within three or four days. I inquired of them for an English ship; they answered there was none. I intreated them to take me into their ship; they answered, they durst not, for fear of being discovered by the search-

ers, which might occasion the forfeiture, not only of their goods, but also of their lives. I was very importunate with them, but could not prevail; they left me to wait on Providence, which at length brought another out of the same ship, to whom I made known my condition, craving his assistance for my transportation: he made me the like answer as the former, and was as stiff in his denial, till the sight of my bowl put him to a pause. He returned to the ship, and after half an hour's space he came back again, accompanied with another seaman, and for my bowl undertook to transport me; but told me I must be contented to lie down in the keel, and endure much hardship, which I was content to do, to gain my liberty. So they took me aboard, and placed me below in the vessel, in a very uneasy place, and obscured me with boards and other things, where I lay undiscovered, notwithstanding the strict search that was made in the vessel. My two chapmen, who had my bowl, honestly furnished me with victuals daily until we arrived at Lisbon, in Portugal, where (as soon as the master had left the ship, and was gone into the city) they set me on shore, moneyless, to shift for myself. I knew not what course to take, but, as Providence led me. I went up into the city, and came into a fair street; and being weary, I turned my back to a wall, and leaned upon my staff. Over against me were four gentlemen discoursing together: after a while one of them came to me, and spake to me in a language that I understood not. I told him I was an Englishman, and understood not what he spake. He answered me in plain English, that he understood me, and was himself born near Wisbech, in Lincolnshire: then I related to him my sad condition; and he, taking compassion on me, took me with him, provided for me lodging and diet, and by his interest with a master of a ship bound for England, procured my passage; and bringing me on shipboard, he bestowed wine and strong waters on me, and, at his return, gave me eight stivers, and commended me to the care of the master of the ship, who landed me safe at Dover, from whence I made shift to get to London, where, being furnished with necessaries, I came into the country.

"Thus, honoured sir, I have given you a true account of my sufferings, and happy deliverance by the mercy and goodness of God, my most gracious Father in Jesus Christ, my Saviour and Redeemer, to whose name be ascribed all honour, praise, and glory. I conclude, and rest, your worships, in all dutiful respect,

"WILLIAM HARRISON."

It is difficult to say what amount of credence should be given to this extraordinary narrative. On the one hand it appears impossible to assign a sufficient motive for kidnapping the old man. The persons who attacked him would have been exposed to far less danger of detection had they either murdered him at once, or left him to take his chance of life in the stone pit after the robbery; and much profit was not likely to accrue from the sale of the old man as a slave. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the country was at that time in a disturbed state, and that the risk of detection must not be estimated by what it would be at the present day; that kidnapping was not an uncommon crime; and that no other mode of accounting for Harrison's disappearance has ever been suggested. But be this story true or not, the fact that he had not been murdered is unquestionable. The innocence of the Perrys of the crime for which they had suffered death was established beyond the possibility of doubt; and we have to deal with the fact, a startling one certainly, that John Perry not only sacrificed the lives of two persons with whom he was closely connected, but his own also, to a falsehood which he had no motive whatever for committing.

This opens one of the darkest and strangest pages in the history of human nature. There can be no doubt that he was a victim of that remarkable form of mental disease which induces the sufferer to charge himself and others with imaginary crimes—a malady far more common than ordinary observers suppose. From the earliest periods as to which we have any records down to the present day, this terrible disease has from time to time presented itself under various forms. The purest minds and the highest intellects have suffered from it no less than the ignorant and the degraded. Indeed, it would seem as if those minds which are most delicately strung, and tuned to the most refined sensibility, are pecu-

liarly liable to its attack. Few men probably have led so pure and innocent a life, or one which afforded so little ground for self-reproval, as the poet Cowper; yet he has told us that "the sense of sin and the expectation of punishment," the "feeling that he had committed a crime"—he knew not what—was ever present to his mind.

There is one incident of this disease, with regard to which those who (as has been the case with ourselves in more instances than one) are brought into contact with the sufferer should be especially upon their guard. So thoroughly is he convinced of the truth of his story, he narrates it with such earnestness and simplicity, that unless some circumstance has occurred to put the listener upon his guard, it is next to impossible for him to refuse his assent to its truth. As one, who has left a record of the impressions produced on his own mind during the prevalence of delusion, has told us, "of the two, the appearance of the bed, walls, and furniture of his room was false, *not* his preternatural impressions,"* it follows, from this strong internal conviction, that nothing surprises or startles the sufferers. When John Perry was shown the cord which fell from his brother's pocket, had he been fabricating a story he would have paused to consider what he should say, and would very probably have been betrayed into a contradiction or an inconsistency. But his diseased imagination at once seized upon the circumstance as food for the delusion with which his mind was impressed, and wove it into the narrative in a manner which bore the closest possible resemblance to actual truth, because to his mind it was truth.

A case which, in some of its features, bore a striking resemblance to that of the Perrys, is recorded as having happened in the neighbourhood of Calais, nearly a century earlier.

A woman disappeared, and suspicion arose that she had been made away with. A man was found lurking in a wood in the neighbourhood, and betraying symptoms of fear and apprehension, he was arrested on suspicion of having murdered her, confessed the crime, and was executed. In two years the woman returned. The heir of the unhappy sufferer sued the judge who had condemned him for damages. They ought not, it was argued, to have condemned any one for the murder until the body had been found, or its absence satisfactorily accounted for; in other words, until the *corpus delicti* had been proved†—a principle well known to our law, and acted upon, in the first instance, in the case of the Perrys, whom Sir Christopher Turner refused to try at the assizes immediately following their apprehension, on this very ground. How the difficulty was got over afterwards does not appear.

It is like calling up spirits from the dead to open the stained and faded pages of the old reporters of the proceedings in the Parliament of Paris, or the equally interesting records of trials in our own country, and to read the harangues of forgotten advocates upon interests long gone by, passions long burnt out, and superstitions which the world has outgrown. Nothing is more curious and interesting than to note how, through each change of circumstance and opinion, the human mind remains the same, and to observe the mode in which its delusions shape and accommodate themselves to the prevailing belief of the day, or the particular circumstances by which the patient is surrounded.

In the year 1662, the parish of Aulderne, about midway between Cawdor and Forres (the very scene of Macbeth's interview with the witches), witnessed a very remarkable display of the former kind. "Master Harie Forbes" the minister of the parish, William Dallas the Sheriff-Depute, and the other magnates of the neighbourhood, assembled to receive the full and voluntary confession of Isabell Gowdie. This confession is perhaps the most curious document that is to be found relating to the history of witchcraft. We certainly know of none that is so comprehensive. It is a compendium of

* *Narrative of the Treatment of a Gentleman during Derangement*, p. 63. 1838.
† Annæus Robertus, lib. 1, c. iv.

the learning on that very curious subject, and it is especially valuable for the internal evidence which it contains, that it was voluntary and sincere: so minute, particular, and earnest is it, that even now it is difficult to keep in mind that it was merely the creation of a diseased brain.

Isabell first met the devil accidentally between the farmlands of Drumdewin and the sea-shore, but he prevailed upon her to give him an assignation at night in the kirk of Alderne. There they met, Isabell being accompanied by a confident, one Margaret Brodie. The devil mounted the reader's desk with a black book in his hand. Isabell renounced her baptism, and putting one hand on the top of her head, and the other on the sole of her foot, made over all between them to the arch-enemy, who thereupon baptized her afresh in his own name. Nothing more occurred at this interview, but it was not long before a second took place, the details of which we must pass over. Isabell was now wholly given up to the devil, and she and her neighbours were employed by him in the commission of crimes of different kinds, up to murder itself. She enumerates those who constituted her company or "covin," to use the technical name; and, curiously enough, the truth of her confessions is confirmed by one at least of her supposed accomplices. There is a wild and picturesque imagination about Isabell Gowdie's confessions, which is not often found in such details. When she describes the mode that was adopted to take away the fruit of the land, she rivals the grotesque power of Callot.

"Before Candlemas," she says, "we went by East Kinloss, and then we yoked a plewghe of paddokis.* The divill held the plewghe, and John Younge in Mebestone, our officer, did drywe the plewghe. Paddokis did draw the plewghe as oxen; quickens† were somes;‡ a riglan's§ horne was a cowter; and a piece of a riglan's horn was a sok. We went two several times about; and all we of the covin went still up and downe with the plewghe praying to the divill for the fruit of that land, and that thistles and briers might grow there."

She visited Fairyland, like Thomas the Rhymer. The Queen of Faerie was "brawli clothed in whytelinens," and the King of Faerie was a "braw man, weill-favoured and broad-faced," but she was "affrighted by the elf bulls, which went up and downe their rowtting and skoylling;" and her information as to that *terra incognita* is but scanty.

Isabell's confession occupied four days: she gives at length the uncouth rhymes by means of which tempests were raised, which enabled her to fly through the air on storms, to change her form for that of a bird, a cat, a hare, or any other animal at will. Her amours with the devil she details with marvellous particularity, and recounts one by one the murders she had committed at his instigation, when she breaks out into this passionate exclamation: "Alace! I deserve not to be sitting hier, for I have done so manie evill deedis, especially killing of men, I deserve to be rievin upon irin harrowes, and worse if it could be devisit!" To the horror of "Master Harie Forbes," he was himself the subject of these terrible incantations. His life was attempted several times.

"Margaret Brodie shot at Mr. Harie Forbes at the standing-stanes, bot she missed, and speirit 'if she should shoot again?' And the devil said, 'Not! for we wold nocht get his lyfe at that tyme.' We intentit several tymes for him quhan he was seik. Bessie Hay, Jean Martin the maiden, Bessie Wilson, Margaret Brodie, Elspeth Neshie, and I myself, met in Bessie Wilsones hows, and maid an bag against him. The bag was maid of the flesh, guttis, and gallis of toadis, the liewer of an hear, pickles of corn, and pairingis of naillis of fingers and toes. We steepit all night among water. The divill learned us to saye the wordis following at the making of the bag:—

"He is lying on his bed, and he is seik and sair,
Let him ly intill that bedd monethes two and dayes thrie mair.
He sal ly intill his bed, he sal be seik and sair,
He sal ly intill his bedd monethes two and days thrie mair.'

And quhan we haid said thes wordis, we wer al on our kneyis, our hair abowt our shoulderis and eyes, holding up our handis to the divill that it might destroy the said Mr. Harie. It was intendit

* Frogs. † Twitch, couchgrass. ‡ Traces. § A ridgel ram.

that we, coming into his chalmer in the night-tym, sould swing it on him. And becaus we prevailed not at that tym, Bessie Hay undertook and cam into his chalmer to wisit him, being werie intimat with him, and she brought in of the bag in her handis full of the oil thereof, to have swowng and casten droppis of it on him; bot there were some uther worthie persons with him at that tym, by quhich God prevented Bessie Hay that she gat no harm don to him, bot swang a litl of it on the bed quhair he lay."*

The confessions conclude with a minute account of making the image of a child of clay: "It wanted no mark of the image of a bairn, eyes, nose, mouth, litle lippes, and the hands of it folded down by its sydis."

Whilst the clay which formed the image was kneaded, the devil sat on a black kist, and Isabell and her companions chanted the following rhyme:—

> "We put this water among this meall,
> For long dwyning and ill heall;
> We put it in intill the fyr,
> To burn them up both stik and stour,
> That be burnt with our will,
> As onie stikill on an kill."

This image represented the child of the Laird of Parkis.

"As it was rosted eche other day at the fyr, som tymes on pairt of it, somtymes another, the bairn would be burnt and rosten, even as it was."—"Each day we wold water it, and then rost and bak it, and turn it at the fyr, each other day, till that bairn died, and then lay it up, and steired it not untill the next bairn was borne; and then within half an yeir efter that bairne was borne, we would take it out of the cradle, and bak it and rost it at the fyr, until that bairn died also.†

"All this and a great manie mor terrible thingis the said witnesses and notar heard the said Isabell confes, and most willingly and penitently speak furth of her own mouth."

The record is imperfect, but there seems no reason to doubt that Isabell Gowdie and Janet Breadheid suffered at the stake.

The conviction of guilt was impressed upon their minds as vividly as it was upon that of John Perry, nor can we wonder at the eagerness with which Master Harie Forbes and his confederates pursued these unhappy women to the death. Sir George Mackenzie observes, that in these cases

"The accusers are masters or neighbours who had their children dead, and are engaged by grief to suspect these poor creatures. I knew (he says) one burnt because a lady was jealous of her with her husband; and the crime is so odious that they are never assisted or defended by their relations. The witnesses and assizes are afraid that if they escape they will die for it, and therefore they take an unwarrantable latitude. And I have observed that scarce ever any who were accused before a country assize of neighbours did escape that trial."‡

We are past the age for belief in witchcraft, but the diseased imagination which formerly manifested itself in the wild delusions of poor Isabell Gowdie, now forms for itself a creation far more dangerous, because its phantoms are reconcilable with the ordinary experience of the world. Within the last two years the courts at Westminster were occupied for many days in the investigation of a charge of a most serious nature, brought against a physician by the husband of one of his patients. The lady kept a journal, in which she noted down with the utmost minuteness the rise, progress, and entire history of an overwhelming and passionate attachment between herself and the doctor. This journal came to the husband's hands. The explosion may be imagined. The husband very naturally instituted proceedings for a divorce. When the trial came on, the journal, consisting of three bulky volumes, and extending over a period of five years, was produced. Nothing could be clearer, more explicit, or more astounding, than the disclosures it contained. But there was not a particle of confirmatory evidence to support any one of them; and it was established beyond a doubt that the lady, though apparently conducting herself like other people, and giving no external sign of disordered intellect, was upon this particular subject altogether insane; that the doctor was innocent throughout the affair, and wholly unconscious that

* Isabell Gowdie's fourth confession. PITCAIRN'S *Criminal Trials*, vol. iii., app. vii.

† Confession of Janet Breadheid,—See

‡ MACKENZIE'S *Works*, vol. ii. p. 87.

he had for years been made the hero of a romance rivalling the adventures of Faublas. This disease sometimes assumes a form even more dangerous than that of self-accusation. A crime is committed, or supposed to have been committed. The details of an inquiry of an exciting nature fill the columns of the press. Presently the imagination fastens upon the circumstances as they are gradually revealed, and the unfortunate patient fancies that he has been a witness of the whole transaction, comes forward believing that he is discharging an imperative duty, and with all the clearness, coolness, and certainty which characterise truth, depones to the creation of his heated brain. A case of this kind occurred at the winter assizes, at Stafford, in the year 1857.

The body of a girl named Elizabeth Hopley was found in the canal at Bradley, early on the morning of the 30th of April. There were no marks of violence. About ten o'clock on the previous evening she had left the house of her aunt for the purpose of going to the place where a young man, to whom she was engaged to be married, was in the habit of working. Her road led past the place where her body was found, and it was supposed that, dazzled by the light of some coke-fires, she had missed her way, and fallen over the low wall by which the canal was at that spot very insufficiently guarded. About three weeks, however, after the girl's death, a neighbour of the name of Samuel Wall declared that Elizabeth Hopley had been murdered, and that he had been present when the crime was committed. A day or two afterwards he was summoned before the magistrates, when he told the following story. He said that on the night of the 29th of April he was on duty as a private watchman on some premises near a bridge which crossed the railway; that he saw two persons, a man and a woman, on the bridge, and heard a woman's voice say, "Philip, don't kill me! You said you would kill me before!" That the man then raised his hand and struck the woman a violent blow on the head, which knocked her down. Upon this he went up, and instantly recognised the man as one Philip Clare, whom he well knew. He exclaimed, "Philip, you'll have to suffer for this!" Clare turned round and replied, "If you speak, I'll serve you the same!" Clare then lifted the young woman up from the ground, and, followed by Wall, carried her over the railway bridge, and down a road past some cottages, until he came to the canal. Here he paused, and turning round again upon Wall, said, "Now, if you speak or tell any one, I will kill you. I will serve you the same way as I served her, and set some one else to watch instead." He then, in Wall's presence, plunged the woman, who still seemed helpless and insensible, into the canal, close to the spot where, the next morning, her body was discovered.

Wall fixed the time when this occurred as twenty minutes after midnight, and it must be remarked that he was employed as a watchman, and was likely to be habitually observant of time.

He returned to his employer's premises, being prevented by his fear of Clare from giving any alarm. After about a quarter of an hour had elapsed, Clare came to him and renewed his threats, when, terrified by the apprehension of immediate violence, he locked himself up in the engine-house until daylight.

Clare was taken into custody, and committed for trial. Upon his trial Wall repeated the story he had told the magistrates. There was a total absence of confirmation. It was met by proof that the body showed no sign of having received any blow of the kind described by Wall; that there had been men at work pumping water during the whole night in the immediate neighbourhood, who must, in all probability, have heard something, had the affair taken place as Wall described. It was shown, moreover, that from half-past six until about 11 P.M., Clare had been in a public-house at Bilston, which he left, in company with four other men, one of whom accompanied him till within half a mile of his own house. Another witness, a neighbour, proved that about twelve o'clock he met Clare, and entered into conversation with him near his own door; that they remained togethe,

until two o'clock the next morning. There could not be the slightest doubt of Clare's innocence, and the jury, of course, at once acquitted him. Nor could there be any doubt that Wall believed the story he told. The minuteness, the particularity, the graphic details, the conversation, all bear the stamp of that *subjective* truth, which our language has no word to distinguish from *objective* truth. It is curious to observe in how many respects this case resembles that of John Perry. In both there was a period of incubation, during which the mind brooded in silence over its creations; in both the accuser professed to have been present, and thus a participant, though in different degrees, in the crime. In both the conversations with the supposed murderer are minutely detailed, in both the tale is solemnly repeated, consistently, and without variation, at considerable intervals of time, and subject to the test of judicial examination.

A case even more remarkable occurred shortly before the one we have just referred to.

A gentleman of high social position instituted proceedings against his wife with the view of obtaining a divorce.

The innocence of the lady was strongly asserted and firmly believed. Counter-charges of conspiracy and perjury were brought against the husband and his witnesses. The lady herself was in a state of disordered intellect, produced, as was asserted, by the conduct of the husband, which precluded her from taking any part, or affording any assistance towards her own defence, which, however, was vigorously maintained by friends who were firmly convinced that she was wholly innocent. The inquiry lasted for nearly four years, and at length reached the House of Lords, where the case on behalf of the husband had just terminated, when Parliament rose for the Easter recess.

On the House reassembling, there appeared at the bar an elderly and respectable-looking clergyman — who, to the surprise of every one, deposed upon oath that six or seven years before, namely, in the month of May or June, in the year 1849 or '50, he could not say which, he had been the eyewitness of a scene which, if his evidence was true, was conclusive of the guilt of the lady. He swore that he had never mentioned the circumstance during the six or seven years that had elapsed but to one person, and that person was dead. He had permitted his daughters and his sister to continue on terms of intimacy with the lady whom he accused. He was unable to fix the time of the occurrence, even as to the year in which it took place, or to state who was the partner in her guilt. Every avenue for contradiction was thus cut off, and the story was left to stand or fall, according as the respectable character and social position of the witness, and the apparent conviction with which he told his story, or the improbable nature of that story itself, coupled with the fact that during a most searching investigation, carried on by adverse parties with the utmost eagerness for a period of between four and five years, no circumstance which in the slightest degree corroborated that story had ever come to light, might be considered to be entitled to the greater weight. It was not long, however, before the difficulty was solved. Within a few months, the witness who had given this extraordinary history gave himself up to justice, declaring with every expression of contrition that he had been guilty of forging certain bills of exchange, that they had nearly reached maturity, that he had no means of providing for them, that detection was inevitable, and that he wished to anticipate the blow, and make such reparation as was in his power by a full acknowledgment of his guilt. Upon investigation, it turned out that there was not the slightest foundation for this story; no forgery had been committed—no such bills of exchange had ever been in existence. His delusion as to his own guilt was as complete as his delusion as to that of the lady against whom he had given evidence, over whose strange history he had no doubt brooded for years, until the thick-coming fancies of his brain assumed the form and appearance of substantive creations.

Doctor Southwood Smith, in his

Lectures on Forensic Medicine, after observing how common false self-inculpative evidence is, gives some remarkable instances in which it has occurred. Of these the following is perhaps the most striking :—

"In the war of the French Revolution the Hermione frigate was commanded by Captain Pigot, a harsh man and a severe commander. His crew mutinied, and carried the ship into an enemy's port, having murdered the captain and many of the officers under circumstances of extreme barbarity. One midshipman escaped, by whom many of the criminals, who were afterwards taken and delivered over to justice, one by one, were identified. Mr. Finlaison, the government actuary, who at that time held an official situation at the Admiralty, states—'In my own experience I have known, on separate occasions, more than six sailors who voluntarily confessed to having struck the first blow at Captain Pigot. These men detailed all the horrid circumstances of the mutiny with extreme minuteness and perfect accuracy; nevertheless, not one of them had ever been in the ship, nor had so much as seen Captain Pigot in their lives. They had obtained, by tradition, from their messmates, the particulars of the story. When long on a foreign station, hungering and thirsting for home, their minds became enfeebled; at length they actually believed themselves guilty of the crime over which they had so long brooded, and submitted with a gloomy pleasure to being sent to England in irons for judgment. At the Admiralty we were always able to detect and establish their innocence in defiance of their own solemn asseverations.'" *

We are exhausting our space, though not the number of instances of a similar description which lie before us, and must content ourselves with one more.

A magistrate of one of the northern counties of England, well known for his active benevolence, during the discharge of his duty as one of the visiting justices of the County Lunatic Asylum, entered into conversation with one of the patients, and was much struck with his rational demeanour and sensible remarks. The man expressed himself grateful for the kindness with which he was treated, and said that he was well aware that it was necessary that he should be under restraint; that although he was perfectly well at that time, he knew that he was at any moment liable to a return of the insanity, during an attack of which he had some years before murdered his wife; and that it would be unsafe to permit him to go at large. He then expressed the deepest contrition for his crime; and after some further conversation the magistrate left him, not doubting the truth of his story. Referring to the case in conversation with the master of the asylum, he expressed much interest, and referred to the patient as "that unhappy criminal lunatic who had murdered his wife;" when, to his astonishment, he was informed that his wife was alive and well, and had been to visit her husband only the day before!

We cannot conclude our observations on this interesting subject better than in the words of the old jurist Heineccius :—†

"Confession is sometimes the voice of conscience. Experience, however, teaches us that it is frequently far otherwise. There sometimes lurks, under the shadow of an apparent tranquillity an insanity, which impels men readily to accuse themselves of all kinds of iniquity. Some, deluded by their imaginations, suspect themselves of crimes which they have never committed. A melancholy temperament, the *tedium vitæ*, and an unaccountable propensity to their own destruction, urges some to the most false confessions; whilst they were extracted from others by the dread of torture, or the tedious misery of the dungeon. So far is it from being the fact that all confessions are to be attributed to the stings of conscience, that it has been well said by Calphamius Flaccus, 'Even a voluntary confession is to be regarded with suspicion;' and by Quintilian, 'a suspicion of insanity is inherent in the nature of all confessions.'"

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* *London Judicial Gazette*, Jan. 1838.

† Exer. 18, § 6.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND OTHER EXHIBITIONS.

The opening novelty of the Exhibitions having passed away, we can now more calmly inquire what lasting results have been secured. In a general review of the year's productions, it is interesting to mark what ideas have stirred the artist in his work, what great events in present times or historic periods have stimulated his efforts, what noble record he has given us of things which we ourselves have witnessed, or what memories of the past have come like visions to his canvass. A nation's art ought indeed to be a mirror to a nation's greatness. An exhibition of pictures should be a visible reflection of thoughts that claim an utterance, and deeds which engrave their outlines upon history. In ancient times, what the patriot fought the poet sung, and the gods which the people worshipped the sculptor carved. And we in England have fought and conquered, thought and written, and it is not too much to ask the artist to put upon canvass the grand results. Ours is the supremacy of the sea and the dominion of the land; an empire upon which the sun never sets is sketching-field wide enough; a history of ten centuries, in which a free constitution has been bravely won; a religion and a church sealed by martyrs, and sanctified by faith; a literature which with winged imagination has flown across earth and sea and sky, exhausting worlds, and then creating new,—these are the noble themes, and this the wide circuit of that national art, to which England in her greatness has a right to aspire. In reviewing, then, the Exhibitions of the present season, we ask, What are the results? Has a page been added to the pictorial chronicle of our times? Has a Macaulay or a Hallam given to history the colour of romance, or the more sober light and shade of literal veracity? Has enterprise opened up new regions of the earth, the glory of a tropic clime radiant and prolific, or the ice-bound barrenness of those outer regions where struggling life on creation's furthest frontier dies as in exile? Have our artists, we ask, been taught by our historians? have they caught the heroism of enterprise from our heroes or our travellers? Has Science translated herself into the poetry of pictures, or have the thoughts of our students, culled by the midnight lamp, taken upon canvass noontide effulgence? Such are among the questions which suggest themselves as we take the pictures one by one from the walls of the Exhibitions, and seek to find for them a position in the niches set apart by time.

Looking around, then, what do we find? Why, if not the infinite universe, at least a wide world sufficiently beauteous and diversified. The Royal Academy, now constituted well-nigh one hundred years, may still, perhaps, show itself but in infancy. It may indeed be objected that our English school is still standing but on the threshold, trying experiments, uncertain of results, timidly groping the way in partial light, ever faltering and stumbling when it essays a high career, and conscious only of power when it condescends pleasantly to play with pretty trifles. But though not unmindful of the inadequacy of our English art in its imperfect realisation of the great thoughts which in other departments have wrought such mighty changes, we are willing, in coming to London for the season, to take things pretty much as we find them, to enjoy whatever is pleasant, and to profit as best we may by those higher works, though few they be, which aim at a nobler purpose. Accordingly, in the Academy of the present year—an exhibition, by general consent, above average—we have all found much to entertain and somewhat to instruct, much refined enjoyment in the pleasing play of fancy, delighted rapture to the eye in the glow of sportive colour — a banquet graced by smiling beauty, with here and there a Mentor seated by, in deeper voice telling a more serious story. In this general assemblage we have indeed to regret the absence of some looked-for guests. Mr. Maclise is too busy with his grand

fresco in the palace at Westminster to enter an appearance in Trafalgar Square. Mr. Ward, likewise, has thrown so much vigour into his readings of English history in the same English Parliament House, that we can well understand why he is absent from his accustomed academic place. Mr. Herbert too, having in the same palace a chamber assigned for his great composition, "Moses and the Tables of the Law," can only spare for the Academy some minor episode of genius. We miss likewise the accurate drawing of Mr. Mulready: the wonderful detail and handling of Mr. Lewis in his renowned Eastern studies; and lastly, Sir Charles Eastlake is again absent, his official duties probably precluding that devoted study which his highly-wrought subjects demand. In the present year, moreover, there is no work of startling import, no grand show-picture to produce sensation. But if there be no marvel in a "Derby Day," we are at least spared the monstrosities which last year presided over the "Vale of Rest." If the men of tried renown have withheld somewhat of their power, at least it is no slight compensation to find that the Pre-Raphaelites have surrendered their grosser mannerism. The old and the new school may now indeed be seen approaching in reconciled ranks, the conventionalism of former days dying out, and the eccentricities and absurdities of recent years equally subsiding. Thus, in the present season, we rejoice in a pleasing exhibition of more than average excellence—no flights or feats of genius, it is true, but plodding labour meeting its due reward, each painter honestly working on in his own fashion, under that essentially English toleration which includes opinions and creeds the most diversified, and permits every man in fullest liberty to speak or to paint just what he likes.

The other Exhibitions are likewise up to their accustomed pitch. The Old and the New Water-Colour Galleries are brilliant as ever. The French exhibition, as usual, is remarkable for small gems of exquisite setting, and large grand compositions bold in handling and treatment. We shall in our present notice also have occasion to speak of Mr. Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," and Mr. Watt's "Lawgivers of the Earth," works which by general consent demand high respect, if not unqualified approval. We would likewise wish briefly to notice the exhibition of non-professional artists, showing, we believe, in England, an amount of amateur talent beyond all previous example.

These Exhibitions, with the Suffolk and the Portland Galleries, contain upwards of 3500 works—a multitude whose name is legion, and whose general merit is mediocrity. In a crowd few can be conspicuous, and of the myriads of human beings who yearly throng existence, the vast majority must die unknown. And so it is with pictures. Of these 3500 works the greater number must be content to mingle in obscurity with the inglorious throng, ministering, it may be, to the refined culture of the multitude, but doomed unhonoured to pass into oblivion. What is it, then, which may win for a picture fame and immortality? For the most part, those qualities which give to man himself renown. Humanity is indeed the noblest study of mankind, and humanity, in like manner, must ever be the grand theme of philosophy, poetry, and art. Man in his highest aspects, in the exercise of his noblest faculties for the worthiest ends, must ever constitute the highest art. We criticise, therefore, a work of art, as we should a man, by the noble humanity which it mirrors forth. We classify the 3500 works now before us according to the human, or it may be the divine faculties, which animate their forms and illumine their colours. We probably may, without injustice, at once consign at least 3000 to the class of very praiseworthy respectability; like, indeed, to the major part of current literature, grammatical in construction, and sufficiently just in thought, fitted well to inform and to cultivate, but wanting in that one spark of genius which gives to a work its claim to inspiration. We find that the men who outlive the passing hour, the books which survive the present

season, are few and exceptional. And so it necessarily is with pictures. Our memories cannot be burdened, unless there be something worth the recollection. The visitors who throng our Exhibitions would gladly make a clean sweep from their minds of the major part of that countless crowd which, as a confused mob, loudly talk, and yet have nothing to say. Would that this Babel of distracted voices were resolved into more accordant speech, or at least that the Babel of discord might find an archetype in some day of Pentecost and its world-wide inspiration! Art is not sectarian, it is universal; and these 3500 works may at least well prove that no region of earth, no territory in the vast domain of human thought, is foreign to her empire. We have already said that the Academy and the other Exhibitions are of their accustomed merit. We must now press on to the more deliberate examination of individual works. We shall endeavour to criticise and classify these productions according to the principles we have enunciated. A picture is sometimes religion, sometimes philosophy, sometimes history, sometimes poetry. It is great by virtue of its humanity; it is noble, because it ennobles whatever it handles; it is part of our civilisation, because it embodies those ideas and records those heroic deeds which make indeed the greatness of the times in which we glory. That our English school has adequately fulfilled this mission we do not assert. Still we shall see, in the course of our review, that the year has contributed its quota to this high result.

Yet the pictures which point the highest moral are certainly not the most popular. "Saint John Leading Home his Adopted Mother," by Mr. Dyce, is less crowded than Mr. Frith's "Claude Duval" "dancing a coranto." And Mr. Herbert's spiritual and symbolic conception, Mary as "The Lily of Israel," and Mr. Dobson's "Nativity," have obtained less notice than "The Marriage of the Princess Royal," by Mr. Phillip. A picture, indeed, may be too serious for the age in which we live, which is earnest chiefly in its arduous toil, and proportionately trivial in its pleasures. Painting nowadays is essentially the art of "making things pleasant." To be pleased with a feather and tickled by a straw, is a sensation by no means disagreeable, after the heavy drudge and duty of business hours. Melodrama, romance, light comedy, and piquant incidents which every one who runs may read, and at a glance enjoy without effort of intellect, are naturally the most taking subjects for a picture. The manners and the people, indeed, that delight in society, are generally the most successful upon canvass. The philosophy which bores in the drawing-room is likewise somewhat too heavy when painted for exhibition; and the man who can say or paint the pretty elegant trifle, is sure, after all, to be the darling of the ladies. Mr. Phillip's laureate ode, chanted for a dazzling pageant, "The Marriage of the Princess Royal," is in this sense the picture of the season. Mr. Phillip, who always delights in silks and satins, is now in his glory, and the difficulties which, in such subjects, have defeated less skilful artists, are here turned into positive triumphs. What gleams of light and beauty stream across the picture in the sunny train of bride, bridesmaids, Queen, and children! What a bevy of youth and loveliness, what a dazzling glitter of pearls, and brilliants, and flowers, and wreaths, and coronets, all marshalled and managed with admirable pictorial effect! We might have desired that white kids had fitted better, that noble wrists had not been quite so plebeanly clumsy, that royal eyes had been set straight with the other regal features; but the artist seems to have thought that, in contenting the milliner, he did justice to his subject!

Almost as a *vis a-vis* to Mr. Phillip's "Royal Marriage," and close at hand to the place two years since occupied by Mr. Frith's "Derby Day," is now hung "Claude Duval," by the same clever artist. Mr. Frith is a painter who glides with light elegant step over the surface of society, shooting folly as she flies—a Sheridan in the point and sparkle of his wit. Claude Duval, the leader of a formidable band of robbers, stops a lady's coach, rich in

the booty of four hundred pounds. The traces of the carriage have been cut; a ruffian holds a pistol at the coachman's head; a young lady has fainted; her protectress implores mercy; a chest has been rifled; a casket is wrenched open; while Claude Duval, the prince of bandits, yet no less the gay gallant in spurs and scarlet coat, makes a virtue of plundering but one hundred pounds, asking for ransom a dance with the fine lady upon the open heath. The incident is stirring, yet scattered—a fault, or perhaps a merit, from which the "Margate Sands" and the "Derby Day" were certainly not free, as if concentration of attention on the centre of the picture were an effort too much to be expected from that prying curiosity which loves to wander incontinently over the entire surface of a composition, expecting laughter to lurk even in its remotest corners. Of the same school of crowded yet scattered incident, characters the most incongruous huddled together on some slender pretence, which serves as a peg on which to hang a picture, is "The General Post-Office, One Minute to Six," by Mr. Hicks. It is somewhat lamentable that such dexterity of hand, such tact in the management of character, should be lavishly squandered on a subject so trivial. Porters carrying armfuls of *The Times*, boys flinging newspapers to the distant box, which they cannot reach before it closes, women and children hasting with letters in hand at the last moment, is a medley out of which we defy any man to make an artistic drama, novel, or picture. Such a subject admits of no composition or plot, is at best mere clever penny-a-lining and picture-making, altogether a made-up affair—the dirty boys of the street being told to come washed and smartly dressed because they are to be hung in the Royal Academy.

Artists not unnaturally search and beat about among the incidents and topics of the day for subjects which may attract attention and excite sympathy. Many of the pictures of the present year ally themselves to an established cause and interest, and in the name of humanity raise their voice with the literature of their country in denouncing some crying grievance. Thus Mr. Solomon, in his tragedy of "Drowned! Drowned!" paints in dark shadows the "social evil" and Miss Osborn, in "The Governess," claims for an injured class the respect due to refined and cultured nature. Miss Osborn very properly paints her governess as a young, slight, interesting, unprotected female, standing in abashed simplicity, sensitive and refined, before her future mistress, a fat, coarse mother, surrounded by turbulent children ready to defy authority. The tale is well told and skilfully painted, and the picture, which is earnest and praiseworthy, has obtained the honour of a royal purchaser. On the other hand, Mr. Solomon's more heartrending theme sacrifices sincerity and simplicity in the startling effect of melodrama. A ruined maiden, "young and so fair, one more unfortunate gone to her death," is, with tresses unloosed, and garments clinging like cerements, dragged from the black flowing river —"mad from life's history,"

> "Swift to be hurled
> Anywhere, anywhere,
> Out of the world."

Her betrayer, a young, gay gallant, in company with mad associates from a *bal masqué*, comes with horror upon his victim, houseless by night, lying near the dark arch of the cold flowing river, where the lamps quiver and the March winds blow. Hood, in his "Bridge of Sighs," like Mr. Solomon in his picture, took from the queen in *Hamlet* the motto "Drown'd! Drown'd!" "The Bridge of Sighs," indeed, with its somewhat morbid pathos, has served as inspiration to the picture, with the knell of "Drown'd! Drown'd!" from the loved and maddened Ophelia, ending in the deep-voiced moral of King Lear—

> "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to scourge us."

Mr. Solomon, in his well-known picture, "Waiting for the Verdict," has already shown himself master of tragic intensity, and his present work is, in like manner, cleverly conceived

for popular sensation and stage effect. The execution is powerful but coarse, the treatment broad and bold, but wanting in those finer touches which evince delicate sympathy. We believe that pictures of this class tell for much more than they are really worth; that their pathos and poetry are got up in the studio at comparatively little cost of brain and heart; and that if writers or painters will but condescend to the easy trick, a noisy reputation may, after this fashion, be cheaply bought.

Mr. O'Neil is one of those vigorous realistic artists, who likewise throws himself into the stir of actual life, and chooses some telling subject from the exciting history of the times in which we ourselves are actors. Hence, during the Indian war, he painted his "Eastward Ho!" the parting on the transport-ship of brave soldiers from their wives and children, followed quickly by his "Home Again," of happy greeting. In the present exhibition he has not been so fortunate in a subject, or so successful in its treatment. "The Volunteer" is evidently suggested by the wreck of the Royal Charter, perhaps the most tragic event of the year, yet scarcely within the power of art adequately to portray. Of some famed classic picture it was said that the artist had best shown his genius, or rather his tact, by completely concealing the anguish of his hero under a thick veil! Certain it is there are some scenes too terrible, save for the imagination—more suited, perhaps, to the pen than to the pencil—the cold critical eye serving but to disenchant the more vivid picture of the fancy. Géricault, by his famed picture in the Louvre, "The Wreck of the Medusa," might indeed have given Mr. O'Neil, in his more humble attempt, some hope of success. Mr. O'Neil's shipwreck, however, evidently took place in his own studio. The victims who crowd the deck of the Royal Charter seem desirous of looking miserable, yet they are evidently comfortable enough, taking the whole affair most coolly, as if everything was just happening in its due and appointed course. Some of the characters are manifestly accustomed to the heart-rending, and have already done service in the same line before. We thought it, perhaps, but fitting and pleasant that women who, in the "Eastward Ho!" had gone through the agony of parting, should share in the joy of "Home Again;" but it does, we confess, seem a little hard-hearted to subject these sensitive creatures, but just recovering from past suffering, to this fresh calamity of a shipwreck. Yet we would hope that artists' models, like hired mutes at funerals, do not take these things quite so much to heart as the sympathetic public, who, of course, are melted to tears—at least if the painter can manage but a little better to keep up appearances.

Let such pictures pass not without commendation. But upon the rack of this tough world stretch these poor creatures no longer, and after life's troublous fever let them sleep well. Repose, blissful repose, we yearn for—the repose of the Greek sculpture, "Il Reposo," which the old painters delighted in after the "Murder of the Innocents"—the rest as of a "Holy Family" by Raphael, Mother and Child blessed in unearthly love. This is the key in which Mr. Cope painted his exquisite little work, "Rest:" child, rest on thy mother's breast, clasped in the arms of love. Tender hands cradle the infant's sleep, while a mother's beauty keeps an angel's watch. Such pictures in our day not unworthily take the place of "Holy Families," painted by the great masters, and might well be hung as altar-pieces in the shrine of domestic affection. English art, indeed, is greatest when it is simplest and tenderest—when it is most true to that English home, which is not only a castle, but a fireside, and a family circle, and a sanctuary, and a house where grace is said before meals, and the day ended by prayer. It has often been remarked that the French language has no word for home; and so French art, if we except the almost English works of Edouard Frère, thirsts for glory, and is fired by ambition, yet cares little for the quiet and seclusion of the family home. But home has ever been dear to our English art. Wilkie made it happy and joyous, and since then, Webster has loved to group his little children

round the domestic hearth, or put them to school, and see them taught by some motherly dame or village master. This year Mr. Webster, in his "Winter," troubles the good people to leave their home only that they may come to church. The snow lies in the churchyard, and the snows of many winters have made the head of the old man grey. His neatly-clad granddaughter from village school, prayer-book in hand, gently leads his tottering steps beneath the church-porch shelter. Mr. Faed, in like manner, usually allies himself to the domestic affections, and this year, in his cottage interior, suggested by "The Cotter's Saturday Night," paints from the simple lines,—

> "The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
> Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new."

Our English and Scotch art in this department has certainly always been more refined than its kindred Dutch. Instead of placing our characters in a dirty back-kitchen wallowing in mire, with the pigs as playmates, we have an eye to comfort and cleanliness, sweep the floor, put the furniture in order, dress the household in well-to-do fashion, make them thrifty, tidy people, who work hard during the week and go to church on Sundays. This is the rural peasant-life of honest poverty, long sung of by our English poets, and though a little out of date in these more spasmodic days, it still lives, and we hope may long live, in the pictorial romance of our painters. Our memory recalls many such works in this and previous years on the walls of London exhibitions. Provis and Curnock and Hardy, with others, still paint a simple subject with unpretending truth. Our artists, indeed, take a much more healthful view of the wants and welfare of the labouring classes than our politicians. Painters dream not of anything so unpictorial as extended suffrage and vote by ballot. They go into the lanes and rural homes of what once was, and still is, happy old England; and as long as an interesting mother dotes over her lovely infant—as long as the husband is prosperous in his work and happy in his pipe and ale—as long as the bonny sunburnt children bring home the russet fern upon their shoulders, or go forth in joyous bands to glean the harvest-field—as long as sunshine streams in at the cottage window, and content smiles from every face,—what cares the painter or the peasant for the politician's suffrage?—what can the statesmonger add when kind nature has given her all?

The love of nature, indeed, especially in her more simple and secluded walks, has long been a passion with the English painter. Far from the beaten track and the crowded haunt, he takes his portfolio and sketching-stool into the wooded depths of that country which was made by God ere man the city built. Here, in the bright summer-day, he watches the sunshine and the shade chasing along the mountain-side, and feels the fresh breath of the evening breeze as it stirs among the trees, or ruffles the smooth surface of the mountain lake. Here he muses and paints, and then brings to the exhibitions of the crowded city the cool of the mountain air, or the sunny glory of the golden harvest. The frequenters of the May galleries know the crowned heights of Snowdon and Moel Siabod almost as well as the dwellers at Capel Curig. The family of the Williamses, Gilbert, Percy, and Boddington, annually cart away and send by luggage-train, for the Suffolk and Portland Galleries, a large portion of the principality of Wales. The Pettitts have colonised the hills and lakes of Westmoreland, while the younger Danbys, by flood and fiord and mountain-pass, take their sojourn wherever the romance of nature shows the loveliest. In short, in these days of ready locomotion, genius, with wings attached to heels, can make herself all but omnipresent, and English art may indeed now be said to have established its "special correspondent" in every portion of the earth where nature has robed herself for painting. Some of the more venerable Academicians, such as Lee and Witherington, in works like their "Summer" and "Resting by the Way," have certainly not kept pace with the changing times. They can certainly claim no kindred with the grand old style of Salvator and Poussin, and on the

other hand they have not advanced into the modern practice which mirrors forth nature just as she is. Mr. Creswick, indeed, is almost the only man who preserves and reconciles the dignity and decorum of the old academic landscape with the minuter accuracy of the prevailing mode. His "Relic of Old Times"—a castle-crowned height of feudal days, the river running leisurely at its feet, an olden bridge spanning the rapid, cows coming idly in the soft twilight to water—is a rural retreat such as may be found in the byways of England's history, simple yet solemn.

Mr. Redgrave has long allied himself to the new school. In such pictures as "Seeking the Bridle-Road," his "Children in the Wood at Evening," and again "The Children in the Wood, Morning," he, of all other Academicians, has given himself over with most earnestness, and likewise with most success, to that new manner which counts leaves, pencils branches, and dots in endless detail. We had, however, almost forgotten Mr. Dyce's "Pegwell Bay," a marvel of its kind. The sunset glows in the evening sky, the ebbing sea retreats to the far-off distance, the steep cliffs advance till we come to the pebble strewn foreground, and well-dressed ladies gathering shells upon the beach. It is indeed a beauteous work, which almost for the first time reconciles an infinite detail with a broad, solemn, and poetic general effect. Mr. Oakes has this year, in his "Old Sand-Pit," scarcely maintained his previous reputation. Mr. J. M. Carrick, in his "Nice—a Winter Study," is as accurate as a photograph; while Mr. Mac Callum of the same school, in "The Moorland Queen," and other careful forest studies, has succeeded in bringing nature herself within the rooms of an exhibition—no academic nature of conventional rule, but a bit of the actual landscape cut out and put within a frame.

The artists, indeed, who have hitherto been betrayed into Pre-Raphaelite absurdities are this year unusually rightminded. Some of their eccentricities, in which probably they were prepared specially to glory, were fortunately, we have reason to know, weeded out from the present Exhibition. The men who are now on view, having ceased to be monstrous, have sobered down at worst into servile naturalism, and seem content to rest in the somewhat harmless ambition of being small. Even Mr. Whaite, Mr. H. Moore, and Mr. A. W. Hunt, are not wholly beyond hope. The only works, indeed, against which we think it necessary to protest, are the "Matilda" and "Meditation," by Mr. G. D. Leslie; "The Hedger," by Mr. Brett; and "Una with the Lion," by Mr. Scott. The astounding crop of apple-blossoms which in past years, at Mr. Ruskin's call, gave to the Academy all the promise of a spring orchard, has, we rejoice to say, died out. Still there is much mawkish sentimentality about flowers, in which, we regret to say, Mr. Herbert, in his Mary as "The Lily of Israel," is not wholly guiltless. Mr. Leslie, however, in the pictures we have already named, is the chief offender. His forlorn maidens, of waxy flesh and sickly German sentiment, seem to be meditating suicide among water-lilies, or, Ophelia-like, to be gathering playthings for their madness. Mr. Brett fails certainly in an opposite direction. He paints flowers just as in previous years he has painted broken stones, hard and heartless, as if they had no soul of tenderness, but might be ruthlessly trodden under foot without wrong or suffering. Had he set his mind on introducing a large figure in a landscape blossoming as a garden, he would have done well to read, for its fitting treatment, Longfellow's poem, "The Reaper and the Flowers." As it is, he has succeeded in painting a powerful but disagreeable picture, all crudity and coarseness. Our modern Pre-Raphaelites have indeed, almost without exception, failed in their repeated attempts to make flowers tributary to their figures. Flowers are so frail, so delicate, and so lovely, that they seem scarcely suited to the common world and its rude inhabitants. The Pre-Raphaelites, indeed, in their too gross naturalism, have little of the sentiment most akin to the beauty and the purity of the lily of the field. Children in innocent play may sport with flowers; lovely maidens may wreathe them into garlands; the violet may spring beneath

the gentle feet of saints as in pictures of the middle ages; but such refinements are wholly beyond the sphere of our so-called Pre-Raphaelites. The prominent intrusion of flowers in nature, often designed to blush unseen, is, in figure subjects, a difficulty, and not unfrequently a discord. Hence is it that hyacinths, and blue-bells, and peach-blossoms, and hawthorn are best painted all alone in their own companionship, as by Mr. Hunt and Miss Mutrie, in an unpretending yet perfect manner, Post-Raphaelites though they be.

The Arts, like politics, history, and philosophy, ever return to conservatism as their fundamental and essential principle. It is now too late in the world's experience to make any grand discovery which shall work a radical revolution. The basis upon which all art must necessarily rest, has long been established. It was laid down in the early origin of the English school, by the lucid and admirable discourses of Reynolds. And thus, when young adventurers come forward, from time to time, proclaiming a more excellent way, we know full well that the maturer wisdom of advancing years must bring back their steps to the paths trod by their predecessors. After all the pretension and agitation of past years, what have we been taught that is new in the history of art? Novelty assuredly we have had in incredible absurdities, which will not easily be forgotten. But now when, in the present year, all but a clean sweep has been made of these obnoxious innovations, what remains as a result? Why, the most conservative of all doctrines, the oldest of alll truths—the study of nature. No prophets were required to preach a practice the advantages of which have, in almost all times and countries, been admitted as self-evident. What, after all this stir, are the best landscapes now on exhibition? Why, most certainly those which bear the names of Creswick, of the Linnells, and of the Danbys—names which have been before the world for well-nigh half a century. The manner of Mr. T. Danby is as old as those everlasting hills which he paints with so much solemnity. In his "Llyn Gwynant," the rock-built precipice frowns in mountain gloom, lighted by sunset glory; the shepherd drives home his flock to valley-shelter; and the fisherman drags his evening meal from the tranquil lake—a nature in unpretending modesty, all unconscious of the feverish conflict of the schools. Mr. Dillon, in his venerable "Temple of Nubia," in a different key, paints in the same old manner of broad impressive effects. Thirty centuries have looked down in ruin upon these dismembered columns; the sun sets once more in blood-red rays as when gilding the pomp of empire, while the moon rises, all gentleness, looking down on the eternal river as it flows heedlessly onward. Mr. Linnell, the father, in his "Wheatfield," with some looseness of hand, and a maddened intensity of colour, not unlike the manner of Turner, in his later days, paints nature as if she were robed in cloth of gold. The radiant mantle of the old man has already descended upon the shoulders of his son. In "Atop of the Hill," Mr. Linnell, the younger, has indeed outtopped his former self, ever rising on the tiptoe of ecstasy, his blues as startling as Titian's, his yellows as gorgeous as Rubens'—painting the earth in the harvest jubilee of a golden age—a cornucopean horn of plenty lavishly poured forth, Arcadian figures seated in foreground as at a sumptuous feast. Mr. Danby, the elder, of "Deluge" and "Sixth Seal" celebrity, in his "Phoebus rising from the Sea," guiding the chariot of the sun, and awakening into life "the Queen of Beauty" from the crested wave, is still imaginative and unreal even to excess. Yet the poetry of nature he never fails to love. The clouds blushing into morning lie idly down in the distant horizon, as if still dreaming on their midnight couch, while the waves break gently on the shell-strewn shore, as first they waken from slumberous reverie. Touches such as these show the poet. Nature is sensitive and emotional to the artist whose pulse throbs in unison, and thus even landscape art becomes, as we have said, noble just in proportion as it responds to the noblest faculties in man. This, indeed, was the glory of middle-age art, and it is, on the other

hand, the opprobrium of the modern realists — that nature, seen by them, is hard, inanimate, and soulless.

The refined, delicate, yet rapturous poetry of which landscape art is capable, cannot be better seen than in the Gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society. Water-colours may not be suited to large historic works, but within narrower limits, as a medium, they leave nothing to be desired. The colours are liquid, transparent, without alloy—approaching, indeed, to atmospheric light and prismatic brilliance. The execution, again, is capable of utmost detail, yet, in the blending of the general effect, delicate and harmonious. The most honoured positions in the Gallery are assigned to Mr. Palmer's "Ballad" and Mr. Newton's "Mountain Gloom in the Pass of Glencoe," — drawings which, in sentiment, are wide as the tropics from the pole asunder. Mr. Palmer sings his Ballad in the consuming heat of a harvest landscape. The sunset, in dolphin hues, is dying in the sky, the earth a symphony of harmony; a twilight veil is drawn across the valley, sheep snatch their evening meal, while youths and maidens recline in sweet repose. Mr. Newton's "Mountain Gloom," in a deep solemn gorge of the wild Highlands, comes in white-robed winter after the gold of autumn. Mr. Newton has for the last few years astonished the world of art by his detailed studies of mountain anatomy, with black granite ribs sternly knit together, protruding through the thin covering of early snow, which lies in filagree threads of silver among the scattered rocks. This drawing of Glencoe is his finest work. Twilight gathers in the deep ravine, the streamlet in the distance flashes as it passes onward, the mountain-tops rise around in grey majestic masses, solemn, broad, yet detailed; the sky still glows in fading sunset, rays striking to the zenith, and a vulture, as the only thing of life, floats across the scene of white wintry desolation, scenting the dead, which tells of the dire massacre of former days.

The poetry of nature has indeed received more than usual honour in the varied and admirable drawings of the present Exhibition. The visitor may, in fact, within the narrow confines of this Gallery, enjoy landscape the most diverse, and climate the most conflicting—Wales and the Highlands in winter frost, contrasting with Naples and Amalfi in southern sunshine. Here we can enjoy the cool of Mr. Branwhite's well-known landscapes, frosty and chill, a greatcoat weather, with leaves all stript from the wintry trees, the snow thick upon the ground, the ice upon the pools, save where broken for the passing boat, or for the thirsty cattle. But the genius of art tends for the most part to the south, and to the sunshine. Mr. Richardson, even when he paints "Durham," of river, and bridge, and cathedral-tower, and wooded heights, and wide extending vale, with dazzling sun and chasing shadow, might still be basking in his favourite haunts on the festive shores of the Mediterranean. Mr. Gastineau, too, at "Dunkeld," glories in a noble scene under the romance of a summer sun; and Mr. Rosenberg, "Amongst the Heather," throws in sharp shadows, only to give utmost brilliancy and sparkle to his sunlight. But Mr. Alfred Fripp seems, beyond all others, to have striven for the effulgence of flooding light, and the subtle delicacy of harmonious colour. His "Peat-Carriers on Moel Siabod," maiden and lads of bright eye and deep rich skin, though born in Wales, might have been bred at Sorrento. A touch of refinement, indeed, has softened the rude face of the northern landscape, and cast its soft halo and witching colouring over valley and hill with their rustic peasantry, clothing nature in hues harmonious as tuned song. A few stronger, more decided touches in the foreground, would have given greater force, yet perchance the hand of a sterner reality might have dispelled at once the fairy enchantment, and reduced the vision splendid to the sober light of common day. Mr. George Fripp, in his truly noble drawing, "The Pass of Nant Frangon," paints in a more sober key, true to the genius of the spot, bleak barrenness checkered by fitful fertility, and mountain-heights shrouded in the gathering storm. But with Mr. Naftel we are away to Naples or Amalfi;

and seeking congenial companionship on these most enchanting of excursions, we are disappointed to find that in these drawings he takes us over arid heaps of sunburnt flints, among chopped-up chaotic foregrounds, giving the sensation of earthquake uneasiness and volcanic uproar; so fearing a fever or a sunstroke, we gladly quit the neighbourhood altogether, and join company with Mr. Birket Foster or Mr. Harding in the quiet retreats of home-loving England. Mr. Harding has been long known by his capital handbooks on landscape-drawing, and for power and dexterity of hand he is not surpassed. Mr. Birket Foster, the graceful illustrator of popular poems, is in execution equally dexterous, and in study has the advantage of greater detail. Mr. Harding's "Forest," indeed, must have been grown before the days of Pre-Raphaelite finish, but there is in the trees that unrestrained freedom which rapid execution best can give, as if the leaves had sported with breeze and shower in all the carelessness and fling of unpremeditated nature, the trees torn and tossed about at random, while the tempest played among their boughs.

Mr. Duncan, who likewise loves the drama of the elements, and the conflict of nature's forces, glories in the dash and spray of the revengeful ocean. His "Last Man from the Wreck" is composed as a tragedy. The tempest-lashed sea breaks tumultuously on the storm-strewn shore, beating in fierce fury over the stranded ship, while dark clouds blacken the angry sky, and the wild winds buffet the bounding breakers. The refined drawings of Mr. Jackson come as the lull which follows upon the storm. His "Sunset on the Tamar" gives us the best bit of tranquil sea in the entire Exhibition—the setting sun sportively dances in sparkling ripples on the tremulous surface of the water; wavelets playing in the light, and then in soft deep reflections falling to sleep in dream-like shadows. But we have almost forgotten the exquisite little drawings of Mr. Birket Foster, so remarkable for their finished detail. All the beauties which our readers may have doted over in the woodcuts of this most successful of book-illustrators, are recognised with fresh delight in these wonderful studies. The execution is, in fact, almost the work of the graver; the usual sweep of the full and flowing water-colour brush is here exchanged for the lines and dots of the pointed pencil. Yet the general result is in nowise Pre-Raphaelite. The detail is well kept together, the taste is most refined; only we would desire in the colour greater fervour. The general tone is indeed almost as passionless as the simple light and shade of wood-engraving itself. As the finale to this section of our review, we take Mr. Carl Haag's remarkable drawing, "The Ruins of the Temple of the Sun," in the wilderness of Tadmor. It is specially valuable as an authentic record of a scene which this artist's enterprise has now brought, almost for the first time, to the knowledge of the English public. Palmyra has been a spot difficult even for the fugitive traveller to reach. But Mr. Haag, threatened by murderous attack, and in the end obliged to beat a retreat before a hostile tribe, had the courage and good fortune to paint this large and important drawing upon the very spot. A ruined acropolis stands upon a hill, showing the windowed sunset sky through its dismembered columns, with porticoes and pillared avenues scattering the plain below. A marriage procession of noble Eastern figures winds its way across the foreground, on which the fallen column, and the skeleton stripped by vultures, lie in one common desolation. Artists of this fearless spirit extend our knowledge; and by such noble drawings illumine, as it were, a fresh page in the world's history.

We cannot close our criticism upon the landscape art of England without paying a tribute to its excellence, yet expressing at the same time a regret for its deficiencies. It is admirable in its literal truth and detail. It is nature photographed, nature reduced to a scientific diagram. Yet in all the imaginative elements of art it is year by year growing more deficient. It is more literal than the landscapes of the middle ages, yet assuredly infinitely less grand. It is

the clever mechanism and copyism of the hand rather than the creative conception and composition of the mind. Turner in his more ambitious moods was almost the last man who ventured to paint the historic, ideal, and poetic landscape, haunted by Sibyl, or possessed by gods. Such bold attempts, in which nature takes on her aspect of the supernatural, veils herself in mystery and majesty, and becomes, as in the mythology of old, a personality endowed with human and divine attributes—landscapes, in short, which indulge in the imaginative, or appeal to the dramatic, are at the present moment by the critics hooted down as ridiculous and out of date. Out of date assuredly they are, the more is the pity. And we can now, thanks to Mr. Ruskin, indulge in the childish delight of gathering blue-bells and buttercups, or plucking apple-blossoms, or collecting pebbles and shells, or, in the satire of Wordsworth, we may, with "the keenness of a practised eye," even "peep and botanise upon a mother's grave!" while the real soul that is in nature, the passion which throbs in the swelling sea, the tumult of the gathering storm-cloud, the solemnity of the congregating hills, eloquent in ten thousand voices, are made for ever mute. All that belongs to the humanity which dwells in nature is crushed out. The grand thoughts which build up creation, the utterances of a daily-growing cosmogony, are brought down to paltry puerile gossip, for ever babbling, and yet saying nothing. Such, O shades of Salvator, Gaspar, Wilson, and Turner, is the tendency of our English landscape art.

In few words let us complete our notice of the Old Water-Colour Gallery. Our readers will be glad to find that Mr. W. Hunt, one of their oldest favourites, is this year still as bright and youthful as ever. His country rustic maiden in the guise of "Devotion," wears that homely garb of truth and simplicity for which this venerable painter has been so long famed. Here is an artist who has been for years Pre-Raphaelite without knowing it. Being guilty of no tricks, he had no need to make loud talk of principles; and his work, straightforward and without pretence, wanted no theories for its justification. His minute studies of apples and grapes, peaches and plums, in illusive reality, have never been surpassed. His colour, too, is irreproachable, intense, yet subtle and delicate, as may be well seen in his exquisite little drawing of "Mushrooms," a study of "Rose Grey," — one of a series commissioned by Mr. Ruskin for presentation to "the Schools of Practical Art." Mr. Gilbert is an artist who has less eye for absolute beauty than for character, reduced under his treatment to absolute caricature. His cleverness few will dispute, but his mannerism none will venture to defend. He paints Shakespeare habitually as if he were intent on illustrating "the Book of Snobs." His execution is a slapdash cleverness, his composition the effective contrast of the stage-manager, his drapery the properties of a *bal masqué*. His chief work, taken from *Bleak House*, "Miss Flight introducing the Wards in Jarndyce to the Lord Chancellor," is indeed a masterpiece in its way, an old curiosity-shop of marine stores, bottles, boots, and rubbish of all sorts, none the worse, perhaps, for being a broad burlesque, in which vulgarity is deeply ingrained, and refinement but skin-deep.

The amateurs of England have made an exhibition of their own; and we could wish that space permitted us to give to its numerous and interesting works the detailed criticism which they well deserve. We notice that her Majesty has made a selection with her usual taste—the proceeds of the sales going in aid of "The Home for Day-Workers." Among so much that is well-intentioned, and indeed excellent, it were almost invidious to show a distinction. Yet we would venture to mention with special commendation an exquisite composition in pencil outline, "Foreshadows," by the Hon. Mrs. Boyle; a series of elegant readings from the *Idylls of the King*, designed by Miss Fraser; pretty etchings by Miss R. Taylor; also drawings by Mrs. Higford Burr from the Riccardi Chapel and the Assisi Church, delicate and harmonious in

colour. The lady amateurs, indeed, appear in this Exhibition to great advantage in the practice of an art so peculiarly suited to female genius, in the beauty of form, the play of elegant fancy, and the sportive witchery of colour. Then, again, in some larger and more dashing works, contributed by the gentlemen exhibitors, we find the enterprising English traveller hard at work in some distant land, intent upon bringing home as faithful and telling a record as he can of ruined temples and ancient cities. In our Catalogue we find a mark of admiration against a large drawing of the "Great Hall of Carnac," by Rev. S. C. Malan. We bear in our remembrance likewise certain bold scenic sketches by Mr. Gambier Parry, from Venice and the north of Italy. Mr. William Princeps, a name known to Indian fame, takes us still further from home, to Cairo, and so on till we reach a "Street in Benares;" and lastly (for we must end somewhere), Dr. Acland launches us on his "Wave" into mid-ocean, where we are in danger of being wholly lost in storm and fury. This remarkable production is the valued property of Dr. Acland's college friend, Mr. Ruskin. But Mr. Ruskin himself, we regret to say, is absent from this gathering of English amateurs. A drawing from his hand would have rejoiced his admirers, and to the outer world might have come as a timely elucidation of word-painted theories, which still remain shrouded in sublimest obscurity.

To what we said last year of French art little need be added. Meissonier, in two little gems, "Rembrandt in his Studio" and "Vandermeulen at his Easel," is, as usual, microscopic and sparkling; while Breton in his "Reapers," Brion in his "Church Porch, Brittany," and Troyon in his "Cattle," are broad and vigorous. Edouard Frère in his "Morning Prayer," and other well-known "Scenes from Humble Life," charms us as ever by his truth, beauty, and pathos. And Lambinet in his unpretending landscapes once again woos nature in unadorned simplicity, as she takes her grey morning walk in summer or early spring, sauntering among lanes, treading the unbeaten paths, gathering flowers by the wayward hedgerow, or listening on rustic bridge to the brooklet as it murmurs by. By each of these men all this has been done a thousand times, and calls for no special remark. There are, however, some few works which require further notice. Knaus we have seen in rude vigour at Dusseldorf; and his present work, "The Christening Festival," is a good example of that mastery which lays resolute hold on the difficulties of a subject, painting the heads and hands with care and precision, while it scarcely condescends to treat of drapery and other accessories. Mrs. Henrietta Browne, in her "Sisters of Mercy" and "Children with Game," joins voice with Rosa Bonheur in telling to the world how essentially æsthetic and pictorial is the genius of woman. The tender solicitude of the good Sister nursing the sick child is touching. The child also appeals strongly to our sorrowing sympathy — the eye lacking its life-lustre, the mouth marked with enduring suffering, the limbs wasted and powerless, death, as it were, watching and slowly stealing onward. But the picture which has deservedly created the most marked sensation is "The Gladiators," by Gerome, the famed painter of "The Duel after the Bal Masqué." "Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant!" exclaim a ruffian band of gladiators in an ancient amphitheatre, standing in presence of the mighty Cæsar. Rapturous thousands throng the arena's crescent, making a Roman holiday. The dead lie scattered and bleeding on the ground. The manly brow which "conquered agony" has drooped at length, and from his side the last drops ebbing flow—

> "The arena swims around him—he is gone,
> Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won."

Having taken the round of the Exhibitions, let us return once again to the Academy, and finally pass in review pictures which, by their importance, may come well as a climax to our closing pages. Stanfield, Roberts, and Landseer, have so long been the strength and glory of our English school, that their presence may be deemed all but indispensable

to the success of the London Exhibitions. Their names are household words, their pictures so familiar in well-known excellence, that to advance a new idea in speaking of such time-honoured productions were hopeless. Year by year they come again as relics of the good old times, when English art was in its greatest strength, and at each recurring Exhibition they would seem, in their works of beauty and vigour, to raise a protest against the puerile littleness and the studied ugliness of the new and upstart school. Mr. Stanfield, in his bold, breezy manner, takes us once again to "Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples;" figures richly yet raggedly dressed, lounging on the Mole; boats idly lying on the tranquil sea, enjoying their *dolce far niente;* the snow white on the mountain-tops, and the clouds tossed wildly across the sky. In his "Outward Bound," the bark is speeding full sail on the sporting wave, with dash and heaving motion; the wind, which fills the canvass, buffets the cloud, and beats down the rain; a seagull is wildly soaring. In such pictures as Stanfield paints, we hear, as it were, the howling of the storm and the tumult of the angry waves; the elements have life and motion, and even, as it were, a human passion—an expression wholly beyond the reach of those niggling artists who see with a microscope, and work with a needle's point, making, as the coral insects, a wondrous growth of hard lifeless petrifaction. The facile hand of Mr. Roberts gives us as usual many examples of his genius—church interiors, Roman ruins, and Piazza of St. Mark—clever, but slight. His "St. Mark's," glowing with marbles and mosaics, the Austrian troops kneeling in the grand piazza as the Host is carried by in pomp, is a large important work, in his sketchy, later manner; scenic effect produced by bold rapid hand, as in many of the works of the greatest masters. Let it never be forgotten, especially in the present crisis of our school, that endless elaboration is within the reach of the meanest capacity, while broad generalisation demands in art, no less than in science, intellect of a higher order. There is no name more honoured than that of Sir Edwin Landseer. He has painted so many pictures which the world will not willingly let die, that his fame now stands almost beyond assail. Even his most successful imitators, such as Mr. Ansdell in "The Lost Shepherd," and Mr. Horlor in "Gathering the Flocks," serve, even in their success, to show the supremacy of their master. But this year the great painter, in his gigantic picture, "Flood in the Highlands," is not at his best. It is a mere confused medley of men and beasts. The "Flood," as a deluge, is made an excuse for a Noah's Ark—men, women, and children flying fear-stricken from the swelling torrent, animals struggling with drowning, or thronging the shore as in a menagerie, all charmed by the painter's magic wand, which in its broad sweep might almost have been a besom. A flag of distress is hoisted from the cabin chimney; the grandfather, mother, and grandchild, fear-stricken, are huddled on the roof-top, for the best of all reasons, that the painter has made the cottage too small for the family to enter. We need, however, scarcely say that this large work is in many parts redeemed by winning reminiscences of the artist's choicest manner. Even the sketchy slightness is suggestive, even the betrayed weakness reveals the habitual refinement, and the mute beast in its distress is endowed with a human plaintiveness, a speaking pathos, which only a Landseer can give.

There are some artists who this year come out from among the multitude in unwonted strength and originality. Elmore in "The Tuileries," Goodall in the "Arab Encampment," Poole in "Glaucus and Ione escaping from Pompeii," Cooper in his "Flock of Sheep in a Snowdrift," Cooke in his marvellous picture, "The Ship Terror in the Ice of Frozen Strait;" Hook in his boats, fisher-boys, and bounding waves; and, lastly, Dyce in his "Pegwell Bay," and other pictures from sacred story. It is quite a pleasant surprise to find so venerable an old stager as "Cattle Cooper" bringing out a new idea. His sheep have basked so long in the sunshine that to cast them all adrift in a snow-storm must have astonished

them no less than ourselves. Yet here we rejoice to find the accustomed Cooper flock struggling on through difficulties with no faint heart of pampered delicacy, but as denizens of the mountain and the storm, threading and plodding their way in social company along the wide and dreary expanse of snow-covered moorland, some crying piteously for food and shelter, but most looking patiently with an expression of quiet endurance, yet contentment. Mr. Cooper has looked so many sheep full in the face that he has learnt to read their thoughts. The snowdrift, too, he has studied well, broken in surface as the undulating ground beneath, shadowed with delicate greys, and here and there dotted with grass and fern protruding above the surface. Mr. Cooke, too, in one of the most remarkable pictures of the year, "The Terror" ice-bound in the Arctic sea, has opened up a new subject, and come upon a world not yet subjugated by art. Well may many an artist exhausting all lands and traversing every sea, sigh with Alexander for new worlds to conquer. And Mr. Cooke, who has long sunned himself in Venice, has now come upon a distant latitude, and in some measure to an unknown zone. The difficulties he has had to contend with are immense — a frozen sea, mountains of ice, motionless waves, the ocean's ceaseless moan hushed — silence — a death-stricken silence — making all nature dumb, save where the distant thunder of the iceberg roars.

"Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!"

In this death-like scene of desolation, where even imagination stands paralysed in dismay, is the noble ship, "The Terror," held a fast prisoner. The storm-sky is lurid with the red of sunset, a solitary figure on the deck makes the vast solitude the more appalling, and man seems all but powerless. The work throughout, especially in the foreground ice, evinces the most careful study. The painter, we understand, spent some weeks about Monte Rosa sketching snow and glaciers, and the result is now before us in this wondrous work, which ought to win for its author the rank of a full Academician.

Mr. Hook has grown of late years deservedly a great favourite. He has, of course, been eagerly claimed as a convert to the Pre-Raphaelites. But he is too true a disciple of Nature to become the confederate of a clique so narrow. He has a way, indeed, all his own, wholly independent of other men, and won as the reward of honest toil and humble study. His pictures are hale and hearty, of a certain outdoors beaming countenance, as if the sun had laughed in their joyous generous faces, and the breeze sported on their sea-foam crest. Last year Mr. Hook was golden, this year he has changed his mood and is grey, but whatever his key, he is always harmonious. "The Valley on the Moor" is a simple idyll of shepherd-boy, and rustic cow, and running stream—cool, dewy, and fresh as morning. His sea-pieces, however, are the most successful. In his "Stand Clear" we have a boat bounding in upon the rising and breaking wave, just ere the keel grounds the pebbled beach. "Stand clear all ahead," says the hardy mariner as he takes in the brown-tan sail, his little sons, eager to spring ashore, sportive as the breeze which plays around their brows. Mr. Poole's "Escape of Glaucus and Ione," may, after Mr. Hook's works, be taken as the contrast of romance with reality. Sir Bulwer Lytton's poetic story, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, might well afford a fitting theme for one of the most beauteous pictures in the Exhibition. The boat is speeding its swift escape from the devastated city, Glaucus and Ione recline in the soft dalliance of gentlest love, and the blind girl Nydia awakes her harp to music. A dream-like spell has softened all to harmony. It is a scene of poetic longing, or of languor, as of passion

spent. The moon dances in silver footfalls upon the midnight sea; the harp-strings sound as the ripples play in the boat's gentle wake, while the soft joy of sadness floats the exiles from their ruined homes.

Mr. Goodall's large picture, "Early Morning in the Wilderness of Shur," an Arab sheikh addressing his tribe on breaking up their encampment at the Wells of Moses on the shore of the Red Sea, comes as a worthy sequel to the Tasso recital of last year. If the West be the land of triumphant utility, the East is assuredly the clime for sunny and pictorial romance. Camels that always seem unconsciously to fall into attitudes of the picturesque; Bedouins in truly artistic beggary; a desert that knows no boundary, save the rock-built mountain-range which arrests in golden rays the rising sun—such are the eminently graphic incidents which Mr. Goodall has met with at the point chosen by the Israelites for their memorable passage of the Red Sea. In place of the traditional chariot-wheels long said to mark the spot, Mr. Goodall has judiciously introduced some sun-bleached skeletons. The pictorial treatment of the work is admirable; the study of heads and costume accurately marked in character. These wild sons of the desert, in their mien as of a ruined nobility, as of exiles or outcasts from some lost race or nation, are just the very materials for an artist's craft. There in the East you may now see them in attitudes and robes the most picturesque, standing, or lounging, or kneeling as if they had nothing to do the livelong day save to make pictures. What faces and what figures! the ruffian who robs you on the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem might have been a prophet had he not become a cut-throat; the men who in the East are losing dominion look every inch the king. And all this beggared nobility, all this richly-robed destitution, these monarchs of the earth prowling the wild houseless wilderness for plunder, these venerable turbaned patriarchs crowned in green, and red, and gold, mounted on camels, or smoking their chibouks, Mr. Goodall skilfully brings together for his instructive and effective picture.

Mr. Elmore's vigorous and dramatic picture, "The Tuileries," during one of the terrible days of the Great Revolution, obtained, from the first opening of the Academy, marked attention. The rabble has broken into the palace; the demons of democracy, universal suffrage, and revolution, in types of lowest birth and passion, are contrasted with the queen-like dignity and cultured beauty of Marie Antoinette grouped in the midst of her innocent children. The calm bearing of the royal family is well opposed to the maddened crowd, raving, with gnashing teeth and clenched hands, against the guiltless Queen. The picture might indeed be intended at the present moment as a warning against the tyranny of majorities and the vengeance of a populace which know no law but passion. The moral is pushed even to the extreme of the repulsive. The gentler sex, lost to all loveliness and tenderness of mercy, have here found their political vocation. "The rights of man," already developed into "the rights of women," are seen triumphant in the scold of the virago; sister republicans asserting freedom at the point of their nails, and to the utmost pitch of screaming tongues. The picture is executed in a bold spirit fitted to its subject.

But we must not quite forget Mr. Millais's "Black Brunswickers"—black enough indeed in broadcloth and in black-shadowed flesh, contrasted as by trick with the white pearl-satin of the lady's dress. The subject is a scene of lovers parting on the eve of battle, with clasped arms and breaking hearts,—in composition and sentiment a companion picture to "The Huguenots," by some deemed the artist's masterpiece. The composition seems to involve some conflict of doubtful purpose, which the public has attempted in vain to interpret. The "Black Brunswicker" would appear to desire an escape, but the lady, with arm twisted in forced attitude, still holds close the door, while an engraving from the well-known picture, "Napoleon on Horseback Crossing the Alps," has further

perplexed the critics with the possible intricacies of cross purposes and rival jealousies. We must, like others, leave the picture to speak for itself. In execution the work is guiltless of that loose sketchy carelessness into which the artist has latterly been betrayed, and wisely reverts to the higher finish of his earlier productions. Mr. Millais has of course produced a sensation by his satin gown, as Terburg did before him. Terburg, however, failed on these too easy terms to win for himself or his well-known work a first-class position. But we are glad in any manner to escape from the solemn burlesque of the last few years in "The Vale of Rest," "Spring" junketing, and "Sir Isumbras at the Ford." We have still, however, to deplore eccentricity in the place of originality,—we are still offended by attitudes and tricks designed solely to arrest attention; and we ask in vain, as we stand before this work, scarcely rising above commonplace in thought and treatment, for the fulfilment of the promise given in "The Order of Release," or for the realisation of those saving truths which the school of the Pre-Raphaelites once pretended to reveal.

Some few pictures remain for our notice, which represent in our English school that highest of all art — the religious. Mr. Dobson, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Dyce, who in this style take the lead, have each fallen, it is to be feared, under the influence of that Munich and Dusseldorf Christian school of which in May last we spoke with some severity. Mr. Dobson's "Bethlehem," however — the infant Christ in a manger, the mother bending in worship, the shepherds presenting gifts, a lamp hung from the ceiling, and stars shining in the outer sky—is a right-minded, serious work, Italian in its simplicity and purity, and German in its want of life and colour. In the lofty sphere of religious art there is perhaps no name which inspires more hope and confidence than that of Mr. Herbert. His picture of last year, "Mary Magdalene" passing at daybreak the place of crucifixion, will not easily be forgotten. And his grand composition, now in course of execution in the Houses of Parliament, may some day, we trust, go far to vindicate the genius of our English school in the noblest walks of art. In the mean time we must wait with patience. In the present Exhibition, however, we regret to say that our faith and patience have been somewhat severely tried. "Mary," the mother of our Lord, as "The Lily of Israel," is indeed of the purest spirit, yet sadly tainted with affectation. We have seldom, even in modern German art, seen anything so painfully forced and morbid. Yet we need scarcely say that, coming from a painter gifted as Mr. Herbert, the work, whatever be its defects, is refined, delicate, and poetic. "The Lily of Israel" treads softly among flowers, which seem to smile and bloom beneath her gentle step. A lamb comes forth to meet her; beauty which knows no taint, pale only with foreboding thought, reigns in the placid cheek, while the gait seems to falter as if the rude mountain-path were too hard and rough for feet so tender,—as if the outer world had abashed and filled with trembling a soul overflowing with joy, yet shadowed by sorrow. We thank Mr. Herbert for this strain of sacred poetry, this hymn so sweetly sung,—a picture conceived, indeed, in the spirit of the Magnificat, the lowliness of the handmaiden magnified, the humble and the meek exalted. But there assuredly was no occasion that the figure of the Madonna should be ten heads high — no necessity, we might venture to hope, that this pale, silvery, spiritual art should be quite so vapid and unreal. Let us turn to the neighbouring picture by Mr. Dyce, "The Man of Sorrows," for sentiment more true, and therefore more impressive: Keble's lines give its key-note:—

> "As when upon His drooping head,
> His Father's light was poured from heaven,
> What time, unsheltered and unfed,
> Far in the wild His steps were driven,
> High thoughts were with Him in that hour,
> Untold, unspeakable on earth."

The Saviour, with bowed head and hands clasped in anguish, is seated in the solitude of a wide waste, without a tree for shade or a roof

for shelter. Unshielded and unfed, "high thoughts were with Him in that hour." Solemn is the landscape, as if nature too were sad; yet He who clothes the lily has made the desert to blossom into beauty, as if indeed the "Father's light was poured from heaven." It is happy for art, fortunate for poetry and religion, when thus revelation and poetry and painting can go hand and hand, each adding to the other an original and a reflected light. "St. John Leading Home his Adopted Mother" is another solemn work also by Mr. Dyce. The drapery, it may well be objected, is unnecessarily severe, and the faces are hard and colourless, rendering the picture somewhat unpleasing. Yet it is conceived in a spirit of true nobility to which few compositions in the present day can aspire. At the mouth of the rock-hewn sepulchre two of the holy women are yet kneeling; Joseph of Arimathea bears from the tomb the grave-clothes, and St. John gently leads away the Mother, holding in hand the crown of thorns and stricken with many sorrows. The sky is lowering in troubled sunset, with fevered light glowing fitfully on cloud and landscape; the valley in deep shadow, and the hills with solemn purple bounding the distance. Few pictures in our English school have reached this elevated sentiment.

But there are yet two works, aspiring on boldest wing to the utmost heights of historic and religious art, which demand our notice. Mr. Holman Hunt's "Finding of Christ in the Temple," and Mr. Watts' "School of Legislation," are certainly the most important, if not the most successful pictures of the year. It was long known that Mr. Holman Hunt had been engaged upon this subject. Six years have been devoted to its study and its painting. In true realistic spirit, the artist deemed it essential that a historic subject, aiming at the last degree of accuracy and detail, should be painted on its own ground. For this purpose the journey to Jerusalem was undertaken; eighteen months were devoted to the accumulation of exact material, the reading of Jewish records, and the taking of minute studies. Hence, we are told that the robes, the architecture, and other accessories, are of critical accuracy. The gold-plated doors, the marble-laid floor, the roll of the Prophets in the hand of the rabbi, and the phylactery bound to the forehead,—all come, it is said, with the sanction of authority. Even the doctors here seated in the picture may be still found as blind and aged Jews walking the streets of Jerusalem. With a reserve, scarcely, we think, to be justified in a matter of such moment, we are still kept, however, uninformed of the exact address of "the Holy Family!" The devotees of true historic and sacred art have also surely an interest in hearing where in Nazareth such rich robed dresses could be found. In a picture presuming to merits so unprecedented, we cannot but think it essential that imagination, which has so grossly misled all the greatest painters of antiquity, should be fairly driven from the field. Mr. Hunt has undoubtedly obtained a great success, and let it not be for one moment supposed that lofty imagination, divine creation, or faculties which concern themselves with the ideal, can divide or dispute with him the honour which should alone redound to the keenness of his eye and the cunning of his hand.

As we enter the room in the German Gallery set apart for the exhibition of this picture, it must be admitted that the reality which breaks upon the spectator is startling. There we see the rabbis—seven old Jews—seated side by side in an outer chamber of the Temple, with gilded columns and gold-laid doors, roof rich in honeycomb pendants set with jewelled colours, the lattice-screen and the opened portals showing the city walls and towers beyond, with the still more distant hills which bound the view. The infant Christ has been standing in the midst, a noble youth, vigorous in health and frame, with large soul-like eyes, and a golden crown of luxuriant hair. The rabbis, old broken men in the twilight of intellect, seem to have been somewhat confounded and amazed; still evi-

dently they kept their ground even to the last, when a diversion came to their relief. Mary, the anxious mother, with St. Joseph, weary with fruitless search, enter, and surprise their child of twelve years old as he argues with the aged doctors. The mother—a frail, delicate form, the eyes pendent in sorrow, the mouth open with sudden ecstasy — presses on to tender embrace. In wondering abstraction, with eyes lost in infinitude, the youthful Christ is for the moment divided between the doctors, from whom he turns, and his parents, whom he meets, as if the "Father's business" rose in conflict with earthly claims. St. Joseph stands close behind. The moment and the incident are happily chosen, and every eye is turned towards the wondrous boy and his parents in their meeting and embrace.

The execution certainly does full justice to the conception. Technical skill so consummate, handling which conceals its method in accomplishing its end, cannot but win admiration, even were the theme less noble. The eye is verily wonderstruck as detail after detail seizes, and, for the time, engrosses the entire attention. But rest or concentration there is none. The little boy in dazzling attire flapping off flies, and the beggar in sackcloth at the door crying for alms, irresistibly allure to the corner of the canvass, till in the infinite distraction Christ is overlooked. The divinity, indeed, which should reign supreme, is forgotten in breathless admiration bestowed upon the matchless hem of some outer garment. The very boast of this work, its countless detail, is indeed in some sort its defect. Unity—a unity, if you will, in boundless variety, but still for ever unity—is indispensable to sustained expression and noble purpose. To this paramount unity subordination is essential—a self-denying merit which the turbulence of Pre-Raphaelite works has never rendered possible. In this very picture, for example, the paramount idea should be Christ — his personality and divinity. Every thing besides, every inferior object, should sink in retiring humility, and bend in reverence, as before a God incarnate. In Raphael's grand picture, the "San Sisto," in Dresden, unity reigns throughout, all tending heavenward from the cherub boys gazing upwards to the venerable pope on bended knee. This work, then, by Mr. Hunt is no doubt marvellous in execution, incredible in labour, a noble monument of skill and study. But we would ask whether the multitudes thronging the room leave the picture with the hallowed sense of the divine. If this be not the paramount idea, the picture fails of a sacred mission.

There is, indeed, in this work, important and praiseworthy though it be, the absence of those higher mental qualites which have given to the great Italian pictures of the middle ages their claim to immortality. On several successive visits we have been struck with the sense of its smallness and comparative insignificance, wholly unlike to that largeness and vastness which, in the works of the noblest masters, seem to fill and awe the soul. In subjects of this dignity, it were indeed desirable that the figures should at least reach life size. The great historic and sacred painters of past times have deemed largeness of dimension as essential to their purpose; and even in our own school, Barry, Fuseli, and Haydon, contended for size as essential to power. It is therefore matter of regret, though scarcely, all things considered, ground for censure, that Mr. Hunt has designed his figures so far beneath life stature as to give to his work a comparative insignificance. But to himself alone must be imputed the fault, that he has chosen a manner which has still further dwarfed his too narrow scale. There is a large, bold, broad style, strong and clenching in its shadows, and forcible in its speaking lights, a largeness of purpose concentrated and united to one common and combined result, which has power to exalt even subordinate size into paramount importance. But there is, on the contrary, a small detailed handling, which chops up a subject into insignificance, and at once destroys its grandeur. Mr. Hunt has chosen to pay away his genius in the mint

and the cummin, and has therefore necessarily neglected the weightier matters of the law. He might perchance have received tithes from Melchisedec, instead of which he has gone to Jerusalem to gather among the stubble of that miserable city a few scattered ears of corn, sometimes even putting into his garner tares instead of wheat.

We think it also incompatible with the elevation essential to the loftiest argument, that Mr. Hunt should find himself so closely wedded to the actual and realistic schools. In sacred subjects, which are avowedly not wholly of this world, it is not only desirable but necessary, that ordinary earthly forms and characters should be inspired with somewhat of a supermundane purity, dignity, and holiness. What is the function of creative genius, where the sphere of inspiration, if not found here? What constitutes the victory of imagination—the vision divine of the originative poet—if not in the realisation of a beauty and truth beyond the ken of the common eye? What was the glory and the genius of Raphael, Da Vinci, and others, if imagination, and creation, and all that is ideal and transcendent, go for naught, and painting be but a blind transcript of ordinary nature just in her everyday garb? These great painters went through the labour and fag of minutest study from actual characters, as their sketches and drawings abundantly testify. But for what purpose? Why, that they might at length reach by a wide induction a high generic type of noble humanity—that rabbis, and prophets, and apostles, might indeed be something more than mere old toothless Jews found about the streets. We need scarcely say that Mr. Hunt's great work fails grievously in the elevation required of such a subject. We think, indeed, there is but one opinion, that just as the characters involve divinity is the picture most at fault. The Christ is a noble generous youth, but little more; the Madonna a youthful interesting maiden. The artist does not appear to have asked for inspiration; and assuredly he did not get it. Short of this highest element, which indeed includes all that is usually meant by genius, imagination, and original creation, "The finding of Christ in the Temple" is a great and successful work. We wholly dissent from the eulogists who have already handed it down to posterity as the marvel of the age; yet without hesitation, we pronounce it, with all its shortcomings, the great picture of the season. We honour the artist who has laboured so zealously and so well. He has already found his reward, and time will give him a place in history.

Finally, we would say a few words on Mr. Watts' "School of Legislation"—a fresco which, after several years of protracted labour, was opened to public view some months since in the noble dining-hall of Lincoln's Inn. It is in most respects the direct opposite to the work we have just criticised. Mr. Holman Hunt is consummate in his handling, technical skill, drawing, drapery, and detail. It is just in these point that Mr. Watts has failed. He has attempted more than he has power to carry out; the subject is beyond his grasp: feebleness of hand and want of technical and academic knowledge make him hesitate in the utterance of his noblest thoughts. We should be sorry to assert that the drawing is absolutely bad; yet certainly we have found figures which, from infirmity of internal anatomy, would, if not held together by drapery, absolutely fall to pieces. The drapery itself, too, is often imperfectly studied and understood; its cast is frequently inharmonious, sometimes impossible, distorting the figure it is designed to adorn. Action in such a composition was scarcely to be expected, yet we may fairly object when figures are wholly paralysed, and kings of the earth are crippled into corners. The difficulties to be met, however, were immense. The subject and design, moreover, at once provoke comparison with a class of works to which Raphael alone was fully equal.

So much, then, for defects and objections. On the conception, general character, and expression of the work, we can bestow an almost unqualified approval. In Italy we see in

many a refectory paintings of the Last Supper, giving by their presence solemnity to the evening meal. And it was indeed a noble thought here, in the dining-hall of one of our Inns of Law, to enthrone, as in everlasting remembrance, the great jurists of the earth, Moses and Justinian, Alfred and Edward — the solemn past looking down on the living present; all that is memorable in history inspiring our English law and legislation. The general effect and composition, suggested by Raphael's great fresco, "The School of Athens," are, moreover, in the highest degree imposing. The figures are beyond the size of life—they are noble in bearing; and the style of the entire work has the signal advantage of comporting well with the dignity of the architecture and the uses of a forensic body. All this we conceive to be no ordinary merit. Mr. Watts has been known by works animated with lofty poetic purpose, and is himself a noble example of an artist inspired by the love and the honour of his calling. This, then, his grandest composition, we receive as no unworthy tribute to the cause of national and historic art.

In conclusion, our English school, in its struggles and tendencies, is marked, if not by decided progress, at least by promise. The activity which in a thousand channels opens to our civilisation a career of stirring enterprise, reflects itself into our national art. Our Exhibitions, in the countless multitude of their works, in the wide diversity of their subjects, show a facility of resource and a fertility of production beyond all previous example. If art be not lofty, it is at least all-embracing; if it fail in satisfying the aspirations of the more cultured few, it at all events ministers to the refinement of the people at large. If it be not rapt in the beatific vision, it certainly, as an art-militant, is struggling and fighting not ignobly in the lower sphere of earth. We live in a day of warfare, and the victory is not yet declared. In the empire of art, schools and creeds and factions are in contest. The material and the spiritual, the realistic and the ideal, humanity and a brute naturalism, are in hostile feud ranged against each other. It is as if Satan were let loose before the Millennium is proclaimed. As critics we look on and watch the strife, trusting in the final triumph of the beautiful and the true.

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART VI.

CHAPTER XIX. — AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Breakfast, at Wilbury Hall, was a regular meal, at which it was understood that all the company should assemble; not, as in some houses, a prolonged and desultory repast, to suit the habits of the lazy or irregular. Ten o'clock was the stated hour; and here I may remark, as the question of early rising seems anew to be earnestly discussed, that ten, during the winter months at least, appears to me to be an admirable point of compromise between the slothful and the restless. It is a horrid nuisance, either in country or town, to be compelled to leave the warm and comfortable couch in the grey and cheerless dawn, to perform an unsatisfactory toilette by gas or candle light; and precipitately to undergo that semi-scalping process which the majority of the sons of Adam, who still adhere to the use of razors, are doomed matutinally to inflict upon their smarting countenances. Let the sun by all means have the precedence. It is time enough to rise when he has appeared above the horizon; but to be moving before him, is an act of disrespect to the sovereign orb of day. Able counsel, who have undertaken the defence of the sluggard who maintains that he may lawfully and legitimately keep possession of his pillow until eleven, have framed a tolerable argument in his behalf; but they cannot subvert the leading dictum of Solomon, who, being himself of luxurious habits, has pronounced authoritatively on the other side. Ten, therefore, we may assume to be the proper hour for breakfast, and it was so observed at Wilbury.

During the meal the plans for the day were discussed and arranged with that perfect freedom of choice to all the guests which renders English country life so peculiarly attractive. Some of the gentlemen, who were keen sportsmen, determined upon beating the covers; one or two had business at the county town; while others declared that the whole morning would scarce suffice to enable them to get rid of their correspondence. I daresay that George Carlton would very willingly have remained at home to act the part of a squire of dames, nor should I have felt any objection to follow his example; but as we could hardly frame a proper excuse for doing so, we agreed to take a ramble together. I own I had a certain hankering after the pheasants and woodcocks, but, not having contributed to the national revenue as a sporting licentiate, I did not consider myself entitled to assist at the battue.

Therefore, some little while after the sportsmen had sallied forth, we began our walk through a noble country, which even in winter gave token of its fertility. The farmyards were filled with the bounteous produce of the bygone season; we heard the merry whirring of the fanners, and the measured strokes of the flail; and great fat sheep, worthy to have been consumed by the captains of the Grecian host, nibbled complacently at their turnips, and shook their stumpy tails as if in commendation of the merits of the juicy esculent. Mr. Stanhope was not one of those shortsighted squires, who, acting under the niggardly advice of their stewards, consider that they provide sufficiently for the well-being of the laborers, if, in some remote corner of the estate, they are allowed to inhabit sheds wherein their families are packed without regard to comfort, decency, or ventilation. He held the doctrine that the day-labourer, being unable to erect a house for himself, was entitled to such accommodation on the estate of the employer as would attach him to

home, and strengthen the social ties and domestic affections which are so apt to be loosened and impaired, or even to disappear altogether, under the pressure of abject misery. It is in most instances the want of a happy home, and the sense of discomfort there, that drives so many labouring men to the alehouse, where they sot away their small earnings, heartlessly indifferent to their wives, who may be suffering from cold and hunger. Then, through intemperance, arises the temptation towards poaching, which affords so easy a means of obtaining an illicit supply; and that step once taken, the ruin of the man is sealed. Nowhere in England have I seen more substantial and comfortable cottages than were provided at Wilbury for the accommodation of the labourers; and it was quite evident that this wise liberality was properly appreciated, for the little gardens were without exception trim and well stocked with herbs and bushes, the houses were scrupulously clean, and Master Pig, in his own quiet snuggery behind, gradually developed himself into proportions which would have rejoiced the heart of Mr. Huxtable.

George was unusually taciturn. I knew what was on his mind, but thought it best to leave him to come out with it, and therefore did not hazard any remark that might lead the conversation towards the subject. I think that the *confessio amantis*, when it is to be made, should always be spontaneous. I felt fully satisfied that Carlton was dying to begin; but some men are very shy about making these kind of confidences even to their most trusted friends — and George was one of that order. At last he broke the ice.

"Sinclair, I think I told you that I had a personal motive in wishing you to come down with me to Wilbury?"

"Yes, George, you did."

"Do you understand now what my motive was?"

"I have a shrewd guess; but, in order to avoid error, you had best explain."

"Well, then, I wished you to see Amy Stanhope. I am a strange being, Sinclair — in some things quite an enigma to myself. In regard to most matters, I can form strong resolutions, and adhere to them with the utmost tenacity of purpose, which you may call obstinacy, if you will; but on other points I am as nerveless, helpless, and undecided as a child."

"Therein I apprehend you are not singular. Does not Ariosto tell us that the great paladin Orlando, that lion of Christian chivalry, had his wits unsettled by love, hung up his armour on a tree, and walked the forests as a sylvan?"

"Pshaw! Let Ariosto alone for the present. Poetical examples are marvellously akin to banter, for which I am in no humour. What I mean to say is this, that I have been for years living as it were in a dream, waiting for the realisation of my hopes; and now, when all that I had wished for and prayed for appears within my reach, a deep sense of my own unworthiness paralyses every energy of my nature — makes a coward of me — fills me with irresolution—and prevents me from going further."

"You must explain yourself somewhat more clearly, Carlton, for I really do not understand you."

"Well, have a little patience. I daresay I am talking nonsense: for love has a language of its own, and that language is not always of the clearest kind. Besides, it is a very difficult thing adequately to convey our own sensations to another. But thus it is:—When a youth, I was much at Wilbury—Mr. Stanhope being my guardian. Amy was then a beautiful child—you see what she is now; and I, being fantastical, and not altogether unimaginative, began to dream dreams and to see visions for the future, in all of which a certain fair young head was the predominant feature. In short, I constructed for myself a romance, of which Amy was the heroine, and I hoped that the day might come when, the bud having expanded into the blossom, I might win and wear it as my own. I grant you that such a sentiment as mine was out of the usual course. Boys commonly begin by falling in love with women older than themselves, and pass from the worship of

one idol to that of another, until their affections are squandered away; and love, or what passes by its name, becomes a thing of custom rather than a holy talisman. It was not so with me. I went abroad, as you know; but I carrried with me the image of Amy Stanhope; and often, in the hour of temptation, such as besets us all, that image has saved me from the commission of folly or of crime. But still I remain a dreamer. I have done nothing—I have made myself no name—I have performed no service to my kind—I am a mere useless atom in the vast ocean of humility. And therein lies the failure—the woeful incompleteness of my romance. I had foreshadowed the day when I might approach her who has long been the loadstar of my heart, and ask her in all humility to become the partaker of my fortunes and my fame. Fortune, indeed, I have—for that was the result of accident; but fame—reputation—honourable distinction—alas! Sinclair, I have utterly neglected the opportunity of attaining to these. I have not one single leaf of laurel to lay before her feet."

Intimate as I had been with Carlton, I was not prepared for such a burst as this. I knew that he had a chivalrous nature, and high romantic notions; but that, in our degenerate days, it should be my lot to hear a confession, more transcendental of its kind than was likely to have occurred even to such an enthusiast as Sir Philip Sidney, filled me, I acknowledge, with astonishment.

"Pardon me, dear Carlton," said I after a pause, during which I tried to think how I might best contribute to dispel this hallucination, "for saying that I think your conclusion is much more fantastical than your dream. You lament that you have no fame; what sort of fame would you have? These are not times when distinction can be won by knightly deeds—such fame as professional success can give, I know you utterly despise. What then remains but a political career, in which you have always declined to embark, or a literary one, which is still open to you, if you have the ambition to proceed? And, after all, what is fame? Ask those who have attained it, and they will tell you that it is no better than a bubble. What says your favourite Milton?—

'Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life—'"

"Ah, but," said Carlton, "you must not omit the answer, and a noble one it is—

'But not the praise,
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'"

"But don't you see," I replied, "that there is an ambiguity in this; for Milton, though he uses the word fame, evidently implies nothing more than the upright and conscientious discharge of duty. Come, come, Carlton; you are really too sensitive about this. If you are so deeply attached to Miss Stanhope, why should you trifle with her happiness and your own? Can it be your wise purpose not to approach her until you have written half-a-dozen books that shall make a noise in the world, or delivered the same number of set speeches, which shall fall flat on the ear of the House of Commons? For shame, man! get rid of these fancies, which are but the whims of an over-indulged brain; take your proper place in society, for you have been too long secluded from the world; seek occupation, and if fame lies in your way, you will find it at the proper time. Oh, you can be practical enough in your suggestions to others—be a little more confident and consistent as regards yourself."

"Well, perhaps you are right, for I have been a sad dreamer. And to tell you the truth, Sinclair," he added,

with a peculiar smile, "I am not sure but that for the last quarter of an hour I have been talking terrible nonsense. You are very good to bear with me so patiently. But the main scope and tendency of my confession remains—"

"That you are in love?"

"Very deeply indeed. And then—"

"Why, according to the recognised practice in such cases, when, as here, there is no impediment, the next step should be a proposal. I do not think it at all probable that you will meet with a decided repulse."

"Ah! but, Sinclair, that is the very thing I dread. Amy knows nothing of this."

"How should it be otherwise? Why, you have been but one evening in her company! Do you remember our old acquaintance, Colonel Lafond, whom we met at Turin?"

"The man who had been in Algeria? Perfectly. But why do you ask?"

"Were you not present one evening when he told us about an interview he had with a Moorish magician?"

"I rather think not."

"Well; it was to this effect. There was in Oran a man called Maugraby, famous for his skill in the occult sciences; a fellow, in short, who practised divinisation, or something like it, and was said to possess the power of showing things at a distance. This he did, not by the old means of the magic mirror, but by conjuring up apparent living realities. Those who had availed themselves of his assistance (and there were many such among the French), declared that they had seen unmistakably the likenesses of their absent friends; nay, had even heard them converse, as if they themselves had been spiritually present. All this was very wonderful; but it was further remarked, that of those who consulted Maugraby some returned happy and cheerful, while others evinced symptoms of deep despondency, and in one or two cases suicide was the result. Lafond, who had no faith in magic, was determined to get to the bottom of the mystery; and being a man of some fortune, which few French officers are, he tried to bribe the adept, but in vain. However, a threat or two judiciously administered of the possible revivial of the Inquisition on ground pertaining to the eldest son of the Church, wrought so upon the fears of Maugraby that he at last consented, in return for a *douceur* of a thousand francs, coupled with a solemn promise that the secret should not be divulged in Algeria, to reveal his process to the colonel."

"And what was the secret?"

"Simply this. Maugraby told Lafond that there was in his possession, and had been in that of his family for centuries, two herbalist recipes of the rarest efficacy and power—that certain materials, duly collected and compounded, had the virtue, when used in the way of fumigation, to produce light and airy visions; and others, treated in the same manner, weighed heavily and noisomely on the brain. We know familiarly what are the effects of opium, and of haschisch or wild hemp; and those preparations of the magician, though taken by way of inhalation, were of the same kind. Maugraby confessed that, when any one applied to him for a cast of his art, he asked a few questions, from the answers to which he was able to perceive whether the foreboding was of good or ill; and in accordance with what he observed to be the disposition of the visitor, he made his fumigation. The gloomy or jealous man straightway saw a vision of pain or infidelity—the cheerful man was thrown into a pleasant trance, realising a happy fancy which he believed to be an actual truth; and Maugraby protested that his whole magic art lay in the due administration of these two powerful agents."

"But what part of our conversation has suggested this story to you, Sinclair?"

"I tell it to you by way of apologue, and you must be unusually dull if you fail to see the application. Hitherto you have been inhaling Maugraby's noxious preparation, and you cannot see clearly or truthfully. Try the other sort, of the more genial kind, and your vision will undergo a change. But what have we here? There seems to be a stir among the sportsmen."

Our walk had led us to the vicinity of the covers which were that day to be beat for game, and for some time we had heard the frequent shots, single or double, of the parties who were shrouded by the plantations. But now there was a loud whoop, or a kind of challenge-cry; and not more than fifty yards in advance of us, a man bounded over a hedge with the agility of a roebuck, and commenced running at full speed along a sort of bridle-path or narrow lane, which we had selected for our walk. A minute or so afterwards, one of Mr. Stanhope's keepers appeared in full chase, followed, to my great surprise, by the apathetic Mr. Lumley, who displayed the powers of an Asahel; after whom came Frank Stanhope in the high glee of an exciting chase. There is nothing like action for knocking sentiment or any such twaddle on the head.

"A poacher, by Jove!" shouted Carlton; and he instantly dashed forward in the wake of Frank. I was not willing to be left behind; but seeing that, by a short cut across a meadow, I could probably save distance, I took that; and got so far ahead of the others as to have a good view of the fugitive. He was a tall, clean-made fellow, in the prime of life, not caparisoned as a poacher, but rather well dressed than otherwise; and his running, from its peculiar style, reminded me of the foot-racing which I had seen long ago at the pleasant border-meetings of Peebles and Inverleithen. But he had a hard competitor to contend with. The keeper, a rough Yorkshire tyke, whose muscles by constant exercise had become as strong and elastic as steel, and with whom "bellows to mend" was a merely figurative phrase, gradually gained on the runaway, and in another stride or two would have had him in his grasp; when, all of a sudden, the latter dropped upon his hands and knees across the path, and the Yorkshireman, unable to check the impetus of his career, fell headlong over him, his nose involuntarily performing the disagreeable office of a ploughshare. The other gathered himself up and started anew; but by this time Lumley was well on his haunches; and I, being by favour of a turn of the lane in advance, stepped out and intercepted the fugitive.

Seeing this, he made no further attempt at resistance or flight; but, quietly folding his arms, assumed an air of as complete *nonchalance* as it was possible for a man panting from recent exertion to do.

"So we have you at last, you scoundrel!" said Lumley.

"You may keep the scoundrel to yoursel', sir!" replied the other, in a strong Caledonian accent. "I'd have you to know that I'm as gude a man as ever stood in the shoes of your father's son."

"Confound your impertinence!" said Lumley, looking, however, somewhat puzzled, for the man certainly had not the appearance of a hawbuck game depredator; "I have more than half a mind to give you a sound thrashing on the spot!"

"Doubtless you may do that, sir, if it be your will," said the other, undauntedly; "ye are four to one, and that's long odds, and what you Englishers like. Oh, you needn't gloom at me that gait, sir; it's God's truth I'm saying. Hit away, the haill four of you, and muckle credit you'll get by it!"

"Hold back the keeper, Frank!" cried Lumley; for the aggrieved Yorkshireman, whose face was most woefully di-figured, was rushing frantically to the fray. "Hold him back! What the fellow says is true enough. Be he what he may, he shall have fair play."

"That's not unhandsomely said," remarked the Scot, "for that chield with the bluidy neb looks unco unchancy. And now that you have found your breath — mine's hardly back to me yet — doubtless ye will explain what for I have been chased in a free country, as if I were a hunted mawkin?"

"What were you doing in the plantation, sirrah?"

"I was there for no unlawful purpose," was the reply.

"No unlawful purpose! Are you not a poacher?" said Lumley.

"I scorn your words, sir!" answered the Scot. "Take me before a Justice of the Peace for search; and

if you find fud or feather, shot, caps, or powder about me, I'll be answerable to the law; but if not, I reserve my right to action of damages for wrongous detention of my person. I ken mair about *habeas corpus* than you maybe think."

"I don't know what to make of this fellow, Frank," said Lumley, taking young Stanhope aside. "He certainly does not look like a poacher, but his bolting out of the wood was very suspicious. What was he about when you first observed him?"

"He was stooping down as if to avoid detection; and I am quite certain that I saw an instrument of some kind, probably an air-gun, in his hand. I suppose he threw it away as soon as we gave chase."

"Ah, that's a material piece of evidence. And, in good time, here comes one of the beaters with the very article in question. Now, my cool friend, we shall soon find out what you have been after. Why, what the devil is this? a bludgeon!"

"Lord help your e'en, man! Do ye no ken a levelling-staff when you see it?"

"A levelling-staff! What then are you?"

"A surveyor in the employment of the Honourable the Provisional Committee for the construction of the Grand Goatshead and Ditchington Junction Railway."

"And what were you doing when we came up?"

"I was taking a kind of observation of the ground."

"Well, sir, I suppose we must hold that you have cleared yourself of the suspicion of poaching. But are you aware that you are trespassing upon Mr. Stanhope of Wilbury's grounds?"

"Stanhope of Wilbury!" repeated the Scot, taking a note-book from his pocket, and making a pencil entry. "I am obliged to you for the information. I wasna just sure who the land belonged to, but that will enable me to make out the schedule in due form. And now that we have had this pleasant crack, I'll even bid you good day. Lad, hand over that levelling-staff."

"Not so fast, my friend!" said Lumley; "we have found you here as a trespasser. Your implement, therefore, is legally forfeited, and goes with us."

"You're clean wrong, man!" replied the other; "you ken as little about the laws of your country as a kyloe does of mensuration. It's only when there's a trespass in pursuit of game that engines can be detained, and even then they cannot be seized *brevi manu;* they must be awarded by a judge. You might as well try to keep my breeks as my levelling-staff."

"Well, it's no use losing further time," said Frank Stanhope; "I suppose we must let the fellow go. Give him his staff, Tom. But I warn you, my friend, that if we catch you again trespassing on my father's ground, you won't get off so easily."

"Maybe ay, and maybe no," said the unabashed surveyor. "I'm thinking, though, that I am pretty weel through wi' Stanhope's ground for all preliminary purposes. So, good sport to you, gentleman!"

"Stubbs — see him off the land," said Frank Stanhope. "Yet, no—hang it, I believe you would murder him at the back of the nearest fence! Tom, go you with him."

"What's the use of sending a laddie to show me the way?" said the surveyor; "I ken it brawly, and I'm no proud. Tam, my man, since Tam's your name, just gae ye back, and cry shoo to the pheasants; I hae nae need of a gillie. As for my friend in the corduroys, the state of whose neb I deplore, I bear him nae kind of malice, though he shouldna coup himself over a gentleman as if he were a toom barrow running down a brae; and if half-a-crown to buy him a sup of brandy wad be ony compensation—"

"I'd loike to kick the liver out o' thee, thou dommed thief!" cried the aggravated Stubbs. "Measter Frank, do ye joost let me ha' one toorn up wi' un, do ye now! I'se gie un his sark fu' o' brucken banes!"

"No, no!" said Lumley; "we must have no fighting here. Draw off your escort, Frank; and let us get back to the cover without further delay."

"As to seeing him off the ground, Frank," said Carlton, who had

watching the foregoing scene with infinite amusement, "you may leave that to Sinclair and myself. We'll look after him."

"The Lord be praised for a good riddance!" said the Scot, after the sportsmen had moved away. "That Yorkshireman would have been an ugly customer! It's a vera queer thing that thae Yorkshire and Lancashire lads are fit for little else than riding races, selling horses, and looking after game. It's a queer dispensation of Providence, like that which makes a' the folk in Selkirk become souters. Ye'll mind Stephen Calvert, that Lord Traquair brought down to be his keeper, Mr. Norman? Weel, he was just such another as that Stubbs, wha's back is the bonniest bit of his body."

"What!" cried I, in utter amazement—"you seem to know me. Who are you?"

"Troth, I doubt whether you hae many aulder freends in the world—or acquaintances I shall say, for I have a kind of inkling about degrees—and it's little wonder that you didna ken me, for I hardly kenn'd you. Whiskers make an unco difference, and sae does polite education; but you're no the man you was, if you winna shake hands wi' Davie Osett!"

"Davie—Davie Osett!" said I, wringing his hands, which cordially reciprocated to my grasp; "I had no more idea that it was you than the Emperor of China. Davie!—what, in the name of mystification, has brought you here?"

"'Deed, Mr. Norman, it's no easy to say. We are a' wafts, drifting about like seaweed on the ocean, or in the gulf-streams, that auld Professor Jamieson used to speak of at the College. But you have doubtless gathered that I am here in the way of my profession, for a hantle o' things have happened since we last parted at the knowes of the Douglas Burn."

"I suspect," said Carlton, "that I am rather in the way here, and the best thing I can do is to take myself off. Don't volunteer explanations now, Sinclair—there will be ample time for that hereafter; and in the meanwhile I shall keep my finger on my lip, otherwise this encounter would go very far to confirm the suspicions of Miss Bootle. Adieu then—you cannot fail finding the road."

"That's a sensible man," said Davie; "and I am glad ye hae such circumspect acquaintances, Mr. Norman. Maist chields would hae held on through mere curiosity to get a glisk o' what was nae business o' theirs. And how has the world been using ye? But I needna speer. You look weel and strong; and glad I am to see you moving among the gentles, though as yet I hae seen little o' them mysel'."

"Well, but, Davie, tell me all about yourself, and about all the dear folk at home. Are they all well?"

"What should ail them to be otherwise? Father's as hale as a man can be on the wrong side of seventy, and he has taken anither sheep-farm up by the Winterhope. He's clean daft about breeding tups. And Auntie Eppie is to the fore yet, a wee thought plagued wi' the rheumatiz, but aye havering about you, and ca'ing you her lamb. Then my sister May, she's married four years back on Geordie Scott, of the Cauldriggs, and has twa as sonsie weans as ever grat for their parritch. So that's the family chronicle up to the present time."

"But you, Davie—what tempted you away from the Forest?"

"Troth, Mr. Norman, it was e'en the auld temptation that Adam couldna withstand in Paradise. I had a sair hankering for the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Ye see it disna do to bide a' one's days down yonder in the glens, doing naething but looking after sheep, and maybe driving them to the market. Folk hae got other notions now; and even about Peebles and Selkirk many a lad took it into his head that he would do better by emigrating to Canada, and working hard until he could scrape as muckle siller together as would buy him a bit o' land of his ain, than by dragging on at hame as a ploughman or a shepherd. Some tried it, and got on grandly after a time, for they didna stint in their work; and then mair gaed after them. Then it came into my head that, if my father wad gie me five or six hundred pounds—he has hained a hantle mair than that, I can tell

you, forbye the value of his stocks—I might go out to Canada too, and settle down on a bit lairdship, near one of thae big lochs that they say are just like inland seas. But nae sooner did I mint the matter, than there was sic a howling as ye never heard. Ye wad have thought I had proposed to commit murder at the very least; sic a steer they made about it at the Birkenshaws. I was likened to the Prodigal Son, who asked his father for a portion in his lifetime, and was fain at last to content himself with the grumphie's husks — to Ishmael, who went out into the wilderness (I am sure, puir lad, that it was nae fault o' his!)—to Rehoboam, who despised council, and I ken nae wha mair; till I was glad, for the sake o' peace, to give in, and pass my solemn word, that sae lang as there was breath in my father's body, I would not set foot beyond British ground."

"And how came you to leave the Birkenshaws, Davie?"

"Why, ye see, that notion of mine about Canada had set my father a-thinking about me mair than he otherwise might have done — for fathers, though they may be fond of their sons, are aye sweer to let them out o' their grip; and he began to see that I might as weel hae some mair education than I had gotten. Sae I went into Edinburgh in the winter time, and took twa or three sessions o' the College. I made naething o' Greek, or that argle-bargling that they ca' Logic; but I took kindly to Mathematics, and wasna far frae getting a prize. Weel, when I came back, I told my father, ance for a', that I was minded to set up for myself, that I didna want to go into a sheep-farm, but that I would prefer a douce country profession, like that of a land-surveyor or valuator, for which there was a good opening. He was gey and weel pleased to hear that, for surveying is a highly respectable calling, and no unprofitable; and the upshot was that I was entered as clerk and assistant to auld Jamie Wylie at Selkirk."

"Where doubtless you found your mathematical acquirements of some service?"

"Ye may say that, Mr. Norman. Jamie Wylie, though but a snuffy body, and unco near, was weel up to the practical part o' the business; and in less than six months I could measure you a field of turnips and lay out a plan as fairly as ony man on the Border. Weel, just then, we began to hear tell o' the railways. There had been a sough about making them langsyne, — as far back, I've heard, as the days when Sir Walter was at Abbotsford, — but somehow or other the job fell through. There were few subscribers then but the lairds; and as ilka ane o' them wanted three prices for his land, they couldna get up the capital. They hadna yet discovered the wand that can conjure siller out o' folks pouches as fast as the rod o' Moses brought water out of the rock. They kenned naething about premiums, or buying and selling in the market. It's a wonderful age this we live in, Mr. Norman — a wonderful age for men that have their wits about them. I've heard tell that the fairies could make guineas out o' slate-stanes and withered leaves—Lord help ye! I've seen mony a chield that couldna hae paid for his breakfast, get a hundred pounds for a bundle of scrip that wasna worth a brass farthing!"

"Indeed it would appear that the spirit of gambling is becoming almost universal. Such reckless adventure augurs ill for the future prosperity of the nation."

"De'il a bit of that! It's the best thing that could have happened," said Davie. "Ye'll no persuade me that the savings o' the country are not better employed in opening up internal communication, whereby trade and commerce will be greatly stimulated, and work and wages be given in the meantime to thousands of strong carles who otherwise wad be sair put about to earn a shilling—not to speak of the encouragement given to men of skill, such as engineers and surveyors — than if they were posed up in the banks at two per cent, or lent out on heritable security. And what do you think it is that has brought a' this siller out o' deposit accounts and hiding-holes, and, for aught I ken, auld wifes' stockings, and scattered it broadcast over the face of the land, for the ingathering

of men of sense and industry? Just the hope of getting a premium, or double return, which is at the root of all mercantile enterprise. It's true enough that the railway projectors, for the most part, have little capital o' their ain, but then they sell their shares at a high price to gowks who have the wherewithal and are mair than ordinarily greedy. It's like sinking a shaft for a well; if you gae deep enough, you're sure to find water. Doubtless some day there will come a crash; but for a' that the movement's in the right direction."

"Well; but what occasioned your departure from Selkirk?"

"Why, ye see the railways multiplied sae fast—that is, in the way of prospectuses—that it wasna easy to find engineers; and when the engineers were gotten, there was an unco dearth o' surveyors. I might hae set up as an engineer mysel', for I had mair than ae offer frae the west country, where the folk are just clean mad about new lines; but I had ower little experience, sae I even took a surveying engagement in England, and that's a' my story."

"And how long do you intend to remain in this neighbourhood?"

"Oh, just till I get the survey completed; that will be in two or three days, and then I maun to London. We'll be before Parliament in the spring."

"Ah—then no doubt we shall meet there. But, Davie, I would advise you as a friend to be cautious in your movements. That fellow Stubbs will be on the look-out for you."

"I'm no feared," said Davie. "Man for man, I reckon mysel' a match for the gleggest keeper that ever trapp'd a foumart; but there is an unco difference when it's four or six to one. But he and I will not forgather, that ye may be sure of. If I want to take anither bit look at the ground, I'll do it by moonlight; and I ken a trick that will throw dust in his e'en. For five shillings I can get a chield to fire off a gun on the other side of the property, and I'll wager half a year's salary that for that night I'll no be plagued wi' Mr. Stubbs. But here we are at the public road, and you had better gang back to your friend. If I might be sae bold as to advise, maybe the less ye say about me the better."

"Under present circumstances, perhaps that will be the prudent course. But, Davie, I cannot sufficiently admire your discretion. Since you knew me all the while, how was it that you did not appeal to me when you were challenged as a poacher?"

"I trow I had mair sense than to do anything sae doited," replied Davie. "They could do naething to me beyond warning me off the ground, and what wad hae been the use of my mixing you up with my ain professional concerns? Besides, I've seen enough of them to ken that the English gentry have queer notions. They stand upon their rank and pedigree—set them up! maist feck of them canna count beyond three generations—and they maybe might hae jaloused that auld acquaintance wi' a land-louper like me was no just creditable to yoursel'."

"Goodbye then, Davie. We shall meet again, I trust, soon, when we may have more leisure to converse. However changed your position may be, I observe you have not forgotten the auld Scots tongue."

"Laith wad I be to forget my mither speech," replied Davie; "but ye are no to suppose, Mr. Norman, that I aye speak as broad as this. I can clip the Queen's English gey and weel when I like to try; but I hae aye fand that naething bombazes a Southron like what they ca' broad Doric, and I trow that this day it has stood me in gude stead. Fareweel then; and may luck attend ye."

So saying, he started at a brisk pace, and I returned towards Wilbury.

CHAPTER XX.—CHRISTMAS EVE.

To retail bygone conversations is necessarily somewhat tedious, though it cannot be avoided without sacrificing much of the dramatic element which gives interest to every narrative. Out of the multitude of words which we hear and utter, an immense mass passes away directly from the

memory, leaving no more permanent impression on the mind than the flight of birds through the air, or the casual ripples upon a pool. And yet there are words which, after the expiry of many long years, recur to us as vividly and plainly as when we listened to their utterance—not merely conveying a general sense or meaning, but exact even to the echo of the tone of the voice and the corresponding gesture, though that voice may long ago have been hushed in the silence of the tomb. Nevertheless these constitute rather the exceptions than the rule. In detailing conversations, which is our daily practice, either in writing or in speech, I apprehend that all of us, though perhaps unconsciously, strive after dramatic effect, giving more pungency to the expressions and point to the repartees than was their due; and, by means of curtailment in one part and of exaggeration in another, arraying our story in such a dress as may recommend it to the acceptance of our audience. For my own part, I have no faith in the accuracy of reported conversations, even when the report is given from the witness-box, and attested by the solemnity of an oath. Every man is, more or less, an adept in the art of framing a story. Give him the rude material, and the instinct of imagination immediately prompts him to construct. Furnish him with the bare outline, and he cannot resist the temptation to put in colour. Do you think, reader, that one-third, ay, or one-tenth, of those brilliant sayings, happy *mots*, and clever retorts, which pass current in society as the spontaneous and extempore utterances of the leading wits of the town, were really flashes of inspiration? If that is your opinion, pardon me for assuring you that you are utterly wrong. By far the greater portion of them are the products of the hammer and the file. They have been worked into shape and prepared at the cost of no inconsiderable labour. They differ as much in appearance from what was their original form, as the new-coined sovereign does from the lump of California ore.

Thrice happy is the professed romancer who is under no restraint whatever! He is the uncontrolled fashioner of his characters, the framer of his puppets, whom he galvanises into mimic life, arranges them in artistic groups, puts whatsoever language he pleases into their mouths, and whisks them when convenient from the stage, without being amenable to any law beyond that of the remotest credibility. Nay, it is even not necessary for our enjoyment that we should believe in the foregone reality of any part of his exhibition. Let him present us with marvels transcending all known feats of jugglery, and, so that we are amused, we shall not examine too curiously into the secret of his sleight of hand. "Tell us a story!" say the Arabs to the fabulist of their tribe; and straightway he produces for their delectation Antar rending lions in twain, makes the dim forms of the genii float through the dusky air, conjures up from the arid sands the likeness of imperial Bagdad, and changes the starlight glimmering on the solitary well, into the lustre of a thousand lamps wavering on the current of the Tigris.

Not so the poor autobiographer, whose fancy, even though it may rebel against such bondage, must be kept in check—who is not answerable for the form or even the motions of the characters which he presents—whose plot is given to him under the inexorable condition that he shall not alter or innovate. For he is, to all intents and purposes, an historian, though his history may only relate to the events of private life; and from him is expected a rigorous adherence to fact which the romancer laughs to scorn. He has placed himself from the outset in this difficult position, that he asks for implicit belief; therefore, whatever be the sacrifice of interest, he must conduct his narrative so as to avoid all suspicion that he is mingling the fictitious with the real, or drawing upon his imagination to supply the ever-recurring deficiencies of actual circumstance. In short, whatever may be his wish, he cannot always be artistical, and he must often appear incoherent. Cause and effect are not within his power; he is no more justified in tampering with the main incidents of his story, than the chronicler would be if he reared up

fictitious dynasties, assigned victories to the vanquished, or set chronology at defiance by representing the heroes of one age as living and acting in another.

Therefore, dear reader, if I should sometimes be tedious, as must, I fear, be the case, I pray you to be merciful in your judgment, and to give due consideration to the alleviating circumstances. Despise me not because I refrain from presenting you with wonders, and accost you rather in the tone of every-day conversation, than in the more fascinating melo-dramatic style which commands the applause and rivets the attention of the galleries. Be not wroth because my characters are not of preternatural stature, or perpetually labouring under the excitement of violent passion, or giving utterance to rhapsodical sentiments, or indulging in apostrophe and antithesis. I cannot say with Bully Bottom, "My chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split." I am sure you would not regard your own friends one whit more favourably—nay, you would esteem them less—if, instead of expressing themselves in the common parlance of ladies and gentlemen, or in accordance with their calling and education, they were to adopt a strain somewhat akin to blank verse, request you to look at their writhing hearts, and demand your sympathy for their woes. Please, then, to be equally indulgent to those friends whom I have presented and may yet present to you; and do not expect them to be either outrageously sentimental or irresistibly humorous, seeing that they are not fictitious, but component parts of that great circle of society in which we all live, and move, and have our being.

It was now Christmas eve, the period which, of all others, recommends itself most dearly to the Christian heart, for the vigil and the feast do so combine in unison and mystic meaning that we can make no separation of their terms. It is not so with the coming in of the new year; for I imagine that very few thoughtful persons, setting aside the reckless and the profane, can have failed to experience a thrill of awe and an unwonted seriousness of mood, as they listen to the slow and measured ticking of the clock, or mark the inexorable progress of the index as it moves towards the point when the knell of the old year must be tolled. The point is reached at last, and the heavy strokes vibrate over the city; and a shout of exultation arises in the streets, as if the multitude rejoiced to be assured that they had gone so far on their passage to eternity, and were glad to abandon for ever the memory of their earlier days! "Hail to the new year—may it be luckier than the last!" Is that jubilee-cry suited to the occasion? Should we treat so lightly that measured portion of our life which has gone to swell the stupendous chronicle of the human race, on the first page of which the words are written, that God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul? Are years but as water, that we should rejoice to see them spilled, disregarding the use we have made of the time so mercifully vouchsafed to us? Why, even the heathen poet could teach us better; for his cry,

"O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos,"

is a wail of lamentation for the neglected past, albeit he never had a glimpse of the bright and morning star. The dying saint, the holy sufferer, the aged pilgrim, who can regard death but as a passage to life immortal and eternal rest, might indeed hail the sounds which mark the passage of a year as an audible token of their approaching joy; but that those who cling to life for its sensualities, its vanities, and its excitements, should shout, and cheer, and pass the wine-cup from hand to hand, so soon as they hear the warning that they are drawing nigher to their graves, puzzles my apprehension, and often leads me to suspect that, despite of evangelical missionary reports, there is a vast deal of absolute heathenism among us, over which the Calvinistic gown has been somewhat adroitly thrown.

But no sad thoughts, no melancholy reflections, beset us upon

Christmas eve. Then we are awaiting the advent of that hallowed hour which brought joy and redemption to the fallen race of Adam; and our thoughts wander back to the old, old time when the shepherds in the fields of Palestine were keeping watch over their flocks by night, and gazing on the glory of the stars, unwitting of the greater glory that was to appear. Deep silence there was, and a solemn hush, as if all nature held its breath. The wind stirred not; no sound of waters was heard; no cry of beast came afar from the mountain-clefts; no scream of night-bird disturbed the stillness of the air,—when suddenly a light, brighter than the sun at mid-day, shone around, and the angel of the Lord stood before these shepherds, and told them the good tidings of great joy which should be to all people; and then arose such a symphony as never before or since has vibrated on mortal ears — the choral song of a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." On that night too, in far Chaldea, the Magi saw the wondrous star, and followed it; and it went before them as a guide till it rested above the lowly shed at Bethlehem, where the Babe was lying in a manger; and the wise men of the East fell down and worshipped him, and gave him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. Is it superstition that makes us deem that season the most blessed of the year —that bids us banish for a time all idle thoughts, and vain ambitions, and devouring cares, and celebrate in singleness of heart the coming of the Saviour of the world? Surely not! It is a barren and cheerless faith that recognises no anniversaries, that rejects observances, and would ruthlessly stifle the impulses of the grateful heart. There can be no superstition in that which is prompted by piety and love, and which wars not against the letter of our creed. Can it, indeed, be averred that men are so prone to worship and adore, so pure of heart, so blameless in thought and deed, so constantly and deeply thankful for the vast measure of mercy they have received, that they should pass over the nativity of our Lord with less reverence than we all unite in giving to the birthday of an earthly potentate?

But while I say this, which I do in all gravity and seriousness, let it not be supposed that I am advocating that reckless jollity, that hilarious mirth, and crapulous indulgence, which rob Christmas of its sacred character, and debase it into a saturnalian orgy. It is good that on such a day men should meet together as friend with friend or brother with brother; that they should hold a feast, and eat their meat, as the first believers did, with gladness and singleness of heart; but it is not good to forget the true meaning of the festival, and encourage such boisterous wassail as would have suited the hall of Herod. Not altogether untrue or without foundation are the remarks of a recent writer, who says, that though we have retained Christmas in England, it is observed less as a solemn feast than as a season for excessive eating; and I must needs allow that modern literature and art have favoured such heinous desecration. Do but look at the popular woodcuts, some of them exhibiting no common degree of talent, and you will find almost invariably that the holy season is typified by the figure of an aged glutton — potbellied, pimpled, and blear-eyed — with a goblet in one hand and a spoon in the other, like an alderman preparing for an immediate assault upon a smoking tureen of calipash. Round him are grouped disreputable nymphs in short petticoats squeezing bunches of grapes, and ambling satyrs leering at firkins, and pantomimic clowns—their faces bedaubed with ochre and their tongues lolling from their mouths. Then, by way of marginal decoration, you have a border of chines of beef, and turkeys, and pheasants, and boar-heads, and mince-pies, and spheres of plum-pudding, and recking bowels of punch, the mere sight of which is enough to beget dyspepsia in any well-regulated stomach; and the practical lesson to be derived from all this is, that it is your bounden duty to eat, drink, and be jolly — yea, even to repletion — for

"Christmas comes but once a year!" And then we are expected to read a vast deal about hysterical chuckling, and poking of the ribs, and rubbing of the elbow, and facetious slapping of the back; and good fairies administer plumcake, whereas rhubarb would be more germain to the matter; and things are so arranged that everybody in the end gets a hearty dinner and plenty of hot drink, and goes merrily down the country-dance. Darby is betrothed to Joan; the old stingy uncle agrees to untie his purse-strings; philanthropy is identified with cramming; and the devotional heart is cheered with the contemplation of pickled oysters.

William Shakespeare—most genial of men and best of England's worthies!—these were not your thoughts when you wrote—

> "Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
> And then they say, no spirit dares stir abroad.
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

God rest thee, gentle Will! Thou hadst more real religion in thy little finger than could be gathered from the heart of many a tonsured or a surpliced priest.

It was the custom at Wilbury to observe the rites of Christmas with all due solemnity, though with little ostentation. There was no Christmas-tree, with its tiny candles and sparkling gifts, for there were no children in the house; but the rooms were duly decked with the holly and mistletoe, that strange Druidic emblem of the long-forgotten past. On the eve the dinner-party broke up early, and we all assembled in the drawing-room to await the coming of the festival. The discourse was of a graver character than usual; even the Misses Carrington seemed to feel the influence of the time, and forbore from exerting their fascinations further than by a casual glance directed towards the gentlemen. Stately Lady Lorimer tried hard to lay aside her pretensions; and, to my amusement, the austere Miss Bootle became absorbed in the perusal of *The Christian Year*. Apart from the others sate Amy Stanhope and Mary Beaton in quite earnest conversation, not unwatched, you may be sure, by some of us who were present, but altogether wrapped in those sweet confidences of their own.

And here I may just as well confess the fact that, though only four days had elapsed since my arrival at Wilbury Hall, I was already as deeply in love with Mary Beaton as though I had known her all my life. No young man, unless he is cold as a tortoise, or unimpressible as an armadillo, arrives at the years of discretion without having felt, many times, the magnetic influence of sparkling eyes, or that gush of warm feeling which, as I am given to understand, is now denominated "spooniness," but which, while it lasts, is beyond all question genuine and sincere. The Greeks, who had a fine turn for the tender passion, created two Cupids, Eros and Anteros, to each of whom they assigned a different function; but the musty commentators, from Cicero downwards—what could Cicero know of the matter more than the Chancellors Eldon or Campbell?—have differed in their interpretation as to what the functions were, and merely present to us two naked children wrestling for the cestus of Cytherea. Let us take a rational view, and one which is fortified by experience, and believe that Eros is the wandering and erratic spirit—the unscrupulous bird-bolter—the Puck and Robin Goodfellow of love, who plants his shafts with joyous recklessness, regarding every bosom as his lawful aim—the mad boy who levels ranks, confounds anticipation, has no respect for persons, and is never so gleeful as when he can succeed in squeezing the juice of the delusive herb into the eye for which it was not intended. And Eros is very potent. He makes early marriages; neither time nor circumstances nor disposition cohering. He has fairy ointment, warranted to be effectual but a brief space beyond the honeymoon, which will produce illusions strong as reality; and if you

allow him to touch you with that salve, you become his victim. Very dangerous indeed is that same Eros! He can make a mere village maiden —a mixture of the comely and the clumsy—a Cicely whose highest acquired accomplishment is but the frothing of a syllabub—appear to the sentimental youth of twenty as lovely and enchanting a nymph as ever tripped through the Arcadian forests, or moved in the train of Dian when she hunted on the slopes of Latmos. He it is who caters matrimonially for the daughters of keepers of lodging-houses, for artful governesses, spicy grisettes, and fascinating frequenters of Cremorne; nor does he confine his practice exclusively to the young, for many an elderly gentleman, wearied of lonely existence, has been prompted by that same Eros to commit the inexpiable folly of elevating the housekeeper from the pickling-room to supreme dominion in the parlour.

Anteros again is a much more staid, circumspect, and intelligent Cupid, who seldom takes deliberate aim at any one before he or she has at least attained to the years of discretion. He is no friend to rash, inconsiderate, or ill-assorted matches. He considers it his duty not only to promote mariages, but to take care that such unions shall be happy; and he is so far from practising illusions that he exerts himself strenuously to dispel them. You are tolerably safe with him, for he is no squanderer of his ammunition, and never shoots without deliberate purpose. A first-rate marksman, notwithstanding, is he. The shafts of Eros sometimes glance aside, or inflict slight temporary flesh-wounds, from which you soon recover without experiencing much inconvenience; but when Anteros does let an arrow fly, you may be sure it goes right into the heart.

I deny not that I, like most of my neighbours, had more than once served as a target for Eros; and one of his shafts, which he was pleased to launch at me in Germany, had a decided barb, and was somewhat difficult of extrication. However, I did my best, and used some precaution to baffle the attacks of the pestilent little villain, who has a great antipathy to books which are not of the Ovidian standard, and will retreat in utter discomfiture, as the devil did from Luther, if you shy an ink-horn at his head. And I succeeded so far, that after a time, he assailed me only with blunted arrows—mere rib-admonishers, which were hardly effectual for a bruise. But at last Anteros found me; and, contrary to his usual habit, without premonition, took aim at my bosom, and shot within the garland as deftly as William of Cloudeslee.

This may, for anything I know, be deemed a fantastic way of admitting that I was seriously in love; but do you, my brave young reader, who may think it so, try your own hand at an amatory confession. Of course, if I were writing about Launcelot and Guinever, or Tristram and Isolde, or Henry and the fair Rosamond, I could give you most beautiful love-scenes, more passionate than the death-songs of a thousand swans—and I trust that, some day or other, I may be able to lay a specimen of that kind of bewitching composition before you, for I have a vehement desire to indite a chivalrous romance, and can truly say with Keats:—

> "Lo! I must tell a tale of chivalry,
> For large white plumes are dancing in mine eye."

But a man naturally shrinks from taking about his own love-passages and secret feelings. It is a kind of self-anatomy, the idea of which is absolutely abhorrent. No surgeon, however fond he may be of his profession, would like to operate upon himself, and still less to deliver on such an occasion a demonstrative lecture. Therefore I crave, or rather claim, to be excused from entering into particulars, and stand now and hereafter, on my undoubted privilege of concealing from you what I, Norman Sinclair, said, or what answer I received. Heaven help us! have we come to that pass that every unfortunate fellow who wields a pen must make a clean breast of it to the public?

As, however, I have admitted the fact of my attraction or enthralment, I may perhaps be allowed to say that, if there was any element of hope at all in my dreams, it was of the very

faintest character. I know it has been maintained that love cannot exist without hope, but that I hold to be a fallacy. Love is beyond control. The page may love the princess; but as rationally may he expect a star from heaven to drop as a diamond into his extended hand, as to win the object of his adoration. Sir Walter Scott, in his most excellent romance of *Quentin Durward*, has thought fit to append a sort of indirect apology for making his penniless hero win the hand of the Countess Isabelle of Croye. The apology was needless as applied to the age which he was illustrating, but, in regard to that in which we live, it is of extreme significance. For, to speak quite plainly and without disguise, money is all in all. You are not estimated according to your wit, intellect, learning, or even reputation—the real point to be ascertained is your rental, or your balance with your banker. I will not go the length of saying that plausible expectations of future professional success may not sometimes be accepted in lieu of realized fortune; but that is not often the case when girls who are heiresses in anticipation are concerned. "I can give my daughter at the least eighty thousand pounds," says the eminent drysalter, who began life by shifting shutters, "and if that won't get her an Irish Peer, at all events it's a high enough price for a Baronet." Poor girl! she would be much happier if allowed to marry within her own sphere. Lord Blarneymore or Sir Sidney Raikes, whichever of them may be preferred, will simply squander her money, regarding her all the while with as perfect indifference as if she were the sack that contained the bullion. But fathers, ay, and mothers too, when preparing their matrimonial estimates, too often dismiss, as unworthy of consideration, the pure question of happiness. They are resolved to have what they call value for their money, the value being, for the most part, some slight social elevation. If you have nothing of this kind to offer, and are, moreover, the reverse of wealthy, you had better keep out of the way of heiresses. The odds are that they will have nothing to say to you; and even were they favourably inclined, you are certain to fall before the discharge of the parental battery.

I knew perfectly well that in falling in love with Miss Beaton I was giving way to a sentiment that in all probability would cause me much disquiet. My excuse is that I could not help it. I was, to speak the honest truth, entirely fascinated by this the loveliest, sweetest, and gentlest lady I had ever seen, and I had no more the power of dismissing her image from my mind, than the sick man has of conjuring away the phantoms which seem to hover around his couch. But this much I was resolved on, that, whatever my feelings might be, I should so restrain them as to create no suspicion in the minds of others that I had even entertained a thought which, considering my position, would justly have been deemed presumptuous.

But I must back to the drawing-room at Wilbury. The gentlemen, I must acknowledge, seemed somewhat at a loss for occupation; for however orthodox men may be, nothing makes them more fidgetty than the expectation of some devotional ceremony, they not knowing what to do in the interim. Sir John Hawkins, who was the reverse of imaginative, indulged in various yawns; while Lumley, in a sudden fit of enthusiasm for the cause of education, busied himself in teaching Amy Stanhope's pet spaniel to sit upright, and toss biscuit from its nose. For my own part, I gradually lapsed into a reverie, of a nature half melancholy, half pleasant; for Christmas had hitherto been for me rather a name than a realised festival, so entirely had I been cut off from the enjoyment of the social circle. It appeared to me like a dream that I, the helpless orphan who had found shelter in a cottage — the penniless lad, who, after my poor uncle's death, had been forced into an early struggle with the world — the erratic student, who could not so much as say what was his proper home,—should now be residing in a splendid English mansion, and mingling on terms of equality with those who were my superiors in rank and fortune. True, I might say with Bassanio that "I was a gentleman;" but

beyond that threadbare boast, common to so many of my countrymen, I had no recommendation. Could I then feel otherwise, especially at such a season as this, than profoundly grateful to the Almighty for His care and protection, and for the fulfilment of the promise that He will be the Father of the fatherless? Ah, no! If ingratitude between man and man is odious, how immeasurably more heinous is the sin if we take the bounties of God without yielding some acknowledgment, however imperfect it may be!

And so the night wore on, quietly, as the stars moved in the heaven; quietly, as became Christian people observing such a vigil, though their mode of observing it, and the tenor of their thoughts, differed, as must always be the case, according to their peculiar temperament. At length, however, at a signal from Mr. Stanhope, we all adjourned to the library, where the servants were assembled, and Dr. Wayles read the evening service.

Scarcely had he ended when the clock struck the hour of the Nativity, and the children from the parish-school, who had been brought into the hall, sung the following old English carol:—

"As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing,
This night shall be born
Our heavenly King.

He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen
As were babies all.

He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould."

Then with hearty congratulations, in which all unfeignedly joined—for I am quite certain that the most listless and volatile of the party were impressed with the solemnity of the occasion—we parted for the night.

CHAP. XXI.—AN OLEAGINOUS INTERVIEW.

"Keep moving on!" It is an excellent piece of advice, even when it proceeds from the lips of a policeman; and by writers of every kind of narrative it ought especially to be borne in mind. For we are beset by many temptations to dawdle and dilate; we are apt to become circumstantial regarding details of no real value or import; and, like children in pursuit of butterflies, to deviate from the beaten track in chase of some aerial apparition.

I shall therefore say nothing more in reference to what occurred during my brief stay at Wilbury Hall, repressing a certain inclination which I feel to describe the Christmas festivities; but shall again transport myself to London, where I rented apartments in Jermyn Street, much more comfortable and creditable than those which I had hitherto occupied by kind permission of Mrs. Lewson. Carlton remained in the country, intending, as I sincerely hoped, to improve the occasion, and to get rid of those extraordinary crotchets which were the sole obstacle to his wishes. I will not deny that, when I thought over our conversation at Wilbury, I felt utterly amazed that a man otherwise so rational could allow himself to be haunted by such chimeras, nor that I sometimes repined, now that I had seen Mary Beaton, that I had not a fortune like that of Carlton, to justify the prosecution of my suit. Had it been so, assuredly no vain scruples would have stood in my way. But I soon checked that weakness; for the man who indulges in repining at his lot is already half a craven, and will flinch from the approaching battle.

I should note, however, that before I left Wilbury, Sir George Smoothly took occasion to renew his proffers of service; and was so bland and conciliatory in his manner, that in spite of myself, a certain prejudice which I had contracted against him gave way; and I began to think that I had done injustice to a very

amiable and friendly gentleman. Of all baits to angle with, benevolence is the most sure and deadly! How can you distrust the individual whose eye, as he regards you, beams with sympathy, who listens with so much patience and interest to your aspirations, and who occasionally interjects a sigh, as if regretful that the days when he too was possessed by youthful enthusiasm had departed? Besides this, it was difficult to conceive what motive Sir George could have in paying me such marked attention, beyond that disinterested wish to help me forward, which he did not hesitate to express. I could be of no use to him —of that I was thoroughly convinced; and though I knew then, not quite so well as I do now, that there is a sort of men who make it their invariable policy to be lavish in professions of good-will alike to high and low, and find their advantage in doing so, still it appeared to me incredible that he would have renewed the subject had he not been thoroughly sincere. I was by this time tolerably well aware of his real standing and position. He was a new baronet, of mercantile family and moderate fortune, who, having been able, through local connection, to secure the representation of a petty borough, had attached himself to the Conservative party, was never absent from divisions, served on all manner of committees, made himself generally useful, and never presumed to speak in debate, unless when specially requested to do so at times when the Treasury benches were thin (that is, at the period of the day when good men are wont to dine); and then, if necessary, he would prose away for half an hour, fluently enough, in order to keep the parliamentary machine from coming to an absolute stoppage. A man so useful to his party, and so ready to obey the mandates of the ministerial whipper-in, was entitled to expect some tangible recognition of his services; and he was not disappointed. He was promoted to office and salary; performed his duties, such as they were, with much blandness and assiduity; but still continued to fag in the House with as much perseverance as before. In public life, plausible mediocrity is far more likely to succeed than real talent. From entire subservience to the whip, Sir George Smoothly progressed to personal toadyism of the Leader of the House. He threw his homage into the form of absolute worship. According to his declared opinion, the seven sages of Greece, stewed down together in Œson's chaldron, would not have reproduced so perfect an incarnation of wisdom and sagacity as the Premier. He was to be regarded less as a man, than as an incarnation or embodiment of the divine essence of intellect; and it was remarked that, when cheering the speeches of his chief, Sir George Smoothly intoned his "hear, hear!" very much as a pious Catholic might do his response in the adoration of Madonna. Now, however mentally great a man may be—however religiously and conscientiously he may try to throw off private preferences while labouring for the public good —this kind of adulation will always work upon him. It cannot be otherwise, because he does not see the heart. In the full-flowing tide of success he anticipates no reaction; and he is always ready to believe that the homage which is only paid him by reason of his singular success, and through the belief that it will be permanent, arises from personal attachment, and, as such, will continue to be rendered notwithstanding political changes. Now, without denying the existence of such attachments, noble and honourable alike to the leader and the follower, I must needs record my opinion that such instances are rare, at least compared with the multitude of desertions that follow upon waning popularity. Few are eager to grasp the hand that has no longer the power of dispensing gifts; few will stand by the deposed chieftain rather than offer their allegiance to his successful rival. Statesmen, however, do not think of this; they are gratified by the show of devotion, and very naturally bestow their smiles and their favours upon those who are the most consummate proficients in the art of flattery. And I question whether the courts of Dionysius or of Canute contained a more skilful adept than Sir George

Smoothly. He never presumed upon recognition; he never for a moment forgot his place. It was impossible to spoil him. Other men, if honoured by the notice of the Minister, so marked that it might almost have been construed into confidence, would have borne their heads more high in consequence, and have boasted of their influence and their power. Not so Smoothly. *Nobis sit prima virtus humilitas* might have been his motto, so affable was his deportment, so meekly did he bear himself towards all. Hence he became a trusted man, an indispensable member of the Government; and though occupying but a subordinate position, it was generally believed that his good word would be as effectual with those in high places as the more direct recommendation of many who ranked above him as politicians.

What wonder then if I felt gratified by the attention shown to me by a personage so influential, and gave a heedful ear to the suggestions that flowed from his experienced lips? He briefly referred to our former conversation when we first met on the Rhine, inquired into the nature of my subsequent studies and avocations; was pleased to express much satisfaction at learning that I had directed my attention somewhat to questions of a public nature; and hinted that he had great hopes very soon of being able to procure for me some considerable government appointment.

"You must understand, however, my dear Mr. Sinclair," he said, "that nothing can be done until after the meeting of Parliament. I happen to know that Ministers at present are more than usually embarrassed by a vast number of applications from quarters which they dare not neglect. It is a bad system, I admit, but I fear that it is one inseparable from constitutional government. My own influence is very small — so small, indeed, that I cannot use it except in favour of some one who would be of material service to our party. I shall ever consider myself fortunate in having met with you; because sterling talent, combined with sound judgment and steady business habits, is a commodity which we rarely meet with, and greatly desiderate. I was, I assure you, very much impressed by what fell from you at our first casual meeting—so much so, that I took occasion (I tell you this, of course, in the strictest confidence) to mention your name to the Premier, whom I have been visiting at his country-seat. The claims of genius, especially when it is of an available kind, have never been disregarded by that eminent and benevolent man. He was very particular in his inquiries, and then said, 'Well, Smoothly; by your account, this young gentleman should not be lost sight of. If he had any parliamentary connection, I should not hesitate for a moment, on your recommendation, to engage him in the public service. But no one knows better than yourself that we are forced to be most cautious in the exercise of our patronage; and I would not be justified in elevating this gentleman over the heads of other public servants, unless I had substantial and tangible proof that he possesses those high abilities for which you give him credit. Furnish me with such proof, and you may rely upon it that his claims shall not be overlooked. These were his precise words; and I need hardly say that you ought to consider them as most encouraging."

"My dear Sir George!" I replied, in no little confusion, for the announcement that my name had been already mentioned to so exalted a personage as the Premier quite took away my breath, "how shall I ever thank you sufficiently for such unmerited kindness?"

"I deserve no thanks, my dear young friend, for doing what I considered to be quite as much an act of public duty, as a token of the personal interest which I feel towards yourself. Your promotion, therefore, depends entirely upon your own exertions; but you have this immense advantage over others, that the gate stands open for your entrance."

All this was vastly gratifying, and much more than I could have expected or hoped for. Still it was not very explicit. I had a distinct assurance that by doing something or other I

should receive promotion, but I had not the remotest idea what sort of work was expected from me. I was, like Michael Scott's familiar spirit, ready enough to execute any task that might be assigned to me, or at all events, to make the essay; but I stood utterly in need of suggestion. I did not know how or with what I should begin.

Sir George Smoothly no doubt divined my thoughts—indeed, I imagine that he made a pause in the conversation on purpose that this difficulty should present itself to my mind. In diplomacy the advantage always remains with that party who can concuss or persuade the other into asking advice; and the honourable baronet was better versed in diplomacy than many who have been bred to it as a profession. I therefore begged him to add to his other favours by indicating the course which I ought to pursue.

"I have already considered that matter very seriously," replied Sir George; "and although you could doubtless furnish sufficient proof of your literary ability by pointing to articles and other things which you may have written, I am afraid that such would not be deemed the most acceptable kind of testimonial. The fact is, that my illustrious friend did not attain to his present exalted position without having been made the subject of many attacks — some of them most flagrant and injurious — from organs of public opinion which professed to advocate the cause of the Conservative party. Of late there are certain symptoms which make me apprehensive that such unworthy conduct may be renewed; for we are molested by some malcontents, for the most part young and inexperienced men, who are not satisfied with the conciliatory policy of our great leader, and affect to distrust his sincerity. Now it is a marked peculiarity of that distinguished man—I dare not call it a weakness—that he is very sensitive to such attacks; and their former frequency has engendered in his mind a sort of dislike to political writers in general. It has even been observed, that when he does extend his notice to persons of that class, it is rather to those who have been his direct political opponents than to such as are known to maintain Conservative opinions."

"Surely," said I, "that cannot be a wise policy. It must be conceded that the press exercises an enormous power — whether judiciously or not, in certain cases, may be a disputed question. But how can a Minister expect active support from the press if he neglects to conciliate those who are its controllers? I have reason to believe that complaints, founded upon this, are very general; and that comparisons highly unfavourable to the Minister have been drawn between the scurvy treatment which Conservative writers receive at the hands of their party-chiefs, and the marked attention and encouragement which are given to literary men by the head of the Whig alliance."

"What you say is no doubt quite true," replied Sir George. "I have always held that we should encourage literary men. But that does not fall within my department; and it must be confessed that my illustrious friend has ere now been so bitterly reviled by Tory writers, that he can hardly be expected to have any decided leaning in their favour."

"That may be. Still it is strange that, while systematically overlooking his supporters, he should give any countenance to avowed opponents."

"Ah! you don't know what he has endured. His is a most sensitive nature. He resembles the gladiator who rejoices to meet a foe armed at all points in the arena, but shrinks with apprehension from the threatened sting of a wasp. Unrivalled in debate, he is strangely susceptible to ridicule; and if he does bestow some little attention upon men who, in this age of whim and oddity, can provoke the ready laugh, that must be regarded solely in the light of a wise precaution. But I would not have you identify yourself too much, at least for the present, with the literary profession. That is not the road by which, according to my view, you will attain your object."

"Then, I fear, mine is a hopeless case; for I can think of no other way."

"My dear young friend, you do yourself vast injustice," said Sir George, with one of his very blandest smiles. "Be ruled by me. It is one of the few privileges of age that it can appeal to experience, and guide the young; and though I am not a very old man" (he was sixty-eight if he was a day, though as well preserved as turtle in a tin canister), "I have seen much of the world and its ways, and I know precisely what is required from a young political aspirant. From what you have already told me I gather that you have some practical knowledge of the law of Scotland, which differs in some important respects from that of England. Am I not right in that conjecture?"

"The devil fetch you for an old sneck-drawer!" thought I, mentally recurring to the vernacular. "What, in the name of the collective College of Justice, can have put that notion into your head?" Practical knowledge! Of course I had some practical knowledge. No lad who had spent six years in the office of Messrs. Meiklecry, Littlewoo, and Shearaway could fail to acquire some smattering of legal lore, and I had not been an idle nor unobservant workman. I was tolerably well conversant with the principles of Scottish law, but I never had been taught to apply them. Howbeit, it was not for me to start a difficulty before I thoroughly understood the drift of the question; so I replied that I certainly had received the benefit of a legal education, though circumstances had induced me to relinquish the law as a profession.

"Then you are just the very man to suit my purpose," said Sir George. "A professional lawyer is so accustomed to the use of technicalities, that it is very difficult for us of the laity to understand his meaning. What I want is a gentleman of high intelligence, who, knowing the law, can explain its bearing in intelligible language. It is with extreme gratification that I am able to announce to you that your previous acquirements may now be employed with direct advantage to the State, and, I need not add, for your own interest and advancement."

"Well," thought I, "if that should prove to be the case, I may indeed be thankful to Providence and Mr. Shearaway for having promoted me to the occupancy of a three-legged stool!"

"The circumstances," continued Sir George, "are these. I may mention, but in the strictest confidence, that it is proposed, in the course of the ensuing session, to introduce a new Poor-Law Act for Scotland. This has been urged upon the Ministry by several influential English members of Parliament, who have paid flying visits to the Highlands for a week or so during the recess and have been much shocked by the squalid appearance of the inhabitants. You are aware that the tendency of recent legislation is towards uniformity and centralisation; the object being that pauperism, wherever it exists, shall be dealt with equally and impartially. There can be no reason—so at least many of our English friends, whose votes we must conciliate, maintain—that gigantic poor-houses, like those of Kent and Middlesex, should not be established in such regions as Skye, Uist, and Zetland, at the expense of the proprietors of the soil. In fact, they maintain that each island having a certain amount of population, should be provided with an independent Bastille. The question being still open, I reserve my individual view; but this much I may tell you, that a very eminent English county member, who travelled for no less than four days in the West Highlands, has threatened, if the Ministry will do nothing, to make this a critical question; and it is more than probable that he would engage the support of all sections of the Opposition. I was privileged to be present at an interview with the Premier when he stated his case, which assuredly appeared to be a strong one, though, owing to his ignorance of the language of the inhabitants, he was unable to say whether they complained or not of the existing system of relief. But the avidity with which they clutched an eleemosynary sixpence, appeared to him a decisive proof of their miserable condition, and of the necessity for its amend-

ment; and therefore the Ministry, in order to avoid party dissension, have given directions for the preparation of a new Poor-law Bill for Scotland."

"Have they done so?" said I, my Caledonian blood surging within me. "Had the demand come from Scotland, it ought to have been heeded, which Scottish demands rarely are; but that the representations of a bull-headed, stupid southern squire, who knew nothing whatever of the people, should be made the pretext for legislation, is a direct insult to the country which has given its Royal Family to England!"

"There, now, you are becoming excited—the very worst thing that can happen to a man who aspires to enter into public life. Shun excitement, my dear young friend; it throws one entirely off his guard. I have not given way to excitement once during the last thirty years."

"What a precious cold-blooded snail you must be!" was my complimentary thought; but I simply answered with a bow.

"But, to resume," said Sir George Smoothly. "The bill will of course be drawn by the law-officers of the Crown, of whose competency and knowledge there can be no manner of doubt. The debate will be chiefly conducted by the Scotch members; nevertheless it has been deemed advisable that some one of the ministerial party, unconnected with the North, should be thoroughly prepared on the subject; and I, though always reluctant to put myself forward, have been requested to undertake that duty."

"So! that is the way in which our affairs are managed!" thought I. "A very useful adviser you will prove, old gentleman, on a matter of which you are profoundly ignorant!"

"My opportunities of acquiring information being but limited," continued Sir George, "and my time being otherwise fully occupied, it is necessary that I should have the assistance of some qualified person to frame, in clear and precise language, a statement of the law as presently administered, along with a tabular view of the parishes in Scotland, their estimated rental, and the amount of the funds which are available for the maintenance of the poor. It would also be desirable that to such a document should be appended any practical suggestions which may occur to the writer, all which will, most assuredly, be carefully and anxiously considered. The paper will be submitted to the Premier; and, if approved of, will be regarded as the highest possible certificate of merit. Such is the task, my young friend, which I assign to you, in the full belief that you will apply your whole energies and unremitting attention to its performance."

"But, sir," said I, aghast at the proposal, "this is an undertaking far beyond my powers and ability!"

"You will permit me to be the judge of that," replied Sir George, with a smile ineffably seraphic. "I cannot allow your modesty, which, however, is a rare and commendable quality, to stand in the way of your promotion. Young men, I am well aware, are, through inexperience, apt at first to shrink from the responsibility of such labours; but that is mere nervous diffidence, which will disappear as soon as you set to work in earnest. I have some parliamentary papers and returns which you may find of material assistance, and these I shall forward to your address."

"Really, Sir George, I do not see how I possibly can undertake this. I am not ashamed to own that my circumstances are such as to force me to economise my time for the means of livelihood; and if I were to apply myself diligently to such an investigation, I must needs abandon all other engagements."

"Ah, now! Believe me, you very much overrate the labour. If you begin to imagine difficulties before they arise, you will never be able to make your way. Think only of the splendid prospect before you, and be resolute. Adieu, my dear Mr. Sinclair! I cannot express the gratification I derive from the thought that I shall be able to advance your interests."

And so, with an affectionate but somewhat clammy squeeze of the hand, Sir George Smoothly made his exit from the library, where the interview which I have detailed took

place, leaving me in a mood of mind in which it would be difficult to say whether doubt, hope, or vexation predominated.

"Would to heaven," said I, soliloquising, "that I could fathom that man's real intentions! He speaks fairly, no doubt of that, and I cannot imagine why he should wish to play me false. Yet, confound it, there is something about him that I don't like! I half suspect that he is humbugging me. He says that he mentioned my name to the Premier—surely that cannot be a lie? No, no—it would be a shame to think so. No English gentleman would demean himself by such gross deceit! But then, why should he have taken such a fancy to me? He has the character of being a selfish man, yet he acts, or professes to act, most generously in regard to myself. Stop though! Generosity is a wide term; and, after all, what has his anxiety on my behalf, supposing it to be real, cost him? Nothing. And what has he promised? Why, vaguely and inferentially, much; but directly and substantially, nothing. But then I suppose I must consider myself for the present as being simply upon trial. Well—that is not altogether unreasonable. Official employments are not so plentiful that I can expect to be offered one without giving proof of my competency. But to undertake a work like this—why, I never shall be able to go through with it except at the sacrifice of more than I can well afford. What then? All men must lay their account with making some sacrifices, and this, at any rate, holds out a brilliant prospect. But I wish I could have the benefit of some sound advice. What if I were to tell Carlton of this interview? But no. I am in a manner pledged to secresy; besides, Carlton dislikes Sir George Smoothly, and is too much prejudiced to give a fair opinion. Come, let me decide at once. I'll do it! Hard work it must be, but why should I shrink from that? O Mary Beaton! If through labour I could hope to win thee, there is no task so arduous that I would not joyfully undertake!"

With this doughty resolution I returned to London, and did immediately apply myself to the compilation of the required statistics. At first I made but slow progress, for I was forced to read a great deal in order to acquire a competent knowledge of the subject. Gradually, however, I began to feel really interested in the work. Thanks to my business education, I had been early accustomed to grapple with figures, an occupation so distasteful to the majority of mankind, and the glowing schedules rose beneath my hand like magic. What subsequently took place must be recorded in another chapter.

AN ELECTION IN FRANCE.

"*Haud facilè libertas et domini misceantur.*"—TACITUS.

In our last Number an article appeared in which a narrative was given of the mode in which the provinces of Savoy and Nice were torn from Italy and annexed to France, under the pretence of an appeal to the populations by means of universal suffrage. It was there shown, by the evidence of facts which came under the cognisance of an eyewitness, that the whole process was a gigantic swindle, and that the result obtained by the ballot-box no more represented the real opinions and wishes of the inhabitants, than if they had been marched up to the poll under an escort of military, and compelled to vote at the point of the bayonet, according to the dictates of the French Emperor, whose subjects they have now become. The lesson was an instructive one, and it has, we hope, opened the eyes of all who are not too blind to see, to the intense mockery of universal suffrage as a test of the national will, under circumstances of pressure such as was exercised in the case of Nice and Savoy. We propose now to show the way in which the same instrument is worked in France, and to put our readers in possession of some facts which will enable them to judge of the worth, or rather worthlessness, of an appeal to the people under such conditions.

At present we see in France a state of things which it is difficult to comprehend. We can understand the existence of simple despotism, like that of Russia; or limited monarchy, like that of England; or pure democracy, like that of America; or any of these, with certain modifications not destructive of the main idea and central principal of the particular form of government. But despotism and democracy are contradictory opposites, which seem to be no more capable of amalgamating than fire and water. Each is, in theory at least, the absolute negative of the other. And yet France exhibits the spectacle of a despotic Government based on the most democratic of all principles — universal suffrage. Under it the Republic was set aside, and a single hereditary ruler was voluntarily chosen by the people, by an overwhelming majority of votes; and under it the Emperor has to deal with a representative Chamber periodically chosen by the masses of the people, who, it would be paradoxical to assert, are perpetually conspiring against their own liberties. However carefully, in the constitution framed for France by the Emperor, are traced the limits within which the Chamber must confine itself, it is impossible to deny that, unless the Imperial Government were popular in France, unmistakable symptoms of general disaffection would show themselves within its walls under a system of universal suffrage, *provided* the suffrages were fairly taken, and the members chosen truly represented the opinions of their constituents. We see no answer but one to such an argument as the following, which might be used by Napoleon III. in defence of his government:—

"You complain that France is despotically ruled, and that her liberties are crushed by military force; that she has no free press; and servilely obeys the dictates of the head of the State. But observe, she does all this with her own free will. She herself, after a solemn appeal made by me to the whole population, chose me as her ruler; and she possesses in the *Corps Legislatif* an organ through which her voice may be heard with less chance of being mistaken than even the public voice in the Parliament of England; for there the right of suffrage is restricted to a few, whereas in France it belongs to the whole adult male population. If, then, you admit that the voice of the nation is fairly represented by the deputies elected by universal suffrage, and admit also, as you cannot deny, that opposition to Government in the Chamber is feeble and insignificant, I ask you, in logical fairness and consistency, to admit that France and I are perfectly at one, and that in the policy which I pursue I act merely as the

interpreter of her will. You tell me that my power rests on the bayonet, but I appeal to the testimony of the ballot-box."

To this we would reply by asking the question, "*Is* the ballot-box a true witness? Is the testimony it gives a reality or a sham?" Certain facts have come to our knowledge which make us doubt the integrity of the appeal; and we believe that the solution of the enigma of the existence of so-called free institutions in France, side by side with a military despotism, is to be found in the influence which the French executive is able to exercise over the elections, and thus from the dangerous nettle of liberty to pluck the flower of safety for itself. We daresay our readers have seen the ingenious trick of legerdemain called "forcing a card," which consists in offering to a by-stander his choice out of all the cards of the pack as they are rapidly shuffled before his eyes, but in reality compelling him to take the particular card the conjuror wishes. This is in fact very much like the *modus operandi* of the great French Conjuror. He makes the people believe that they are exercising a free choice in voting by ballot for a representative, but he takes very good care to secure as far as possible the return of a candidate nominated by himself.

It is not easy for us in this country to realise the extent to which Government action is carried in France. The distinctive feature of the freedom which is the boast of the Anglo-Saxon race, is self-government. Parish vestries, boards of health, boards of guardians, municipal corporations, and local committees, manage a vast number of public affairs amongst us, with as little interference on the part of the executive as if that executive did not exist. But in France the very reverse of this is the fact. To quote the words of a writer which seem apposite to our purpose:—

"The Government there, under whatever form, whether that of Directory, Consulship, Empire, Restoration, Monarchy of the Barricades, Republic, or the Army, which is its present phase, has always been essentially despotic in its character. It has ruled by a system of paid *employés* in immediate dependence upon itself. The provincial functionaries, such as prefects and sub-prefects, and mayors of arrondissements, are mere puppets, whose strings are pulled by the executive in Paris. In no country is the system of police surveillance and espionage more thoroughly understood or constantly practised. No public meetings are convened, as in England, to take into consideration the measures of Government, and, if necessary, organise a peaceful opposition to them. The people are not, except in the solitary instance of dropping their individual votes into the ballot-box when the period of an election comes round, made parties to the management of their own interests. Hence there is, properly speaking, no public opinion in France the influence of which can be felt by statesmen, and enable them to forecast the measures which will be best suited for the wants and most in accordance with the real wishes of the nation. Hence also results the startling paradox, that the French, of all people in the world, are the most impatient of constitutional control, and the most servilely submissive to despotic power."*

We will now, by way of example, give the history of a French election, which took place in the electoral district of Fougères and Vitré, in the department of Ille-et-Vilaine in Brittany, on the 18th and 19th of December 1859. It will serve as a good illustration of the mode in which universal suffrage works—or rather is worked—across the Channel, and may throw some light upon the machinery by which the existence of a representative Chamber is made compatible with that of a despotic Empire. And the lesson it affords will not be without its use at a time when the process is applied not merely to determine the result of particular elections, but to annex whole provinces, and reconstruct nationalities, under the pretence of an appeal to the people.

We take the facts from a *Protestation*, or, as we should say, Election Petition, presented by M. le Beschu de Champsavin, one of the defeated candidates, to the *Corps Legislatif*, praying that a commission of inquiry might issue to verify his allegations,

* FORSYTH'S *History of Trial by Jury*, pp. 421, 422.

and that the election might be declared null and void, on account of the illegal practices of which he complained.

M. le Beschu is a gentleman of high position and unimpeachable honour. He is *Conseiller*—that is, one of the judges of the *Cour Impériale* at Rennes in Brittany—a chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and possesses considerable estates, one of which, Champsavin, is situated in the commune of Louvigné, and gives its name to his family. The rest of his property lies within the electoral district of Ille-et-Vilaine, which was the scene of the contest we are about to narrate. He therefore had strong local claims upon the inhabitants—at all events, as compared with a stranger—and had been frequently returned by them as a member of the *Conseil Général* of the department. A general election being about to take place in the month of December last year, M. le Beschu determined to present himself as a candidate to the electors of the arrondissements of Fougères and Vitré, and solicit their votes for the honor of a seat in the *Corps Législatif*. His first step, in conformity with the provisions of the law of the 16th of July 1850, was to send, on the 26th of November, to the *procureurs impériaux* of Fougères and Vitré a declaration of his intention to be a candidate, and also a copy of the card or ticket which he proposed to distribute in the two arrondissements. He next took the oath required by the *Senatus Consultum* of the 25th of December 1852, and sent the announcement of his intention to stand to the three newspapers which are published at Rennes. One of these was used by the prefect as his official organ, and the appearance of M. le Beschu's address in its columns was headed by a sort of cautious apology on the part of the editor:—

"We have received from the Honourable M. le Beschu the following letter, the insertion of which, we believe we have not the power to refuse."

"Have not the power to refuse," Mr. Editor? what does that mean? What possible objection could you have to inserting the letter, even if you were at liberty to decline to do so? The fact was, that the prefect, or rather the Government, had already a candidate of its own in the field, in the person of a certain M. de Dalmas, who filled the high and important office of *Sous Chef du Cabinet de l'Empereur;* and the prefect, in obedience to orders from headquarters, had previously, on the 22d of November, addressed a circular to the mayors of the different communes of the two arrondissements, strongly insisting upon the duty of electing M. de Dalmas. We ought to state that several other candidates besides M. le Beschu, locally known to the electors, had declared themselves; but it is only necessary to mention the name of one of them, M. Dréo, who alone of the others went to the poll, and of whom we shall have something to say by-and-by.

M. le Préfet said in his circular that the government of the Emperor had charged him to recommend, in its name, to the electors as the candidate of its choice, M. de Dalmas, *Sous-chef du Cabinet de l'Empereur;* and he expressed his hope that the electors would receive with favour the name "of one of the first functionaries of the household of the Emperor," and thus secure for their interests a patron in a better position than any of the other candidates "to assist us in the accomplishment of works of public utility which we have commenced, or which we propose to undertake, in the interest of the population of Ille-et-Vilaine." And he added, that the motives which had determined the Government to recommend M. de Dalmas to the electors were, first, the necessity of preventing unhappy divisions which would take place if the contest were confined to local candidates; and, secondly, the advantage of confiding important interests to an eminent person (*une notabilité*), in a position to defend them.

We do not stop to criticise this production of *M. le Préfet*, otherwise we might ask, why "the *Government*" should be anxious to have the interests of Ille-et-Vilaine intrusted to so puissant an advocate as one of its own creatures was thus represented to be; for as all public favours must

emanate from the Government, it surely could confer them, if it pleased, without the intervention of the Sous-CHEF *du Cabinet de l'Empereur.*

With reference to the remark, that the adoption of a Government candidate was proposed to prevent jealousies and heart-burnings, M. le Beschu makes an admission which shows how fully he recognises the right of the executive to interfere within limits which we should have thought wide enough to satisfy even Imperial ideas on the subject of freedom of election. He says, "If the Administration had made its choice amongst the inhabitants of the district who appeared to be most popular with the electors, all the other rival candidates would have instantly retired from the contest." The primary grievance complained of, therefore, seems to be, not Government interference as such, but its interference on behalf of a stranger.

In order to fully understand the allusions in *M. le Préfet's* circular to the probable benefits which M. de Dalmas might be able to confer upon the district if he were elected, we ought to mention that it was preceded by notices in some of the local newspapers, that the Emperor, "at the instance of the prefect," had decided upon creating a *domaine impériale*, in the department of Ille-et-Vilaine; and in order to puff *M. le Préfet*, it was added that "the execution of this plan could not be intrusted to better hands than those of the enlightened magistrate, who, with such loftiness of view, seconds, in our country, the intelligent policy of the Emperor."

The prefect's next step was to send a circular to all the mayors, telling them to address to every elector within his jurisdiction a ticket, containing the name of M. de Dalmas, "candidate of the Government of the Emperor," and they were ordered to give every publicity to an official proclamation, copies of which accompanied the letter. This was an address to the electors, signed *Le Préfet d'Ille-et-Vilaine*, P. FEART; and as we are not in the habit of seeing such documents in this country issued by Government officials, even in the case of dock-yard constituencies, we will give it entire as an electioneering curiosity:—

"ELECTION FOR THE ARRONDISSEMENTS OF FOUGÈRES AND VITRÉ UNITED.

PROCLAMATION.

The Prefect of Ille-et-Vilaine to the Electors of the arrondissements of Fougères and Vitré.

"ELECTORS!

"The Government proposes to you to choose as deputy M. de Dalmas, *souschef* of the Cabinet of his Majesty the Emperor.

"M. de Dalmas belongs to Brittany.

"He knows your interests.

"He appreciates the full extent of your wants.

"He is in a position, as well from sympathy as duty, to fulfil faithfully the trust reposed in him, and to devote himself usefully to the prosperity of your country.

"M. de Dalmas, besides, is not only able to make the Government appreciate all your claims to its good-will—

"He affords to us, by the very fact of his becoming a candidate, the means of proving that the Government, now to-day as at the time of the visit to Brittany, can reckon upon your support.

"ELECTORS!

"You have up to this day availed yourselves of all occasions that have been offered to you to manifest your sympathies for the Government of the Emperor and your devotion to your country.

"No other candidate would be able, in the same degree as M. de Dalmas, to give satisfaction to your sentiments of gratitude, and to your interests.

"We have the confident hope that you will, by your votes in favor of M. de Dalmas, ratify the choice of the Government of the Empire.

"Done at the Hotel of the Prefecture, at Rennes, the 9th of Dec. 1859.

The Prefect of Ille-et-Vilaine,
(Signed) "P. FEART."

The prefect also addressed a significant notice to the mayors, directing them to inform him of the names of the inhabitants of their communes who showed themselves favourable to the canvass of M. le Beschu; and the *juge de paix* of one of the cantons also officially requested the different mayors to give him immediate notice of any steps taken in favour of any candidate in opposition to that of the Government. Whatever may have been the object of this

request, it certainly came with a bad grace from the *juge de paix*, whose position required the most absolute impartiality, for he discharges functions analogous to those of the revising barristers in England, and determines as a court of appeal upon claims to vote, and thus forms, in effect, the electoral lists.

It may well be supposed that, with such an example set them by *M. le Préfet*, the underlings in office were not behindhand in zeal. On Saturday the 17th of December—the day before the ballot which was to open on Sunday morning after mass—the *sous-préfet* of Fougéres, M. Thil, addressed a *private* circular to the mayors of the communes, which we will quote at length, as it is a remarkable document, and shows the sort of pressure put upon the country mayors to make them do their duty, by insuring as far as possible the return of the Government candidate.

"FOUGERES, 17*th Dec.* 1859.

"MR. MAYOR,—The ballot opens tomorrow. I have the honor to remind you that it is your duty to open it immediately after the first mass; that you will have on the table (*sur le bureau*) a certain number of tickets bearing the name of M. de Dalmas, and no others; that it is important that persons of intelligence, and who can be relied upon (*personnes intelligentes et sûres*), furnished with tickets bearing the name of M. de Dalmas, should occupy the approaches to the town-hall, and protect the electors of your commune, who are so well-intentioned, against error and falsehood.

"A *cantonnier* (road-labourer) will be placed, subject to your orders, during the two days of the ballot.

"Three candidates are in presence:—M. de Dalmas, secretarial *sous-chef* of the Cabinet of the Emperor, candidate of the Government; M. le Beschu de Champsavin; M. Dréo, son in law of Garnier-Pagès, founder of the Republic in 1848, one of those who decreed the forty-five centimes of which you will have preserved the recollection.

"M. de Dalmas represents the principle of devotion to the Government, to authority, to order and he alone is able by his position to favour the development of the numerous interests of the arrondissement.

"M. Dréo represents the Republic, Socialism, Destitution.

"Between these two candidates in opposition, the claims of the Hon. M. le Beschu upon your suffrages ought to be obliterated before the interests of order and society, which are menaced.

"Make the electors, Mr. Mayor, vote in a mass (*faites voter en masse*) for M. Dalmas, candidate of the Government, and by your enlightened and patriotic conduct you will serve at once the Government of the Emperor and the general interests of the country.

"*The Sub-prefect of Fougères,*
(Signed) "THIL."

It is only fair to mention that this circular of M. Thil drew down upon him a reprimand from the Minister of the Interior when it was brought under his notice, and he was told that the instructions contained in it exceeded the limit of "administrative action." We have no fault to find with the tone or manner of the rebuke; but the sub-prefect might fairly urge in his defence that he had done little more than copy the example set him by his superior officer, the prefect, who was not reprimanded.

It is amusing to see the terms in which poor M. Dréo, "son-in-law of Garnier-Pagès, founder of the Republic in 1848," is here spoken of. "M. Dréo, represents the Republic, Socialism, Destitution (*la misère*)!" and this flattering description is given of him by a gentlemen who most probably was *sous préfet* under the Republic, and perhaps owed his office originally to the very Government of which he now speaks in such contemptuous language. *Mais nous avons changé tou cela*, and a sneer at the Republic comes well from official lips under the Empire. The Imperial Government, however, did not run much risk as to M. Dréo's chances of success, for in fifty-eight communes he did not get a single vote, and in thirty-six others he only polled 141 votes altogether. The contest, if contest, under the circumstances we are about to detail, it can be called—*si rixa est ubi tu pulsas ego vapulo tantum*—lay between M. de Dalmas and M. le Beschu. Before, however, we come to the actual ballot, and what took place there, let us see the mode in which official bribery and corruption were brought to bear upon the election.

In order to understand this, we must bear in mind the great influence and power of a French prefect, who is a functionary very different from any we are familiar with in this country; and it is difficult to institute a comparison where little or no resemblance really exists. It used to be said that the three most despotic beings in the world were a Turkish pacha, a captain of a man-of-war, and a Winchester prefect. We will not assert that the French prefect is absolutely despotic, but he is the direct organ of the supreme executive in his department; he is the channel of Government patronage and favour, and is altogether, in the eyes of the inhabitants, a very awful personage. We may imagine therefore the effect of his personal interference at an election upon the ignorant community of the rural districts of France, where he is regarded not merely as the direct representative of Government, but is in some measure the impersonation of the Government itself. Government places are only to be obtained through him. He is the dispenser of Government patronage—the redresser of public grievances in his district—the interpreter of the wants and wishes of the inhabitants to the minister in Paris. He is, in short, the great man of the department, and his visit to a small provincial town or village is an epoch in its history. To be noticed by *M. le Prefet* is there an event in a man's life; and the fact is treasured amongst the family recollections, as in Beranger's well-known song, *Les Souvenirs du Peuple*, the old lady tells her admiring grandchildren that she was once spoken to by the first Napoleon—

"Il me dit, 'Bonjour, ma chère,
Bonjour, ma chère.'
Il vous a parlé grand mère,
Il vous a parlé !"

Fancy, then, the flutter produced amongst the rustics of Brittany by *M. le Prêfet* accompanying M. de Dalmas in his canvass and personally introducing him to the electors. And having once embarked in the contest, M. Feart was determined not to mince matters, but to make all the use possible of the name of the Emperor himself. He delivered speeches, in which he said (the oily flatterer!), alluding to a visit paid by the Emperor to Brittany the previous year—

"The Emperor has not forgotten the reception he met with here last year. He has asked himself what he could do for your excellent population. A vacancy having occured in your representative, *the idea has occurred to the Emperor* that it might be filled up by one of the first functionaries of his household—a man near his own person—who will be able to give him information about your district, and speak to him daily about your wants! M. de Dalmas then, is as good as the Emperor for you (*est donc l'Empereur pour vous*), and you ought to return him in gratitute to the Emperor, for all that he has done and will still do for Brittany."

The prefect took care also to introduce M. de Dalmas to the *curès* who have naturally and properly no inconsiderable influence over the rural population in France; and significant hints were thrown out as to the advantages that would result to the sacred edifices under their care, if he were elected. If the parish church wanted repair, M. de Dalmas was the man who had interest enough to find funds for the purpose. He told them, "If I am elected, I hope to obtain *from Government* a grant for the restoration of your church." One old gentleman, who was not inclined to be caught by the bait, rather disconcerted the canvasser by his matter-of-fact answer. When he was asked, "Don't you think of rebuilding your church? — it seems very old," he replied, "Ah! sir, I am too old to handle the trowel—I must leave that business to my successor." But others were more alive to their own interests, and it is no wonder, therefore, that in his Sunday sermon in one of the churches which was too small for the congregation, a priest called upon his hearers to vote for M. de Dalmas, exclaiming, "Vote for him, and you will vote for the enlargement of our church." Large sums were also promised for making and repairing roads; and at Bazouges, where a good deal of interest was felt in the construction of a new bridge, the prefect openly told the municipality, that if they *voted right*

(*s'ils votaient bien*), he would allot fifteen thousand francs for the purpose. At St. Aubin he declared that the question of establishing an imperial domain in that locality depended on the result of the election.

But hints and promises were not enough. *M. le Préfet* availed himself of his official position to bribe the communes by a rather lavish distribution of the monies voted by the *conseil général* of Ille-et-Vilaine, the application of which, in certain proportions, depended very much upon his discretion, but of which *not one farthing* ought to have been appropriated to electioneering objects. Part of these funds had been voted for the relief of the poor—or what we should call a poor-rate; part for the purchasing of fire-engines; part for the building and furnishing of schoolhouses and residences of the mayors; part for infirmaries and hospitals: and the proper proportion which the arrondissement of Fougères and Vitré was entitled to receive out of this was one-fourth, but in reality it received considerably more; and the only reason was, that a Government candidate was in the field, strenuously supported by the prefect, who had the disbursement of the money. We need not mention the images of Christ, and busts of the Emperor and Empress, which he was generous enough to give to the village schools —but all out of the public purse, and just before the election.

But this was not all.—A road was in the course of construction from Vitré to St. Malo, and the question was whether it should go through the town of St. Aubin, the streets of which were narrow and crooked, or pass outside the town. The engineers wished to give the go-by to the town, but the inhabitants were strongly opposed to this, as they thought they would lose in some degree the benefit of the road. The prefect adroitly availed himself of the dispute, and told the inhabitants that if they elected M. de Dalmas, he was just the man to get the road made through the town, for a word *from him* to the Emperor would be sufficient.

At Saint Brice, the *cabaretiers*, or, as we should call them, keepers of beer-houses and wine-shops, told the prefect while he was openly canvassing for M. de Dalmas, that they would vote to a man for him, and do all they could to induce their customers to vote also, if he would allow them to keep their houses open until ten o'clock, instead of closing them at nine, as the law required. M. le Prefect immediately gave them the permission, and of course secured their votes. In a particular canton of the department, several of the communes had petitioned for the withdrawal of a commissary of police, not on the ground of any personal objection to that office, but on account of the expense. Nothing, however, was done until M. de Dalmas came into the field, when the commissary was withdrawn, and it was publicly announced that the suppression of the office was due to his influence at headquarters.

The rural postman also, who holds his place at the pleasure of the prefect, was converted into an electioneering agent. He was furnished with a quantity of M. de Dalmas's tickets, and when, after giving his well-known knock at a cottage door, he found a voter in possession of one of M. le Beschu's cards, he begged him to exchange it for one of the right sort—that is, one of M. de Dalmas's—saying, "You may get into a scrape (*vous pouvez vous compromettre*). Take this ticket; I bring it by the order of *M. le Préfet*, who wishes no other card to be put into the ballot-box." And as the electors might naturally imagine that, the essence of vote by ballot being secresy, they may drop into the box any ticket they pleased without betraying themselves, they were told that the paper of M. le Beschu's tickets was different from that of M. de Dalmas, and not so transparent; so that the mayor who presided at the table on which the ballot-box was placed, would not fail to recognise the ticket, and he would take care *to remember the names of those who voted for M. le Beschu*. What a practical commentary upon the protection the ballot offers to the voter!

Public-house keepers were also warned, that if they supported M. le

Beschu, their licences would be withdrawn; and one of them, whose opposition sympathies were known, was openly told that he was the first who should suffer. So much for the regard paid to Article 39 of the Organic Decree of the 2d of February 1852, which provides as follows:—

"Those who, by acts, violence, or threats against an elector, whether by making him fear the loss of his employment, or the exposure to risk of his person, his family, or his fortune, shall have determined him to abstain from voting, or shall have influenced his vote, shall be punished with imprisonment, varying from one month to one year, and a fine varying from a hundred to a thousand francs. The penalty shall be double if the guilty person is a public functionary."

But to show the lengths to which intimidation was practised, we cannot do better than tell the story of a poor postman, which M. le Beschu offered to prove upon oath, if an inquiry were granted him by the *Corps Legislatif*, and which may be taken as a type of the sort of petty tyranny that goes on at elections in France, where Government officials have such overweening power.

At Saint-Ouen-de-la-Rouërie, a M. B——, an old friend of M. le Beschu, had a country house, where he kept up an establishment, consisting, amongst others, of a gamekeeper, a gardener, and a bailiff. The bailiff was named Dussuel, and he also acted as rural postman for the neighbourhood, filling thereby two offices, which would not be thought very compatible in this country. M. B—— sent a packet of M. le Beschu's tickets to his gamekeeper and gardener for distribution, but expressly told Dussuel to have nothing to do with them on account of his connection with the post-office. Dussuel faithfully observed this injunction, and was therefore not a little surprised and alarmed at being summoned by the *sous-préfet* before the *juge de paix*, and charged with having distributed M. le Beschu's tickets, and *engaged in opposition to the Government!* The bailiff postman stoutly denied the accusation, which was utterly false; but the only answer he got from the *sous-préfet*, who seems to have cared little for the presence or opinion of the *juge de paix*, was, "I tell you you are suspended, and I shall apply for your dismissal." Dussuel, who was a widower with five small children dependent on him, implored the aid of M. B——, who immediately went to the prefect and told him the facts of the case; upon which an investigation took place, and it was proved that Dussuel had not carried a single ticket of M. le Beschu, but several belonging to M. de Dalmas. Still the sub-prefect was not satisfied, and he was allowed to institute a fresh inquiry, in the course of which Dussuel, to confirm his assertion of his innocence, was incautious enough to put into the hands of the sub-prefect the letter of M. B——, in which he had expressly forbidden him to distribute M. le Beschu's cards. Mark now the perverse ingenuity of the *sous-préfet*, worthy of the astuteness of a Turkish Cadi. He declared that the letter itself was Dussuel's condemnation; "for," said he, "this postman has not distributed opposition cards because M. B—— told him not to do it: *it is plain, then, that he* WOULD HAVE DISTRIBUTED *them if M. B—— had not told him not to do so:* in consequence, I demand his dismissal." This, however, was going a little too far for even *M. le Préfet*, and he contented himself with ordering Dussuel to act as postman in a different part of the country. The Postmaster-General (*le directeur général des postes*) was then appealed to, and the result was that Dussuel was allowed to retain his former district, but on the express condition that he was to give up his employment as bailiff to M. B——, and not to act as postman to the town of St. Ouen.

In another part of the electoral district, a poor fellow, who filled the offices of grave-digger and bill-sticker, was deprived of both places by the mayor, on the ground that he had distributed M. le Beschu's tickets; and when he had cleared himself from this heinous charge, he was restored only on condition that he would distribute M. de Dalmas's tickets, and vote *right*.

After this it is needless to say that the whole body of Government *employés*, from the *préfet* to the *cantonnier*, including *sous-préfets*, *maires*,

gendarmerie, *instituteurs primaires*, and *facteurs*, was arrayed against M. le Beschu, and left no stone unturned to throw difficulties in his way, and secure the return of M. de Dalmas, "*candidat du Gouvernement*," and "*un des premiers functionaires de la maison de l'Empereur*." Threats, promises, intimidation, flattery, espionage, all were resorted to, lest in an obscure part of Brittany the inhabitants might be blind enough to choose as their representative a gentleman of excellent character and high position, who resided amongst them, and was well known to them personally, in preference to an utter stranger, whose only recommendation was that he was *sous-chef du cabinet de l'Empereur*.

We come now to Sunday the 18th of December, the day when the ballot commenced; and we will fix our attention upon a single commune, that of Louvigné-du-Desert, in which the estate of Champsavin, belonging to M. le Beschu, is situated, and where, he frankly tells us, the efforts of the prefect and sub-prefect had been most active against him, as they not unreasonably supposed that he would there be most likely to obtain a majority of votes. It will, however, serve as a specimen of the *modus operandi* in the other communes of the district.

The scene opens at the town-hall, or *mairie*—time just after morning mass. A body of functionaries, all in the employ of Government, were stationed in two rows between the church and the hall, forming a sort of lane along which the voters had to pass on their way to the ballot-box. Like the touters who surround the traveller on his arrival by the steamboat at Calais or Boulogne armed with the cards of their different hotels, these functionaries thrust the tickets of M. de Dalmas into the hands of the countrymen, and did all in their power to make them throw away those of M. le Beschu. After thus running the gauntlet outside, the electors entered the town-hall, where they found the mayor seated at the table with the ballot-box before him, and a heap of M. de Delmas's tickets ready for use, but not a single one of M. le Beschu. The law requires that the tickets shall be folded (*fermés*), and it is usual to double them twice, in order, of course, to conceal as much as possible the name of the candidate for whom the elector votes; but on this occasion the mayor took care to half unfold the paper after it was put into his hands, and feel it with his fingers (pray do not forget the hint about the difference in the quality of the paper of the two sets of tickets), on the pretence that there might be two tickets folded together; and when, by this process of palmistry, he discovered that the vote was intended for M. le Beschu, he had the effrontery to tell the elector that he was voting against "the pump and the market," both which, it seems, wanted funds for completion, and stood in need of the powerful assistance of M. de Dalmas, *de la maison de l'Empereur*. And to prove the utter worthlessness of the ballot as a protection in such a place as Louvigné-du-Desert (and of course there are a vast number of such places in France), M. le Beschu declares that, when a pauper who received parish relief in the shape of a few loaves of bread weekly, and who had voted on this occasion for him, went, after the ballot, to get his usual pittance of food, the mayor would not let him have any, but sent him away, exclaiming, "*Va trouver M. le Beschu!*"

In one of his circulars the prefect had directed the mayors to inform him of the number who voted on the Sunday before the next day's voting began, and M. le Beschu asserts that in several of the communes they carried their zeal so far as to *open the ballot-box* on the Sunday evening, and sent the results to the prefect. The boxes were then closed for the operations of the morrow. Well may he ask, "*Devant qui et par qui cette operation a-t-elle été faite?*" and affirm that it is in direct defiance of the provisions of the law of the 2d of February 1852.

What shall we say, however, of the following incident, which also M. le Beschu offered to prove by witnesses before the Corps Legislatif?

In one of the communes the persons present at the final opening of the ballot-box were the mayor, an officer called *adjoint*, the secretary

and a spectator. Who this spectator was does not appear; we simply give the fact as M. le Beschu records it. In the list of the electors the names of those who had actually voted were marked with a cross, and the mayor observed that the number of these was small. He took up the list, and as he perused the names, he said, "So-and-so did not come; but his intention was to vote for M. de Dalmas." Thereupon the Mayor made a cross beside the name, *and put a ticket into the box.* This operation he repeated several times. While he was thus employed, a woman came into the room, and said, "Here is my husband's vote, which he has sent me to bring, as he cannot come himself." "All right," answered the mayor, and dropped the paper into the box, making the cross at the same time beside the absentee's name. This sort of proceeding, however, rather alarmed one of the assistants, who appears to have had a dim suspicion that it was not "all right;" and he said, "But, Mr. Mayor! what you are doing seems to be rather serious." On which the mayor replied, "I have received orders to act thus;" and of course the objector was silent.

It seems, in truth, to be one of the incidents of the ballot to manufacture votes. Thus, in a case which came before the *Tribunal Correctionel* of Blanc, a town in the department de l'Indre, in the month of August 1858, the Mayor of Blanc and several other persons were charged with various illegal acts in the election of a member of the *Conseil général*, which had recently taken place; and the mayor in particular (who, it will be remembered, presides over the voting, and has the custody of the ballot-box), with having opened the tickets which were handed to him folded up; with having put into the box tickets for electors who never came to vote at all; and with having made one elector vote twice over, and allowed another to put in a ticket for a voter who was absent.

And lest it should be supposed that this is an extreme case, we will mention another of a still more flagrant character. In a commune in the neighbourhood of Troyes, where a M. Leopold Javal was the candidate in opposition to the Government, when the ballot-box was opened, only three votes were found in it for him. This caused considerable surprise amongst the electors, as on comparing notes they discovered that more than eighty had in reality given their votes for him; and so much was said about the fraud that had been practised, that the mayor felt himself compelled to accuse some of the most prominent of the grumblers before the *procureur imperial* of defamation. The case came before the *Tribunal Correctionel*, and more than forty witnesses were examined on oath, who all swore that they had given their votes for M. Javal. At this stage of the proceedings the president of the court addressed the advocate of the accused, and asked him whether it was necessary to carry the case further. He replied that he had by no means exhausted his list of witnesses, but if the court was satisfied, he was; upon which a judgment of acquittal was immediately pronounced. We admire the boldness or rather the effrontery of the mayor in challenging this inquiry; but we suppose that he hoped that the electors would be afraid to come forward and convict him of the fraud.

By way of commentary upon such proceedings as we have here detailed, and to contrast the practice of universal suffrage in France with the pompous theory of the law on the subject, we will now quote one or two passages from a judgment delivered by the *Cour de Cassation* in January 1857, in which the court said:—

"It is especially under the empire of universal suffrage that it is of importance to take care that the exercise of the electoral right does not degenerate into an abuse; that one of the most momentous duties of civil life be accomplished loyally, without surprise, without fraud, and that the election be the (result of) will of all those who take part in it, and not the work of individuals without commission and without responsibility. In thus explaining the law, the right of the elector and the candidate remains independent of the Administration, and he may exercise it in complete liberty."

Brave words these—but *quid prosunt leges sine moribus?* What is

the use of a written election law to secure the independence of the voter, if it is constantly violated in practice by a whole army of Government officials? The liberties of France would have a better chance if the Emperor had the legal right to nominate directly a simple majority in the Chamber, and he were to leave the minority to the free choice of the electors, without the slightest interference on the part of the prefect and his subordinates. As matters stand at present, he returns his own creatures, under the mask of deputies freely chosen by the people.

When the ballot-box was opened at Louvigné-du-Dèsert, although only 771 persons had votes, it was found that there were 780 tickets in the box, and in almost every commune similar discrepancies occurred. This shows that there was fraud somewhere; and after the narrative of facts we have given, we think it will not be difficult to decide whether it was on the part of the voters or the officials. It reminds us of a passage in the speech of the facetious deputy Guerrazzi in the Sardinian Parliament, a short time ago, who said, "At Lavenzo the number of voters registered was 402, and out of the urn came 476 votes. Talk of the miracle of the loaves and fishes!"

The final result of the contest was that M. de Dalmas was returned by an immense majority over M. le Beschu, the numbers being—

For M. de Dalmas,	.	25,590
For M. le Beschu,	.	2,821
For M. Dréo,	.	996

The total number of electors in the list was 39,404, so that 9,997 abstained from voting.

Upon these facts M. le Beschu addressed a *Protestation* to the *Corps Legislatif* against the return of M. de Dalmas, and prayed the Chamber to annul the election of a representative in the united arrondissements of Fougères and Vitré that took place on the 18th and 19th of December 1859. He offered to prove by witnesses on oath before commissioners to be appointed, the facts which he had averred in his protest, in case the Chamber should not consider the circulars of the prefect and his subordinates, and the matters of public notoriety mentioned in the protest, sufficient to induce the Chamber to declare the election null and void.

M. le Beschu's petition was referred to a committee of the Chamber, and a sort of preliminary inquiry was held by them, at which M. le Beschu and several other persons were present, and statements were made both on behalf of the petitioner and also of the authorities implicated. The result was, that the committee, by a majority of 19 to 12, agreed to report to the Chamber that the commission of inquiry prayed for ought not to be granted, and that M. de Dalmas should be declared duly elected to serve "for the third electoral circumscription of the department of the Ille-et-Vilaine." This gave rise to a spirited debate which will be found reported in the *Journal des Debats* of the 24th of March last, and which is well worthy a perusal. The report of the committee went at considerable length into the allegations contained in M. le Beschu's protest, and declared that the circular of M. Thil, the sub-prefect of Fougères, which we have quoted at length, was *regrettable*, and evinced a degree of zeal which nobody could approve of. That it was, however, the isolated act of a public functionary, without authority from his superiors; and owing to the late period at which it appeared, it could have had no influence on the result of the election. That the facts alleged by M. le Beschu were not within his own personal knowledge, but rested on the information given him by others. "And what danger there was to truth in the passage from mouth to mouth of such statements, and how many alterations they might have undergone before they reached him!" (The committee here seems to have forgotten that M. le Beschu's application was to have these very statements verified upon oath by persons who could speak from personal knowledge.) That besides, in one particular affecting the Archbishop of Rennes, M. le Beschu had, in the opinion of a majority of the committee, been shown to be inaccurate, and therefore his other statements ought to be received with great caution, as found-

ed on misapprehension and mistake. Finally, that the immense majority of M. de Dalmas over his opponent was decisive of the question. They said—

"A majority so imposing cannot be obtained on the ground of abuse of authority and influence. Individuals disappear in the infinite ramifications of universal suffrage. [We are translating literally.] There remain only the masses, whom it would be in vain to attempt to turn aside from the different currents that draw them in; and if, speaking strictly, one could comprehend a system of intimidation capable of making them abstain from voting, it is impossible to imagine an intimidation capable of making them vote contrary to their wishes."

The above was the substance of the report, in which not a word was said of the promises made, and the inducements held out, by the prefect and his subordinates, to the "masses" in the different communes, provided only they voted right (*s'ils votaient bien*), and which, considering the enormous amount of Government interference in France with matters which with us are left in the hands of parish vestries and local boards, were nothing short of bribery on the most extensive scale. The conclusion, however, at which the committee had arrived was vigorously attacked in the *Corps Legislatif* by M. Plichon, M. Picard, and others; and M. Picard, who was himself a member of the committee, said that the Count de la Riboisière, a senator and president of the *Conseil Général* of Ille-et-Vilaine, had declared before them that, during the election, terror prevailed in the district of Vitré and Fougères, and had mentioned facts that proved that intimidation, fraud, and bribery (*seduction*) had been resorted to. But the most interesting part of the debate was a speech made by M. Baroche, President of the Council of State, who enunciated certain principles which go far to explain the conduct of the officials in the particular case complained of, and also to explain the majorities which the French Government is able to obtain at elections. After declaring that France was as honoured and as *free* now as she had ever been, he said—

"While I proclaim the advantages of universal suffrage, I think there would be danger in abandoning it to itself, as one of the previous speakers has seemed to wish. During the continuance of restricted suffrage, certain electoral colleges did not contain more than 150 voters, and sometimes 76 or 80 votes were enough to return a deputy. One can understand that in presence of so small a number of electors, all occupying a certain social position, there was no room for the intervention of the Government. But we must not forget that on the 18th and 19th of December last, 89,000 electors were convoked in the department of Ille-et-Vilaine to choose a deputy; *and were they to be abandoned to themselves—that is to say, to all their local passions? The duty of the Government was to enlighten them, and it had the right to recommend publicly the Government candidate.* As a general proposition, I admit that it is a good thing that places should be represented by men locally known there; but all systems of electoral legislation have allowed that strangers may also be chosen. This is especially necessary in the case of local quarrels and dissensions: and the best mode of putting a stop to them is the introduction of a candidate who is a stranger. If the Government did not indicate its candidate—if it did not recommend him to the electors—if it did not try and insure his success by all honourable means, it would be wanting to its own rights, and would fail in its duty. *Universal suffrage, which declares itself with such an imposing appearance* (avec un ensemble si admirable), *when he who is to be elected is placed so high that all feel and know the interest they have in the choice they are about to make*—[Oh, M. Baroche! we know well to whose election by seven millions you are now alluding]—*universal suffrage, I say, becomes less enlightened in proportion as the person to be elected is nearer to the electors.* If, in that case, local passions were left without direction, universal suffrage might become, not, as some one has improperly called it, an universal mystification, but a great danger. The administration has its candidate. Again I say, it is its right and its duty. I, the organ of the Government, declare it without hesitation."

The question was put to the vote (by ballot) whether the report and recommendation of the committee should be adopted, and there appeared 123 in favour of it, and 109

against it.* So M. de Dalmas was declared duly elected, and the *sous-chef du cabinet de l'Empereur* now sits in the French Chamber as representative of the third circumscription of the department of Ille-et-Vilaine.

Although we have selected the case of M. le Becha for the purpose of giving a detailed account of the proceedings at the election at which he was a candidate, it must not be supposed that it is an isolated or exceptional instance. We have before us documents which prove that the interference at elections of the *employés* of Government in France, and the unscrupulous use by them of all the influence which their position gives them, is the constant and habitual practice. In a *memoire* or "case," drawn up in June, 1857, by M. Jules Brame, who was a candidate at a general election in the Department du Nord, and whose opponent was M. Descat, the former deputy for the district, we find the prefect, M. Besson, addressing the mayors of the electoral district in a circular, in which he said—

"The Government of the Emperor, to whom the country owes its grandeur and prosperity, recommends (*désigne*) M. Descat to the choice of the electors."

And in another circular he said that to vote for M. Brame would be

"An unjustifiable act, unworthy of the loyalty of the population. Let us not," he continued, "accustom the country to ingratitude. It is a pernicious example, which can only compromise the future. The Government of the Emperor, in its sense of justice for services rendered, recommends to you M. Descat. You will, M. le Maire, I am sure, exert yourself to the utmost extent of your power to do all that is necessary to insure the success of his election. . . . *It must be made generally known that opposition candidates have not the power to realise the promises they make.* It must be made known that, in rejecting M. Descat, the electors are voting against a Government which has done everything for their prosperity, and which they would attempt to enfeeble by giving votes which would be an act of hostility towards it. . . . To vote for M. Brame is to give support to the enemies of the country, who are not afraid to raise up their heads."

In this contest it was curious to see the eagerness with which both the candidates asserted themselves to be Protectionists, and the indignation with which each repelled the calumny that he was favourable to Free Trade. Thus M. Descat, in an address to the electors, said—

"I am well known to you; nevertheless, malevolence hawks about (*colporte*) calumnies against me with such unwearied pertinacy that I owe you an explanation. It is said that I am a Free-Trader. It is an ENORMITY, against which my past life and all my interests alike protest."

On the eve of the election, M. Brame was attacked in an article of a local newspaper, and charged with having forged a document for electioneering purposes. M. Brame naturally wished to give an instant denial to so odious an accusation, but he was actually told by the *Procureur Imperial* that he was too late, and that as the twenty days allowed by law, during which time alone a candidate is permitted to issue placards and notices relative to his election, had just expired, he could neither placard his denial on the walls, nor insert a paragraph in the newspapers, declaring that the charge was false. So that, according to this, a man who ventures to oppose a Government candidate in France may, at the most critical moment, just before the election, be made the object of the most calumnious attacks—carefully reserved until the twenty days in which he is permitted to address the electors have elapsed—and he is not to be allowed even the liberty of denying them.

Another ingenious mode of stifling opposition at elections is to prevent as far as possible the cards of the obnoxious candidate from getting into the hands of the electors. This is done by attempting to put in force the law relating to *colportage*, and declaring that all who distribute the cards or tickets are acting as un-

* This was a large minority, but it must be remembered that the vote was taken by *ballot*. It shows that the case was a flagrant one—so flagrant that even a submissive Chamber could hardly suffer it to pass.

licensed hawkers, and so are guilty of a misdemeanour.

The *colportage* law is part of the *Loi du* 27-29 *Juillet*, 1849, *sur la Presse*, and is in the following terms: "All distributors or hawkers of books, writings, pamphlets, engravings, and lithographs, shall be obliged to be furnished with an authority (or licence), which shall be delivered to them for the department of the Seine by the prefect of police, and for the other departments by the prefects." And the penalty of contravention is fine and imprisonment. We cannot state that any French court of justice has actually held the distribution of electoral cards to be within scope of this law, but we know that individuals have been brought before *juges de paix*, and charged with it as a penal offence. And in one case a candidate was himself arrested for handing about his own cards in a market-place! At a late election which took place for the arrondissement of Pont de l'Evêque, which embraces part of the coast of Normandy, the report was carefully spread that if the Government candidate did not obtain an imposing majority, there would be a general impressment of seamen, and that those who were known to exert themselves for the opposition candidate, would be compelled to sail in the expedition to China. And to such an extent was the system of Government interference carried, that none of the licensed victuallers (*débiteurs de boissons*) dared to receive the addresses and cards of the opposition candidate, and they positively refused them, knowing well that they were at the mercy of the prefect, who could, if he pleased, make them close their houses. In one of the communes of the arrondissement of Lisieux, the commissary of police threatened a distributor of some opposition tickets on the eve of an election, that if he did not desist, his son, who was away from his regiment on furlough on account of health, should be immediately recalled to active service, and of course the threat was effectual. Sometimes opposition placards are torn down by or in presence of the authorities, whose zeal, although sometimes, as in the case of M. Thil, it overshoots the mark, is quickened by the hope of thereby recommending them to the favour of Government, the absolute dispenser of every kind of patronage in France.

We might go on multiplying such instances to an indefinite extent, but we think we have said enough to illustrate the way in which M. Baroche's maxim as to the necessity of not abandoning electors to themselves, and of enlightening them with respect to the performance of their duties, is practically understood and carried our by the authorities; and how universal suffrage may and does become universal "mystification." We have seen the enormous amount of influence, both direct and indirect, which the Imperial Government brings to bear upon elections—the promises, the threats, the frauds, which are employed to secure the return of the Government candidates; and how, then, can we accept the results as a fair test of the political opinions of a majority of the population? When the masses are told by their prefects, who have the power of verifying their own predictions, that unless they return a particular deputy, the roads of the commune will not be repaired, and the bridges not rebuilt, that the parish church will be allowed to fall into decay, and no public money will be spent on the district,—how can we wonder that they vote as they are bid, and become passive instruments in the hands of Government. To us, we confess it seems to be little short of a miracle that any opposition should succeed, and we admire the moral courage of the men who venture to confront the serried phalanx of officials, with all their machinery of power, patronage, and means of annoyance at command. They run in a race where the competitors are so unfairly weighted as to make the chance of victory on the side of opposition almost impossible.

But it may be said that opposition members do sit in the *Corps Legislatif*—and how did they get there if the system at elections is such as we have described? We answer first, that it would not serve the purpose of the Imperial Government not

to have even the show of an opposition in the Chamber—that would be too transparent a mockery; and, secondly, public opinion is not so utterly powerless and dead in France as to make it safe to attempt such practices in the larger towns. It is therefore quite consistent with all we have here stated, that M. Emile Ollivier should be elected in Paris, and M. le Beschu de Champsavin rejected in Brittany.

We will, in conclusion, quote one or two passages from the writings of the present French Emperor, which deserve to be carefully studied, as containing the opinions of a man who, more than any other in Europe, has the power to convert his ideas into facts. In a short essay on the electoral system which he published in 1840, in *L' Idée Napoléonienne*, intended to be a monthly periodical, but of which only one number ever appeared, after proposing a system of electoral colleges based on universal suffrage, he says :—

"In a well-organised body two contrary currents must always be perceptible; one rising from the base to the summit, the other descending from the summit to the base.

"This influence of the Government, which must be felt in the lowest classes of the people, and the authority of popular will, which even the head of the State must acknowledge, must act and react by mutual degrees in the ascending, as in the descending current.

"When the people vote in a body in the public street, and give their suffrage directly, it is as if all the blood of the body rose to the head, and the consequence is discomfort, congestion, giddiness.

"Even the interests of the people are inadequately represented, because reflection and judgment have no influence over the elections; only passion and excitement of the moment direct the vote.

"A striking example of this truth presents itself in the democracy of the Swiss cantons. The people assembled in a body on the public place to choose their representatives; yet, though they enjoy the plenitude of power, the retrogressive spirit is firmly implanted in the minds of the people in their Swiss cantons. There is no ancient prejudice which they do not sanction in their popular assemblies, and no improvement which they do not reject.

"In France just the contrary takes place. *In our election system, founded on fear and privilege, the influence of the Government acts directly on the people, and this influence, which might nevertheless be enlightened and protective, acts by corrupting the consciences of the people, by deceitful promises, by making a real political traffic of the votes of the citizens.*"

Such is the character given by Prince Louis Napoleon of the action of the Government on the electoral system twenty years ago. It then, according to him, corrupted consciences and trafficked in votes. At the present moment, Napoleon III. wishes the world to believe that under the Imperial regime it is "enlightened and protective." But, after the facts we have adduced, we leave it to every one who reads this article to declare whether the Emperor has not, in the above passage, pronounced his own condemnation, and given a true description of the system now practised in France; and whether universal suffrage and vote by ballot in that country are not "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

ERINNYS.

Ὅστις δ' ἀλιτὼν ὥσπερ ὅδ' ἀνὴρ
Χεῖρας φονίας ἐπικρύπτει
Μάρτυρες ὀρθαὶ τοῖσι θανοῦσιν
Παραγιγνόμεναι πράκτορες αἵματος
Αὐτῷ τελέως ἐφάνημεν.

Though stark he lieth and cold in clay,
Though he utters neither good nor ill,
There is that which my dagger could not kill—
A haunting horror night and day,
That makes my blood stand still—
That makes my spirit shrink and shiver,
That dwells within me for ever and ever,
A dark and terrible dream, wherewith I cannot away!
Nightly and daily I die with fear,
Lest the breeze, as it wanders far and near,
Should speak my story in mortal ear;
Or the Hand that writes in letters of fire,
When the raving clouds contend in heaven,
Should flash my name in the wild far-gleaming levin,
And the pattering rain should conspire,
With ever-heedful tones, as it fell,
This bloody rumour that cries from hell,
Slowly to shape and syllable.

Suddenly in a frenzied fright,
With cold damp brow, and stiffened hair,
And lips that trembled in vain for a prayer,
I started from my bed,
In the deep heart of the silent night—
For there grew in the dark a lurid light,
And my eyes were chained to a ghastly sight,
The white weird face of the dead;
And I saw the blood of the red wound drip,
And the wasted finger laid on the lip—
O for darkness of eyes, darkness of mind!
Great God, let the heat of thine anger strike me blind!

The very breath I breathe is a secret strife,
And might well make a coward of the brave.
I shudder to see the light of life;
But death with a hundred hells is rife,
And I dare not lift the poison or knife,
And suddenly seek the grave.
There is rest for all, but not for me;
I discern not any term or scope,
But a ghastly hope, which is not a hope,
For an end which is never to be.

And still the Angel claims the price of guilt;
Still the Voice haunts me through the weary years,
Full of anguish, full of fears,
Seeming to search the distant spheres,
And to whisper the tale in a thousand ears,
How the crimson river of life was spilt;
And in the desert gloom of my breast
So long this fiery curse I bear,
That to me now, in my mad despair,
Change of pain would be almost as sweet as rest!

P. S. WORSLEY

THE REFORM BILL AND THE TORY PARTY.

THE withdrawal of the Reform Bill is a pretty instance of poetical justice, and a curious illustration of party politics. It is said that Lord John Russell is extremely mortified at the frustration of his unhappy Bill, and we can well believe it; for besides losing the chance of identifying his name with a further measure of Reform, he has incurred, for the third time in his life, the disgrace of turning out a Government, and failing to fulfil the pledges on the strength of which he was supported. He overthrew the first Administration of Sir Robert Peel by voting the appropriation of the surplus revenues of the Irish Church to the purposes of general education; and when he entered upon office, he found it convenient to forget that in resolution after resolution he had insisted on the necessity of such a measure. He expelled the second Administration of Sir Robert Peel by opposing the Irish Coercion Bill, the spirit of which he had himself to adopt when he attained the Premiership. And now, for the third time, we find him overturning a Tory Government for not doing what he himself is unable to perform. Lord Derby's Cabinet produced a Reform Bill which is universally admitted to be the best measure of the kind as yet submitted to Parliament. Lord John Russell declined even to consider the principle of it, and eventually drove the Tories from the Treasury bench on the special ground that they were not sufficiently ardent in the cause of Reform. He and his party came into office for the express purpose of reconstructing the constitution, and the moment they are seated on the well-padded bench at the right hand of the Speaker, they discover that they have undertaken impossibilities, and that their promises are not to be redeemed. Nor can they blame the Opposition for this ignominious failure. They have to blame only themselves and their friends. The chief opposition to the Reform Bill came from the supporters of the Government, who gave notice of no less than seventy out of the ninety amendments which it was proposed to carry in committee. But an obstacle more deadly to the success of the measure than the sneers of Tories or the machinations of Whigs, was that which the Government itself raised in the Treaty with France and the consequent Budget. On the first night of the session it was announced that on the 20th of February Lord John Russell would bring in his Reform Bill. Evidently it was concluded that the Government was earnest for Reform. Reform was the question of the day. Ministers were to stand or fall by Reform. Who so eager as they to keep faith with the country? It soon oozed out that they had a card on which they placed greater reliance, and which they intended to play first. The Budget was to be produced a fortnight before the Reform Bill, and many weeks before the usual time. The enthusiasm to be created by the Budget and the French Treaty, was to cover the multitude of offences that were likely to spring out of a Reform Bill in which nobody had any confidence. Then came the incident of Mr. Gladstone's loss of voice. Observe the consequence. The Budget was postponed four days—from the 6th to the 10th of February; and the Reform Bill was postponed ten days—from the 20th February to the 1st of March. When Mr. Gladstone had made his financial statement, it was urged by Mr. Disraeli, that for measures so important as those proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the country and the House of Commons should have time to deliberate, and that in the interval we could proceed to the consideration of the Reform Bill. Lord John Russell replied, "Well, that is not the course I am going to pursue. However anxious I may be to bring in that Bill, it will be my duty not to submit it to the consideration of the House until we have gone through at least all the principal measures indicated by the Budget." So that although the Government came into

office for the express purpose of extending the franchise, and although they had an opportunity of laying their proposals before the House of Commons at a comparatively early period of the session, they deliberately preferred the Budget to Reform, and treated as of secondary moment the pledges by which they had been wafted into power. The very men who had staked their all upon Reform, when the time came for the fulfilment of their pledges, treated them as subsidiary to a Budget which is all but universally regarded as the most mischievous sham that has ever been offered to the country. Lord John Russell might well feel mortified as he saw the toils gathering around him, and knew that by his own act he had rendered himself incapable of fulfilling the solemn engagement which secured place for himself and his friends.

It is hard that such an event should be recorded three times of a statesman, who, besides, has the unenviable reputation of upsetting every coach of which he is not the charioteer; but the country has been so relieved by the withdrawal of the Reform Bill, that in the present instance no one has been willing to press him very severely for his broken vows. As a party, indeed, the Opposition could have little to fear from the passing of the Reform Bill. It would not have much interfered with the constituencies in which Conservative feeling is dominant. The principal effect of it would have been not to transfer power from one side of the House to the other, but to transfer a goodly number of seats from Whigs to Radicals. The Whig party would have been destroyed for ever; the Radicals would take their place as the natural opponents of the Tories; and in all probability the country would so speedily be disgusted with their extravagant theories and their clumsy administration, that the Tory party would return triumphant to office. If the Tory party were place-hunters, this would be a consummation most devoutly to be wished for. The second Reform Bill, instead of, like the first, giving a long lease of office to the Whigs, would give that precious boon to their political antagonists. The Tory party, however, have no desire to witness the final extinction of the Whigs. We believe in the good effects of a moderate opposition, and that it would be ruinous to the country, however it might temporarily benefit our political friends, if the Whig side of the House of Commons should be chiefly Radical—if Mr. Bright should be the great god, and Mr. Edwin James the legal luminary of our opponents—and if the watchwords of the party should be Household Suffrage, Ballot, Electoral Districts, and "Down with the House of Lords." The Whigs understood the feeling of the Tories perfectly well, and did all in their power to place upon them the burden of rejecting the obnoxious Bill. The latter, however, were not to be misled. They insisted upon the Whigs fighting their own battle, and it must be admitted that the Whigs fought with uncommon zeal, though their tactics somewhat resembled those of the Parthians, who levelled their most deadly arrows at those behind them. Their opposition was so powerful that Lord John Russell was compelled to yield to their representations, and to withdraw his little monster of a Bill, with which the Liberal side of the House has been so disgusted, that the more knowing politicians confidently predict the impossibility of passing such a measure for at least a couple of years to come. In making this calculation they look chiefly to the census which takes place next year, although the returns cannot be made up before 1862. So much has been made of statistics in the measure introduced by Lord John Russell, that we are, by a logical necessity, compelled to ask for the most accurate tables; and it would be at once ungracious and unreasonble for the Radicals to refuse a little delay, when the tables which are to convince everybody are so near at hand. In any case, however, it will be next to impossible to pass a Reform Bill in the ensuing session of Parliament, inasmuch as the legislature will have more than enough to do in the reconstruction of our financial system, which has

been so rudely disturbed by the wild experiments of the present year. If the bill, necessitated by what we may call the provisional Budget of 1860, consumed so much time as to compel the postponement of the great constitutional question on which the Cabinet staked its existence and its honour, the bills required by the renovating finance of 1861—by a Budget that must be prospective as well as retrospective—will assuredly take up not less time, nor exhaust less of the public interest. Moreover, if we look to foreign affairs, we shall find some reason to anticipate the possibility of the Reform Bill being postponed for even longer than two years. The Continent is in a very troubled state. All is uncertainty, and war is the universal expectation. Even England is compelled to consider the probability of being dragged into the vortex. But if war comes—and when we are expending £80,000,000 a-year on our sea and land forces, besides raising a loan of £12,000,000 for fortifications, it may almost be said that war has already come—we may calculate that for at least three years England will be completely absorbed in the question of fleets and armies, and in the direction of an active foreign policy; and our Parliament will have neither the time nor the inclination for a Reform Bill. Parliament has never been able to do two things at once—to do great things in the prosecution of domestic legislation, while pushing with ardour a foreign policy worthy of our power; to amputate its own legs by way of constitutional reform, and at the same time to give a good kick to the enemy with whom we are at war. We may therefore expect that the country will have ample time to consider the principles on which a Reform Bill ought to be based.

Consideration is absolutely necessary, for we have so tinkered the constitution that we are in a fair way to change it altogether. Observe the downward course of our legislation, and the impossibility of logically stopping until we are landed in the practical absurdity of universal suffrage and mobocracy. If A is admitted to the suffrage, why not B? if B, why not C? if C, why not D and the whole alphabet? We commenced our course of constitutional legislation in the present century by the Test and Corporation Acts, which removed disabilities from Dissenters. By emancipating the Catholics we proclaimed still further that our free constitution ought not to be based on a doctrine of exclusiveness. Then came the Reform Bill, which gave to every man in a £10 house the right of voting for a parliamentary representative. We did not stop here, but ere long declared that it was unnecessary for members of Parliament to be of the Christian faith, or to have any qualification from property. We have now been asked to give the franchise to the occupiers of houses at a rental of £6; and there is no reason in the world, except the practical absurdity in which we should very soon find ourselves, why, having done so much, we should not go still further, and give the suffrage to every householder. In point of fact, whether the legislature grants this boon to the lower classes or not, it is pretty evident that in the natural course of things they must have it sooner or later. It was only last year that, from the speculations of M. Chevalier and Mr. Cobden on the fall in the value of gold, we deduced the obvious inference that a £10 house must at no distant period be within the means of every man who has a roof over his head. A rent of £10 a-year means no more than 3s. 10d. a-week, and there are not many tenements in London which fail to command such a price. The electors of Marylebone and Finsbury who send Mr. Edwin James and Mr. Duncombe to Parliament cannot be deteriorated by a lowering of the electoral qualification. A reduction of the qualification to £6 will make the very smallest addition possible to the number of the electors, almost all the householders being already included in the registration. So manifestly is this the case, that the efforts of such men as Mr. Edwin James and Mr. Thomas Duncombe are directed not to the lowering of the household qualification, which their constituents do not demand, but to the admission of the class of lodgers

to the privileges of the franchise. What has happened in London will sooner or latter happen in every town in the kingdom. Rents will rise, or, what is the same thing, money will fall, so that every householder in the land will have the benefit of the franchise. Then it will be time for the lodgers to fight for their privileges. At first their qualification may be set down at a good round figure, which will be reduced by agitation until at last it becomes so small as to include every lodger, and to be equivalent to universal suffrage. So far, however, universal suffrage would be restrained by the formalities of registration. But it would speedily be discovered that a system of annual registration is a hardship to the great majority of electors—namely, those who frequently shift their lodgings. By degrees we should come to keep the registers constantly open, and such confusion would ensue, such brawling and such loss of time, that in self-defence the populace would abolish registration, or, rendering it a farce, fall back on the American model, and vote wholesale, by ticket, by ballot, and by bullet. Of course, we all regard such a state of things with unmingled horror; but is it not the logical result to which we are tending? Lord John Russell's Bill, so far from being a final settlement of the question, would but pave the way, first for household, then for universal suffrage; and it is because they clearly see this that our legislature felt the necessity of pausing in the downward course, and calmly measuring the difficulties of the situation.

The question is nothing less than this, How is the constitution to be saved? For the constitution is gone if the balance on which it depends is overset. Most clearly it is overset, if the dominant power in the State is given to the working classes, which outnumber all the others put together. Where are we to stop? On what principle are we to stop? Are we to concede so much to-day and so much to-morrow, and give up little by little, until we lose all? Is it the principle of Conservatives to conserve what cannot be conserved? It must be confessed that in this dallying with reform we are treading a very dangerous path; and in the breathing-time which is given to us, we would seriously ask the Tory leaders, committed as they are to an extension of the franchise, whether it is not possible to feel our way to a final solution of the question, and to some means of guarding the constitution from utter destruction. The prerogatives of the Crown have been gradually diminished; the powers of the House of Lords have been curtailed to little more than those of a Court of Review, and in the present session it has been even proposed to take from them the right of reviewing financial measures; and while the House of Commons has become almost absolute in the State, we are entertained with the suggestion that it should be filled with the delegates of a single class, and that the lowest in the country. How are we to avert such a calamity? As yet the only intelligible remedies have been proposed by that party which has most immediate reason to dread the degradation of our constituencies. Lord John Russell proposed a scheme by which minorities should be represented, and Mr. John Stuart Mill proposed a method by which the evils of universal suffrage might be nullified. There was also a third scheme, suggested by Mr. Hare, in accordance with which our whole electoral system would be disturbed, and our present geographical system of voting would be displaced by one that would admit of a small band in Edinburgh uniting with small bands and little flocks in various other cities, to elect a representative who would have no chance of receiving the confidence of any single constituency. Practically, all the electors of the United Kingdom would put their votes into a single urn. He who might have the greatest number of votes, wherever these votes came from, would be at the head of the poll; he who might have the next greatest number would stand next; and so we might go on with the whole 656 members, the calculation being, that in this way men who find themselves in a small minority in separate towns, would find them-

selves a respectable and influential party by clubbing with men of like sentiment in other towns. In fact, any two thousand electors might unite together so as to form a separate constituency entitled to a representative. This method of voting would so completely revolutionise our electoral system, that we have not heard of any practical statesman giving it his sanction. We mention it here merely to show how thoughts are tending, and how imperious are the difficulties which we have to face.

The solution proposed by Lord John Russell is much more practicable; and although it is far from being satisfactory, yet we are unwilling to reject it peremptorily. His object was to get the opinion of a respectable minority represented. If the working classes are to be admitted to the exercise of the franchise, it is clear that they will outnumber the other electors, who will practically have no voice in the choice of a representative, and might as well not vote at all. In order to meet this disadvantage, Lord John Russell proposed to diminish the number of votes at the disposal of each elector. In a town represented by three members, each elector would have, under the existing arrangement, a vote for each member, and a dominant class in the township might elect all three. It was therefore proposed to give to each elector a vote for only two of the representatives, so that other electors, who held opinions different from those of the majority, might, if they were influential and strong enough, unite to secure the election of the third member. The merit of this proposal is, that it does to a certain extent what it professes to do. It would no doubt secure, in a good number of cases, the election of a member acceptable to an influential section of the constituency, who, under a system where mere numbers prevail, would otherwise have no voice in the selection of a candidate. Its demerit is that it is not enough—that it would be a very partial remedy for the evils introduced into our constitution by handing over the election of our representatives to the mob. The mob would, by the help of a little organisation, learn to manage the third representative as well as the other two. Still, the measure is something, if it is not everything; and it is especially valuable as the recognition by Lord John Russell of a principle,—a principle which we cannot think that Mr. Disraeli disposed of when he stated, in disparagement of Lord John's plan, that there is no method of giving a voice to the minority known to the constitution except that of making the minority a majority. When we are revolutionising the constitution by force of numbers, a statesman may be pardoned for devising a new method of voting, which may counteract the effects of our hazardous reforms. But in point of fact Mr. Disraeli's objection, in so far as we have been able to apprehend it, is a phrase rather than an argument. The 500 electors of some small nomination borough are called a majority, and are therefore entitled to a member; the 5000 Conservative electors, in some more populous constituency in which they are swamped by numbers, are a minority, and are entitled to nothing. It is surely hard to say that these 5000 are entitled to nothing until they can outnumber the mob, and turn their minority into a majority. If Lord John Russell's scheme does not fully meet the necessities of the case, it at all events shows a consideration of it, for which we are anxious to give him all the credit which is consistent with the fact of his having quietly dropped all reference to it in the Reform Bill of the present session.

Lastly, we come to the suggestion of Mr. John Stuart Mill, a man who cannot be accused of deficient sympathy with the lower classes. Mr. John Mill is the ablest and most philosophical of the Radical politicians, but he stands aghast at the idea of handing over the government of the country to a Parliament elected by universal suffrage. When universal suffrage comes, depend upon it we shall not be able to devise any checks against it; and whatever checks we can impose upon it must be established now, in anticipation, or never. We have admitted so

much, that Mr. Mill, as a logician, sees the propriety of giving to every householder, and indeed to every man the suffrage. We have gone so far that he sees no possibility of our stopping short of this. And, watching the course of political agitation, he anticipates the triumph, sooner or later, of the mob, who will give to every man his vote. But he says that the cure lies in our own hands. We can give every man his logical demand, provided we give no more than logic requires. Let every man have his vote. There is no reason why we should withhold from any man the right of voting. But, on the other hand, there is no reason why every man should have an equal vote. Every man can claim to have a share, but he cannot claim to have an equal share, in the government of the country. We are not surprised that Jones the bricklayer, who pays taxes as we do, wishes to have the privilege of voting for a parliamentary representative; but we are very much astonished if we discover that he regards the votes of thirty bricklayers to be of equal importance with the votes of thirty men who have passed through the university, and who pay, it may be, fifty times the amount of taxes to the State for which our friends the bricklayers are responsible. If it be a principle of our constitution, says Mr. Mill, that taxation should go with representation, carry out that principle to its logical conclusion. There is a logic in this principle which ought to sweeten the logic of that other principle so much dreaded. Let us not be logical in one direction only; let us be wholly logical. If the logical consequence of our constitutional theory be, that every man should have a vote, it is also the logical consequence of that theory that his vote should have some adequate relation to the taxes which he pays. Nor is this a mere theory; it is the practice of our constitution to some extent. The rate-payers elect the board of guardians for the poor. In some parts of the country, the rate-payers have votes in proportion to the amounts which they pay in rates, one rate-payer having but one vote, another two, this one three, that four, or five, or six. And Mr. Mill urges, why not apply the same rule to the election of our parliamentary representatives? Even Mr. Bright admits that members should represent not mere numbers, but property also; for in mapping out his electoral districts, and allotting delegates to various boroughs, he goes upon a double calculation of wealth and of population. But if the principle be worth anything, it is worthy of being carried out to its legitimate results. If Manchester deserves so many members more than another city because of its extraordinary wealth, then those householders of Manchester who have extraordinary wealth deserve a greater number of votes than those who can only boast of extraordinary poverty. There is very little gained by talking of abstract rights, and pushing partial theories to their extreme limit; but if people will talk of reforming the constitution on the principle of abstract right, then let us carry out that principle fairly, and let us avoid, above all things, a one-sided view of the theory. It is not we who demand universal suffrage as a concession to abstract right. We are quite content with the practical liberty which we enjoy, with all its anomalies and all its compromises. But if we are to have universal suffrage because of abstract right, then let us also, by the same law and for the same reason, have proportionate suffrage. The bricklayer says that he ought to have a voice in the election of the House of Commons, because he pays taxes, and contributes to the expenses of the country. Very good; but let the master-builder, who pays fifty or a hundred times the amount of taxes for which the bricklayer is liable, have, we do not say fifty or a hundred times as many votes, but four or five times as many. It is neither fair, nor is it the custom of the constitution, that numbers, irrespective of property, should impose the taxes, and regulate the expenses of the country. The hackneyed answers of Mr. Bright and his party to such a conclusion are, that the man of property, paying fifty or a hundred times as much as the poor man, has fifty or

a hundred times as much security for his possessions; and that over and above his individual vote he has an influence on those around him which is equivalent to the enjoyment of several votes. These are transparent fallacies, or rather they are arguments which cut two ways. They are arguments that tell as much against the poor man's claim to the suffrage, as against the rich man's claim to proportionate suffrage. In point of fact, the poor man is denied the franchise on these two amongst other grounds, that he is already virtually represented through the influence which he and his numerous comrades exert upon the society around them; and that, in return for his taxes, he has the benefit of security and law. If the working classes are not content with individual security and virtual representation, why should the wealthier classes be expected to rest satisfied with their social influence and their sense of safety? No, says Mr. Mill; turn the question which way we will, we still arrive at the same result. If there is logic in Universal, there is logic also in Proportionate Suffrage; and the one is absolutely required to redress the flagrant injustice of the other. Separate they are wrong; together they are right.

Now, with regard to this view, which has been maintained not only by Mr. Mill, but also by the *Economist* newspaper with great ability, we have no hesitation in saying that logically it is irrefragable, and that practically it would preserve the balance of classes in the poll-books. If we are asked, however, whether we are willing to adopt and advocate the scheme, this is a very different question. To the opinion of no man on any question of politics can we pay more deference than to Sir E B. Lytton's; but we find that in his great speech on reform he brushed Mr. Mill's scheme aside, without even paying it the compliment of stating his objections. Not only so, but hitherto the scheme has been treated very much as Sir. E. B. Lytton has treated it—it has not even been discussed. Be its merits or demerits what they may, we are pretty certain that they do not deserve such indifference. If the scheme is not satisfactory, it is at all events the best that has yet been propounded as a remedy for the evils with which we are threatened, and it deserves consideration. Why has it not received that consideration? Partly, we believe, because a great many people in this country are fatalists on the subject of democracy, and imagine that it is as impossible to resist its encroachments as to stop the waves on the shore. It is supposed that there is no use in these expedients for regulating the influence of mobs. Mob-rule is coming certain as the grave, and there is nothing for it but to put off the evil day as long as possible. Let us shut our eyes, and, seeing that we must die, let us die by inches. A more reasonable objection to the scheme of Mr. Mill is a sentimental dislike on the part of English gentlemen to raise the question of equality between man and man. It is forgotten, however, that it is not the gentlemen of England who raise the question. We are unequal by nature, and our inequalities are recognised in the constitution as it stands at present. Mr. Bright desires not only to do away with these inequalities, but to reverse them; and so far from attempting to create inequalities, which do not at present exist, Mr. Mill proposes merely to recognise the actual state of things in a new formula. It is to be remembered that here we have but a choice of evils. If proportionate suffrage be an evil, it is simply proposed as an antidote to the still greater evil of universal suffrage. We do not advocate Mr. Mill's scheme; we demand for it a fair hearing, because it is the only thoroughgoing attempt that we have seen to grapple with the dangers that beset the constitution of the country. We resist a £6 franchise, but we resist with a sort of despondency, knowing that we are drifting surely, though slowly, to the surrender of the government to the force of numbers. It strikes us as possible that if the principle of proportionate suffrage were once recognised, there would be no occasion to enforce it; that our demagogues would see in the light of it the hopelessness of insist-

ing on universal suffrage as a basis for their schemes, and that accordingly they would be content to leave matters as they are.

Unfortunately, Conservatives stand at a considerable disadvantage, as compared with Radicals, in the prosecution of their schemes. They abominate agitation; they despise stump oratory; and their strength so lies in deep feeling rather than in noisy shouts, that people are apt at times to mistake the force of the Conservative party. Never was this more clearly seen than at present. The conservative feeling of the country is expressed in silence and in apathy, while the Liberal birds are chattering very noisily; and were we to judge by mere words, the latter have all the argument and all the wisdom on their side. They get up a meeting, at which young men from the discussion forum talk by the hour; they have it reported next day in all their papers; and it passes muster as an expression of popular opinion—a most important demonstration. We trust that, whatever be the consequences, the Tory party will never descend to such contemptible arts; but we have sometimes thought that they yield too much in this way to their adversaries. When Mr. Disraeli complained that the middle classes in this country have not the habit of organisation for which the lower classes are distinguished, he referred especially to the upper stratum of the middle classes—that section of them in which Conservative feeling is strongest. A lawyer and a physician live next door to each other in the same square. They never meet; they do not know each other; they do not know each other's names, it may be; they certainly do not know that they think alike on political questions, and have strong Conservative sympathies. These men, and men like them, have at present no means of organising themselves into a political federation. They have no public life, because the social life which they cultivate is one of exclusiveness and privacy. But round the corner, in the next street, will be found a middle class of a very different order, who have at their command an organisation of a rude but powerful character. The grocer stands behind his counter, the publican behind his bar, and gossips with his customers on all the topics of the day. The shop is more than a shop, it is a free-and-easy club. These shopkeepers and publicans lead a public life; have a great number of persons around them who regard them as centres, and who, when a general election takes place, are quite content to see the choice of a candidate practically depend upon their exertions. To a very large extent this influence is perfectly legitimate. The shopkeeper and the publican, as public characters, are perfectly entitled to whatever influence they can command in consequence of an extended connection. At the same time it is a miserable thing that in so many large towns the elections should be completely in their hands, and that their organisation should be the only organisation at work. We do not blame them in the least. We blame ourselves. Why are we not better organised? Why should not the lawyer and the physician, of whom we have spoken, have a community of effort as well as of opinion? They want the natural system of organisation which the shopkeeper and the bar-keeper enjoy—but why should they not recompense themselves by an artificial system of organisation? Why should they be a series of disconnected units contending at the polling-booths with highly-disciplined forces, and thoroughly amalgamated publicans? Not until they acquire this art of organising themselves, can the Conservative feeling, strong as it is in the country, find that full expression in the House of Representatives to which it is fairly entitled.

Taking matters as they stand, however, we think that we may congratulate our friends on the growing strength of their position, as exhibited both in the number of their adherents, and in the currency of their opinions. And we do not doubt that those differences in the Tory camp to which Lord John Russell maliciously alluded, and which he attempted to magnify, may, in the act of being ventilated, lead to greater unity and strength. That Mr. Dis-

raeli does not command the allegiance of every member of his party, Lord John Russell professes to regard as something very extraordinary, and on the strength of that fact innocently wonders whether the member for Buckinghamshire is to be accepted, after all, as the leader of his party in the House of Commons. We should like to know where is the party in which perfect unanimity is to be found? There has always been a certain amount of dissatisfaction in every political confederation. Canning had to complain of it; Peel had to complain of it; Disraeli has to complain of it also. On the whole, however, the discipline of the Tory party is admirable; is in striking contrast to that of the Whig camp; and we doubt not that Mr. Disraeli is perfectly satisfied with the confidence which he enjoys. It should be remembered that his rise to power was peculiar, and would justify an impartial observer in expecting a much stronger dissent from his authority than that which actually exists. He rose into power when the party was at war itself; when sharp words were flung about on every side; when ridicule and recrimination were all too freely used. Who can wonder that, joining in the strife with more than usual spirit, he should have made many enemies—implacable as they are powerful? But over and above this, the very success of his efforts raised him into authority over the heads of men who were gradually working their way upwards, and who looked forward with reason to leading the Tory party sooner or later. He has had to endure the implacable jealousy of these men, in addition to the implacable hate of those whom he ridiculed; and the marvel is that, having to contend against such influences, Mr. Disraeli has been able to maintain his position at all.

In these facts we have quite enough to account for any difference which may exist between Mr. Disraeli and some members of his party, without fabricating an explanation by denying to him the possession of fixed principles, and by accusing him of veering about as Peel did. We deny that Mr. Disraeli has ever refused to statesmen the right of changing an opinion. Anything more shameless than the doctrine of the Peelite school, as expressed not long ago by Sir James Graham, when he said that everything is changing—that the wind shifts, that the weather-vane wheels round, and that therefore political opinions must turn about too—we do not know; and Mr. Disraeli has certainly refused to sanction such inconsistency. The inconsistency also of Peel, who did not merely change his opinions, but changed them in violation of a pledge—coming into office to carry out one line of policy, and remaining there to carry out the very opposite—be reprobated in the strongest terms. But no one can accuse him of such changes. That he has always been consistent with himself we do not say: he would be more than mortal if he were. Only on this question of principle we have two remarks to make, which we commend to the attention of those who are running him down. The first is, that there is not a statesman living who has more laboriously and more continuously than Mr. Disraeli striven to arrive at great principles. Any one who will carefully go through Mr. Disraeli's works, will be perfectly astonished at his restless anxiety to get at the elemental truths of government and of British politics. He puts forward a thousand suggestions, and speculates on ten thousand facts. Sometimes his suggestions are valuable, sometimes exceedingly crude. With some we agree, at some we smile, some we throw into the fire. But going through volume after volume, we confess to a feeling of profound respect for the industry, for the thought, for the ambition which have led him to probe with intense curiosity all the great truths that lie at the root of British history. Often when he is wrong theoretically, his imaginative sympathies keep him practically right, and all through his life his political instincts have in the main been sound. That immediately after the passing of the Reform Bill, which he regarded as a great revolution, his intellectual being should have been profoundly stirred, and that he

should have groped wildly about for first principles, is scarcely wonderful. That a man who has thought so much, and studied so hard and so incessantly to arrive at the primary dogmas of the constitution, should reject much that at one time seemed to him to be true, is very natural. It has been the grand object of his life to get at first principles, and this, be it remembered, in a period of political infidelity, when statesmen are not celebrated for having fixed principles on any subject whatever. It is rather hard to say of such a man—of a man who has exhibited all through his career a passionate desire to get at first truths—that he has no beliefs and no principles, and simply because he dug out a good deal of dross with his gold, and has had the good sense to see that much of what glittered like the precious metal was utterly to be rejected.

The other remark we proposed to make has reference to Mr. Disraeli's style, which, if not properly understood, may create a false impression of the man. That style has not a few of the excellences and some of the faults, of the Oriental character. It is generally forcible, often brilliant, sometimes perfect, but it is not always exact. Mr. Disraeli has not much sympathy with the scholastic mind; and with all his great gifts and acquirements, he has not that peculiar cultivation which comes of study at a university. So long as he is dwelling on facts, he is accurate enough; it is when he comes to the expression of an opinion that we have to remember how far this opinion is limited and modified by other opinions previously expressed. If any one will open *Coningsby*, it will be found that the author of that brilliant novel insists in the strongest terms on the enormous influence of the personal on human affairs, and on the importance of party; we therefore leap to the conclusion that personal attachments and party ties are supposed by him to deserve the first place in the consideration of a statesman as an element of power. When we read further, we find, however, that he harps on a very different string. His great accusation against Peel is that he headed a party without principles, and that he hoped to govern by a confederation bound together purely by personal influences. Mr. Disraeli talks so strongly on this subject, that we are apt to forget his previous statements, and leap to the conclusion that he regards principles as everything, party as nothing. So all through the novel, he harps now on the wonderful spell exerted by individual character, now on the worthlessness of anything but dogmas, again on the magic of party associations, and yet again on the inexorable necessity of principles above all things. Here we conclude that party ought to override principle: there that principle ought to obliterate party. The uncandid reader will of course say that these are contradictions. More just criticism will at once admit that each is a half truth exaggerated in the expression, and that if Mr. Disraeli contradicts himself in the form of the words, he is perfectly consistent in reality. It is easy to put the two sentiments together and show their perfect consistency, when each occurs about fifty times in the course of the same novel; but when they happen to be expressed in separate speeches, people who are lazy, people who have bad memories, and especially people who are a little prejudiced, only see contradiction, falsehood, and recklessness. In a speech given at a Conservative banquet in honour of the progress which the party had made, Mr. Disraeli spoke with great emphasis of the value of party influences. He magnified party at the expense of principle, as it appeared to some. People at once jump to the conclusion—"Here is a man who has no principles—he holds principles as second to party: it is disgusting that the Tories should be led by a statesman who, in the very moment of his party's triumph, can utter such a barefaced statement." Were we to point out other passages to them in which Mr. Disraeli magnifies principle at the expense of party, and seems to argue that we ought all to be independent of each other, and stick only to our individual opinions, these very persons would probably say, "What contradictions! He re-

futes himself, and no reliance can be placed upon his words!" We recommend to those persons a little deeper study of character. Mr. Disraeli is not exactly a fool, and the political knavery with which his hostile critics charge him is the knavery of a simpleton.

Let us add that the defect of speech to which we refer Mr. Disraeli is rapidly overcoming. It was never important enough to influence unprejudiced observers, who, in his sharp antitheses and brilliant epigrams, found more than enough to compensate for the absence of philosophical precision. But the Philistines have come down upon him so often for a word, that he has learned to be cautious, and sometimes expresses himself in the House of Commons with painful hesitation. We point now to a habit which he has latterly acquired of standing continually on guard. When he is about to express an opinion, he is at great pains to call attention to the fact that he is not giving an opinion on some other question, that on this other subject he reserves the statement of his views, that on a third point he is not yet in a position to speak, and that on a fourth particular he is equally unconfessed. So he goes on sometimes through the whole speech, insisting in the most lawyer-like way on the fact that no one is to take him up for the expression of an opinion on a collateral subject, with which, however important it may be, he has for the present nothing to do. Hostile critics listen, and what do they say? "Ah, there you see the insincerity of the man! See how unwilling he is to commit himself to an opinion. He is playing a game. He is waiting to see what his opponent will say, and then he will know what course to take for himself—yes or no. A genuine Englishman would be all frankness, and would blurt out his opinions, ay or no, without regard to consequences. This man has no opinions—no principles, and he won't admit anything that he is not compelled to admit." So they go on finding fault with whatever Mr. Disraeli does. There was a time when he was too communicative, spoke too freely, and then he was contradictory, senseless, and unprincipled. Now that he has learned to be cautious, weighs his words, and anxiously tells his critics not to accuse him of saying what he has not said, it is but another proof of insincerity, and it is wonderful that the Tory party can have faith in a leader so slippery. It is not by such prejudiced judgments as these that we shall ever attain to a knowledge of character. We might as well say at once that Mr. Disraeli has intimate relations with the Arch-fiend, and that his success in life is a continued miracle, which is only to be accounted for by the hypothesis of a dreadful bargain concluded between him and the Tempter. This would be a far more simple and reasonable explanation of his position at the head of the great Tory party than the stupid and malignant theory, that the party are so barren of brains and so destitute of pride as to be compelled in their desperation to submit to the dictation of a clever but unprincipled jockey, who can ride them to the winning-post—that is, into the pleasures of office—although he cannot teach them to be statesmen. Malignant theories are generally stupid, and blind hatred is as foolish as blind love, but not nearly so respectable. Instead of wildly abusing Mr. Disraeli, it would be well if his critics would first attempt to understand him. It is amusing to note how much he puzzles ordinary observers, who, adopting his own phrase, learn to speak of him as the "Asian Mystery." Those who dislike mysteries as not complimentary to their pride of intellect, get rid of this one in very summary fashion, by at once pronouncing Mr. Disraeli to be an impostor without the incumbrance of principles. We admire the superior wisdom of those philosophers who quietly ignore the facts which they cannot explain, but we prefer to take a more vulgar view of Mr. Disraeli's character. We do not expect to find the temper of a fanatic in a man who has sifted questions with so much care as he has displayed, and who has seen cause to reject not a few of the opinions which, in the course of his prolonged researches, he had temporarily played with, if not embraced. On a good

number of questions we have no doubt that true wisdom and large experience have taught him to cease from dogmatism; but if we do not expect him to be a political fanatic, most certainly, on the other hand, he is not a political infidel. In these days of political scepticism and Laodicean faith, the anxiety which he has all through his life displayed to get at the truth of things—to escape from shams and to seize realities—to penetrate through forms to the substance of events, and on every subject upon which he has to decide to take the philosophical as well as the practical view—is entirely to his credit, and places him in favourable contrast to not a few of our leading statesmen. If he has not been uniformly successful in arriving at the right conclusion, the earnestness of his endeavours ought to have saved him from the accusation of being indifferent to principles; and the peculiarity of that Orientalism which enters into his diction, giving it much of its charm, will mislead no candid person, while it accounts for a good many apparent inconsistencies.

In the mean time, we may state that the great bulk of the Tory party take a view of Mr. Disraeli's character somewhat different from that of his too captious critics, that they are not unmindful of his services, and that they are prepared to give him their cordial support. Now, indeed, if ever, the party ought to be united, for all over Europe the clouds are gathering, and the storm seems ready to burst. It is impossible, in the tail of an article, to do more than glance at the mighty issues which are at stake, when at one and the same moment Naples is threatened with dissolution, Venetia is waiting to be released, Hungary is on the point of rising, Austria lies prostrate, Russia again discusses the Turkish question, Germany is disquieted, the annexation of Belgium to France is openly mooted; Spain has been tasting blood, and has patched up an unsatisfactory peace; England proposes to spend in this year alone £42,000,000 on land and sea forces, and on fortifications; and France is building ships, forging cannon, and organising troops, as if she were preparing for the whole world in arms. The gravity of the situation cannot be exaggerated, and we ask for leaders those who have faith in our institutions, and who represent the manly instincts of our country,—not those who would set class against class, who would despoil the rich, who would flatter the poor, who cry, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," and not those who (albeit their experience is great and their individual tendencies are right) depend for their support on the demagogues and dreamers that preach such folly. If Lord Palmerston's Government is to receive our support, it must be as the exponent of Conservative principles, and as the guardians of the national honour. If submission to the views of Mr. Bright, and to the fascination of Mr. Gladstone's dreams, be essential to the integrity of the Cabinet, the sooner it is displaced the better; and we conceive that there would be not a few moderate Whigs willing to co-operate with the Tory party in supporting a Government strong in administrative ability, wise in its principles, and patriotic in its aims.

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NATIONAL DEFENCES AND VOLUNTEERS.

According to the practice of Continental nations, the "Report of the Commissioners appointed to consider the Defences of the United Kingdom" should be carefully locked up in the office of our Minister for War; and the works they recommend, both while in progress and when completed, should be jealously guarded from the inspection of strangers. Our Government has acted wisely in putting aside such prejudices, and boldly declaring what is considered necessary to render our dockyards secure. An attempt at secresy would have been a mere pretence, while any foreigner can hire a boat at Portsmouth and cruise about Spithead roadstead, counting the tiers of guns till sea-sickness compelled him to put back. The subject can now be well ventilated by the daily and periodical press, both at home and abroad, and we may get a few useful hints from the other side of the Channel—*Fas est ab hoste docere.* We hope our *allies* will pardon the expression. But it is a perfect misnomer to call this a "Report on the Defences of the United Kingdom;" it is a report on the defences of the dockyards alone. "The defence of London," say the Commissioners, "has not been brought under our consideration." We are not told why Mr. Sidney Herbert's instructions confined the Commissioners' attention to certain localities, instead of calling on them for a general scheme to resist invasion. But we may guess with tolerable certainty that Government considered it better to put forward this Report (which is so far very useful) as a feeler, and accustom the public to the subject. In no other way can we account for their taking such care of the pence, and letting the pound take care of itself. Government knew very well that, once they had directed serious attention to the subject, no other result could follow the publication of this Report than a general outcry for a comprehensive scheme. There have been half-a-dozen pamphlets on the defence of our shores and metropolis, bearing, or which might have borne, well-known names. At least as many others must have been drawn up officially, for the private information of the Inspector-General of Fortifications, and military authorities. Let all of these be now put into the hands of a commission, who will make such further examination of individuals and localities as they consider necessary, and tell us plainly what we ought to do, and what we shall have to pay. In such a delicate matter we see no objection to Ministers giving us the reports by two instalments, provided they do not procrastinate

too long; only we must decline to reciprocate—*our* instalments shall be paid when we know what Mr. Mantalini terms the "demd total."

Although the Commissioners have offered no suggestions for the defence of London, they kindly inform us of the dreadful calamities which its capture would involve. Lord Overstone was asked his opinion on the matter, and a reply is published, in which he does not endeavour to soothe our apprehensions. If a timid capitalist or shipowner, therefore, dips into the pages of this Report, to see how the Commissioners propose protecting his safe room in Lombard Street, or merchantmen at Blackwall, he will meet with disappointment. Instead of an antidote, he will only learn the virulence of the poison. But he may comfort himself with Lord Overstone's assurance, that if the French take London, the Londoners will not fall alone. Provincial competitors and correspondents must share their fate; and ruin, disaster, and national degradation be the common lot of Englishmen.

We shall first examine the Commissioners' Report, and then offer some further remarks on invasion generally, especially as connected with the duties of volunteers.

We shall assume throughout that an invader of England must be a Frenchman. This should excite no angry feelings; it is paying them a handsome compliment, and does not involve the converse that a Frenchman must be an invader of England. France would be extremely angry if we supposed any other nation dared plunge into an abyss on whose brink the great Napoleon paused. No one expects to see Don Cossacks prowling about the banks of the Thames, or the Great Eastern bringing over General Harney with an American division on her return trip. French authors write with such agreeable candour of fighting a *bataille heureuse* in Surrey, and making a hop-skip-and-jump to London afterwards, that it is only fair to say what welcome they shall receive.

The dockyards of the United Kingdom, Pembroke excepted, are south of the Thames and Bristol Channel. The principal is Portsmouth, "not only as regards its capabilities for building, repairing, and refitting ships of war, and the vast amount of stores of every denomination collected there for the service of the fleet, but also from its central position on the south coast of England." Plymouth is "the second great naval arsenal and port for men-of-war in the United Kingdom." Pembroke is "not a fitting-out yard, but its capabilities as a building-yard are greater than those of any other of our great naval establishments." Chatham and Sheerness are on the Medway, the former a building-yard, the latter "inferior in importance to the other naval dockyards." Woolwich is important as "a building and steam yard," besides its enormous arsenal, whence all our artillery equipments for land and sea service are supplied. Deptford on the Thames, above Woolwich, is a small building-yard, but large victualling establishment. Lastly, Haulbowline, in Cork harbour, affords means of "refitting, coaling, and provisioning the fleet." The Commissioners observe that "without under-estimating the resources of the Thames, the Mersey, the Clyde, and other great centres of the commercial marine, we believe that the specialities of the royal navy are such as to render it impossible for any or all of them to make up for the loss of any of our dockyards."

The Commissioners direct their attention, in examining and reporting on each of the dockyards, to the seaward defences which are required against a purely naval force; and to the landward defences, which would only be necessary in case of actual invasion. Between the two there is a vast difference. For an invasion by land immense preparations must be made. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery must be embarked in France, and disembarked in England—operations requiring the greatest nicety, liable to be thwarted by the weather in spite of all the appliances of steam, and utterly impracticable if a superior naval force was anywhere within summons. But however great our naval superiority, our ships cannot at all times prevent an enemy from shelling our dockyards, if the dockyards look to the ships alone for

protection. If our Channel fleet was at Cork, or even at Plymouth, the French admiral might get up steam in Cherbourg at midnight, and be abreast of Portsmouth by daybreak. It would be intolerable to allow him four or five hours to shell the dockyard before our fleet came up. The Commissioners justly remark that "to station permanently at each of our dockyards and arsenals a naval force sufficient for its defence, and having no other object, would be inconsistent with the duties of a fleet, and would, in fact, be using the navy to maintain the dockyards, instead of the dockyards to maintain the fleet." They recommend extensive additions to the seaward defences of our dockyards, for "in their present state an enemy might, in the temporary absence of our fleet, or in the event of any contingency giving him command of the Channel, destroy any of these establishments without the necessity of landing upon our shores." The forts which it is proposed to erect for the purpose of guarding the entrances to our dockyards, would be somewhat similar to those which kept our fleet at bay before Cronstadt and Sebastopol, modified to suit the localities. The Thames and Medway would both be further closed by a floating boom or barrier moored across the river in time of war. The Commissioners, for sundry good reasons, do not recommend the adoption of stationary floating batteries under any circumstances, but they describe a movable floating battery, or steam-ship, "which they conceive would be highly efficient for defensive purposes. It may be described as a powerful iron-sided steam-vessel, capable alike of maintaining a fixed position, or manœuvring in a general engagement, mounting from twelve to twenty guns, having a speed of from eight to ten knots, and of as light a draught of water as is consistent with other good qualities." These vessels, intended exclusively for coasting purposes, would be "enabled to avoid an attack of a superior force by retreating into shoal water, to which the sea-going vessels of the enemy would be prevented from following them, owing to their greater draught of water. They should be divested of all qualities that are not necessary for this kind of service, in order to reduce the expense of building, and to prevent them from being detached on other duties."

Most of our readers would not thank us for entering into the details of the Commissioners' proposals regarding the landward defences. Those who desire to study the subject closely will find means of doing so in the pages and maps of the Blue-book. In support of our proposition, that the question of landward defences requires a wider investigation, which should fully embrace the inquiry of how many troops the nation can furnish, we shall give some of the answers made by Sir John Burgoyne, one of the very first soldiers in Europe.

To render Portsmouth secure against a distant bombardment, certain heights, called Portsdown Heights, must be occupied; but the position is very extensive—not less than seven miles. Sir J. Burgoyne objects to fortifying them, because he does not believe the requisite garrison of 20,000 men would be forthcoming. "My objection to Portsdown is the vast extent of the place. I cannot see what chance you would have of ever finding a garrison which would be equal to covering such an extent of defences."

"*Q.* Do you not think that we might always reckon upon having, in militia levies, dock brigades, and volunteers, a force of 20,000 men in Portsmouth?

"*A.* If you can do that, then my objection as to Portsdown Hill is removed; but my fear would be of establishing works permanently, at a very considerable expense, and afterwards perhaps being forced to abandon them from want of troops. I do not expect that you would get a force of 20,000 men for Portsmouth, because Portsmouth would not be attacked unless a great invasion took place. You would have the militia probably with your field army, as they would be a very valuable force."

At Plymouth the proposed lines are four miles long. Sir J. Burgoyne says the position would be more advantageous (than Portsdown), owing to its smaller extent; "but there is another circumstance affecting Ply-

mouth, that probably the garrison would be very much larger, because you would have all the troops and volunteers of that part of the country concentrated at Plymouth, their centre of action; whereas Portsmouth is part of the defence of London, and therefore you could not afford such a large garrison there."

"*Q.* The army which is to defend London could not affect the defence of Plymouth?

"*A.* No; for you could not leave the whole of that western district unprovided for without a distinct force, which would probably be chiefly at Plymouth."

The position of Chatham is so near London that its defence becomes still more closely interwoven with that of the metropolis. The plan of the Commissioners for enclosing the ground opposite Chatham on the north of the Medway is almost the only one of their plans which we should venture to criticise. It seems to us that the fortification of Chatham on the north should only be considered with reference to its defence after London had fallen. The promontory which is formed by the Medway below Maidstone and the Thames, is the last place where an invading army would like to venture. Although we do not place much confidence in a river for strategical purposes of defence, the Medway between Maidstone and Chatham would offer a serious barrier: the line is short, and therefore easily watched, and the ground on the left bank favourable for defence. It may be assumed, therefore, that an invader would turn the Medway, either passing through Maidstone or leaving it on his right flank. Maidstone is thus an important strategical point. If our army had not already met the invader before he reached Maidstone, or if it had met him and been defeated, it must—it could only be in front of London. Should the invader, after passing Maidstone, turn to his right and enter the promontory between the Thames and Medway, he would enter a *cul de sac*. Our army could advance behind him, and make him fight a battle in a position where all retreat would be cut off in case of defeat. We do not believe a general would be justified in exposing himself to an engagement under such circumstances, even if numerically superior; and the real attack on Chatham from the north would only be made after London had fallen. When this unfortunate event had occurred, the French would be in possession of the north bank of the Thames, and could enfilade and take in reverse the line of works proposed by the Commissioners across the promontory. Would it not be better to adopt one of the other plans which they themselves suggest, having both its flanks resting on the Medway? A small fort at Cliffe Creek could be added. This would compel the enemy to make his attack from the west. If he attacked from the north, his works would be taken in reverse by the fort at Cliffe Creek. If he attacked the fort at Cliffe Creek, he would be taken in reverse by the Chatham lines. These two forts would thus mutually support each other. The fort at Cliffe Creek would form a barrier to the navigation of the Thames, and the north and east portion of the Chatham lines might be constructed on an inexpensive scale, being less liable to attack than the west front, which would be proportionately strengthened.

In some of the additions proposed to the seaward defences of Plymouth, the Commissioners have really gone too far on the side of security. It is wasting money to build expensive casemates on Drake's Island. The entrance to Plymouth harbour is the easiest defended of any in the world. There are plenty of officers in the Royal Engineers who would, at an expense of one hundred pounds, and in less than forty-eight hours, throw up and arm a sufficiency of earthen batteries on Mount Edgecombe to blow any fleet that tried to force an entrance clean out of the water; and this might be done without inflicting the slightest permanent injury on the noble demesne of Mount Edgecombe, which would be little less than sacrilege. But earthen batteries thrown up at the beginning of a war could, at its conclusion, be levelled in as short a time as they took to construct—and in that warm and moist climate the succeeding spring would

see the daisies and ferns growing as white and green as ever; or if a hostile fleet was sunk by these batteries, the grassy mounds might remain for future ages as a picturesque memento of the struggle. The Gothic ruin near them would be much improved by having its buttresses knocked away by a French bullet, for it would then become a real ruin, whereas it is now avowedly a sham one.

The subject of seaward defences at Portsmouth is difficult and complicated; what between the sands, and the shoals, and "Motherbank," and "No man's land," and the contradictory opinions of naval officers, the Commissioners deserve great credit for having come to any decision at all, and we have no intention of trying to disturb it.

The Commissioners state their demands on our pockets as follows:—"The amount of our special estimate is £10,390,000, of which sum £1,885,000 is for the purchase of land, £7,005,000 for the fortifications recommended for erection, £500,000 for the armament of works, and £1,000,000 for floating defences. To this must be added £1,460,000 for works already sanctioned and in course of execution—the whole amounting to £11,850,000."

The portion of this required for the seaward defences of the dockyards is £2,325,000; their armament, say, £250,000, or half of the whole £500,000 required for armaments: if we add the £1,000,000 for floating defences, it gives £3,575,000. This should be sanctioned without loss of time, because these works really are independent of any general plan for resisting invasion, and the garrisons required would be very small compared with those for the land defences—probably not 5,000 men. We consider these seaward defences for the dockyards should take precedence of everything, even of the defence of London, inasmuch as the danger is far more imminent. To reach London an enemy must defeat both our fleet and army; to burn our dockyards, in the present state of their defences, he need only defeat or entice away our fleet.

The land defences resolve themselves into simple questions of men and money. The Commissioners require 65,000 men to garrison their forts, 3,721 guns to place in them, and £7,000,000 to build them: surely it would be as well to count how many chickens we can hatch, before making such expensive hencoops for them. Three thousand seven hundred and twenty-one guns! but where are the gunners? Really food for cannon is getting so scarce and dear, and there are so many mouths to feed, that the cannon must learn to help themselves, and then indulge in an unobjectionable cannibalism. Can no one invent a gun that will load, aim, and fire itself? or, as soldiers are mere machines, can no one invent a steam regiment and steam colonel at once? We ourselves believe the number of men forthcoming, and able to garrison the fortifications, would be practically unlimited, and shall recur to the subject afterwards; but when such distinguished authorities as Sir J. Burgoyne think otherwise, it would be unwise to act without a fuller investigation. The Commissioners talk in a general way of utilising the volunteers, &c.; but it was not within their scope to estimate in detail the distribution we could make of our forces. We wish distinctly to state that our opposition to the immediate construction of these works arises from the necessity of considering the matter on a broader basis, and is free from any intention of attributing imperfections to the Commissioners' schemes taken *per se*. As specimens of military engineering projects they are no doubt excellent: we should like to see their plan of fortifying Chatham reconsidered, although it is very probable nothing better can be devised. As they themselves suggest three different plans for Chatham, we may be pardoned for hinting at any improvements being possible. If the nation, therefore, will undertake to find garrisons of 65,000 men, and come down handsomely with its £10,000,000, the Commissioners may safely be intrusted with seeing the money laid out to the best advantage; but the nation had better make sure that the garrisons will not be summoned at the moment of peril to protect Lon-

don, and an enemy walk into the empty forts; and they must not at a future period make the payment of this money any basis for remonstrance against furnishing another twenty million to fortify London and a few other points, which may be more important than the landward defences of our dockyards.

Here we leave the "Report of the Commissioners appointed to consider the Defences of the United Kingdom," and, reserving a few remarks regarding our fleet, and means of opposing or delaying a landing, for the conclusion, take the case of an actual invasion, when the whole army of England—regulars, militia, and volunteers—would be called into the field. It is not necessary nowadays to go very far for a pretext for war. We need not discuss the present aspect of European politics, try to divine how much of the Rhenish provinces the Emperor will require to balance Sicily, or what prescription the doctors have drawn up for the sick man. We may at once anticipate the year 1863, and suppose France has gone to war with England for an "idea." Matters, moreover, are looking very serious on our side of the Channel. The Emperor is not yet established in Buckingham Palace, or the Garde Imperiale quartered in Knightsbridge Barracks; but the Parisian press talk of this as all but *un fait accompli*. *Rentes* are up, and consols are down —England has lost a great naval action, and the French admiral, like Van Tromp, may sail up the Channel with a broom at his mast-head. To morrow, as the *Moniteur* announces, the Emperor will run down to Cherbourg to witness a grand naval review, when the French fleet will tow their captured rivals into port. The French admiral who engaged the Royal Albert on one side and the Duke of Wellington on the other, till both ships struck their flags, will lead the procession with his prizes. The iron-plated Warrior and Black Prince were sunk with all hands, so they cannot grace the triumph; but a number of other vessels of all sizes will follow in the victor's wake, with the tricolor floating over the British ensign. After the fête, the Emperor, it is whispered in London, will not go back to Paris, but proceed at once to Boulogne, to superintend in person the arrangements for embarking his army of invasion. A few swift steamers have set out from Glasgow and Liverpool, to convey orders of recall for our ships from all parts of the world. Two contractors, who built rotten gunboats, have been hanged at Blackwall. The London mob are searching everywhere for Mr. Bright, but he has fortunately eluded their grasp—he is concealed in Lord Derby's dressing-room.

If England is ever invaded, it can only be after a catastrophe such as we have here imagined. The Emperor would never be so mad as to quit the shores of France until he had secured a command of the Channel for six weeks at least. As to seizing a moment when our fleet was out of the way, it is not possible in these days. Where could our fleet hide itself, to be beyond the reach of summons at the time of need? No port of the Atlantic or Mediterranean is more than a fortnight's steaming from Land's End; and it would not suit the French to disembark in England, and then find their transports in possession of an English squadron. The Emperor had better be content with the Tuileries and Versailles, than reign for a month in Buckingham Palace, and pass the rest of his life in the Tower.

If Louis Napoleon forms the serious idea of invading England, he would not even pretend to secresy. Do what he might, it is simply impossible to carry on the vast preparations which would be necessary, without all Europe fathoming his design. The moment his concentration of troops and transports began to be matured, any attempt at secresy would merely clog his own movements, without throwing any dust in the eyes of the British Government. Our War Office should, and we have no doubt does, know the movements of every regiment in the French army just as well as our own. This may not be of much importance in peace time, but the practice should not be allowed to drop, as it keeps the machinery of our in-

telligence department in good working order. The army of invasion might consist of 200,000 men, of whom 150,000 would cross in the first instance, and the remainder be brought forward to supply casualties; 150,000, more or less, may be taken as the limit beyond which it would scarcely be possible to keep up an army fully supplied with ammunition, provisions, and *matériel*. Of these, 100,000 (including 5000 cavalry and 200 guns) might by an extraordinary effort be passed over at once; they would require about 150,000 tons of shipping. We give a small proportion of cavalry and guns, as the country is not suited for them. With good arrangements, and under very favourable circumstances of weather, the whole could land in less than twenty-four hours. A few tumbrils or horses might remain on board, but the great mass could be ashore within that time. We have seen an artillery troop-ship completely cleared of horses and guns in eight hours, on to a beach three-quarters of a mile distant. At Old Fort the Allies commenced disembarking at 8 A.M., and had pretty nearly brought everything ashore by the evening of the second day, although there was a considerable surf. The 100,000 men once ashore, their first operation would be to intrench themselves in some position selected long before. The steamers, as they emptied, would go back for another cargo. Supposing the infantry took six hours to disembark, the steamers four hours to cross, two more to embark their second batch, and four hours to recross, the whole could be finished by the morning of the third day, allowing the sailors a few hours for repose. The French would try to dispense with most of the baggage and means of transport which an army usually requires, but there are certain necessary evils in the shape of *impedimenta* which no force in the field can entirely shake off. The soldiers would carry six days' provisions, no tents would be brought ashore. In their state of mad excitement, no complaints would be heard of the wet or cold as they lay down to sleep on the firm old sod of Kent; any privations would be cheerfully endured except delay. By noon on the third day, 150,000 infantry, 5000 cavalry, and 200 guns, would be drawn up in battle array, and the marshals, amid deafening shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" direct the heads of their respective columns on London.

So far it has been all plain sailing. We have no right to reckon the elements to help us. It might be that "He blew with His winds, and they were scattered;" that half the army might find themselves cut off, by a strong southerly gale and roaring surf, from all communication with their ships, and be compelled to lay down their arms; but we must not neglect human means, in the hope that providence will a second time interpose in our favour.

We have here put aside our Channel fleet, and seen the invader safe ashore. Having thus given him a queen and bishop at the least, let us see what we can do with our knights and castles in the great game of strategy.

There are two courses open to the English general. He might assume the offensive, and force an action close to the coast, finishing the war at once, and saving all the southern counties and towns from pillage and misery; for this he must have not less than a hundred thousand disciplined men at his disposal. The second or defensive course of operations (which also applies to the case of our army losing a great battle near the coast) would be necessary, if numerical odds in regular troops (including militia and efficient volunteers) were so much against us, that the tremendous stake could not prudently be risked in a pitched battle until the enemy were far from their base, and the volunteers, acting in their rear, compelled them to detach large bodies to protect their line of operations, the main army being proportionately weakened.

"The safety and honour of the country," says Lord Overstone, "require that the integrity of the empire be defended on the sea principally, and in the first instance; and in the case of any serious mishaps there, we must be prepared to fight the battle upon the first inch of ground upon which a foreign foe sets his hostile

foot." That the English general would adopt this course, if he could do so with any hope of success, there cannot be a doubt. The whole question is one of men, and this we shall discuss hereafter. The infantry would be forwarded by rail, the cavalry and artillery by road. As Crawford's light brigade marched sixty-four miles in twenty-six hours to Talavera, it would not be expecting too much from our mounted troops, or even foot-artillery, to make thirty miles a-day. Thus all troops within a radius of sixty miles from the point of invasion, and the infantry from a far greater distance could assemble on the third day. Independently of the great sacrifice which a protracted war must entail, the plan of fighting at once presents great advantages in a purely military point of view. The moral effect upon our army of marching straight at the enemy wherever he landed must be admirable. We would deploy a few miles from the field of battle, and a member of the royal family, riding along the ranks, would raise the enthusiasm of the troops to an extraordinary pitch. The French would hardly be recovered from their sea-sickness, and, with the best arrangements, would still be in some confusion. They could not have any heavier guns than field-pieces ashore, while we might hope to bring 18-pounders into action. They would be appalled at the suddenness with which their trespass was challenged, and, above all, a battle lost in such a position would be utter and immediate destruction. If left to themselves, they might form a strong intrenched camp, on which to retire after any disastrous action in the interior, but at the first nothing could be ready beyond a few fieldworks. Even a victory must paralyse the invader for many days. With 40,000 men weltering in their blood, and all their ammunition spent, they could be in no position to follow up boldly through an enclosed country.

If we were really invaded without warning, which some predict, although we cannot admit the possibility of such an occurrence, or if we were surprised through our own negligence to take proper precautions after warning had been given, or, worse than all, if we were defeated in a general action near the coast, the point to look to would be the safety of the metropolis. Of course there are different degrees of surprise, and the English army, unprepared when the enemy landed, might meet him half-way to London. Accordingly, some have proposed scarping the chalk range of hills, or forming an intrenched camp near Guildford, or elsewhere along that line. Due attention should be paid to the arguments in favour of this view from persons well acquainted with the country; but we cannot adopt it ourselves. A long line, such as would be afforded by scarping the hills, is generally a weak line. There are so many strong positions along this range of hills, that an intrenched camp, which the enemy would know of, and lay his plans to avoid, is unnecessary; and if we are ready to attack him, no defensive works or position is required. It is also quite uncertain whether an invader would land in Kent or Essex, if he landed in Kent, he would certainly make a demonstration on Essex; if he landed in Essex, he would make a demonstration on Kent. But, for the sake of more easily considering the question, we take the southern counties as the field of operations. Leaving, then, any intermediate line between the coast and London as a matter of secondary importance, which can hardly be provided for beforehand, but must depend on the chapter of accidents, we come to the defence of London itself against an invader who had pushed up to its vicinity. Several projects have been put forward, all of which we desire to see investigated by a competent commission. One is to surround London with a series of detached redoubts, one mile apart, at a radius of five or six miles from St. Paul's; but it certainly appears that these forts must be so masked by houses as to be generally useless. Another scheme has been very ably advocated in the *Cornhill Magazine*—viz., to surround London with forts at Shooter's Hill, the Crystal Palace, Harrow, and other places. Previous to an expected attack, intermediate

forts and a line of parapet could be thrown up between them, and the whole male population summoned to defend these works. Our objection to this plan is, that the mass of suburban villas and garden walls as they stand form positions admirable for defence and most difficult for attack. By all means arm the population by hundreds of thousands, but let them fight it out in these enclosures. There is no doubt they would step cheerfully forward to man your advanced works, but they would attach undue importance to them. Such a long line would probably be pierced somewhere, and the undisciplined masses, terrified at this result, fly in confusion, setting a fearful example to the regular troops. If the latter were scattered in detachments along the line, they would be unable to do anything but follow; or, if they were collected at one point, by far the greater extent of the parapet and redoubts must be in the entire charge of utterly untrained men, who would think, when this was lost, that all was over, and not make half the fight in the enclosures as if they had been originally placed there; and, when they made a good stand behind one wall, only be encouraged to hold out at the next. This is sacrificing the suburbs; but it is surely better to sacrifice the suburbs and save the town than lose all together. We acknowledge, however, that the damage which must ensue would be a serious consideration, were it not that we believe means can be taken to prevent it.

Of the various projects for defending London, that to which we incline is alluded to in a pamphlet on "National Defence; or, Where shall England rally her Volunteers? By a General Officer." It is to have an intrenched camp in front of London which an enemy could not pass, and entangle himself in the streets. If the English general, unwilling from whatever cause to meet the enemy in the open field, took up an impregnable intrenched position, such as could easily be constructed near the Crystal Palace, no invader dare move on the city. It must be remembered that an army cannot right-about face like a single soldier. A good example of this occurs in Sir R. Wilson's narrative of the Russian campaign. General Morand was recalled by Napoleon, near Loubino, after having penetrated what the French called a virgin wood, as never having been passed before by troops with cannon or wheeled carriages; but his artillery had to move forward one mile and a half before they could find space to turn.

If an invader was to enter the mass of villas and gardens near London, he could not move troops, especially artillery, from one flank to the other to support threatened points, which is so essential in a well-ordered field of battle. His artillery, indeed, would be so cramped as to become of little use, and the enclosures would prevent those regular formations by which discipline can vanquish numbers. Even 80,000 good troops from the English camp attacking his rear would throw him into inextricable confusion, which must be the prelude to destruction. We will not hazard too positive an assertion on such a point, but we believe that an army of 100,000 men facing the Thames, within six miles of St. Paul's, could not turn round properly under three hours. With an intrenched camp at Sydenham, therefore, even the suburbs would be safe. To suppose an invader will sacrifice himself to burn London, is absurd. We have heard of a nation sacrificing its capital to destroy an invader, but never of an invader sacrificing himself to destroy a capital. The French Samson may be very anxious to pull down the pillars of the temple of Dagon, but he will let them alone rather than bury himself in the ruins.

To form an intrenched camp near the Crystal Palace, or somewhere within ten miles of London, will not cost more than most of the other plans proposed for defence. The exact spot and form of camp are immaterial. We should propose a quadrilateral—two forts in front, one and a half or two miles apart, and two corresponding ones about one mile distant in the rear. The camp will require one mile clear space in front and on the sides, and half a mile clear in rear. This gives an entire

space of four miles long by two and a half deep, or ten square miles. Except the small space occupied by the forts themselves, the remainder might continue under cultivation, only all houses and enclosures must be cleared away. It would be best laid out as a grazing-ground. If the expense was very considerable, some houses and trees might remain, on the understanding that they would be razed to the ground when the camp was to be placed on a war footing. If we allow £400 per acre, the entire cost would be £2,560,000. Two such camps are required — one on the south and one on the north or north-west of London. Allowing one-half for loss in the purchase, depreciation in value under Government management, and unprofitable ground built on by the forts, the expense of the sites for two camps will be £2.500,000, to which we may add £1,000,000 for building eight forts. These are not required to stand a regular siege, and this allowance should suffice. Such a position, with the flanks extended, and front covered by a few temporary works, if necessary, will be impregnable. The English general would have his army, every man of whom he could depend upon, well in hand, ready in a moment to be hurled at the enemy if he committed the slightest blunder. The invader, with such an army in such a position before him, and every hedge and wall bristling with muskets beyond, might well stand at bay.

Foiled on the south side of London, the enemy must cross the Thames and operate on the north. He need not, however, enter London to become its master. His fleet blockades the Thames; the southern counties are ravaged, and their railways in his hands, or broken up. If he can occupy or break up the northern lines, London must starve or yield. Crossing the Thames and circling round the north of London would be to throw down the gauntlet for open combat in such a manner that the English general could no longer refuse to take it up. Another intrenched camp on the north of London would not answer our purpose now. The enemy are on our communications, and must be attacked and beaten off. We should then understand what the Duke of Wellington said regarding invasion — "There is no mode of resistance, much less of protection, from this danger, excepting by an army in the field capable of meeting and contending with its formidable enemy."

The invader's first operation would be to intrench himself near Richmond, and bridge the Thames there or higher up. If the locks at Teddington can be covered by a small fort, it should be constructed, for they render the Thames unfordable for a long distance.* As Napoleon, after losing the battle of Aspern, bridged and crossed the Danube with the whole Austrian army opposite to him, the Thames above Richmond cannot be reckoned a formidable barrier. The bridges would be covered with strong fieldworks on each side, and magazines with twenty or thirty days' supply established within the enclosure. Leaving here as small a force as he dared, say 20,000 men (perhaps temporarily breaking off his communications with the coast, and calling up his detachments), the French general would move round London at a distance of ten to twenty miles. He would always be ready to face the capital, and give battle to our army when it emerged. Till then he would send strong detachments along the railways on his left flank to break them up. The point has now been reached when the English general must assume the offensive, but he does so under great advantages. If the enemy have drawn him out of his impregnable position at last, he has protracted operations which must have been most harassing to invaders. On sea their transports have been all this time exposed to a guerilla warfare from such ships as remained in our Channel ports, or arrived from distant stations. The volunteers have had a full opportunity of showing their mettle. They have been harassing his convoys and

* The writer heard this suggested by a distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers.

foraging-parties, forcing him to leave 40,000 or 50,000 men along his communications, and perhaps half that number in the hospitals, or beneath the turf. Our main army has been consolidating. We therefore fight at every advantage. This is consolatory, for fight we must, without loss of time. The invader's movement which we have here suggested is a most dangerous one, but if our intrenched camp on the south was unassailable, their commander must either adopt it or return to France. His choice would soon be made. In the one case there is possible glory, or at worst a soldier's death. What the other alternative would be we cannot say, but the marshal (if he *was* a marshal) might see some ugly visions of a guillotine, surrounded by a disappointed populace. Moreover, there are precedents for such a course. Napoleon remained at Moscow, although Kutusoff might have advanced from Kalouga at any moment, and placed himself on the French line of retreat. The Allies advanced on Paris in 1814, leaving Napoleon in their rear. The invader and English general would be playing for nearly equal stakes. If the former lost a great battle on the north of London, his army, cut off from retreat, must perish or surrender. If he gained a great victory, he would take all our artillery, although even then he might hesitate to follow our infantry into the streets of London; but he might cut off our supplies at his leisure, until the Lord Mayor sent him the keys of the city. It seems manifest that the object of an invader must from the first be to engage our army in a fair fight. If he is not prepared to do this, what business has he to cross the Channel at all? Our safety, as well as our honour, demand that we should be as ready and eager for the combat as himself, and only fall back on the defensive after losing a pitched battle.

Let us now consider the available forces in the United Kingdom. The infantry (including Foot-Guards) amount to 60,000, but many competent authorities declare that half of these are useless invalids, or boy-recruits in the depôts, so they may be put down as 45,000 at most; there are 17,000 embodied militia, differing in little but name from troops of the line. By embodying the whole militia, about 40,000 would be available. Our whole infantry is thus 85,000; our cavalry, 9000; artillery (including 5,500 militia), 20,000. There are also 14,000 pensioners and 3000 marines, but these could only be placed in garrison. If we deduct 20,000 infantry, 3000 cavalry, and 6000 artillery for Ireland, there remains 65,000 infantry, 6000 cavalry, 14,000 artillery (total, 85,000 of all arms) for England and Scotland—a noble force certainly, but some must be left in garrison, and the gaps filled up, and the total added to, by volunteers. How many efficient men the volunteers can supply for the line of battle is a difficult and delicate question. They must not only be ready to "rush down on the foe"—there we believe the volunteers would carry away the palm even from the line—but when shattered by grape-shot, or pierced by cavalry, they must have sufficient confidence in their own discipline and their officers' efficiency to seize the first favourable moment to rally and re-form. It is only battalions formed in the towns that could undertake this duty; and looking at the classes which supply most of our volunteers, it seems to us that when they were called out permanently, what little business had survived the serious threat of invasion must absolutely come to a stand-still. This question, and the distribution of our regular troops, should be thoroughly investigated by a commission. We should estimate the volunteers qualified to take post in the line at 30,000, and the troops required for garrison duties at 20,000 (to be, as we shall afterwards state, immensely augmented by volunteer companies, or the *levée en masse*), thus giving a total for the grand army in the field of 95,000. We consider this should be increased by at least 15,000 men.

The volunteers should be divided into three classes:—

The *First Class* to be placed in the line of battle. They must be acquainted with battalion drill, and under commanding officers who understand brigade movements—30,000.

Second Class. — Volunteers who have been raised in detached companies. To act as light infantry in partisan corps—60,000.

Third Class. — Volunteers called out on the emergency. Their number would only be limited by the requirements of Government. These, with the remainder of the first and second classes, would be employed in garrisons.

Many will object to placing 30,000 volunteers in the line of battle; others would double the number. This is a point on which it does not behove any one to dogmatise till the volunteer movement is more developed. There is no doubt volunteer battalions can and do afford the time necessary to learn their evolutions, but it is an open question whether intelligence and patriotism are equal substitutes for that rigid discipline required in the field of battle, and which cannot exist where half the privates think they know a good deal more than the colonel. But we think ourselves that the nation can safely trust to both men and officers, seeing the responsibility which devolves on them when invasion threatens, the men condescending to become machines for the moment, the officers neglecting all other business to perfect themselves in military duties. We must strongly urge on the superior officers of volunteer corps to study the theory of warfare. An officer who only knows his drill is no more fit for independent command than a man who can plough to be a farmer. When he has made himself acquainted with all that theory can teach, he will be on a par with many a general; for, notwithstanding we have been at war in some part of the world for the last five years, if our regular troops were to take the field to-morrow, one-half of the generals, officers, and men, would have had no experience in actual warfare. It has been said that "war is a succession of blunders." It would be very strange if it was not. Would engineering, shipbuilding, tailoring, shoemaking, or any other profession or trade, be anything else than a succession of blunders, if half the practitioners were only theorists? War is like other trades. Most officers who have made a campaign will acknowledge that in every action, in every day's march, they learnt some practical lesson which no theory could have taught. For this defect in the practical education of an army there is no remedy. We cannot order the division at the Curragh to invade England, and attack Aldershott with ball-cartridge. It would be capital practice to call out the volunteers for a month, and make all England attack London; but the nation dislikes two prize-fighters drawing a few ounces of blood from each other's noses, and would certainly object to our learning the noble art of national self-defence in this manner. Our neighbours, to be sure, go to war for an "idea," which may mean teaching the young idea how to shoot; but even France chooses a foreigner for her target.

In making the corps who are formed of detached companies act as partisans, we do not wish to convey the impression that it is easier to operate judiciously as a partisan corps, than to act as a battalion in the line of battle; but the latter requires a speciality of training. An undisciplined battalion is worse than useless in the line of battle, but may do good service in irregular warfare; although even there troops accustomed to act in unison have a decided advantage. But we place our regulars and best volunteers in the line, because we are in the position of a man who has a hunter that will go in harness, and a hack that will not. If he wishes to hunt and drive the same day, he must drive his hunter and hunt his hack; moreover, the battalions are formed in the towns—detached companies in the country, probably of men better able to endure the dreadful fatigue which a partisan, to do his duty judiciously and creditably, must undergo. The detached companies can also more easily be put into battalions and half battalions under experienced military officers; and nowhere is experience more required than in the commander of a partisan corps. He must be able to detect at a glance what an enemy's column is composed of, where they are weak, and where they are strong, what manœuvres they are executing,

and how his own small corps can best thwart them without being compromised itself.

Most writers on the volunteer movement, and indeed the volunteers themselves, seem to have contemplated their all acting as light infantry, and selected the colour of their dress accordingly. It was expected that patriotic dyers would furnish such invisible greens or greys that our riflemen would be no more distinguishable than a hare in the furze, or a partridge in the stubble. Puffs of smoke and the ping of rifle bullets will alone inform the invader that he is surrounded by enemies. When he enters the hazel copse, what he mistakes for foliage will "bristle into axe and brand;" and a stone wall, on close inspection, turn out to be a line of knickerbockers. The uniforms chosen by most of the volunteers are both neat and efficient, but we must express a (doubtless unavailing) regret that those corps at any rate who are formed into battalions are not dressed in the national colour. This would have enabled our own troops to distinguish them (a far more difficult thing than may be generally supposed)), and also have prevented the enemy from knowing whether they were acting against regulars or volunteers. If a French regiment had to charge a volunteer corps, would not their colonel and officers encourage them with some expressions not very complimentary to our *garde nationale?* There is that feeling among the regular soldiers of all nations, that they would look on it as a far greater disgrace to be beaten by volunteers than by regulars. There is, moreover, a thorough conviction that volunteers are not equal to regulars, and this conviction of superiority is above all others the sentiment with which a general would wish to inspire his men.

It is our boast that we have had no previous experience of invasion to guide us in the system of warfare to be pursued against an enemy in England. We may have to fight near the spot where Harold fought and died eight hundred years ago; but it will not be with bows and arrows, and long lances, and two-handed swords. The operations of the grand mass of regular forces must in all countries be somewhat similar. For our volunteers acting as partisans, the tactics of the royalists in La Vendée, in the year 1792, are probably the most instructive study, as their case was more similar to what our own would be than any recorded in history. They were volunteers fighting against regular troops, in districts whose topography bears considerable resemblance to our own southern counties. La Vendée is thickly enclosed by hedges, but not thickly wooded. At some parts there are small canals for drainage, and on the whole it is more difficult to traverse than Kent or Surrey; but the similarity is quite sufficient to render it well worth our readers' while to hear some remarks by General Turreau, an officer of the Republic, who served both in a subordinate capacity and as commander-in-chief in La Vendée. After describing La Vendée, he proceeds to say—

"It is assuredly a difficult task to make war in districts such as I have rapidly sketched. In a country which denies everything to the attack, and gives so many resources to the defence, how can you conduct a column so as to preserve order and compactness in its march? How carry out the manœuvres necessary for deployment, the dispositions for attack or retreat, or give artillery and cavalry all the play which those arms require, in the midst of such obstacles as bristle in the retreats of La Vendée? You can never arrange beforehand your order of battle with the rebels (royalists)—you know not on which side to fight, whether you will be attacked in flank or in rear, and what dispositions the country will permit of your making. How are you to profit by fortunate chances, or promptly remedy disaster? to be informed in time of the partial checks and successes which happen during an action, when it often takes longer to receive a report or convey an order from one end of the line to another than is necessary to decide the fate of a battle? The rebels, favoured by the accidents of nature, have tactics of their own which they understand applying to their position and local peculiarities. Assured of the superiority which their manner of attack gives them, they only fight when they like and where they

like. Their attack is a terrible and sudden irruption, almost always unexpected, because it is very difficult to reconnoitre properly in La Vendée. They give their order of battle a crescent shape; their wings, thrown forward, are composed of their best marksmen—soldiers who never fire a shot without taking aim, and never miss their mark within ordinary range. Their skill in the use of firearms is wonderful. If you repulse their attack, the rebels seldom dispute the victory; but you gain little benefit, for they retire so rapidly that it is very difficult to overtake them in a country which hardly ever admits the employment of cavalry. They disperse, they escape across the fields, hedges, and bushes, knowing all the paths and bypaths, what obstacles interfere with their line of flight, and how to avoid them. In proportion to their facilities for escape when vanquished, are your difficulties for retreat when they are victorious. They surround you, pierce your line at all points, and pursue with incredible swiftness and perseverance. In general this war is so singular in its character that one requires long practice to understand it. A general officer whose education has been formed by ten campaigns on the frontier, finds himself much embarrassed in La Vendée. I appeal to all generals who have been summoned from the frontiers to this fearful Vendée, whether they had formed any idea of such a war till actually engaged in it? Whether the trained soldiers, disciplined after the manner of Nassau and Frederic, are as formidable opponents, or display such skill and courage, as these fierce and intrepid marksmen of the Bocage and Louroux? I ask them if they can imagine a war more cruel and harassing to soldiers of every grade? a war which ruins the discipline and subordination of an army, and makes the French soldier lose that invincible courage which has so often triumphed over the armies of England and Austria? I believe I have said enough to show that the chief obstacles to military operations in La Vendée arise from its natural features. The enemy, above all things, interrupt communications, and a waggon of ammunition or provisions requires two thousand men to escort it. If your column ceases for a moment to be on the watch, or preserve its order and compactness, the enemy rapidly assembles, and by a furious attack causes you to rue the slightest negligence. But a general who commands a column in La Vendée has done nothing when he has conducted his troops with order, when his march has been well planned, ambuscades avoided, attacks repulsed, or even the offensive successfully assumed. He must find a position to bivouac and refresh his troops, so that he can make his dispositions promptly from whatever side he is attacked. He must not count too much on his outposts. You are rarely attacked in front; it is on your flanks and rear that the enemy throws himself."

The General considers artillery as of little use in such a campaign:—

"The rebels, more adroit than us, and consulting the locality, had four or five pieces to an army of 30,000 men. They took 300 guns and 500 tumbrils from us in the first five months of the war. The experience of twenty combats, which I witnessed in La Vendée, has convinced me that we gain less by five or six victories than we lose by a single defeat. I have seen the army of the West twice defeated: I was adjutant-general on one occasion, and *marechal de camp* on another. We lost a number of men, an immense quantity of muskets, about 60 guns, and 80 ammunition-waggons. The nature of the country rarely permitted the use of artillery, and when we could employ it, there was seldom room to do so with full effect. How strange that our generals persisted in taking artillery with them in La Vendée."

We should like to see a few well-placed but inexpensive forts thrown up in Kent and Essex, to contain supplies of ammunition and provisions for the volunteers. At any rate, sites for this purpose should be selected. We have no desire to see any strategical fortresses constructed. The hedges which intersect our country form a network of strategical fortresses such as no money could command. A fortress is usually defined as being a place where a small body of men can defend themselves against superior numbers. It might receive the special definition of being a place where infantry are unassailable by cavalry and field-artillery. For this latter purpose a mountainous or close country suffices. The southern counties of England may be classed under the head of close countries—that is, cavalry and artillery can rarely operate in them. There are few spots in Kent where a battalion of infantry could be placed

so that a hedge or copse was not within two or three hundred yards of them in whichever direction they chose to retire. Retiring from hedge to hedge, no cavalry dare pursue them. If the cavalry attempted it, before they had gone half a mile they would find themselves in some field surrounded by an impracticable hedge, such as are the rule, and not the exception, in Kent. A few volunteers lying *perdus* would close a gate behind them, and the whole party be shot down, or taken prisoners like sheep in a pen. In speaking of impracticable hedges, it must be remembered we are not viewing them as those gentlemen whom the Duke of Manchester and Captain Meller led at the late review in Hyde Park might do, but with the eye of a French dragoon, whose ideas of impracticability are probably widely different. Artillery would fare still worse. The only match for infantry in such a country is infantry. If our volunteers merely wish to harass the enemy, and have no special orders to hold out a particular post, they can approach when they please, and draw a large force after them without fear. A stern chase is always a long chase, especially if one party knows the ground and the other does not, and is in perpetual fear of an ambuscade. The tactics which the enemy must evidently adopt is to march as compactly as possible, surrounded by their own skirmishers on every side, with orders on no account to be enticed away, but simply to keep their opponents from getting within range of the massive columns in the centre. This would make matters pretty even so far as mere fighting went; and it is rarely worth while fighting for fighting's sake, giving man for man and wound for wound. If an enemy sees your men are dropping as fast as his own, and you can hope for no ulterior result, it does not demoralise him. It only rouses his indignation at your brutality, and contempt for your ignorance. The enemy, to be sure, would have more difficulty in disposing of his wounded than we have, and there are exceptions to every rule—still the above rule is a general one and a good one. But *oportet vivere;* an army cannot always keep together. Horses must have forage. To pass our belt of volunteers, the cavalry and artillery must be escorted by infantry. How to bring up provisions forty or fifty miles from the rear for 150,000 men is a problem which remains to be solved in war. No army of such a size ever existed for more than a few days without scattering in several divisions, and drawing on the resources of the country. Yet for an invader to scatter his forces in Kent or Surrey, under the eye of a watchful enemy, would be a desperate necessity.

It is a good general rule for partisan corps only to begin their real fighting when the enemy wishes to stop. Let us see how a smart rifle company would act. A French battalion, with skirmishers out, is advancing to forage or reconnoitre. The rifles commence retiring very coolly at 600 yards; if they come to a stiff hedge, they have thus time to creep through or go round it without hurry. They have two or three *eclaireurs* behind them to indicate the right line of country. Now and then a good shot remains a little behind to pick off a Frenchman or two as they pass through the gateways, but in general they use their rifles very sparingly. The French get angry, and keep up a smart fire, but at 600 yards do little damage. If the captain finds any of his men are dropping, he widens his distance; it does not do to be clogged with wounded comrades on a retreat. The French at last get tired; they have come two or three miles, perhaps they have lost their way. They halt, so does our rifle company. Now it is their turn; their pouches are full, their rifles are clean, their hands are steady. The captain allows them to narrow their distance and commence firing more briskly. A few of his men have all along been watching the French flanks from a distance, and begin firing at 800 or 900 yards. They hit nobody, but the French colonel does not like it for all that. His men are uncomfortable, for a soldier thinks more of one shot in his flanks or rear than a dozen in his front. The English may be getting reinforced. The

order is given to retire, a line of skirmishers, of course, in rear. But our rifleman's tactics are altogether changed. The captain allows his men to close in. We say allows, for his duty has all along been to restrain them, and he now leaves a great deal to their individual intelligence and courage. If one of his men fell during the retreat, it required three or four comrades to carry him away; the whole company would have to regulate their pace with the object of covering the wounded in their rear. Now, when a man falls, one of his comrades remains with him for a little, but, unless it is a bad case, soon appears again at the front. The French get more and more embarrassed; a deadly fire at two or three hundred yards has encumbered them with wounded, until they begin to leave them where they fell. Whenever the rifles get a view of the battalion itself, they direct their aim on it, and every shot takes effect in the dense mass. The colonel is glad to rejoin his division. At this point the rifles halt, but are quite ready to play the same game over again if a fresh party of the enemy chooses to try it.

The above is given as an example of what a partisan corps with simple orders to harass the enemy might do. The case applies to 50 or 5000 men. These orders would not justify an officer in incurring any serious loss of life, unless some great object, such as the capture of a convoy, could be attained. If the enemy were as active and as good shots as his own men, and skilfully handled, he might have to be content with watching them at a distance, and preventing small bodies being detached to scour the country. If he had been ordered to head and delay an enemy's column the case would be different, and call for far greater sacrifices. He must then select good positions, and hold them till his flanks are being turned.

The mounted volunteers, such as the Huntingdon troop, would be extremely useful. Any general who has experienced the difficulty of getting correct information in the field, would regard them as invaluable auxiliaries to his intelligence department. The enemy could not detach a column without two or three of these active horsemen flitting around him, laughing at the clumsy efforts of French dragoons or Chasseurs d'Afrique to overtake them, and sending correct accounts of every movement to headquarters.

The third class of volunteers who are to garrison our fortresses would have more simple, but as important duties as the other two classes. It is they who set free so many regular troops, who would otherwise be locked up. It is a fertile field for military disputants how far our fortresses can be intrusted to their keeping. For our part, we go to the extreme point of believing that the garrisons may be composed almost entirely of men who have gone through a week's drill. This is not absolutely necessary, for we have only placed 90,000 volunteers in the first two classes, leaving 40,000 for garrisons. We also allowed 20,000 regulars for the same purpose. A garrison of one-fourth regulars, one-third volunteers, and the remainder from the *levée en masse*, would hold a fortress just as well as if the whole were old soldiers. There are no circumstances where stout hearts and hands can so well dispense with military training as behind a rampart. The duties in a fortress are simple, the orders are few. There is no wheeling, or countermarching, or forming square, or re-forming column. Here is the rampart to hold, and there the advancing enemy; shoot him when he is distant, bayonet him when he is near. The trained soldiers and volunteers would take the duties of sorties at the first, assisted by the remainder, as they got more into the way of soldiering. These ideas bear the test of experience. Did not the Spaniards, whom the French used to scatter like sheep in the open field, hold out Saragossa for six weeks, and Gerona for seven months? Such feats have never been performed by regular troops, because your regular garrisons know when they are beaten, and your irregular do not. The Turks, from want of discipline, not from want of courage, can rarely make face against the Russians in the open; but a Turkish garrison seldom yields under three months' siege, thereby setting at naught all the rules of military engineers from Vauban downwards,

who declare no siege can last more than three weeks. A certain proportion of regular artillerymen is absolutely necessary, but even in this important branch it is far more easy to improvise for a garrison than for an army in the field. It is one thing to ride the wheeler of a horse-artillery gun at the gallop, and another to ram down cartridges or use a handspike under the orders of a trained gunner. Colonel Gardner, R. A., chief instructor of artillery at Shoeburyness, says that "in twenty-six days, of four hours each, a man would learn the whole of the duties at the gun, the making up of ammunition, the boring of fuses and filling shells, a certain amount of theoretical instruction, and many practical details. In one month you could have along your coast thousands of men fit for the work. After a few hours' practice comparatively untrained men can go on very well if there is a steady man to lay, and to sponge, and to load."

The pensioners and yeomanry should be left at the disposal of the local authorities in their own districts. We repeat our belief that if the land defences of our dockyards have good connected ramparts, plenty of provisions and ammunition, and a full complement of volunteers or the *levée en masse*, they would hold out very well without a single regular soldier inside, beyond three or four trained artillerymen per gun; and if we add 15,000 or 20,000 men to the regular army, we could bring a force into the field which would drive an invader out of the country before he had completed the first parallel of attack on any of our fortresses. There should be a good sprinkling of regulars in the garrisons to form a nucleus for a small force which could sally from the fortress and dislodge the enemy's detachments if they made a demonstration or were doing mischief in the neighbourhood. Twenty thousand regulars and the yeomanry would not be a man too many for holding the country between Land's End and John o' Groat's House. It is useless asking for more; and we believe the above would be the best distribution for an army of 180,000 men, which we have taken as the limit of what we require—certainly of what we can get.

We shall reserve a few remarks on the fleet to the end, and now take that amphibious portion of our system of defence which consists in opposing an enemy while landing. The Commissioners say there are 300 miles out of the 750 between Humber and Penzance on which a landing could be effected. We cannot watch all this extent of coast; and if twenty ships of the line anchor at half a mile from the beach, they could bring a fire of a thousand guns to bear on it, before which nothing could stand. To prevent a landing, is therefore impossible. But the Commissioners say, "There are also certain harbours which, although not of sufficient importance to be used by themselves as bases for extensive operations, would nevertheless afford an enemy, if he possessed them, facilities for landing guns, horses, and *matériel;* and at these it appears desirable to have some degree of permanent defence in order to deny their use to him, and cause him some delay by restricting operations to the open beach until he had succeeded in capturing their defences. The measures for their defence would be of comparatively small extent, and they have not been included in those which have been brought under our consideration by your Majesty's Government." We consider this point as one of the utmost importance. The writer has thrice seen an army landed on the beach in an enemy's country, and experienced the dreadful delays which a strong breeze, and its concomitant a heavy surf, occasion, by entirely stopping communication between the ships and the shore. It seems impossible to depend on an open beach for the communications which an army, such as would land on our shores, must require. Sir John Burgoyne says, "There are about half-a-dozen small harbours between Portsmouth and the Thames, many of which have a good position at their mouths, which might be taken up by a good strong fort." These should certainly be secured, as well as those on the Essex coast. An invader must then land siege-guns and ammunition, the most difficult task of all,

on an open beach—and, meantime, who can say what the weather might bring forth? It would be nothing unusual if he could hold little communication with his ships for a week, except by signals. The Crimea is an excellent instance of what might be done in this way. If there had been a small fort on the heights to the south of Balaclava, with twenty guns bearing on the harbour, and another at Kamiech Bay, there would have been no attack on the south side of Sebastopol. The Allies could not then have landed supplies for a quarter of their army, much less siege-guns, at any point between Sebastopol and Balaclava. They must have gone to Eupatoria or Kaffa; and even at Eupatoria there was often no communication with the shipping for three consecutive days.

But far before all our land defences in importance are our floating bulwarks. These, we firmly trust, will stand us in as good stead as they have ever done. But some naval officers declare modern armaments are so destructive that the next naval engagement will have the same result as the famous encounter between two Kilkenny cats, and nothing remain of either fleet. If so, we must always keep a few vessels in reserve. And while we have twenty gunboats, twenty ocean-packets, or even twenty Thames steamers, in our harbours, there will always be found twenty sailors to steer them in running amuck among the French transports of a dark night. They need never hope to invade England, and cross and recross the Channel when they please, in peace and quietness. But if our fleet is ever so seriously crippled that an enemy commands the seas, he has a far safer if less glorious method than invasion of compelling us to accept his terms: when French squadrons blockade the Thames, the Severn, the Mersey, and the Clyde, there will be nothing for it but to send the Emperor a blank cheque, which he may fill up with Malta, Gibraltar, and as many millions sterling as his conscience will permit him. The obstruction of our commerce must entail such miseries on the nation, cooped up in an island and impotent to retaliate, that their spirits would rapidly sink; whereas an invasion of our soil would produce a reactionary indignation and frantic energy, that no torrents of blood or destruction of property would ever cause to subside in the presence of an object on which to wreak its vengeance. Why beard the British lion in his den, when his proud spirit can be tamed by closing the entrance?

The reply of Lord Overstone to the questions of the Royal Commissioners on National Defences forms an interesting episode, or rather conclusion, to their Appendix. "Question 2 asks my opinion of the probable effect of an occupation of London by an invading army; I cannot contemplate or trace to its consequences such a supposition. My only answer is, It must never be." This matter can only be considered as a study of human nature, not of military tactics or preparations. It would be decided by the passions, not by the sober judgment of the nation. To begin with the highest in the land, Her Majesty, weeping for her suffering people, would yet have too much of the spirit of her ancestors to check the nation's ardour, if it demanded a continuance of the struggle. The landed aristocracy would suffer less than any other class by an invasion, although they have shown the greatest readiness to take precautions against it. Even if they were equal losers with the monied interest, a Talbot, a Stanley, or a Wellesley would not be very likely to set the example of hauling down our national colours. The stake, however, is not equal. When Hannibal was in front of Rome, the field on which he encamped fetched its ordinary price in the market, although the villa in which his headquarters were established must have sadly fallen in value. Lord Derby could get a handsome sum for Knowsley, although a French division had cut down his oaks for their bivouac-fires, and the soldiers were roasting his fallow-deer at the embers. But a London brewery or Manchester mill would be worth very little when turned into quarters for a battalion of Zouaves. They would try some curious experiments with the engines, and it might take a long time to get

the machinery into working gear after their departure. It is on the manufacturing and commercial classes that the blow would fall heaviest, and they should be ever watchful that we are prepared to award it. We do not doubt that patriotic indignation would overpower all other considerations at the last; and even Mr. Bright, whom we have treated rather unceremoniously at the beginning of this article, be found haranguing the Manchester operatives on the necessity of keeping their powder dry, and their mills from capture. After all, it is the lower orders who must decide how long the contest can be prolonged, and history does not show that the peasant is less jealous of his country's honour than the peer, nor can any man say beforehand what wretchedness the populace will not submit too, rather than pass under the yoke. Take the sieges in the Netherlands, or in Spain. According to Sir A. Alison, at the siege of Saragossa, when the garrison was perishing of fever and famine, those suspected of desiring accommodation with the enemy were hung in the market-place; and when Palafox signed a favourable capitulation after fifty-four thousand had perished, and six thousand corpses lay unburied in the streets, it was with difficulty that the ruling junta prevented an insurrection for the purpose of carrying on the contest to the last extremity.

An invasion of England would certainly be a desperate undertaking. To attempt it, the Emperor must be at peace with all Europe, or he could not collect a sufficient army. He must utterly demolish our Channel fleet, or never hope to return to France. If both these points are in his favour, he may land; but before he can carry off the Duke of Wellington's statue to grace the Invalides, he must prove that Englishmen cannot fight on their native soil, as they fought at Badajos, at Vittoria, or Waterloo.

P.S.—Since writing the above remarks, we have seen the Ministerial statement of Monday evening. Government propose to carry out the recommendation of the Commissioners, and look to the country for £11,000,000, of which, however, only £2,000,000 are required this year. We have advocated delay in the construction of these fortifications (and that of the landward defences only), in order to have a comprehensive report on the defences of the United Kingdom laid before Parliament, in lieu of, or in addition to, this report regarding our dockyards. There is plenty of time for this before next February. By defences we do not mean fortifications only, but men, guns, and rifles. The first thing in a fortress is plenty of men, and provisions for them; the next, plenty of guns, and ammunition for them; last, and least, the ramparts and ditches. Where a garrison is large, —15,000 or 20,000 men, for instance, —the difference in their influence on the defence between the very best and very worst fortifications is not twenty per cent. The public, now more accustomed to military subjects, has got to understand that the "stupendous fortifications" of Sebastopol were a myth—that Todtleben did wonders, but could not perform miracles. In fact, his works were not equal to those of a fifth-class fortress. It was the men and guns that held out Sebastopol for so long. Sebastopol was fortified in a fortnight; our fortifications are to take three years: and if their sieges begin this decade, and last in proportion to Sebastopol, they will be surrendered by garrisons yet unborn. The practical deduction which we wish to enforce is, that strong garrisons can defend weak fortresses, but strong fortresses cannot protect weak garrisons. Of course, if you can get a strong garrison and a strong fortress, so much the better, and your dockyards are well worthy of both. We must not have all to do at the declaration of war. Some organisation for the distribution of firearms among the population—some plan on which garrisons are to be furnished by volunteers—is required. If this is all cut and dry in the War-Office, may we not have a peep at it? We have had too much of ships without sailors to desire forts without soldiers.

We are glad to see Mr. Sidney Herbert does not propose surrounding London with forts. We do not,

however, despair of seeing an intrenched camp constructed such as has been recommended in this article, and which we are confident would be the best system of defence, both as regards efficiency and economy. If ever an enemy marches on London, the proper way for our army and *levée en masse* of Londoners to afford each other mutual support, is, not to be mixed up together, but to have a post assigned to each for which they are fitted; the Londoners to man the suburban enclosures, where discipline and military formations would be of little avail; our army to remain compact in a strong camp clear of the suburbs, and operate on the enemy's rear if they tried to pass onwards. The invader would thus have an undisciplined but brave force in his front on ground where discipline was of little use, and a regular army to contend with in rear, where military manœuvres were more practicable. If our army loses a battle near the coast, it will lose all its artillery, as is always the case after a defeat in an enclosed country. They ought to have some place on which to retire and refit, and where could this be so well done as near Woolwich As regards economy, a camp covering ten square miles, at ten miles from London, would surely not cost more than £400 an acre, and two square miles would amply suffice for the forts necessary to render it impregnable if held by an army; leaving eight square miles of ground to remain under cultivation or pasture. The ground need not even be bought outright; the power of forbidding enclosures or buildings would suffice. We have already said we should be prepared to meet an enemy both on the side of Surrey and Essex, but we might commence with one camp on the Surrey side, and £2,000,000 would more than cover the whole expense. We believe this scheme will bear the strictest investigation by military men, and it would be very useful, when the cry is raised of "Wolf!" to have some dog to point to with which we could throttle him. John Bull knows London is open to attack, and *will* have something in the shape of fortifications to swear by. An intrenched camp can be held either by regulars or volunteers; so, with 2,000,000 people close at hand, we should never be at any loss for a garrison.

LORD MACAULAY AND DUNDEE.

Few celebrated men have suffered more injustice at the hands of posterity than John Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee. A perverse fate seems to have pursued his memory. Falling upon evil days, and playing an important part in the closing scenes of a dark and tragic period, it is not to be wondered at that his acts should have been misrepresented, and his character distorted, by contemporary malice and falsehood. But the ill fortune of Claverhouse has pursued him to our own times. Sir Walter Scott once remarked, with perfect truth, "that no character had been so foully traduced as that of the Viscount of Dundee—that, thanks to Wodrow, Crookshank, and such chroniclers, he, who was every inch a soldier and a gentleman, still passed among the Scottish vulgar for a ruffian desperado, who rode a goblin horse, was proof against shot, and in league with the devil."* Unhappily it is not among the Scottish vulgar alone that misconception as to the character of Dundee has prevailed. It is indeed only very lately, and principally in consequence of the reaction produced by the unscrupulous virulence of recent attacks upon his memory, that investigations have been made, which have placed his character in a truer light, and removed the load of obloquy under which it has so long and so unjustly lain. True as Sir Walter Scott's instincts and sympathies were, even he has admitted into his masterly portrait of Claverhouse some touches darker than can be justified by what we now know of his character. This is to be attributed partly to the fact that many circumstances have come to light since *Old Mortality* was written, and partly to the excellences of Sir Walter Scott's own character, which became, by excess, defects. His acquaintance with the times of which he wrote was profound; his power of reproducing the character he depicted—of evoking not merely the form and lineaments of the dead, but of breathing into that form the very soul by which it had been animated—was unequalled by any but Shakespeare himself; and his mind was far too great, his sympathies too catholic, and his disposition too generous, to permit him to pervert this power to the service of party aims, or the promulgation of his individual opinions and predilections. His fault lay in the opposite direction. His opponents found more than justice at his hands, whilst those with whose opinions and characters he sympathised, sometimes found less. He has adorned Balfour of Burley with a wild heroism far higher than should be awarded to the savage murderer of Archbishop Sharpe, and has dealt out but scant measure of justice to the accomplished and chivalrous Grahame of Claverhouse.

Lord Macaulay's errors were of a different kind. They proceeded from a too eager partizanship, a too fervid attachment to the creeds and traditions of the party to which he belonged. We have never grudged our share of the tribute universally and justly paid to the eloquence, the power, the varied research, the vast knowledge, which combine to chain the reader by a magical influence to the pages of his *History*. It stands like that fair cathedral, whose unfinished towers are reflected in the waters of the Rhine, a mighty and a beautiful fragment. We trust that no feebler hand will attempt its completion; and we indulge with pleasure the belief that future volumes would have redeemed the injustice into which his impetuous temperament, his love of striking and picturesque effects, and sometimes a natural, though dangerous, delight in the exercise of his own powers, have too often betrayed the historian.

There are few occurrences in life that so deeply impress the mind and touch the heart, as when a noble antagonist is struck down in the full vigour of his powers. The eloquent

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. iv. p. 38.

pen which placed in vivid reality before our eyes the defence of Derry and the trial of Warren Hastings, which painted the court of Charles II. with the gaiety of Watteau, and the Black Hole of Calcutta with the power of Rembrandt, has dropped from the hand that guided it; the flashing eye which heralded the impetuous words to which we have often listened with delight is dim; and the stores of that marvellous memory, where priceless jewels and worthless trifles were alike treasured up, will never more be poured out in prodigal generosity for our instruction and delight.

Justice to the mighty dead with whose ashes his own are now mingled, has, however, frequently compelled us to point out what have appeared to us to be the errors, the mistakes, and the faults of Lord Macaulay's *History*.

The conqueror of Blenheim, the founder of Pennsylvania, the hero of Killiecrankie, and the victim of Glencoe, stand now no further from us than he whom we have so lately lost. The narrow line over which we may be as suddenly summoned, is all that separates us. Silent shadows, they demand equal justice. But we enter upon our present task with mournful feelings, and we trust that we shall keep carefully in view, that in writing of the dead it is the duty no less of the critic than of the historian to keep ever in mind that he is dealing with those who cannot reply.

Lord Macaulay's portrait of Claverhouse is dashed in with the boldest handling, and in the darkest colours. Every lineament is that of a fiend. Courage—the courage of a demon fearing neither God nor man—is the only virtue, if indeed such courage can be called a virtue, he allows him. A few lines suffice for the sketch:—

> "Pre-eminent among the bands which oppressed and wasted these unhappy districts, were the dragoons commanded by John Grahame of Claverhouse. The story ran that these wicked men used in their revels to play at the torments of hell, and to call each other by the names of devils and damned souls. The chief of this Tophet, a soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper and of obdurate heart, has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred. To recapitulate all the crimes by which this man, and men like him, goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness, would be an endless task."

We confess that we are at a loss to understand the extreme horror with which the satanic sports of the soldiery seem to have inspired Lord Macaulay. One would not expect the amusements of troopers to be of the most refined description, but it is going rather far to conclude that a dragoon must necessarily be "wild, wicked, and hard-hearted," because he hits a comrade across the shoulders in sport, and calls him Beelzebub. Sportive allusions to the prince of darkness and his imps do not necessarily imply allegiance to his power. King George III. was certainly a pious prince, yet, "the story runs," as Lord Macaulay would say, that when Lord Erskine presented the corps of volunteers belonging to the Inns of Court to his Majesty, the King exclaimed, "What! what! *all* lawyers? Call them the Devil's Own—call them the Devil's Own." And "the Devil's Own" they were called from that day forward; their learned and gallant successors, who drill in Lincoln's-Inn Garden and King's Bench Walks still rejoicing in the same infernal designation, and being rather proud of it. We remember a *jeu d'esprit*, currently ascribed to an eminent Whig pen, which ran the circuit of the papers some twenty years ago, in which every eminent member of the Tory party was adorned with his particular diabolical cognomen. We quote from memory, but we have a very distinct recollection of the following lines as a part of the catalogue:—

> "Devils of wit and devils of daring,
> Mephistopheles Lyndhurst and Mammon Baring;
> Devils of wealth and devils of zeal,
> Belial Croker and Beelzebub Peel."

Yet we never heard that the venerable ex-chancellor felt his dignity compromised, or that Sir Robert Peel ever considered whether there might not be three courses open to

him, any one of whom he might select to punish the audacious poet. Nor, we conceive, would Lord Macaulay have denounced him as "wicked and profane."

To descend from kings and statesmen to "mortal men and miscreants," we remember when the "Olympic Devils" was the most popular of all amusements. It was in our younger days, when, in that pleasant little theatre behind the Strand Church, men, and women too, who, we trust, were not of any extreme wickedness, used to "play at the torments of hell," and certainly to call each other by very diabolical names. Yet the chief of that Tophet in Wych Street, an actress of distinguished beauty and professional skill, was, we trust, neither rapacious nor profane, and certainly not of violent temper nor obdurate heart, and has left a name which, wherever the English race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of anything but hatred.

To come to more important matters: When Lord Macaulay asserts that Claverhouse was one of those whose conduct "goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness," he shows an utter disregard both of facts and dates. There is probably but one opinion now as to the insanity of the attempt to force Episcopacy upon Scotland. But Prelacy was restored in May 1662;* the ministers were ejected in the month of November in the same year.† The Court of Ecclesiastical Commission commenced its proceedings in 1664.‡ The military oppressions raged in 1665.§ The insurrection which terminated in the defeat of Pentland took place the following year. Then followed countless executions, civil and military. The boo and the gibbet were in constant employment. In 1668 the life of Sharpe was attempted by Mitchell. In 1670, rigorous laws were passed against conventicles; at the same time, the tyranny and insolence of Lauderdale excited universal hatred and disgust. In 1676 the proceedings of the Government became even more severe. "Letters of intercommuning," as they were called, were issued, denouncing the severest penalties against all who should afford meat, drink, or shelter to an outlaw.‖ The field-preachers were hunted down by the soldiery, but their hearers rallied round them, and contests, frequently bloody and often of doubtful issue, occurred. The Bass was converted into a prison, the dungeons of which were crowded with captive ministers, and the Highland host was called in to ravage the unhappy Western Lowlands at the latter end of 1677. ¶

These were the outrages by which the country was "goaded into madness." But Claverhouse had not, nor could he have, any part or share whatever in them. He was absent from the country during the whole of the time during which they were committed, and did not return to Scotland until the early part of the year 1678.** The first mention of him that occurs in Wodrow is in May 1679, immediately before the skirmish of Drumclog. Lord Macaulay had Wodrow before him—he refers to him as his sole authority for this passage; yet it is upon Wodrow's pages that the dates and facts are to be found which contradict his deliberate and often-repeated assertion.

Lord Macaulay selects five instances of the crimes "by which the peasantry of the Western Lowlands were goaded into madness." An ordinary reader would certainly infer from his language that Claverhouse was concerned in all these instances, and would be somewhat surprised, after perusing Lord Macaulay's narrative, to find, on turning to his authority, that in three out of the five cases Claverhouse had no share whatever, and that in a fourth he acted the part of an intercessor for mercy, and exerted himself in vain to save the life of the victim. In the most cruel of all—that of Margaret Maclachlan and Margaret Wilson—we find, on referring to Wodrow, that *a* Colonel Graham was concerned, but it was Colonel *David*

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* Laing, ii. 21, 1st edit., vol. iv. of 2d edit.
† Ibid., 27.
‡ Ibid., ii. 34.
§ Ibid.
‖ Ibid., ii. 68.
¶ Wodrow, i. 480, fol.
** Napier, *Memoirs of Dundee*, 185.

Graham, the sheriff of Wigtownshire, not Colonel *John* Grahame of Claverhouse.* Lord Macaulay might as well have confounded David Hume with Joseph Hume, or, as he did upon another occasion, *Patrick* Graham of the Town Guard with the hero of Killiecrankie, or George Penne with the founder of Pennsylvania. Even in this case, cruel and atrocious as it was, Lord Macaulay misquotes his authorities. He asserts that these unhappy women "suffered death for their religion." Wodrow and Crookshank, on the contrary, distinctly state that they were indicted and convicted for being in open rebellion at Bothwell Bridge and Aird's Moss. Lord Macaulay also omits to mention what is stated by the historians he refers to, namely, that upon the case being brought to the notice of the Council, the prisoners were respited, and a pardon recommended, but that the execution was hurried on by the brutality of Major Windram and the Laird of Lagg.†

In the case of Andrew Hislop, Lord Macaulay says that the Laird of Westerhall having discovered that one of the proscribed Covenanters had found shelter in the house of a respectable widow, and had died there, "pulled down the house of the poor woman, carried away her furniture, and, leaving her and her *younger* children to wander in the fields, *dragged her son Andrew, who was still a lad, before Claverhouse, who happened to be marching through that part of the country.*"‡

For this Lord Macaulay cites Wodrow, but Wodrow's story is exactly the reverse. It was not Westerhall that brought Hislop a prisoner before Claverhouse, but Claverhouse that brought him before Westerhall, who, it is evident from the whole narrative, at that time possessed an authority superior to that of Claverhouse. Wodrow, after narrating the barbarous expulsion of the widow and her children, *Andrew inclusive*, by Westerhall, proceeds thus:—"When they were thus forced to wander, Claverhouse falls upon Andrew Hislop in the fields, May 10, and seized him, *without any design, as appeared, to murder him, bringing him prisoner with him to Eskdale unto Westerraw that night.*"§

Wodrow adds: "Claverhouse in this instance was very backward, perhaps not wanting his own reflections upon John Brown's murder the first of this month, as we have heard, and pressed the delay of the execution. But Westerraw urged till the other yielded, saying, '*The blood of this poor man be upon you, Westerraw; I am free of it.*'"‖

This is the story as told by the bitterest enemy of Claverhouse. It is impossible for any one who looks at it with the slightest candour, or desire to discern the truth, not to perceive that the influence of Claverhouse was exercised on the side of humanity and mercy. Why does Lord Macaulay, whose narrative so frequently, without any authority whatever, assumes a dramatic form, in this instance suppress the words of Claverhouse, graphically recorded both by Wodrow and Crookshank, "*The blood of this poor man be upon you, Westerraw; I am free of it!*"

We now come to the only authority (except vulgar tradition) that Lord Macaulay has given for his character of Claverhouse. It is the often-repeated story of "John Brown, the Christian Carrier." Immediately upon the appearance of the first volume of Lord Macaulay's *History*, Professor Aytoun challenged the correctness of his picture of Claverhouse, and in a note to his noble and spirit-stirring "Burial-March of Dundee," exposed by means of the most accurate reasoning and the most conclusive evidence, the errors into which the historian had fallen. It is much to be regretted that Lord Macaulay, who availed himself of the corrections of the Professor upon some minor points, did not exercise the same discretion on this more important matter. The picture of Claverhouse, and the story of John Brown, have reappeared unaltered in each successive edition that has issued from the press.

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* Wodrow, ii. 505; Crookshank, ii. 386.
† Ibid.
‡ Macaulay, ii. 76, ed. 1858.
§ Wodrow, ii. 507.
‖ Ibid.

We quote from the one published in 1858:—

"John Brown, a poor carrier of Lanarkshire, was, for his singular piety, commonly called the Christian Carrier. Many years later, when Scotland enjoyed rest, prosperity, and religious freedom, old men, who remembered the evil days, described him as one versed in divine things, blameless in life, and so peaceable that the tyrants could find no offence in him, except that he absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians. On the first of May he was cutting turf, when he was seized by Claverhouse's dragoons, rapidly examined, *convicted of nonconformity*, and sentenced to death. It is said that, even among the soldiers, it was not easy to find an executioner. For the wife of the poor man was present: she led one little child by the hand: it was easy to see that she was about to give birth to another; and even those wild and hard-hearted men, who nicknamed one another Beelzebub and Apollyon, shrank from the great wickedness of butchering her husband before her face. The prisoner, meanwhile, raised above himself by the near prospect of eternity, prayed loud and fervently, as one inspired, *till Claverhouse, in a fury, shot him dead.* It was reported by credible witnesses that the widow cried out in her agony, 'Well, sir, well, the day of reckoning will come;' and that the murderer replied, 'To man I can answer for what I have done, and as for God, I will take him into mine own hand.' Yet it was rumoured that even on his seared conscience and adamantine heart the dying ejaculations of his victim made an impression which was never effaced." *

This story of John Brown affords a curious example of the mode in which calumnies are propagated and grow; and at the risk of some repetition of what has already been so well done by Professor Aytoun, we shall proceed to trace the falsehood to its source.

Lord Macaulay cites as his authority "Wodrow, iii. ix. 6." But though following him in the main, Lord Macaulay seems to have been conscious that Wodrow's narrative would not bear the test of critical examination.

Wodrow asserts that the soldiers were melted and moved by the "scriptural expressions and grace of prayer" of John Brown, and mutinied, refusing to execute the commands of their officer. This seems to have been too gross and palpable an improbability for Lord Macaulay, who represents them as merely moved by the natural feeling of compassion for the unhappy wife—more probable, certainly, but *not* the tale told by Wodrow. Again, Lord Macaulay asserts that Claverhouse shot John Brown dead in a fit of passion, excited by his loud and fervent prayers. This is Lord Macaulay, "pur et simple." Wodrow's statement is very different. He asserts that "not one of the soldiers would shoot him, or obey Claverhouse's commands, *so that he was forced to turn executioner himself*, and in a fret shot him with his own hand."† Wodrow asserts positively the refusal of the soldiers, and attributes the act of Claverhouse to that refusal. Lord Macaulay confines his statement to a natural reluctance on the part of the soldiers, and attributes the act of Claverhouse to a sudden gust of brutal and furious passion. It is painful to observe, and difficult to believe, the extent to which Lord Macaulay has considered himself entitled to garble, alter, and pervert the authorities he quotes; and it is strange that he should have adopted, upon the sole authority of Wodrow, a story which he yet appears to have felt to be so grossly improbable, that he could not produce it until he had pruned down some of its most extravagant features.

Wodrow's narrative first appeared in 1721—thirty-six years after the event is supposed to have taken place, and thirty-three after the Revolution. Professor Aytoun justly remarks that—

"These dates are of the utmost importance in considering a matter of this kind. The Episcopalian party which adhered to the cause of King James was driven from power at the Revolution, and the Episcopal Church proscribed. No mercy was shown to opponents in the literary war which followed. Every species of invective and vituperation was lavished upon the supporters of the fallen dynasty. *Yet for thirty-three years after the Revolution the details of this*

* Macaulay, ii. 74.

† Wodrow, B. iii., ch. ix.

atrocious murder were never revealed to the public." *

Wodrow gives no authority whatever for his narrative. But there is another historian, Patrick Walker the packman, who, two years after the appearance of Wodrow's *History*, namely, in 1724, gave a very different, and in many respects a contradictory account of the same transaction.

Professor Aytoun, with rather an excess of candour, says that "Mr. Macaulay may not have known that such testimony ever existed, for even the most painstaking historian is sure to pass over some material in so wide a field." True, but Lord Macaulay can hardly be supposed to have been unaware of the existence of a story which Sir Walter Scott has twice repeated at full length; first in the notes to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*;† and, secondly, in the *Tales of a Grandfather*,‡ in both cases citing Walker's *Life of Peden* as his authority. But besides this there is other evidence of the falsehood of Wodrow, which it is difficult to account for Lord Macaulay having overlooked.

In 1749 the Rev. William Crookshank published his *History of the State and Sufferings of the Church of Scotland.* In the preface he says—

"When I first engaged in this undertaking, I only intended to abridge Mr. Wodrow's *History*; but by the advice of friends I was induced to use other helps for making the history of this persecuting period more clear and full. Accordingly, when I mention anything not to be found in Wodrow, I generally tell my author, or quote him in the margin; so that though *there is nothing I thought material in that author which I have omitted*, yet the reader will find many things of consequence in the following work which the other takes no notice of." §

When Crookshank arrives at that part of his *History* which relates to John Brown, he abandons Wodrow altogether, and adopts Walker's narrative, citing him in the margin as his authority. Here, then, we find Wodrow contradicted by the contemporary authority of Walker; Crookshank, the disciple and follower of Wodrow, confirming that contradiction, and feeling himself obliged to discard his master's story; Sir Walter Scott casting the weight of his authority into the same scale; and yet Lord Macaulay, with all this evidence before him, added to the gross improbability of the tale itself, reproduces Wodrow's story in edition after edition, with certain alterations purely his own, and calls it History!

Walker hated Claverhouse with a hatred fully as bitter as that of Wodrow; he cannot, therefore, be suspected of having suppressed or softened down any circumstance that could tell against him, or enhance the tragic nature of the scene. He states that he derived part, at least, of his account from the widow of the murdered man; the testimony he relies upon is therefore that most hostile to Claverhouse. Walker was a contemporary of Wodrow, though many years older, and had borne a part in the troubled times to which the *History* of the latter relates. In 1682 he shot a dragoon who attempted to capture him. According to Walker's own account, he and two of his comrades, returning from a nightly meeting armed with firearms, were pursued by one Francis Garden, a trooper in Lord Airley's regiment, alone, and armed only with his sword. How he intended to capture his prisoners, unless after the Irish fashion of "surrounding" them, does not very clearly appear. The result, however, was, that Walker shot him through the head. Writing more than thirty years after the event, and when, according to Lord Macaulay, "Scotland enjoyed rest, prosperity, and religious freedom," he says—"When I saw his blood run, I wished that all the blood of the Lord's stated and avowed enemies in Scotland had been in his veins: having such a clear call and opportunity, *I would have rejoiced to have seen it all gone out with a gush.*" ‖

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* *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, App., p. 334.
† Note to the "Battle of Bothwell Brig."
‡ *History of Scotland*, chap. lii.
§ Crookshank, Preface, xix.
‖ *Life of Peden.*

We may therefore feel well assured that nothing which could be told against such a "stated and avowed enemy of the Lord" as Claverhouse, would be omitted by Walker; and it should at least throw a doubt on the veracity of Wodrow, when we find so zealous a Covenanter denouncing his *History* as a collection of "lies and groundless stories."

Walker's *Life of Peden* first appeared in 1724, three years after the publication of Wodrow's *History*. It is still widely circulated and extremely popular amongst the peasants of Scotland, and has been frequently reprinted up to the present time in the form of a chap book. That even this account, though more trustworthy than that of Wodrow, is not to be received with implicit confidence, will, we think, be admitted, when it is observed that the story is first revealed in a miraculous manner to the inspired Mr. Peden, or as he commonly calls himself, "Old Sandy." On the morning of John Brown's death, Peden was at a house about ten or eleven miles distant.

"Betwixt seven and eight he desired to call in the family that he might pray among them. He said, 'Lord when wilt thou avenge Brown's blood? Oh, let Brown's blood be precious in thy sight, and hasten the day when thou'lt avenge it with Cameron's, Cargill's, and many other of our martyrs' names. And oh for that day when the Lord would avenge all their bloods!' When ended, John Muirhead inquired what he meant by Brown's blood? He said twice over, 'What do I mean? Claverhouse has been at the Preshill this morning, and has cruelly murdered John Brown. His corpse is lying at the end of his house, and his poor wife sitting weeping by his corpse, and not a soul to speak comfortably to her. This morning, after the sun-rising, I saw a strange apparition in the firmament, the appearance of a very bright, clear, shining star fall from heaven to earth; and, indeed, there is a clear, shining light fallen this day, the greatest Christian that ever I conversed with.'"

Walker's narrative of the death of Brown is as follows. Between five and six in the morning, he says—

"The said John Brown having performed the worship of God in his family, was going, with a spade in his hand, to make ready some peat ground. The mist being very dark, he knew not until cruel and bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of horse, brought him to his house, and there examined him; who, though he was a man of a stammering speech, yet answered him distinctly and solidly, which made Claverhouse to examine those whom he had taken to be his guides through the muirs, if ever they heard him preach? They answered, 'No, no; he was never a preacher.' He said, 'If he has never preached, meikle he has prayed in his time.' He said to John, 'Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die.' When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times; one time that he stopt him, he was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of His anger. Claverhouse said, 'I gave you time to pray, and ye are begun to preach.' He turned upon his knees and said, 'Sir, you know neither the nature of preaching or praying, that calls this preaching.' Then continued without confusion. When ended, Claverhouse said, 'Take good-night of your wife and children.' His wife, standing by with her child in her arms that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her and said, 'Now, Marian, the day is come that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me.' She said, 'Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you.' 'Then,' he said, 'this is all I desire; I have no more to do but die.' He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon them, and his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him. The most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Claverhouse said to his wife, 'What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?' She said, 'I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever.' He said, 'It were but justice to lay thee beside him.' She said, 'If you were permitted, I doubt not but your cruelties would go that length; but how will ye make answer for this morning's work?' He said, 'To man I can be answerable, and for God, I will take him in my own hand.' Claverhouse mounted his horse, and marched, and left her with the corpse of her dead husband lying there; she set the bairn on the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him in her plaid, and sat down and wept over him. It being

a very desert place, where never victual grew, and far from neighbours, it was some time before any friends came to her. The first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular Christian woman in the Cummerhead, named Elizabeth Menzies, three miles distant, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland, afterwards of two worthy sons—Thomas Weir, who was killed at Drumclog, and David Steel, who was suddenly shot afterwards when taken. The said Marian Weir, sitting upon her husband's grave, told me, that before that she could see no blood but she was in danger to faint, and yet she was helped to be a witness to all this without either fainting or confusion; except when the shots were let off, her eyes dazzled."

That this wild, picturesque, and touching story should have ta'en strong hold on the poetical imagination and kind heart of Sir Walter Scott, can be no matter of surprise to any one. That it did so, is shown, not only by his frequent reference to it, but by the mode in which his genius has interwoven some of the most affecting incidents into the beautiful episode of Bessie Maclure.* But the historian had a far different task from that of the novelist. His duty was to compare the two narrations, and to examine how much of either should be admitted as trustworthy evidence. That Walker's testimony is sufficient to convict Wodrow of falsehood in asserting that the soldiers mutinied, and that Claverhouse was himself the executioner of John Brown, is abundantly clear. Walker's informant was the widow of John Brown, an eyewitness of the transaction, and most hostile to Claverhouse. She told the story "sitting on her husband's grave." To suppose that she could have omitted such a circumstance as that her husband's eloquence had moved the hearts of the soldiers to mutiny, and compelled their commander to take upon himself the revolting office of an executioner, would be absurd. Nor is this all. We find the circumstances of his death narrated with the utmost particularity, no doubt by the widow herself, and there is not from beginning to end a hint that the soldiers shrank from executing the commands of their officer. But when we come to the adjuncts of the story, to the conversation, to the particular expressions supposed to have been used by Claverhouse, to his imputed "obduracy and profanity," his "seared conscience and adamantine heart," the question assumes a very different aspect.

The poetical power of Walker's mind was of no mean order. As Sir Walter Scott observes, his "simple but affecting narrative," and his "imitation of scriptural style, produces in some passages an effect not unlike what we feel in reading the beautiful book of Ruth."† The narrative constantly runs into the form of dialogue. Every one knows, and none better than those who have read Lord Macaulay's *History* with care, how dangerous the dramatic talent is to a historian. In the majority of instances, even in Lord Macaulay's own *History*, when we have had occasion to test the accuracy of passages which he has enclosed between inverted commas, as being the very words of the speaker, we have found them incorrectly quoted.‡ It seems in the highest degree improbable that

* *Old Mortality*, chap. vi.

† *Minstrelsy*, App. A.

‡ The following are a few instances, taken almost at random:—

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"He [*i. e.*, Claverhouse] told Keppoch in the presence of all the officers of his small army, that he would much rather choose to serve as a common soldier amongst disciplined troops, than command such men as he, who seemed to make it his business to draw the odium of the country upon him. . . . . He begged that he would immediately begone with his men, that he might not hereafter have an opportunity of affronting the general at his pleasure, or of

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"'I would rather,' *he said*, 'carry a musket in a respectable regiment, than be captain of *such a gang of thieves*.'"—MACAULAY, iii. 340.

an illiterate woman, such as Marion Brown, should be able, after many years, accurately to repeat the particular words which passed during such a scene of horror as, under any circumstances, the death of John Brown must have been. There are, besides, inconsistencies and mistakes in the narrative which are easily detected: Thus, the neighbour who visits the widow in her affliction is, in one copy of the *Life*, Elizabeth Menzies, and in another Jean Brown, while she is still represented as the mother of Thomas Weir and David Steel, the latter of whom is said to have been "suddenly *shot when taken*." We know, however, that so far from this being the fact, David Steel was neither *taken* nor *shot*, but fell beneath the broadswords of the dragoons in a fray, during which they attempted to capture him.*

We may, therefore, fairly take Walker's account as trustworthy, for the fact that John Brown fell by the carbines of the soldiers acting under the orders of Claverhouse; but for anything beyond that fact, his testimony must be received with caution. Military executions are, under any circumstances, sufficiently horrible: they are peculiarly so when they take place during a civil war. But, before we come to any conclusion upon the conduct of Claverhouse in this instance, we must inquire, first, what was the temper of the times, and what manner of men he had to deal with; and, secondly, what were the particular circumstances of the individual case. With regard to the first, we will content ourselves with three instances, and they shall all be of the most notorious kind, and proved by the most unexceptionable evidence.

On the 3d of May, 1679, David Hackston of Rathillet, John Balfour of Kinloch, and seven others, some of whom were gentlemen of good family, set forth, mounted and armed, for the purpose of waylaying and murdering one Carmichael, sheriff-depute of the county of Fife,† who was obnoxious to the Covenanters, and whom they expected to find

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making him and the better-disposed troops a cover to his robberies."—*Memoirs of Locheil*, 243.

"When it was objected that he [i. e., Glengarry] would not be able to make it good, since his followers were not near equal to Locheil's in numbers, he answered that the courage of his men would make up that defect."—*Memoirs of Locheil*, 254.

"The Lords replied, 'Nay, we all well remember you particularly mentioned the flower-pots.'"—SPRAT'S *Narrative*, 70.

"*Lord President.*—'Young, thou art the strangest creature that ever I did hear of. Dost thou think we could imagine that the Bishop of Rochester would combine,'" &c.—SPRAT'S *Narrative*, 71.

"I left him praying God to give him grace to repent; and only adding that else he was more in danger of his own damnation than I of his accusation in Parliament."—*Ibid.*, second part, p. 3.

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"When he was reminded that Locheil's followers were in number nearly double of the Glengarry men—'No matter,' *he cried*, 'one M'Donald is worth two Camerons.'"—MACAULAY, iii. 341.

"*Then the whole board broke forth*, 'How *dare* you say so? We all remember it.'"—MACAULAY, iv. 252.

"'*Man!* cried *Carmarthen*,' 'wouldst thou have us believe that the bishop combined,'" &c.

"'God give you repentance,' *answered the bishop:* 'for, depend upon it, you are in much more danger of being *damned* than I of being impeached.'"—MACAULAY, iv. 253.

The actual meaning may not be much altered in these examples, but it is not Claverhouse, Glengarry, Carmarthen, or Sprat that speaks, but Lord Macaulay, and a slight change of phraseology converts a dignified remonstrance into a brutal insult, and a pious exhortation into something very like a vulgar oath, and that, too, put into the mouth of a bishop! Lord Macaulay's inverted commas are always to be regarded with extreme caution.

* CRIGHTON'S *Memoirs.*

† WODROW, ii. 27.

hunting in the neighbourhood of Scotstarbet. Carmichael was, however, warned of his danger by a shepherd, and escaped. After spending the greater part of the morning in a fruitless search, Rathillet and his party were about to disperse, when a boy came up and informed them that the Archbishop's coach was in a neighbouring village, and that he would soon pass near the spot where they then were. Disappointed of their intended victim, chance thus threw in their way one who was even more the object of their hatred. It was true that there was no recent or immediate cause for exasperation against Sharpe, but he was an apostate,—he had abandoned Presbyterianism for Episcopacy seventeen years before,—he was an archbishop,—he had already once narrowly escaped the pistol of an assassin, the shot which was intended for him having taken effect upon his friend, the Bishop of Orkney,—he was known to have shown little mercy towards those who had shown none to him,—he was old, unarmed, utterly defenceless, accompanied by no one but his daughter and some domestic servants, who were wholly unable to offer any effectual resistance to nine men well armed and mounted. The temptation was too strong to be resisted. Rathillet and his party had come out expressly to commit murder. Their appetite for crime was sharpened by disappointment, when the victim they had least hoped, but most desired to immolate, presented himself ready for slaughter. Their resolution was immediately taken; the pistols which had been loaded, and the swords which had been sharpened for the murder of Carmichael, were turned against the Archbishop, and they spurred their horses to their utmost speed after the carriage. The coachman, alarmed at their pursuit, quickened his pace, and the Archbishop, looking out, and seeing armed men approaching, turned to his daughter and exclaimed, "Lord have mercy upon me, my poor child, for I am gone!" He had scarcely spoken when three or four pistols were fired at the coach, and the best mounted of the pursuers, riding up to the postilion, struck him over the face with his sword, and shot and hamstrung his horse. The coach being thus stopped, the assailants again fired into it upon the Archbishop and his daughter, and this time with more effect, for the former was wounded. The Archbishop opened the door, came out of the coach, and begged the assailants to spare his life. "There is no mercy," they replied, "for a Judas, an enemy and traitor to the cause of Christ." He then begged for mercy for his child. The details of the butchery which followed are too revolting to be repeated.* One of the murderers even exclaimed in horror to his comrades, to "spare those grey hairs." The daughter threw herself before her father, and received two wounds in a fruitless attempt to save him. When their bloody work was done, the murderers remounted their horses, and left her on the moor with the mutilated body of her father.†

Such was the murder of Archbishop Sharpe. It is recorded by Sheilds, who, we are told by Wodrow, was "a minister of extraordinary talents and usefulness, well seen in most branches of valuable learning; of a most quick and piercing wit, full of zeal and public spirit; of shining and

* James Russell, one of the murderers, gives the following account of the final act of the tragedy: "Falling upon his knees, he said, 'For God's sake, save my life;' his daughter, falling upon her knees, begged his life also. . . . John Balfour stroke him on the face, and Andrew Henderson stroke him on the hand, and cut it, and John Balfour rode him down; whereupon, he lying upon his face as if he had been dead, and James Russell, hearing his daughter say to Wallace [the Archbishop's servant] that there was life in him yet, in the time James was disarming the rest of the Bishop's men, went presently to him, and cast off his hat, for it would not cut at first, and *haked his head in pieces.* Having done this, his daughter came to him and cursed him, and called him a bloody murderer; and James answered, they were not murderers, for they were sent to execute God's vengeance on him."—*James Russell's Account of the Murder of Archbishop Sharpe;* KIRKTON, 418.

† See *State Trials*, x. 791; WODROW; *Russell's Narrative*, KIRKTON; *Sir Wm. Sharp's Letter*, KIRKTON, App.

solid piety; a successful, serious, and solid preacher, and useful minister in the Church, *moved with love to souls, and somewhat of the old apostolic spirit*," * in the following words:—"That truculent traitor, James Sharpe, the Arch-prelate, &c., received the just demerit of his perfidy, apostacy, sorceries, villanies, and murders—sharp arrows of the mighty and coals of juniper. For, upon the 3d of May, 1679, *several worthy gentlemen, with some other men of courage and zeal for the cause of God and the good of the country, executed righteous judgment upon him* in Magus Muir, near St. Andrews."† At the same time, Hackston of Rathillet is commemorated as a "worthy gentleman who *suffered* at Edinburgh on the 30th of July 1680," one of a "cloud of witnesses for the royal prerogatives of Jesus Christ!" Such is the language in which the fact that this infamous murderer was hanged is recorded by the historians of the Covenant! Something of the same spirit seems still to survive. A recent historian of the Church of Scotland says, after giving an account of the Archbishop's murder, "It was such a deed as Greece celebrated with loudest praises in the case of Harmodius and Aristogiton, and Rome extolled when done by Cassius and Brutus." ‡

The skirmish at Drumclog, immortalised in *Old Mortality*, took place on the 1st of June 1679, within a month after the Archbishop's murder. The insurgents were commanded by Robert Hamilton, a near connection and pupil of Bishop Burnett. Following the example of the Covenanters at Tippermuir, whose watchword was "Jesus and no quarter," he gave, as he himself informs us, strict orders that "no quarter should be given." § These orders were, however, disobeyed during his absence, and five prisoners were spared. Hamilton, returning from the pursuit of Claverhouse, found his followers debating whether mercy should be shown to a sixth, when he put an end to the argument by slaughtering the unhappy prisoner in cold blood with his own hand. Seven years afterwards we find him exulting in the act. "None could blame me," he says, "*to decide the controversy, and I bless the Lord for it to this day!*" This was the man whom Lord Macaulay has truly designated as "the oracle of the Extreme Covenanters," and justly denounced as a "*bloodthirsty ruffian.*" That his conduct met with the sympathy and approval of his followers, is shown by the fact that we find him still in command of the insurgent forces under the title of *General* Hamilton, at the battle of Bothwell Brig, in conjunction with Hackston of Rathillet, the murderer of the Archbishop. The banner which floated over their heads is still in existence, ‖ and, after the desecrated motto, "For Christ and His Truths," bears, in blood-red letters, the words, "No Quarter for the Active Enemies of the Covenant." Reckoning upon certain victory, these champions of the Prince of Peace had erected upon the battle-field a high gallows, and prepared a cart-load of new ropes, in order that there might be no more such "steppings aside" as had occurred when the five prisoners were spared at Drumclog. It is somewhat inconsistent with the supposed ferocity of the commanders of the royalist troops that these preparations were not turned against the insurgents upon their defeat. ¶

Such were the leaders of the Covenanters—men of rank, station, and education. As may well be supposed, their example was not thrown away upon their more humble and ignorant followers. Of the numberless outrages committed by them, we will select one only, and narrate the facts as they came from the mouths of the perpetrators of the crime.

Peter Peirson, the curate of Carsphairn, was a bold and determined man, and had the courage to reside, alone, without even a servant, in the solitary manse belonging to that parish. His offence consisted in be-

* Wodrow, iv. 233. † *Hind Let Loose.*

‡ Hetherington's *History of the Church of Scotland*, 94, as to Sharpe's murder.

§ Hamilton's *Letter to the Sectaries*—Dec. 7, 1685.

‖ Nap., *Memoirs of Dundee*, 228. ¶ Crichton's *Memoirs.*

ing suspected of favouring "Popery, Papists, and purgatory," and in having been heard to declare that "he feared none of the Whigs, nor anything else, but rats and mice." On this provocation, James M'Michael and three others, one night in the middle of November 1684, went to the manse, knocked at the door, and upon its being opened by Mr. Peirson, immediately shot him dead on his own threshold.*

Instances of the most cold-blooded murder might be multiplied by thousands. But we must now consider the second question, and inquire, what were the circumstances, and what the conduct, of Claverhouse in the particular case of John Brown. Lord Macaulay's assertion that he was sentenced to death because he was "convicted of non-conformity" is pure invention. Neither Wodrow nor Walker assign any cause; the former, indeed, expressly says, "Whether he [Claverhouse] had got any information of John's piety and nonconformity, *I cannot tell*;" and we shall presently see that Lord Macaulay might just as truly have said that John Thurtel was hanged for reading *Bell's Life in London*.

John Brown was a "fugitated rebel." His name appears a year before in a list appended to a proclamation of those who had been cited as rebels in arms, or rather of rebels who had not appeared.† Sir Walter Scott says, with perfect truth, "While we read this dismal story, we must remember Brown's situation was that of *an avowed and determined rebel, liable as such to military execution*." What then does Lord Macaulay mean by asserting that "he was blameless in life, and so peaceable that the tyrants could find no offence in him, except that he absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians?" That he was blameless and peaceable in the eyes of those who regarded Hackston of Rathillet as "one of Sion's precious mourners and faithful witnesses of Christ, a valiant and much-honoured gentleman," who shouted "Jesus and no quarter!" at Tippermuir—who felt that they had forfeited the favour of God because they had abstained from "dashing the brains of the brats of Babel against the stones" at Drumclog—who fought under the "bluidy banner," and prepared the gibbet and the new ropes at Bothwell Brig,—we can readily understand. But that any historian should be found, in the middle of the nineteenth century, deliberately to adopt such a statement, we confess, fills us with surprise.

Yet such, unhappily, is the fact. Year after year, and edition after edition, Lord Macaulay has given the trash of Wodrow to the public, backed by his own high authority. It was in vain that Professor Aytoun laid before him the evidence which proved, in the most conclusive manner, that Wodrow was contradicted by contemporary authorities,—that even by his own party his *History* was denounced as a collection of "lies and groundless stories." It was in vain that his attention was directed to the fact that Sir Walter Scott, though himself adopting a view by no means favourable of the character of Claverhouse, rejected the story told by Wodrow, and adopted that told by Walker, and had distinctly pointed out the fact that John Brown was an avowed rebel, amenable to the law, such as it then was—that the assertion that he was "convicted of nonconformity," and had committed no offence except that he "absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians," was not only unsupported by any evidence whatever, but betrayed a want of knowledge of the state of Scotland at the time. Still the story of the Christian carrier appeared over and over again without even a note or a hint from which the reader could surmise that its authenticity had ever been even questioned. It appeared as the sole evidence on which Lord Macaulay relied for painting Claverhouse with the features of a fiend, and bestowing upon him the nickname of "The Chief of Tophet!"

* Wodrow, vol. ii., p. 467.

† Wodrow, App., vol. ii. p. 110. The entry is as follows: "*Muirkirk*, John Brown of Priestfield, *for Reset*."

So the matter stood at the time of the appearance of the last edition of Lord Macaulay's *History*. Within the last year, however, a valuable addition has been made to the materials previously before the world for the history of that period of Scottish annals. The Queensberry Papers, preserved among the archives of the Buccleuch family, have been examined, and amongst the extracts from those valuable documents which have been recently published by Mr. Mark Napier, in his *Memoirs of Dundee*, is the original despatch which Claverhouse sent to the Duke of Queensberry, then the High Treasurer of Scotland and head of the Government, on the 3d of May 1685, giving an account of the execution of John Brown only two days after the event. One might almost fancy that the spirit of the hero had been awakened from its slumbers by the sound of the only voice whose slanders he deigned to answer:—

"May it please your Grace,

"On Friday last, amongst the hills betwixt Douglas and the Ploughlands, we pursued two fellows a great way through the mosses, and in the end seized them. They had no arms about them, and denied they had any. But *being asked if they would take the abjuration, the eldest of the two, called John Brown, refused it; nor would he sware not to rise in arms against the King, but said he knew no king.* Upon which, and there being found *bullets and match in his house, and treasonable papers*, I caused shoot him dead; which he suffered very unconcernedly. The other, a young fellow and his nephew, called John Brownen, offered to take the oath; but would not swear that he had not been at Newmills in arms, at rescuing the prisoners. So I did not know what to do with him; I was convinced that he was guilty, but saw not how to proceed against him. Wherefore, after he had said his prayers, and carabines presented to shoot him, I offered to him, that if he would make an ingenuous confession, and make a discovery that might be of any importance for the King's service, I should delay putting him to death, and plead for him. Upon which he confessed that he was at that attack at Newmills, and that he had come straight to this house of his uncle's on Sunday morning. In the time he was making this confession *the soldiers found out a house in the hill, under ground, that could hold a dozen of men, and there were swords and pistols in it; and this fellow declared that they belonged to his uncle, and that he had lurked in that place ever since Bothwell, where he was in arms.* He confessed that he had a halbert, and told who gave it him about a month ago, and we have the fellow prisoner. . . . I have acquitted myself when I have told your Grace the case. He has been but a month or two with his halbert; and if your Grace thinks he deserves no mercy, justice will pass on him: for I, having no commission of justiciary myself, have delivered him up to the Lieutenant-General, to be disposed of as he pleases.

"I am, my Lord, your Grace's most humble servant,

"J. Grahame."*

It must not be supposed that the Abjuration Oath here referred to had anything whatever to do with the religious tenets of the person to whom it was administered. As misconception upon this point is not uncommon, and as that misconception may possibly have led to Lord Macaulay's assertion that Brown was "convicted of nonconformity," it may be well to examine what the Oath of Abjuration was, and to inquire into its history.

On the 28th of October 1684, a declaration was published by the Covenanters, and affixed very generally upon the church-doors and other public places, "disowning the authority of Chas. Stuart, and all authority depending upon him;† declaring war against him and his accomplices, such as lay out themselves to promote his wicked and hellish designs"—denouncing all bloody counsellors, justiciaries, generals, captains, all in civil or military power, bloody militiamen, malicious troopers, soldiers, and dragoons, viperous and malicious bishops and curates, and all witnesses who should appear in any courts, as enemies to God, to be punished as such. This was met by the Government by a proclamation denouncing the penalty of death against all who should not renounce the declaration, and

* Napier's *Memoirs of Dundee.*

† Wodrow, ii. App. 137.

prescribing the following form of oath to be taken by all persons who should be required to do so by any lawful authority :—

"I, A. B., do hereby abhor, renounce, and disown, in the presence of the Almighty God, the pretended declaration of war lately affixed at several parish churches, in so far as it declares a war against his sacred Majesty, and asserts that it is lawful to kill such as serve his Majesty in Church, State, army, or country."*

This oath being taken, a certificate was to be delivered to the party taking it, which was to operate as a free pass and protection. Of the treasonable nature of the declaration it is impossible to entertain a doubt, and the refusal to take the Oath of Abjuration was, in fact, precisely equivalent to a plea of guilty to an indictment for high treason. The proceeding, it is true, was summary, and liable to abuse. The law was harsh; but the country was in open rebellion, and Claverhouse was no more censurable for carrying the laws into execution, than a judge would be who should sentence to death a person who pleaded guilty at the bar of the Old Bailey. Here, then, we arrive at last at the true history of John Brown, the Christian carrier, the man represented by Lord Macaulay as of "singular piety, versed in divine things, blameless in life, and so peaceable that even the tyrants could find no fault with him, except that he absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians." His peaceableness was shown by his being in arms at Bothwell; his piety by shouting, "No quarter for the enemies of the Covenant"—by rallying round the gibbet and the ropes prepared for the "bloody militiamen and malignant troopers," over whom the Lord would have given His chosen people an easy victory, but for their "stepping aside" in sparing the five "brats of Babel" at Drumclog—and by providing a secure hiding-place for men and arms, to be used for future slaughter.

Rebellion is a dangerous and desperate game, which, as has often been remarked, requires success to justify it, not unlike the sport which, "the story runs," a certain English traveller in the south of France declined to share, in words memorable for good sense and bad French,—"Je n'aime pas la chasse au loup parceque, si vous ne tuez pas le loup, *le loup tue vous.*"

The Christian Carrier played and lost. If he had won, he and his comrades would have hanged Claverhouse and his dragoons in cold blood, and gloried in the act; and it is rather unfair to canonize him because he met a more merciful death at the hands of those for whom he had prepared a gibbet and a halter.

It may perhaps be urged that the despatch of Claverhouse does not in terms negative the account given by Walker and Wodrow of the conversation between Claverhouse and the widow of John Brown. This is true; but it appears improbable that Claverhouse should have detailed with so much particularity what took place, and have noticed the unconcerned manner in which Brown met his fate, and yet have omitted all notice of so remarkable a scene, if it had, in fact, taken place. It is impossible that he could have passed over without observation any symptoms of mutiny, or even of unwillingness to execute his orders, on the part of his troops. Here then, is a distinct contradiction to the most important part of Wodrow's story; and the total suppression by both Wodrow and Walker of all that relates to John Brownen, the nephew, to the discovery of the "bullets, match, and treasonable papers" in the house of John Brown, and of the place of concealment and arms in the "house in the hill under ground," throws the greatest possible suspicion on the rest of both narratives. The simple account given by Claverhouse, therefore, disposes at once of the absurd story of the dragoons having refused to obey orders, and renders the poetical and fanciful additions of both those very apocryphal writers, to say the least, highly improbable. The death of John Brown was simply a military execution. He might be

* Wodrow, ii. App. 158.

sincere and honest—so was Thistlewood; he might be bold, and meet death unconcernedly—so did Brunt. John Brown was a fanatic of the same class. His courage was upheld by religious and political enthusiasm. He was one of thousands who, in those days, were equally prepared to commit the most savage atrocities, or to endure the most terrible extremities, secure, as they thought, of the approbation of the God of mercy, of the crown of martyrdom, and the joys of paradise.

Whether the oppressions of the Government justified the rebellion of the Covenanters, or whether the outrages committed by the Covenanters justified the severities of the Government, are matters which we are not now called upon to discuss. They in no degree affect the question as regards the character of Claverhouse. It would be as reasonable to hold Sir John Moore or Massena answerable for the justice and morality of their respective sides in the war of the Peninsula, as to hold Claverhouse responsible for the policy of the Government he served.

We have bestowed so much space upon an examination of this particular charge that we have none left to follow Claverhouse through his gallant career to its brilliant close. We must content ourselves with one or two instances of his conduct during his command in the west, which seem to us wholly to disprove the view of his character taken by Lord Macaulay, and to remove the dark stains which Sir Walter Scott supposed to have existed.

In the early part of the year 1679, Claverhouse was stationed at Dumfries. Not Wellington himself could be more sedulous in suppressing outrage and maintaining discipline amongst his troops than we find this "chief of Tophet" to have been.

On the 6th of January he thus writes to the commander-in-chief:—

"On Saturday night when I came back here, the sergeant who commands the dragoons in the castle came to me; and while he was here, they came and told me there was a horse killed just by upon the street, by a shot from the castle. I went immediately and examined the guard, who denied point-blank that there had been any shot from thence. I went and heard the bailie take depositions of men that were looking on, who declared upon oath that they saw the shot from the guard-hall, and the horse immediately fall. I caused also search for the bullet in the horse's head, which was found to be of their calibre. After that I found it so clear, I caused seize upon him who was ordered by the sergeant in his absence to command the guard, and keep him prisoner till he find out the man, which I suppose will be found himself. His name is James Ramsay, an Angus-man, who has formerly been a lieutenant of horse, as I am informed. It is an ugly business; for, besides the wrong the poor man has got in losing his horse, it is extremely against military discipline to fire out of a guard. *I have appointed the poor man to be here to-morrow, and bring with him some neighbours to declare the worth of the horse; and have assured him to satisfy him, if the captain, who is to be here also to-morrow, refuse to do it.*"*

Again, he hears complaints that, before his command had commenced, some of the dragoons had taken free quarters in the neighbourhood of Moffat; this, he remarks, was no charge against him, as the facts had occurred before he came into that part of the country, but he immediately institutes an inquiry. "I begged them," he says, "to forbear till the captain and I should come there, *when they should be redressed in everything.* Your lordship will be pleased not to take any notice of this till I have informed myself upon the place."† It is a curious illustration of the perversion of language and of diversity of character, that at the very time when that "worthy gentleman," Hackston of Rathillet, inspired by "zeal for the cause of God," was butchering the Archbishop on Magus Muir, "Bloody Claver'se" was delaying the march of his prisoners in consideration of the illness of one of them, a conventicle preacher of the name of Irwin. He thus writes to the commander-in-chief on the 21st April 1679:—"I was going to have sent in the other

* Napier's *Memoirs of Dundee.* † Napier, 122.

prisoners, but amongst them there is one Mr. Francis Irwin, an old infirm man, who is extremely troubled with the gravel, so that I will be forced to delay for five or six days." He again apologises for the delay, on the same ground, on the 6th of May, three days after the murder of the Archbishop. This man, so considerate of the sufferings of his prisoners, Lord Macaulay would fain have his readers believe to have been a "chief of Tophet, of violent temper and of *obdurate heart.*" The kindliness of his disposition breaks out repeatedly in his correspondence. With the murder of Magus Muir, the slaughter of Drumclog, and the high gallows and new ropes of Bothwell fresh in his memory, he can yet write,—"I am as sorry to see a man die, even a Whig, as any of themselves; but when one dies justly, and for his own faults, and may *save a hundred to fall in the like, I have no scruple.*"

Again, in 1682, he writes—

"The first thing I mind to do, is to fall to work with all that have been in the rebellion, or accessory thereto by giving men, money, or arms; and next, resetters; and after that, field conventicles. For what remains of the laws against the fanatics, *I will threaten much, but forbear severe execution* for a while; for fear people should grow desperate, and increase too much the number of our enemies."

On the 1st of March 1682, commenting upon what was occurring in other parts of the country, he says—

"The way that I see taken in other places is to put laws severely against great and small in execution, which is very just; *but what effects does that produce but to exasperate and alienate the hearts of the whole people?* For it renders three desperate where it gains one; and your lordship knows that in the greatest crimes *it is thought wisest to pardon the multitude and punish the ring-leaders*, where the number of the guilty is great, as in this case of whole countries. Wherefore I have taken another course here."*

Writing at the end of the same year, and giving an account of his stewardship to the Privy Council, he thus reports the success of his just and merciful experiment:—

"It may now be said that Galloway is not only as peaceable but as regular as any part of the country on this side Tay. And the rebels are reduced *without blood*, and the country brought to obedience and conformity to the Church government *without severity or extortion*; few heritors being fined, and that but gently, and under that none is or are to be fined but two or three in a parish; and the authority of the Church is restored in that country, and the ministers in safety. If there were bonds once taken of them for regularity hereafter, and some few were put in garrison, which may all be done in a few months, that country may be secure a long time both to King and Church."†

The biographer of Locheil has a passage which it would have been well if Lord Macaulay had considered before hazarding the charge of profanity against Claverhouse. Speaking of the high sense of honour and fidelity to his word by which Dundee was distinguished, he says—

"That it proceeded from a principle of religion, whereof he was strictly observant; for besides family worship, performed regularly evening and morning in his house, he retired to his closet at certain hours, and employed himself in that duty. This I affirm upon the testimony of several that lived in his neighbourhood in Edinburgh, where his office of privy councillor often obliged him to be; and particularly from a Presbyterian lady who lived long in the story or house immediately below his lordship's, and who was otherways so rigid in her opinions, that she could not believe a good thing of any person of his persuasion till his conduct rectified her mistake. . . . . His lordship continued the same course in the army; and though somewhat warm upon occasions in his temper, yet he never was heard to swear."‡

The same writer thus sums up the character of Dundee:—

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* Napier, 130. † Ibid., 136.

‡ *Memoirs of Locheil*, 278, 279. It is a remarkable confirmation of this somewhat peculiar characteristic of Claverhouse, that Crookshank, who records the oaths of Westerraw, Lagg, and others, with peculiar *gusto*, never, as far as we have observed, attributes such expressions to Claverhouse.

"He seemed formed by Heaven for great undertakings, and was, in an eminent degree, possessed of all those qualities that accomplish the gentleman, the statesman, and the soldier. . . . He was in his private life, rather parsimonious than profuse, and observed an exact economy in his family. But in the King's service he was liberal and generous to every person but himself, and freely bestowed his own money in buying provisions to his army: and to sum up his character in two words, *he was a good Christian, an indulgent husband, an accomplished gentleman, an honest statesman, and a brave soldier.*"*

Such is the portrait of Dundee, painted by the grandson and biographer of the heroic Cameron of Locheil, "the Ulysses of the Highlands,"† a writer contemporary with Wodrow,‡ and to whom Lord Macaulay makes frequent reference. How happens it that he has overlooked the testimony of what he himself justly calls these "singularly interesting memoirs?"§

We are compelled, by want of further space, to terminate our remarks. We quit the subject with regret. The character of Dundee is one over which we would fain linger.

In days notorious for profligacy there was no stain on his domestic morality—in an age infamous for the almost universal treachery of its public men, his fidelity was pure and inviolate. His worst enemies have never denied him the possession of the most undaunted courage, and military genius of the highest order. He was generous, brave, and gentle, —a cavalier "sans peur et sans reproche;" and as long as the summer sun shall pour his evening ray through the dancing birch-trees and thick copsewood down to those dark pools where the clear brown waters of the Garry whirl in deep eddies round the footstool of Ben Vrackie, so long will every noble heart swell at the recollection of him whose spirit fled, with his fading beam, as he set on the last victory of "Ian dhu nan Cath,"—of him who died the death which the God of Battles reserves for His best and most favoured sons, alike on sea or mountain, on the blue wave of Trafalgar, or the purple heather of Killiecrankie.

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* *Memoirs of Locheil*, 273–279.

† Mac. iii. 321.

‡ Wodrow's *History* was published in 1722. The *Memoirs of Locheil* were written some time before 1737. The exact date cannot be ascertained. See Preface, page xlix.

§ Mac. iii. 321.

THE PURSUIT OF TANTIA TOPEE.

It was lately remarked by a London journal, "Our national life is now very different to what it was in those 'piping times of peace,' during the administration of Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord John Russell. In those days the heroes of our Indian victories would have been the lions of a succession of seasons, and the battles of Oude or the Mahratta country would have been celebrated in every form.

"It may be said, with truth, that the two campaigns in Affghanistan were more studied and talked about than all the deeds by which our Indian empire has been saved.

"Perhaps if the present peaceable disposition of the European potentates last, and England has time to revert to former occurrences, the great exploits of the late war will receive the attention due to them as the most extraordinary historical events of our own time. The courage with which a handful of Europeans stood at bay among millions of enemies, and the energy with which the mother country placed a hundred thousand men on Asiatic soil, and crushed the insurrection in little more than six months, deserve all the fame that historian or poet can give them."

The struggles at Delhi and in Oude have found several narrators. The brilliant campaign of Sir Hugh Rose in Central India has also not been left unrecorded. It is of the pursuits after Tantia Topee, subsequent to the capture of Gwalior, and which form the sequel to Sir Hugh Rose's campaign, that we propose now giving a sketch. This campaign comprised operations of a totally different character from those which were going on in Oude. Lord Clyde had to conquer that country by sheer force of arms. The whole population was against him. The native army held every fort and every pass, and forts are as common in Oude as church-steeples in England. It was by the slow advance of parallel columns, each of which brought siege-guns along with them, that they were driven from stronghold to stronghold, and from jungle to jungle, till the miserable remnant found refuge in the boundless forests of Nepaul. Tantia Topee and his followers, on the contrary, had nothing to do with forts—like the Douglas of old, they liked better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak. They had no district to defend, but wandered about an immense territory ruled by independent chiefs, whose soldiers only waited for fortune to show any signs of turning in favour of the rebels, to join their standard, and force their employers (nothing loth in some instances) to head the movement. The rebels had every quality required in soldiers for such a roving commission, except courage, and in that they were not altogether deficient, if their leaders had known how to evoke it. At any rate, the British officers found no difficulty in making their countrymen in the Bombay infantry follow them up to the muzzles of Tantia's guns. No troops in the world could endure so much fatigue, sleep so well on the hard ground, or do without sleep at all, and be content with so little food. The cavalry were well mounted, and light weights; the infantry had a number of hardy ponies to help them in long marches. All were well armed from British arsenals.

The troops of the Malwa and Rajpootana divisions in which the campaign was carried on, applied themselves resolutely to exterminate their slippery foe. They fought sixteen actions, and wrested guns from him when fighting as one to twenty. No respite was given him to establish a footing in the country—wherever he led, the British troops followed, through muddy plains or sandy deserts, across broad rivers or mountain-ranges. Parties of the 83d Regiment and 12th Native Infantry marched thirty and fifty miles into action under an Indian sun. Captain Clowes's troop of the 8th Hussars marched altogether more than two thousand four hundred miles. The rebels themselves only disappeared as an organised body, after their weary trail had covered three thousand miles.

We shall glance very briefly at the events which preceded the capture of Gwalior. In the beginning of 1858, a force composed of troops from the Bombay presidency was collected at Mhow, and placed under the orders of Major-General Sir Hugh Rose. Marching eastward, he captured the fort of Ratgurh, and relieved the garrison of Saugor. He then turned north, took several forts, including Garrakota and Chendaree, forced the Mudenpore pass against seven thousand men, and on March 25th laid siege to Jhansi, where, in the month of June preceding, sixty Europeans who had surrendered to the Ranee (or chieftainess) on promise of their lives being spared, were tied in two rows, males and females separate, and deliberately massacred. After four days of open trenches, matters were nearly ready for the assault, when intelligence arrived that an army was marching from Calpee, under Tantia Topee, to raise the siege.

This is the first occasion on which Tantia Topee's name comes prominently forward. A Mahratta Brahmin by birth, he commanded a company of the Nana's body-guard at Bittoor before the rebellion, and was an active instigator of the outbreak. He became the Nana's agent with the Gwalior Contingent, by far the most important rebel force south of the Jumna. This body was, agreeably to treaty, paid by Sindiah, and stationed in his district, but commanded by British officers. It was quite distinct from Sindiah's own army, over which we had no control. The Contingent mutinied in June 1857, and collected at Gwalior, where Sindiah rendered immense service to the British Government (which Lord Canning has since munificently rewarded) by keeping them in play with threats and promises till Delhi had fallen. In October they marched with six regiments, four batteries, a siege-train, and many irregular followers, towards Cawnpore. The well-known disastrous action with General Wyndham, subsequently retrieved by Lord Clyde, followed; and the Gwalior Contingent retired with diminished ranks, but still very formidable both in numbers and organisation, to Calpee. Here they established a foundry and gun-carriage manufactory, and collected warlike stores of all kinds. Many mutineers from other broken forces joined them, and Tantia Topee led ten thousand men, with twenty guns, to relieve Jhansi.

On their approach, Sir Hugh Rose left one brigade in the trenches, and led the other against Tantia Topee. The rebels were defeated on the 1st April near the river Betwa, with the loss of all their guns. Jhansi was taken with fearful slaughter on the 3d, but the Ranee escaped to Calpee. In May, Sir Hugh Rose advanced on Calpee, and expelled the rebels after several days' fighting, capturing fifteen guns and large stores of ammunition. They escaped in a westerly direction, and made for Gwalior, whither Tantia Topee preceded them in disguise, and so effectually tampered with Sindiah's troops, that when the Ranee of Jhansi and the Rao Sahib appeared with the fugitive Calpee garrison on the 1st June, Sindiah's body-guard alone made any resistance, and he fled to Agra, leaving his capital in the hands of the mutineers. Sir Hugh Rose arrived before Gwalior on the 17th, and after three days' fighting (during which the Ranee of Jhansi was killed), expelled the usurpers and replaced Sindiah on his throne. Tantia Topee fled westward, followed by Brigadier Napier of the Bengal Engineers, with a troop of Bombay Horse-Artillery, one troop 14th Dragoons, and four hundred native cavalry. The rebels were overtaken on the 21st June at Jowra Alipore, and all their guns, twenty-five in number, captured by this small force in a brilliant engagement. But Brigadier Napier could do little execution on the mutineers themselves; an army of four thousand cavalry and three thousand infantry, well armed and accoutred, with abundance of money and jewels from Sindiah's treasury, escaped unhurt across the Chumbul, and had to be pursued by column after column for eight months, till they were finally dispersed or exterminated.

The leaders of this army were Tantia Topee, the Rao Sahib, and the Nawab of Banda. The Rao as well as Tantia had belonged to the band of ruffians in the Nana's household

at Bittoor. The Nana, as is generally known, was the adopted son of Bajee Rao, the last Peishwa of the Mahrattas. Bajee Rao's brother, Imrut Rao, had a son, Bimruk Rao, who adopted the Rao Sahib. Owing to this connection, he exercised the delegated authority of the Nana, in whose name he carried on his intrigues. Tantia, who was considerably older than the Rao, and had, moreover, acquired a not very well deserved military reputation, acted as commander-in-chief, while the Rao's name, as a relation of the Nana's, appeared in all political documents.

The operations against them took place in Rajpootana and Malwa, adjacent districts which cover an immense extent of country in Central India. In no other part of India has so much remained of the old dynasties. The red line which marks on the map the British boundary, generally runs parallel to the coast and to the principal rivers; for the dominant race require easy communication with the sea. A person sailing down the Ganges from its source to Calcutta, and continuing by the Bay of Bengal and Indian Ocean to the mouth of the Indus, and again up the Indus to Peshawur, would pass but a few leagues of coast belonging to native princes; but the inland province of Rajpootana contains twenty-two independent states, while Malwa is almost entirely held by the Mahratta chieftains Holkar and Sindiah. The former reigns at Indore, the latter at Gwalior.

The British only possess a few square miles in this immense district, which stretches from the Nerbudda to the Jumna, and from near the Indus to the Betwa.

Government is represented by an officer called the Governor-General's agent, in both Malwa and Rajpootana; subordinate to him, a political agent resides at the capital of each of the principal rajahs.

The mutinies found most of these princes discontented with the height to which British power had risen, and well-wishers to the revolted sepoys. In some respects the present holders of paramount power contrasted favourably with the Mogul emperors. Unlike the iconoclastic hordes of the latter, our troops had always left images and temples untouched. Often had the long-descended Rajpoot chieftains shed oceans of blood ere they consented to send a daughter to Delhi as bride to an imperial but Mahommedan bridegroom. From such tyranny they were now free. But the great superiority of the British was a restraint and incubus to which they unwillingly submitted. The political agents tendered advice regarding the conduct of their affairs more frequently than was necessary, certainly more frequently than was wished. In former days the states used constantly to be fighting among themselves, and the lands were divided by feudal tenure among nobles who boasted a long descent from warlike ancestors, and delighted in these petty wars. A quarter of a century was not sufficient to eradicate old habits and traditions, and to teach these men to appreciate the advantages of civilisation. The political agent's advice to grow cotton and open up the country, was listened to in much the same mood that William of Deloraine would have received an assurance of safety for life and property, with the offer of a government loan to drain the lands of Deloraine.

The Rajpoots could no longer make war on one another as formerly, for all disputes were settled by a power whose little finger was thicker than the loins of Akbar or Arungzebe, and to whom all, when it chose, must bend. But they understood our strength too well, and too fully appreciated the solid portion of wealth and power which they actually enjoyed, to think of prematurely staking it on the chance of being entirely their own free masters by our overthrow.

Most of the Rajpootana and Malwa chieftains from the first made loud professions of loyalty and attachment to the British. To the rebels they sent secret promises and intelligence, and having thus secured themselves for whichever turn events might take, they passively awaited the result of the arduous struggle going on around them. In the month of June the forces in Rajpootana were stationed at the two cantonments of Nusseera-

bad and Neemuch, under the command of Major-General Roberts. The forces in Malwa consisted of a brigade at Mhow, under Brigadier Honner, and were shortly after reinforced from Bombay, and formed into a division under Major-General Michel.

The rebels, as we have already mentioned, after their defeat at Gwalior by Sir Hugh Rose on the 19th June, and by General Napier at Jowra Alipore on the 21st, crossed the river Chumbul into Rajpootana. Sir Hugh Rose's troops were too much worn out by their long hot-weather campaign to continue the pursuit. The Rao Sahib and Tantia, finding themselves free for the present, cast around for the best direction in which to proceed, and sent secret emissaries to several of the capitals in Rajpootana, especially to Jyepore, where a considerable party was ready to join them. Indeed, they could scarcely be wrong in marching on the capital of any native state. All the rajahs had as large a body of troops in their service as they could afford to pay; these troops were entirely in favour of the mutineers, and ready to play the same part as had been taken by Sindiah's troops at Gwalior.

It was on the 28th of June that General Roberts set out from Nusseerabad, having reliable intelligence of the rebels' advance on Jyepore from the political agent, Captain Eden, an officer who through the whole of the mutinies had remained at his post, which the proximity of the disturbed districts rendered an extremely dangerous one. The force consisted of 900 H.M. 72d and 83d, 900 12th and 18th Bombay N. I., 8d company Sappers and Miners, 150 8th Hussars, and 120 1st Bombay Cavalry; 2d troop Bombay Horse-Artillery and 8 guns, No. 8 Light Field-Battery, afterwards joined by 300 Belooch Horse under Lieutenant Macaulay. The want of cavalry was severely felt from first to last through these operations.

The Belooch Horse require a special notice. Macaulay had raised them among the Beloochee tribes on the frontiers of Affghanistan and Scinde. These turbulent hordes profess themselves followers of the prophet, but their practical tenets are to murder and rob mankind in general; that Hindoos especially are sent into the world for Beloochees to plunder, and Indian Mussulmans are little different from Hindoos. Macaulay had power of life and death over his followers, and certainly kept them in tolerable order; but they came to Rajpootana with such a frightfully bad name, that it was scarcely possible to avoid hanging them. The presence of such convenient scapegoats was an incentive to crime. Every rascal among the camp-followers, when accused of pillage, threw it on the Beloochees. If a peasant missed his sheep or grain, he came straight to camp and confidently said, "A Belooch has done this thing." They were mounted on small ponies (chiefly mares), and their intelligence made them very useful as light cavalry.

By a rapid advance General Roberts was close to Jyepore before the rebels had matured their plans. Foiled in this quarter, they marched in a southerly direction towards the small state of Tonk, which alone, of all the Rajpootana states, is governed by a Mussulman. Towards this point General Roberts now turned, as he would thus always be covering Jyepore, and the large British town of Ajmeer, which, with a small adjoining district, is the only ground we hold in Rajpootana.

The heat, which had been great from the commencement of the campaign, became intolerable about the 4th, and twenty-two Europeans died of sunstroke in three days; on the 8th, therefore, the General resolved to send a light column forward under Colonel Holmes, consisting of the cavalry, horse-artillery, some native infantry, and 200 72d Highlanders—the latter were to receive an occasional lift on artillery waggons.

This same evening the Rao and Tantia entered the town of Tonk. The Nawaub had no idea of joining a party of rebels with an English army close at their heels, and shut himself up in his citadel with such men as he could depend upon. The remainder of his troops and four guns were drawn up outside, with orders to face the rebels, but fraternised

with them as soon as the green flag was waved before their eyes, and the shout of "deen deen!" (religion), with which the rebels always entered a town, reached their ears.

Shots were interchanged between the enemy and the citadel during the night, and General Roberts, in hopes they would give battle, pushed on in spite of the heat, and rejoined Holmes; but the cessation of firing in the Tonk direction soon warned him that the enemy had decamped, and Holmes made a fresh start with his light column.

The rebels do not appear to have received much encouragement from the emissaries they had despatched into Rajpootana, for on leaving Tonk, Tantia intended to recross the Chumbul by a ford at Indergurh, and push on to the Mahratta country south of the Nerbudda.

The Mahratta country was a mine of discontent hitherto unworked by any rebel leader,—and no one could work it with such profit as a delegate of the Nana Sahib. To the English reader it seems incredible that, after the deed of atrocity at Cawnpore, the Nana should find any class influenced in his favour, even by the ties of compatriotism, or indignation at his supposed wrongs. But those Hindoos who wished to shake off our yoke viewed matters through a different medium. They felt no more horror at the worst scenes of the mutinies, than the Spaniards of the sixteenth century when they heard of the massacres of St. Quentin of Naardem, or of Maestricht.

The Deccan, especially Poona and Sattara, was full of intriguing Brahmins, lamenting the loss of their influence, which had departed with Bajee Rao. The peasantry, however, were by no means so decided in their desire of a revolution; indeed, when Tantia Topee actually crossed the Nerbudda above Hoshungabad, he had more difficulty in procuring supplies than he ever experienced in Malwa, and disputes ensued between his soldiers and the villagers, which did not always end without bloodshed. The reason why no demonstration had hitherto been made in the direction of the Deccan, is to be attributed partly to the extraordinary want of energy and capacity to seize on the advantages of their position generally shown by the rebel leaders in India, and also to the disinclination of the sepoys from the north-west provinces to leave their own districts.

Tantia's plans were for the present foiled by the rains, which, long delayed, now fell plentifully, and the Chumbul became an impassable torrent, barring all passages to the eastward. He therefore marched to the walled town of Boondee, the capital of a Rajpoot state of that name. Whatever coquetting may have gone on between the authorities and the rebels, the gates remained closed, and Tantia passed on a few miles south, and then crossed the Boondee hills to the westward by the Keena Pass. The object of this probably was that the course due south led through a very wild uninhabited country, where his large force would have found great difficulty in procuring supplies, and his present route did not occasion any great detour. It would, moreover, lead near the important town of Oodeypore and Saloombur, containing large garrisons, not unlikely to declare in his favour.

Holmes kept up a close pursuit from Tonk to Boondee, but did not do more than capture a few stragglers. He was misled (no doubt intentionally) at Boondee, by information that his guns would not get through the Keena Pass, and crossed the hills by another route from Boondee to Jehajpore.

During this operation the rain fell in torrents all over Rajpootana. Such floods had not been known for many years, and all movements were suspended for twelve days, till the raging streams, which intersected the country in every direction, had somewhat subsided.

When General Roberts heard that the rebels had crossed the Boondee hills, he moved westward to cover Ajmeer, and passed a week encamped about thirty miles from that place, on an elevated piece of ground near the village of Surwar. Some of the troops had marched through Surwar on their way to the siege of Kotah

in the month of March, and crossed the dry bed of a river which now rolled past their camp with a stream nearly a quarter of a mile wide.

It was extremely difficult at this time to obtain information: foot-messengers alone were able sometimes to cross the swollen waters with gourds fastened to their waists to buoy them up. It was ascertained that the rebels showed a disposition to continue westward, influenced to some extent by a small party, which Brigadier Parke, of H.M. 72d Regiment, had sent out from Neemuch in anticipation of the General's orders to take the field with such troops as he could, and keep the rebels from getting south, especially covering Oodeypore.

On the 5th August the roads were reported again passable, and the General marched towards Neemuch. On the 7th, at Dabla, intelligence came that the rebels were at Sanganeer and Bheelwara, on the Neemuch and Nusseerabad road. A march was ordered for half-past one o'clock the following morning. The force reached Bunaira, through bad and winding roads, by half-past nine, and halted to breakfast. The scouts reported the enemy as still encamped to the front; so, leaving sick and baggage in a secure position, the march was resumed at a little before one by 500 of H.M. 83d, 200 of 13th Native Infantry, three 6-pounders, one howitzer, and 60 Irregular Horse. The General had stript himself of his cavalry and horse-artillery to render Holmes's column efficient; but while the enemy, with Holmes behind them, had gone round the arc of a circle, the General with his infantry had cut across by the chord. He now resolved on an engagement, because the moral effect of it would be good, although not much actual loss could be inflicted on a body composed chiefly of cavalry and the lightest of infantry.

Just before the action, a Belooch scout brought in a prisoner, whose person of course he had well rifled. The rebel was shot by a firing party of the 83d. As he lay dead, a private went to examine the body, more from curiosity than the hope of finding any gleanings after a Beloochee's harvest, and discovered £7 in his sleeve. The Beloochee's horror at this oversight was most ludicrous; not so much from loss of the money, as fear of the shame which in Belooch society attaches to a convicted bungler at looting.

The town of Sanganeer is on the left bank of the small river Kotaria. On the other side, and more than a mile up the stream, is the town of Bheelwara, in front of which the rebels were encamped. They sent their elephants and baggage to the rear, and the infantry and guns took up a position obliquely to the stream; the cavalry was thrown forward on their left flank across the Kotaria up to Sanganeer, and on the right to nearly opposite the town—the whole forming a horse-shoe figure of about a mile and a half, connected by skirmishers.

General Roberts kept his small body of infantry compact in presence of such a number of cavalry, skirmishers being merely thrown out a short way in front. After seeing that the town was cleared of the enemy, he passed it on his right, and sent the guns to the bank of the river, whence they opened fire on the enemy's right. Under cover of this fire the remainder crossed the stream; the rebels did not let their own guns remain silent, but played on our column as it crossed. Our infantry ascended a rising ground, and took up a position with their right on a village and left on a small tank. The guns, including the howitzer, also crossed the Kotaria and reopened on the rebels, who were already making preparations to retire, by withdrawing their guns and infantry, and massing the cavalry on the intervening plain to cover their retreat. There was only time to fire a few shells before they were out of range. The sun had been some time down, so no pursuit could be attempted; indeed, infantry who had marched thirty miles into action would have made but a poor figure pursuing a force which had five times its number in cavalry alone. They bivouacked in the field. Holmes joined next day with his cavalry, after a thirty-mile march. The horses had suffered much from wet and

want of forage. For the next three days the troops marched upwards of twenty miles a-day; their spirits were kept up by seeing the recent marks of gun-wheels and elephants.

The rebels had heard of Brigadier Parke being in the field to the south, and intended crossing to westward of the Aravelli range of hills; but on finding this would involve the abandonment of their guns, they adhered to their original intention of going to Oodeypore or Saloombur. This indecision occasioned their making a detour of several miles, regarding which the General had information in time to permit his adopting the direct line instead of following their tracks.

The method which General Roberts adopted for obtaining information was to have about twenty cavalry in advance, close to the rebels. They left connecting-links of two or three men at every few miles, so as to keep up the chain of communication. The advanced party was composed half of Belooch horse, who had no sympathy with the rebels, but could not communicate very well with the villagers, and half of horsemen belonging to the Rajah of Jyepore, attached to the suit of Captain Eden, the political agent, who were supposed, as Rajpoots, to be on good terms and able easily to communicate with the villagers, but not to be very warm partisans of the British. By this mixed party correct and immediate intelligence was constantly supplied.

On the afternoon of the 13th, after a march of twenty-four miles, General Roberts reached Kunkrowlee, a town situated on a fine lake not far from the Aravelli hills—an advanced post of the enemy was driven in, and information received that the main body was seven miles distant on the Bunnas river.

The General was resolved not to attack late in the day, and allow the enemy to escape with little loss under cover of darkness, so he encamped at Kunkrowlee. Tantia Topee and his followers were piously devoting the day to a visit to Nathdwarra, a shrine in the vicinity, reckoned one of the most sacred in India. They returned at midnight, and when they heard how near the pursuers were, ordered the *reveillé* to be sounded, and the troops to prepare for marching at once. But the infantry positively refused to stir. They sent their officers to say that it was all very well for the cavalry and artillery to go on at this rate, but they were done up. To lighten their burden on the march they had thrown away their cooking-pots, and everything but their muskets and ammunition, and never got a proper meal or a proper sleep. They declared they would march in the morning, and the guns should march with them; the cavalry might do as they liked. Tantia Topee would not probably have cared much about the infantry, whom he must have regarded as sheep destined for slaughter ere they could reach the Mahratta country. But all natives attach an extravagant importance to the possession of cannon. That Tantia himself discovered, by dire experience, that all he could hope from his guns was to discharge them two or three times in action before they fell a prey to the British, is likely enough. Still there was good policy in the pertinacity with which, to the last, he laid his hands on everything he could find in the shape of a cannon, and dragged them up hill and down dale, through swamps and jungles. Nothing could shake the faith of his followers in these mysterious engines. It mattered little whether the guns were only honeycombed tubes, with octohedral balls and damaged powder in the limbers—or specimens of Armstrong's rifled ordnance, warranted to pick off an elephant at five miles—so long as they were *guns*.

General Roberts marched at five o'clock in the morning, and at seven the enemy were discovered drawn up on the farther or right bank of the river Bunnas. Their right flank was protected by a deep bend of the river, their left by some steep hills. The ground they actually stood upon was a low, steep ridge, forming the right bank of the river; in front of them, on the left bank was an open plain, 800 yards wide. The General formed up his troops behind some hillocks which bounded this plain, and then advanced across it.

The enemy first opened a brisk fire from their four guns. The horse-artillery galloped forward and replied without much effect, for their opponents had skilfully placed their guns behind a natural parapet.

But it was of little consequence. The infantry, not without loss, marched in line across the plain, forded the river, and scaled the heights on the enemy's left and centre. The right, where the guns were, being thus unsupported, abandoned their pieces under a volley from the 18th Native Infantry. The cavalry under Colonel Naylor, which had been keeping near our guns as a support, now dashed forward across the stream. Colonel Naylor's Arab charger had been desperately wounded by a round shot in the breast, but lifted its head and neighed as the advancing squadron left it lying at the mercy of the vultures and jackals.

The cavalry found the rebels scattered over a level plain behind their first position. The order was given to disperse and pursue. The horsemen were seen riding furiously among the fugitives, the 8th Hussars dealing death with their sabres, and the 1st Bombay Lancers with their lances. After two miles' chase, Colonel Naylor collected his men, a good many of whom had fallen, including the sergeant-major of the 8th, killed by some rebels who had taken shelter among a cluster of rocks in the middle of the plain, and fired on the cavalry, till the British infantry came up and bayoneted them.

The horse-artillery had crossed the Bunnas river after the cavalry. While they were ascending a steep road, leading up to the position just abandoned by the rebels, a Mussulman sepoy stepped from behind a rock into the centre of the path. He had a single-barrelled rifle in his left hand, and a drawn sword in his right. When summoned to lay down his arms, he declined, and requested to be killed at once. Lieutenant Malcolmson and an artillery sergeant cut him down. He had plenty of powder and bullets upon him, and might, had he chosen to pick off some men or horses, have caused considerable confusion among the troop while struggling up the ascent. But it is a remarkable feature of the Oriental character how calmly they take death, yet how seldom they sell their lives. An Englishman, if he must die, prefers to keep up his courage by struggling against fate to the last. It is only when physical exertion can no longer either save or avenge him, that his heart begins to sink; an Oriental finds it easier to lapse at once into a state of listless apathy. His power to face death (courage it cannot be called) begins where that of the other ends; it is of no use to his fellows, it may soften the last agonies to himself. The Englishman's spirit can, however, be inspired into the Orientals by an *Englishman*. There could easily have been selected a hundred men from the rebel army, burning with religious fanaticism, and as indifferent to life as the individual we have here described, but not one could have been found able to utilise this quality; whereas, in the British camp, you might have selected a hundred officers or soldiers, any one of whom, had he been engaged on the opposite side, could have inspired his own spirit into every man of such a band, and made them fight or die when and where he liked.

When the General saw that the infantry and artillery would have no further chance, he ordered a steady pursuit to be kept up with the cavalry alone. Colonel Naylor and his small force continued doggedly on the rebel tracks for fifteen miles, killing numbers of stragglers, and capturing three elephants and quantities of baggage.

At four o'clock the rebels began to make a stand in a village surrounded by jungle, through which Colonel Naylor had followed them for two miles: on counting his men, he found he had only one hundred regulars and fifty Beloochees left; the country, moreover, being totally unfit for cavalry, he abandoned the pursuit.

The rebels fled east by prodigious marches. On the fourth day after the action General Roberts and Brigadier Parke met in pursuit at Poonah: the General gave Parke the 8th Hussars and Beloochees, intrusting the further operations to him. Tantia fled in a direction nearly due east, apparently trusting to his luck to find the river Chumbul less flooded than

when it hemmed him in before. Brigadier Parke, who was ordered above all things to prevent Tantia from getting south, did not follow exactly in his track, but marched to Neemuch, a British cantonment, where he was able to get about fifty fresh horses for Captain Clowes's troop of the 8th Hussars: the remainder of the hussars and Beloochees were knocked up. He was a good deal puzzled how to act: on the one hand, he was informed by a district officer that the rebels could never cross the Chumbul at that season, and meant to shoot past him to the southward; on the other hand, Captain Showers, the political agent at Oodeypore, had intimation sent him by a correspondent near the rebels, that they were resolved to get over the river somehow. The former appeared the most probable, but unfortunately was not correct. It delayed Parke for a few hours at a place called Moorassa, fifteen miles from Neemuch, and thirty miles from the Chumbul; and he only reached the river (after a hard march) to find it passable, but rising rapidly. A few disabled ponies were standing on the left bank, and the rebels disappearing among some mango-trees in the west horizon. He returned to Neemuch to refit a column, which will again shortly appear at the scene.

In the month of April preceding, General Roberts had been ordered to detach a brigade consisting of H.M. 95th, 10th N.I., one wing of 8th Hussars, one wing 1st Bombay Lancers, and Blake's troop Bombay Horse-Artillery, under Brigadier Smith, to co-operate with Sir Hugh Rose. This brigade played an important part in the capture of Gwalior, after which it was moved to Goonah, a town between Mhow and Gwalior, on the grand trunk-road which runs through these places from Bombay to Agra. General Roberts had early seen the importance of watching the east bank of the Chumbul, and sent to Brigadier Smith, who still nominally belonged to his division, to move to Jalra Patun (the capital of a Rajpoot state of that name), not far from the Chumbul, where there were considerable munitions of war, and some three or four thousand troops requiring to be guarded and overawed; but Brigadier Smith had just commenced the siege of a small fort near Goonah, and remained where he was.

The only other place from which troops could move was Mhow. This is a British cantonment about fourteen miles from the large town of Indore, the capital of the Mahratta chieftain Holkar. The main road and telegraph from Bombay to Agra pass through these places. About eighty miles to the north-west of Indore is a large and wealthy town called Oojein, which it was supposed the rebels would have no objection to plunder.

On the 22d of August, a force consisting of 350 92d Highlanders, 450 19th Native Infantry, one squadron Bombay 3d Light Cavalry, and two guns, Le Marchand's battery Bengal Artillery, was despatched from Mhow, under Colonel Lockhart, to cover Oojein, followed shortly afterwards by another column under Lieutenant-Colonel Hope. When Tantia crossed the Chumbul he found the coast clear, and, looking around for the next move, Jalra Patun, distant about thirty miles, naturally presented itself as a convenient place from which to replenish his army with men, money, and materials. The Rajah of Jalra Patun, an active and intelligent man, was well inclined to the British for political reasons, which we need not here detail. His troops were drawn out on the hopeless chance of their being induced to fire on the rebels, with whom they fraternised at once. The Rajah escaped to Mhow after placing some barrels of powder handy for his wife and family to blow themselves up if threatened with insult: fortunately they were not compelled to avail themselves of their fugitive lord's last proof of affection. Tantia had taken no mean prize. Jalra Patun is not a first-class Rajpoot state, but the town is wealthy, and the Rajah had been at considerable pains in collecting warlike materials and drilling his troops.

A war-contribution of £60,000 was levied on the town, while £40,000 more was collected from the Government property. The rebel army was paid up, and a large number of additional troops enlisted, completing the

force to 8000 or 10,000 men. But what raised the hopes of the rebel partisans far and wide was the outfit of artillery which Tantia got from the Rajah's arsenal. Above thirty guns, with abundance of ammunition, gun-bullocks, and a few artillery horses, were selected. The draught animals he cared less about, because there are plenty of bullocks in every Indian village, and the rebels could only keep their guns with them in their long marches by getting fresh teams every eight or ten miles. In the beginning of September, Tantia Topee left Jalra Patun with his whole force. His intention was to march on Indore, about 150 miles distant. He was assured of a similar and far more important success than he had achieved at Jalra Patun, could he but appear before Indore without being previously discomfited by a British force. The cause of the Rao Sahib, a representative of the Nana, who was in their eyes the real Peishwa, had many warm sympathies and scarcely a single enemy at the court of a Mahratta chieftain like Holkar. Had Tantia Topee even marched with a light column, which could have eluded the British field-forces, and presented himself at Indore one hour before the weak column which Mhow cantonment could have spared arrived at the capital, the troops at Indore would have openly joined him, and the revolt spread to all Holkar's districts. But the rebels had not a single man of sufficient influence and determination in their ranks to propose such a scheme, nor the confidence in each other to carry it out.

The rebels, as we have said, first directed their course in the southerly direction towards Indore. Colonel Lockhart thought it was best to wait for the reinforcements under Colonel Hope before he attacked them, and intrenched himself in a good position at Soosnair. Tantia, who had no object in forcing an action, and was not very likely to try it if he had, inclined to the westward. Colonels Lockhart and Hope conformed to this movement, and united their force at Nalkerry, their first object being to prevent the rebels from outflanking them, and leaving an open route to the south.

At Nalkerry, Major-General Michel arrived to assume the command in person. Shortly after this, General Roberts was appointed to the military and political control of the Gujerat division, and Malwa and Rajpootana formed into one division, under General Michel. The General had no exact information regarding the rebels' position, except that they were in a north-easterly direction. He made a march to Chapeira, but was much impeded by a continuous downfall of rain. In Malwa the soil is of the description, peculiar, we believe, to India, called black or cotton soil. Immense tracts of Central India are covered with this rich earth, the detritus of igneous rocks, well suited for every kind of crop. In the hot weather it is intersected by fissures like those on the bottom of an empty pond. After a heavy fall of rain it swells into a sticky paste. Except on the main lines, the roads in India are mere cross-country tracks, without any metal thrown on the surface, and where black soil prevails, very difficult to traverse during the rains, especially for an army with its guns, and long train of carts and baggage-animals, the latter almost entirely camels, whose long legs and flat spongy feet are well suited for a solemn march across the sandy desert, but place their owners at a great disadvantage when sprawling in slippery mud. It is a common belief in India that the camel's hind-legs sometimes slip out laterally, and the animal fairly splits up. This, however, is a mistake. Indeed it is wonderful, when one watches their gait, to see how few do actually tumble. The great mortality which always occurs among camels during the rains, as those who have campaigned in India know to their cost, arises partly from the effects of damp on their skins, and not a little from the length of time occupied by a march over a flooded country. Men and animals come in late and fatigued, and the camels do not have sufficient time to browse, or their tired drivers neglect to take them to a proper feeding-ground. The camel's load is much increased by the weight of soaking tents, and it rapidly sinks beneath the combined effects of damp, bad roads, heavy

burdens, and insufficient food. General Michel continued his march the following day, which was dry, but so intensely hot that some of the horses dropt down dead at the guns. During the afternoon the troops were halted, while the General reconnoitred in advance, to ascertain the truth of a report that he was near the rebels, who were accordingly descried three miles ahead, encamped near the walled town of Rajgurh. An attack with tired troops at that time of day could not have had great results, so the British remained where they were for the night. On their advance next morning the enemy had disappeared. The cavalry were pushed on in the direction which the tracks of the gun-wheels and elephants indicated, and followed for about four miles. They found three guns abandoned by the rebels on the road, and a few loiterers were killed near them. The main body of the rebels, drawn up in position, checked their further advance, and they waited for the infantry and guns. Tantia Topee formed up his army in two lines, the second being on the highest ground, so that their guns could fire over the front line. The action commenced by a cannonade on both sides at long range, during which the British infantry deployed, and the whole force then advanced, the artillery in the centre and cavalry on the right.

The rebels behaved in a most dastardly manner. It seems scarcely credible that an army of eight thousand men, at the lowest estimate, with thirty guns and abundance of ammunition, should retreat without an attempt at resistance—without drawing one drop of blood—from an enemy not one-sixth of their number in men or guns! Yet such was the strange spectacle now presented.

The British advanced in a steady line. The rebels saw, and were conquered. They commenced retiring, and, gradually converging on the road to Borea, which intersected their position, got into inextricable confusion. The British artillery moved forward at a gallop by alternate divisions of two guns, and kept up a fire on the dense masses, while the cavalry threatened their left flank, and made their line of retreat incline toward the north.

General Michel was too weak in cavalry to keep up a vigorous pursuit, and not many of the rebels were killed, but twenty-seven guns were brought into camp, and more were actually abandoned. We believe there is not another instance on record of so large a force sustaining such an utter defeat without a single casualty on the side of the victors; and the fugitives were not mere barbarians, but one half, at any rate, had been disciplined after the European fashion. Their infantry had muskets with the Tower mark; their cavalry had swords a good deal sharper than an English dragoon has often the fortune to wield; and their guns were perfectly effective pieces, of larger calibre than the British nine-pounder battery, and worked by trained gunners. The exact position which the rebel infantry had occupied could easily be recognised by a line of shoes. An Englishman, when he enters a room, and sometimes when he is going to run a race, takes off his hat. An Oriental, on similar occasions, takes off his shoes; and Tantia Topee's soldiers seldom came out of action without leaving several hundred pairs of Oriental slippers on the ground, as a proof they had taken to flight in real earnest. The moral effects of the victory of Rajgurh were decisive: even after Gwalior, some few of the natives believed that the Peishwa's name might yet become great, but they could not shut their eyes to what had here happened. Tantia Topee, with plenty of money, plenty of soldiers, and, above all, a field-artillery from one of the best native arsenals in India, had again been weighed in the balances and found so lamentably wanting, that those who had not already risked their necks or their property in the struggle, resolved to be content with such things as they had, and pray for another avatar to perform the good work which was too much for human hands.

The rebels, after the action at Rajgurh, wandered about the jungly country on both sides of the Betwa without any apparent plan. General Michel was a good deal hampered

in his endeavours to bring them to action, by the necessity of covering Indore and the Bhopal state; but Brigadier Parke, who had taken the field a second time on the 5th September, now arrived from Neemuch, and to him was intrusted the duty of keeping up a position to cover those places, leaving the General free. Brigadier Smith's brigade was now in the field to the north of Seronge, and Colonel Liddell, from the station of Jhansi, had a light force to the north-east.

The rains fell very heavily, which also impeded operations; and it was not till three weeks after Rajgurh that another action ensued, at a place called Mungrowlee, about fifty miles from Rajgurh. The rebels in the interval had plundered a town called Essagurh, and taken ten guns. They endeavoured to seize the fort of Chendaree, but were repulsed by a garrison of Sindiah's troops. After this a portion of them, with four guns, went in a northerly direction towards Jhansi, while the main body marched south, and were met by General Michel near Mungrowlee, at 9 A.M. on the 9th October.

The action at Mungrowlee presents the usual sameness of all the engagements between the British and rebels, but the latter showed more spirit than they had done at Rajgurh. They were drawn up on a piece of commanding ground, with six guns in front, which maintained a heavy fire. Parties were detached to outflank the British, and some of them got between the main body and the rearguard. The latter cut them up before they could throw our line into confusion. The British advanced steadily; when the infantry skirmishers came near the guns, they carried them with a rush, and the rebels retired. The greater part of our cavalry was detached a few miles distant on this occasion, and the action less decisive than it would otherwise have been.

The rebels crossed the river Betwa (a confluent of the Ganges) a few miles east of Mungrowlee. At Lullutpore they were joined by the detachment with four guns which had gone north from Chandaree. General Michel sent Brigadier Smith orders to watch the left or western bank of the Betwa while he crossed over in pursuit, and, after much embarrassment in the dense Jaclone jungle, came up with the rebels (who had been moving most leisurely) at Sindwaho, about thirty miles east of the Betwa. A surprise would have been effected had not a bugle sounded contrary to orders, and warned the enemy to prepare for action. The usual programme ensued; rebels drawn up on an eminence; parties pretend to threaten British flank; British advance in a steady line, capture rebel guns; *exeunt* rebels. They did not escape so easily on this occasion, however. Crowded masses got entangled in the rugged ravines to their rear, and were pursued with great slaughter for twelve miles. Our loss was five officers and twenty men killed and wounded.

The rebels in their flight adopted a north-westerly route, which brought them back to a ford of the Betwa river, somewhat lower down than they had crossed before. The ford was guarded by Colonel Liddell with a small party from Jhansi. On this Tantia, who had now for five weeks been hanging about these wild districts, made a final resolve to push south for the Nerbudda at all hazards.

General Michel also moved north-west from Sindwaho, but kept more to the westward than Tantia, on the principle which he always had in view of covering the country to the south. On the 22d October, or three days after the action, he was at Lullutpore, fifteen miles from the Betwa, when a courier who had been despatched with a letter to Brigadier Smith brought back information that before reaching the Betwa he had come across the rebels in full march for the south. They were thus nearly due west of our camp.

General Michel commenced a rapid pursuit, and sent off an express to warn Parke, whose brigade had always been held in reserve to cover Bhopal and Indore. By daylight on the morning of the 25th, General Michel had fairly outmarched the rebels, and came suddenly upon them, obliquely crossing his front near the village of Khoraie. The cavalry and

artillery immediately dashed forward and cut their line in two. The General could not tell whether the main body of the rebels was to his right (*i. e.*, their rear) or to his left. But as the party on the right might have attacked the baggage, he resolved to deal with them. They were quite panic-struck, and fled to the number of three or four thousand in a northerly direction to the jungles they had just quitted, and where they afterwards dispersed. The leaders had been with the other party in front, and cheerfully accepted the opportunity of effecting an escape while a wing of their army was being thus cut up and scattered. Next day (the 26th), Colonel Beecher, with the 1st Regiment, Beatson's Horse (newly raised), *en route* from the Deccan to join General Michel, accidentally found himself in close proximity to Tantia, and did not hesitate to attack him—rather a dangerous experiment, but which perfectly succeeded, for his raw levies cut up a number of rebels. During the march to and action at Khorale, Brigadier Parke had time to reach Basoda, a position which covered the country to the west of the rebels, including Indore, but their road to the south was still quite open. At no time since Tantia Topee was driven out of Gwalior, or indeed since the fall of Delhi, had the Bombay and Madras Governments felt so seriously alarmed as they did on receipt of the intelligence that he had got to the south of all the columns in Malwa, and would cross the Nerbudda in a few days. During the previous year the minor presidencies, which comprise the southern half of India, heard with a terrible interest accounts of the revolt in Bengal, which might some day infect their own territories, but they had hithertoo been providentially preserved. When the flag of rebellion was raised by Bengal regiments stationed near their borders, it had always been carried towards Oude and Delhi. At the very commencement of the mutiny, the 1st Bombay Lancers, four hundred strong, were stationed at Nusseerabad, with two thousand Bengal Infantry, and a company of native artillery with six guns attached; the Bengal troops all mutinied at a preconcerted signal, but while they were plundering and burning the cantonment, the lancers detached one party to save the European officers of the mutinous regiments, which they succeeded in doing, while another party made a determined effort to deprive the mutineers of their guns.

To the disaffected districts the Bombay and Madras Governments despatched native troops, who combated not unworthily by the side of their European brethren. But a large proportion of the Bombay population and army are Mahrattas, and it was not desirable their hitherto unshaken fidelity should be exposed to the temptation of a Mahratta leader appearing in the midst of them, with an appeal to their nationality and religion in favour of the representative of a dynasty to which they all looked back with pride.

To the eastward of Bombay lay the broad territories of the Nizam, which since Oude ceased to be a separate kingdom, was the most turbulent part of India. The capital, Hyderabad, and several of the provincial towns, swarmed with Arabs and Rohillas, mercenaries who were willing to serve any master, and lost no opportunity of fomenting disturbances likely to render their service necessary.

Fortunately for our Indian empire, the reins of government at Hyderabad were throughout the mutinies held by an enlightened minister, called Salar Jung, who steadily adhered to the treaties between the British and Nizam, in spite of all the intrigues going on around him; and on one occasion, when a large mob of fanatics wished to burn the English Residency, he repulsed them with grape-shot. The Nizam's own force, and a contingent paid by him, but commanded by English officers, remained faithful, and did good service when called out during the mutinies.

Between the Nizam's dominions and the Nerbudda lay the Nagpore territory, not many years ago an independent state, but now absorbed in the British dominions. It was into the Nagpore district that Tantia Topee crossed the Nerbudda, about forty miles above Hoshungabad. He di-

rected his march by Futtypore and Mooltaee towards the town of Nagpore itself, but a force from that place headed him, and he turned westward, hoping that at the Meilghaut or Asseergurh he could find an unguarded pass through the hills which lay to the south between him and the Deccan. But Brigadier Hill, of the Nizam's Contingent, was watching at the Meilghaut with a large cavalry force. Farther to the west, on the borders of Candeish, in the Bombay Presidency, Sir Hugh Rose made arrangements for preventing the rebels getting into that district, and Tantia Topee never ventured to cross the narrow range of hills which runs near the north bank of the Taptee, parallel to that river and the Nerbudda; although south of the Taptee lay the very territory to which the Nana laid claim as his rightful inheritance.

On the 19th of November the rebels reached the town of Kurgoon, and, finding themselves well ahead of the pursuing columns, halted to refresh, and deliberate on their further movements. General Michel, after the action of Khoraie, soon discovered the route which their leaders had taken. He followed in the same direction, though not precisely in their path. Parke was ordered to Hoshungabad, where the General joined him on the 7th with his cavalry only, the infantry having been left at Bhilsah to recruit.

On the same day the rebels were near Mooltaee, eighty miles south-east of Hoshungabad. The long start they had obtained made it difficult for the General to procure information regarding them, and the local officials knew nothing about the country or roads to the south. Leaving Parke at Hoshungabad, he moved on to Baitool, where matters in this respect were worse than ever, and the maps of the district found very incorrect. Suspecting, however, that the rebels would find a difficulty in getting through the hills to the south, he ordered Parke to march from Hoshungabad to Charwah, and moved himself towards the same point. When Tantia Topee crossed the Nerbudda, the authorities at Indore and Mhow thought he had quitted Malwa for good. But they became alarmed when the intelligence arrived of his movements on the south of that river, bringing him again near Holkar's capital. Most of the brigade, including all the cavalry, were distributed among the pursuing columns. No danger was apprehended for the Mhow cantonment, which a few infantry could easily hold, supported by the heavy guns which were mounted on a small fort containing the arsenal. A company of infantry could also maintain the Residency at Indore against the rebels in their present state. But if Tantia chose to march on Indore, he could avoid any infantry detachment from Mhow which might try to stop him; and his appearance in the suburbs of Indore—even now, after all his defeats—would probably have compelled Holkar to fly for his life, as Sindiah had done from Gwalior; while Tantia, with a fresh army and fresh artillery, would again unsettle the country, and the whole business of hunting him down have to be commenced anew. Another consideration was, that if the rebels did not recross the Nerbudda, their present course would bring them to the grand trunk road, along which large supplies of stores for Malwa and Rajpootana were constantly passing from Bombay. The telegraph wires would be cut, and postal communication interrupted.

When General Michel was in the wild districts about Baitool, the transmission of orders was difficult and irregular; so Brigadier Edwards, commanding at Mhow, had to make his own arrangements in concert with Sir R. Hamilton, the Governor-General's agent at Indore. He sent a couple of small infantry detachments to watch the fords of the Nerbudda above Akberpore, where the main road crosses the river. On receiving intelligence from these parts that the rebels appeared to be still moving westward, Major Sutherland, with one of the detachments, comprising one hundred men of the 92d Highlanders and one hundred 4th Bombay Rifles, was ordered to cross the river, and to keep the main road clear.

The distance from Akberpore to the Sindwah Ghaut, where the road

passes the hills to Candeish in the Bombay Presidency, is forty-five miles. Major Sutherland took up a position at Jeelwana, thirty miles from Akberpore. Tantia Topee, as we have said before, was at Kurgoon, fifteen miles east of Jeelwana, and the same distance from the Sindwah Ghaut: and Major Sutherland considered that, if the rebels tried to descend the Ghaut, he would have time to attack them in the defile, or if they passed across the road between Jeelwana and Akberpore, he could prevent them from remaining more than a few hours upon it. The former contingency was not probable, for Sir H. Rose arrived the same day at the foot of the Ghaut.

On the 21st November, Lieutenant Barras arrived at Mhow with a hundred and twenty camels of a camel corps which was being raised at Nusseerabad for the Malwa division. The camels were all Sandneys, or riding camels. They carried the usual riding saddle for two men, one of whom sits before, the other behind, the hump. For baggage-camels, one man has the charge of two or three animals, and usually walks beside them; but in the camel corps there was a driver to each camel, who took up a soldier behind him.

Brigadier Edwardes ordered fifty men of the 71st and 92d Highlanders to proceed with the camel corps to join Major Sutherland, which they did in thirty hours, the distance being seventy miles. A camel's action is not very agreeable to those unaccustomed to it. This was the Highlanders' first essay, and all suffered severely, but especially the 92d, who were clad in the garb of the Gael. If it is "ill taking the breeks off a Hielandman," it is all the more easy to take the skin off a part of his person which is never turned towards an enemy. "I wunna mount the cæmel, I wunna mount the cæmel!" exclaimed more than one gallant Scotchman after a halt. "Weel, if you wunna mount the cæmel, you'll stay behind and lose your head to the rebels," retorted Barras; and, partly by threats and partly by coaxing, with the promise of an immediate action after the journey, when they might avenge themselves on the rebels for their present agonies, the whole came safely and speedily up. On the forenoon of the 26d, intelligence was brought in that a party of rebels were on the road, about six miles north of Jeelwana;—they cut the telegraph wires and plundered several carts; but as Major Sutherland ascertained it was only a detachment which might be sent to create a diversion, he did not choose to fatigue his small party by dislodging them.

The following morning, at daylight, he took a hundred and twenty Highlanders and eighty sepoys to clear the road; both natives and Europeans took it in turn to ride on Barras's camels. On arriving at the place where the telegraph wire had been cut, no rebels were to be seen, but it was ascertained from a few villagers who had been scared away the previous day, and who were now creeping back to their homes, that Tantia Topee, with his whole force, including two guns which he had found at Kurgoon, and a number of elephants, had passed during the night. Their tracks leading westward were easily found, and the pursuit commenced.

The road for eight miles was strewed with articles, taken by the rebels the previous day from some merchants' carts on the main road: several carts had been brought on and abandoned when the bullocks got tired. The soldiers filled their water-bottles with port or sherry, of which there was enough to have stocked a large cellar, but not a man got intoxicated. A cartload of books had been opened by the rebels during a halt—the contents were torn up and strewed in a circle, with a Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary left intact in the middle.

After following for eight miles, the enemy were perceived passing through the town of Rajpore. Major Sutherland kept his party as well together as he could—not an easy matter, for the camel-drivers were scarcely organised to act in concert, and the Highlanders were on a camel for the second time in their lives. By pushing steadily forward, disregarding stragglers and quantities of abandoned baggage and bag-

gage-animals along the road, the main body were approached in half an hour. They formed up along a ravine, and Major Sutherland dismounted his men; but before he had them ready to advance, the rebels retired. This delay gave time for the European and native infantry who were not on camels, but had been marching at a prodigious pace, to come up; and as it was evident the rebels must engage shortly the whole proceeded together for two miles, when the enemy were again descried formed in order of battle on a rocky ridge, thickly wooded, with their two guns pointing down the road. After a little skirmishing, a party of Highlanders, well supported by the native infantry, rushed up the road under a shower of grape and captured the guns, when the rebels precipitately abandoned their whole position. The loss on both sides was trifling. Lieutenant Humfries, adjutant of the 92d, received a sword-cut from the commandant of Tantia Topee's artillery, who was killed at the guns—a loss not much felt by Tantia, who never had any more artillery to command.

Major Sutherland pursued vigorously the next day, and at sunset reached the Nerbudda in time to see the rebel force comfortably encamped on the opposite side. They stood to their arms on his approach, and the British (who had now a much clearer view of them than during the previous day's action in the jungle) could scarcely believe that the host of 3000 or 4000 men, who appeared fairly organised and equipped, had fled from 200 men without artillery. To force a passage over the river 500 yards broad was impossible, so the two parties looked at each other till nightfall, and next morning the rebels were gone.

The pursuit was now taken up by Brigadier Parke, who arrived with a flying column of cavalry, mounted infantry, and two guns. The rebels still marched west along the north bank of the Nerbudda, and were approaching Baroda, a large and wealthy town, capital of the Guicowar, one of the richest native princes in India. Here, as elsewhere, there was a large party eager for revolution, and in communication with the Nana. Sir Richmond Shakespear, the Resident, became extremely anxious, for there were only one hundred Europeans and two native infantry regiments in the place, besides the Guicowar's own troops, who were most likely to take the wrong side. From this suspense he was relieved by the vigour of Brigadier Parke. That officer came up with the rebels, after marching two hundred and forty miles in nine days. He threaded a dense jungle for twenty miles during the last night of November, and in the morning attacked the enemy at Chota Oodeypore. The rebels sounded the British advance, and came forward in front and on both flanks. The right flank was first disposed of by Kerr's Mahratta Horse. The rebels then collected their force on the left flank; a charge of front was effected by the British line, the two guns under Lieutenant Heathorn doing good service. The Highlanders cleared some huts in front, and a charge by three troops of cavalry—8th Hussars, 2d Bombay Cavalry, and Mahratta Horse—completed the rebels' discomfiture. They were followed and cut up till the remnant dispersed in the jungles.

A few of the rebel horse, in their flight, crossed the road by which Parke had marched into action, and killed a Highlander in a litter, besides several coolies and camel-men. Parke had some trouble in allaying the panic which this occasioned among his followers. The news, with infinite exaggeration, soon spread all over the division. For some time, in the camps and cantonments, the *untwallas* or camel-men, as they sat by the camp fires, with their camels kneeling in a circle around them—the *hattiwallas*, or elephant-drivers, as they discussed the flour and sugar which had been issued by the commissariat for their elephants—the *ghorewallas*, and *dooleewallas*, and all the infinite families of the genus *wallah*—had no other topic or conversation than the dreadful massacre of *four or five hundred* of their brethren with Parke Sahib. Fortunately the alarm soon subsided, when the real truth was known. If an army is a necessary evil to a nation, camp-fol-

lowers are a necessary evil to an army, and a strike among them would be as bad as a sepoy mutiny.

Brigadier Parke was unable to move for some days. His horses were knocked up, and a number of stragglers remained behind, who gradually came in. During the interval he procured fresh supplies for the European troops from Baroda. Tantia collected his scattered force in the dense forests of Banswara, which are inhabited by a wild race called Bheels. This district is bounded on the south by the Nerbudda, on the west by the fertile province of Goojerat, and on the north and east it extends to where a rise of a thousand eet takes place to the table-lands of Rajpootana and Malwa. The passes, on the last two sides especially, are few and difficult. General Roberts, who commanded the Goojerat division, made arrangements to prevent the rebels entering his district. General Michel (who had returned to Mhow) directed a force from Neemuch, under Major Rocke, to protect Oodeypore, and to overawe Saloombur, the nearest Rajpootana states. Oodeypore is the capital of the province of Meywar, and the seat of government of the first prince in Rajpootana. Saloombur is a dependency of Oodeypore, belonging to the elder branch of the Oodeypore family, whose ancestor surrendered his rights in favour of his younger brother—an act for which his descendants have not felt particularly grateful.

Another column, under Colonel Benson of the 17th Lancers, which had returned with General Michel to Mhow, was pushed forward to the eastern side of Banswara, with instructions to watch the passes into Malwa. The rebels went to Saloombur, but were not admitted into the fort; Major Rocke's column took a position at Bhansra, whence he could march to Oodeypore if threatened, and command several of the passes leading northwards. Tantia again turned south to the densest part of the jungle, and it was seriously proposed to surrender. The great majority of the rebels, had they believed in the amnesty proclaimed throughout India to all not proved to be murderers, would have come in at once, but the chiefs who *were* murderers persuaded their credulous followers that the amnesty was merely a snare, and that all who fell into the hands of the British were executed without delay. They were cheered at this juncture by the intelligence of Prince Feroze Shah's incursion, and decided on an endeavour to unite their forces with his. During their wanderings in Central India, the rebel leaders always kept up communications with the Nana and other chiefs in Oude. This was effected by messengers called cossids, who go thirty and forty miles a-day for weeks in succession. The cossids are much employed by merchants; they are accustomed to start on long journeys to places they have not before visited, and pass everywhere without question. Tantia Topee took advantage of the privilege which most generals, especially unsuccessful ones, assume, of depicting the aspect of affairs rather more favourably than they deserved. He could write a brilliant despatch after taking the artillery and stores at Jalra Patun, without giving too many details about the trifling affair at Rajgurh, where they were all lost. The Nana and Begum were delighted to cheer their followers with the news of captured towns and hard-fought battles across the Jumna, and the name of Tantia Topee waxed great in Oude. Feroze Shah, a relation of the imperial family, either believed in Tantia's successes, or thought matters had got so bad in Oude that they could not be worse in Central India. He passed the British cordon in Oude, crossed the Jumna, and commenced a rapid march through the Gwalior territory. Sir Robert Napier, commanding the Gwalior division, surprised him with a cavalry force, killed a number of his followers, and took six elephants. Feroze Shah still pressed on, and arrived near Rajgurh with a thousand men. He lingered there for a few days, either because it was a rendezvous appointed with Tantia, or to get information of the latter's movements. Brigadier Smith put himself in motion from Seronge, when Feroze Shah marched north-west to Indergurh on the Chumbul.

To prevent Feroze Shah's doing mischief, Brigadier Somerset (who had arrived from Bombay to command a field force, and had assumed charge of Colonel Benson's column while it was watching the Banswara passes) received orders to take two guns, D troop Horse-Artillery, and seventy Highlanders, and proceed to Augur, where Major White, with a squadron 17th Lancers and wing of the 9th Native Infantry, had been despatched from Mhow to meet him.

When Tantia moved south from Saloombur, Major Rocke also skirted the jungle, and took up Colonel Benson's position of Pertabgurh, the latter officer placed himself on the edge of the jungle twenty miles to the south. On the 24th December, Brigadier Parke, who had made a considerable detour to the westward, again got correct intelligence of the rebel's dispositions. His orders from General Michel were to keep up a constant pursuit wherever the rebels went, while the other columns would be manœuvred so as to head them when practicable. Accordingly Parke, leaving his artillery, plunged into the jungles from the westward, and the rebels at four o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas Day suddenly emerged on the other side opposite Major Rocke at Pertabgurh. Major Rocke had not men enough to close the passes, of which there were two or three. He placed himself at Pertabgurh, because it was a central position about two miles from the jungle, whence he could march to any particular point at which the rebels might threaten to denouch, provided he had sufficiently early intelligence of their movements. But he had no notice of Tantia's approach until the rebel army appeared in the open, and marched straight upon his position—the only occasion on which they deliberately assumed the offensive. His force did not consist of more than two hundred infantry, two guns, and a few native cavalry, and could merely remain on the defensive during an action which lasted without much result. The rebels only wished to keep him in play while their elephants, and what little baggage remained to them, got clear of the pass. Colonel Benson was accompanied by Captain Hutchinson (assistant to the Governor-General's agent at Indore), who supplied him with early and correct intelligence of the rebel's movements. He started that forenoon, and marched after them nearly due east at the rate of five-and-thirty miles a-day, till the 29th, when he came up with them at Zeerapore, and captured six elephants. During the rapid pursuit which had preceded, the few infantry and badly-mounted troopers who remained with Tintia dropped off into the villages and jungles; those who adhered to his standard effected their escape from the British without much loss. It was absolutely necessary for the small attacking force to keep well together, and make no rash charges into the centre of their opponents.

The rebels, however, were to be pushed yet harder before they could get any respite from their pursuers. Brigadier Somerset arrived at Zeerapore the morning after the action. He had two horse-artillery guns with him, and taking the fresh horses out of his ammunition-waggons, attached them to Colonel Benson's two guns; and the ammunition-waggons, with Benson's tired horses attached, remained in his charge, while the four guns accompanied Brigadier Somerset. Their limbers alone contained quite enough ammunition for an action with Tantia Topee. After marching seventy miles in the next forty-eight hours, Brigadier Somerset attacked the rebels at Burrode. Some shells from the artillery killed a good many, during a stand which they made for a few minutes—after this they galloped off as usual. Somerset then waited for his baggage to rejoin him, and was ordered to Chuppra, where the General shortly expected to arrive.

The rebels were on Feroze Shah's tracks, and effected a junction with him at Indergurh, on the west bank of the Chumbul. Brigadier Smith, whose brigade we have before adverted to as advancing on Rajgurh, had been very near when Somerset's action was fought. He continued the pursuit towards Indergurh with a force of infantry and cavalry, but did not overtake the rebels.

General Michel left Mhow in the end of December to meet Somerset

near Augur. He arrived just after Benson's action at Zeerapore, and proceeded with his column instead to Chuppra. Colonel Beecher, who, with one squadron 17th Lancers, two horse-artillery guns D troop, and his own regiment of irregular cavalry, had been moved up in that direction from the other side of the Nerbudda, was directed to join him there, and thus formed a strong column comprising the whole of the 17th Lancers, Beecher's Irregulars, the D troop horse-artillery, and a hundred Highlanders mounted on Barras's camels.

One of our elephants gave no little trouble the day General Michel arrived at Augur. Some elephants are subject to periodical fits of sexual madness, or *must*, as the natives call it. In this state they attack whatever comes across them, whether man or beast, their own driver (between whom and his charge great mutual affection generally exists) being often the first victim. The situation of mahout or driver, however, is a favourite one among natives, and there is never any difficulty in finding a fresh one to undertake that duty, when the animal recovers. Your mahout is high up in the world, and looks down on camel-men or bullock-drivers with the contempt with which a Hansom regards his four-wheeled rivals. "He's been through the winders of two chaney-shops since we have had him," says young Bailey, speaking of brother to Cauliflower, "and was sold for killing his missis. That's a horse, I hope." With similar pride a mahout describes the homicidal propensities of the animal you are riding, as constituting him something like an elephant, and grins expressively at the evident desire to get down which such information produces. At Augur, an elephant on the march showed signs of *must*, but the driver contrived to slip off his back. The brute first attacked a Highlander, and trampled him to death. He then charged a baker's cart; the frightened bullocks rushed from the road, and tumbled cart and all into a ditch. The elephant did not hurt the bullocks, but ate up two hundred loaves in about five minutes. After this feat he made a luxurious dessert in a sugar-cane field, and liquored up to the extent of twenty or thirty gallons at a muddy tank. In three weeks' time (during which he wandered at large) this disagreeable fit passed off, and the driver, who had followed him about, retook possession.

On hearing at Mhow that Tantia had left the Banswara jungles, and Oodeypore were no longer threatened, the General had also sent directions to Brigadier Honner commanding at Nusseerabad (who was already in the field with a column moving on Oodeypore) to march in a north-easterly direction and watch the fords of the Chumbul, between Kotah and Indergurh. He reached Indergurh the day after Tantia and Feroze Shah left it in a north-easterly direction. These harassing pursuits had much diminished their army; indeed, it is astonishing how their horses had a leg to stand upon, or their riders the physical endurance to remain in the saddle. Those who could find fresh horses in the villages bought or stole them, and many a well bred charger was left standing by the roadside, its back swarming with maggots and its hoofs worn to the sensible sole. After their junction with Feroze Shah, the whole force did not muster more than two thousand men, whose only hope was to escape death by the sword or rope.

Their next adventure was to fall in with Brigadier Showers on the 15th January, near Dewassa. He had come down with a light column from Agra, and took their last two elephants. After this they tried to enter the town of Ulwur, capital of a Rajpoot state, but Lieutenant Impey, the political agent, held a pass in front of the town with the Rajah's troops, who remained faithful.

General Michel's pursuing columns were somewhat thrown out by the tremendous pace at which the rebels rushed from the centre of Malwa to the northern extremity of Rajpootana. Parke had crossed the Chumbul at Kotah, and was now moving up toward Ulwur. The General did not choose to get too far north, or wear out the strong column with which he hoped to strike a decisive blow when opportunity presented.

Honner also, instead of following the direct tracks, kept to the south of them, in case Joudhpore or Jyepore were threatened.

When Tantia Topee crossed the Chumbul, Colonel Holmes, of the 12th Native Infantry, was sent out from Nusseerabad with a few men of H.M.'s 83d and 12th Native Infantry and four guns (native artillerymen), to save any towns which might be in danger of being plundered, and do what he could in a general way. On the night of January 21st the rebels were encamped at Seekur, when Holmes, after marching the astounding distance of fifty-four miles through a sandy desert in little more than twenty-four hours, completely surprised their camp, and threw it into the greatest confusion by a few rounds from his guns. They abandoned a quantity of horses, camels, and arms, and afterwards spoke of this as one of the most disastrous affairs in which they had been engaged. The flat and sandy district in the north of Rajpootana abounds in excellent camels. Many of the rebels, taking a hint from their pursuers, exchanged their jaded horses for riding-camels, which accounts for the number of these animals captured on this occasion. Next day Tantia Topee left the rebel camp, worn out with fatigue; accompanied by thirty or forty followers, he escaped to the east of the Chumbul, and concealed himself in the jungles near Seronge. A few days later, six hundred men surrendered to the Rajah of Bikaneer, and requested his mediation on their behalf. The British Government were only too glad to be saved the trouble of hunting them down, and desired they might all be sent to their homes, with the single proviso that those who could be proved guilty of deliberate murder might at any time be brought up for execution.

General Michel apprehended that the rebels would reckon on having drawn all his columns after them to the north, and then make a desperate burst to the southern extremity of Malwa. This they were most likely to do by passing through the Joodpore territory, and then turning to their left across the Aravelli range, which separates Joodpore from Oodeypore. They knew no column with guns could follow them through these hills—a comforting reflection to men whose ears tingled at the bare mention of British artillery. To be prepared for this contingency, Brigadier Somerset was ordered, by forced marches, to take up a position near and to the south of the Oodeypore side of the Chutterbhooj Pass, which is the principal road across the hills, but there are several smaller pathways near it.

The General did not allow the pursuit to languish in the north; he fixed his headquarters for a few days at Nusseerabad as a central position from which to direct operations. Brigadier Showers was ordered to the north of the rebels, Parke to the west, and Honner to the south; on the east lay the great desert. Holmes, who was moving about with his detachment inside this ring, forced the rebels to cross it somewhere. They chose the route which General Michel had anticipated, shot past Honner's right flank, and fled south through the Joodpore territory. Honner overtook them on the 10th February at Kosanee, after a march of 145 miles in four days, killed upwards of 200, and captured a number of camels. A curious incident occurred on this occasion: Lieutenant Stourton of the 8th Hussars made desperate efforts to cut down, or rather to cut *up*, a rebel chief mounted on a swift Sandney camel, but his horse always swerved before bringing him within sword's length. A sergeant of the 8th coming up, exclaimed, "Why don't you try him with your revolver, sir?" Stourton, who had forgotten his revolver, took the hint, and brought down both man and camel at the first discharge. On examination, the ball was found to have passed through the rider's body into the back of the camel's head, killing both outright.

The Rao Sahib (who, since Tantia's departure, himself assumed the charge of directing their strategical movements) reached the Chutterbhooj Pass on the 15th. Brigadier Somerset arrived within a few miles of it the same day. Most unfortunately, he had no one with him who

knew the country; and a few precious hours had to be expended in the necessary reconnoitring, during which the enemy threaded the pass. Their joy at getting safe through was soon turned into mourning when they learned that a British column was hovering in the neighbourhood. They had confidently believed all our columns to be behind them in the Joodpore territory, and were in despair at finding the sole result of their last frantic rush was to carry them close up to a fresh band of pursuers. The Rao made for his old haunt in the Banswara jungle, but the General had already sent an express order to close the passes with small infantry detachments from Neemuch. Finding these defiles occupied, the rebels turned eastward, and passed within a few miles of Pertabgurh, where the action with Major Rocke took place just seven weeks before. They had made a circuit of 900 miles in the interval.

Brigadier Somerset marched 230 miles in nine days. He was close behind the rebels all the time; and a majority of them fell out of the line of march, threw aside their arms, and sneaked away towards their homes. The remainder made an offer of surrender, and 200 men (all Mussulmans from Cawnpore and Bareilly) actually gave themselves up near Runnejah, on the 22d February 1859. The chiefs, who did not come within the provisions of the general amnesty, were merely seeking a temporary cessation of hostilities by these advances, and effected their escape into the Seronge jungles.

This was the end of these operations. The Rao Sahib and Feroze Shah, when they reached the jungles, no longer sought safety in numbers as open enemies of the British Government, but sometimes disguised themselves as religious mendicants, and sometimes with a handful of men levied contributions of food from the villages.

During the pursuit of Tantia Topee, a portion of the Indian journals were not slow to assume the privilege, so freely enjoyed by their contemporaries in England, of abusing the arrangements of our own generals, and praising those of our adversaries. Because operations were so long protracted, Tantia was held up as a dexterous strategist, who could give Generals Roberts and Michel a few useful hints in the art of war. Those who look below the surface will find nothing to bear out such a conclusion. Marshal Saxe has said that the whole secret of war is in the legs; but he did not mean they were always to be used for running away, which seems to have been the only manner that Tantia had any idea of employing them. He fled till he was outmarched, and then sacrificed some guns and men on the spot where he was overtaken, only to escape with the remainder and be again outmarched, and again driven from the field. His soldiers could have done as much without any leader at all. With an immense cavalry force under his orders, he made no attempt to harass the pursuers on their line of march, to spread confusion among their long train of baggage, or cut up the foragers around their camp. It never occurred to him that cavalry who cannot stand the shock of battle may yet be turned to good account in irregular warfare. We may indeed be thankful to Providence that he did not try such tactics, for he had horsemen enough to have afforded us work in front, in rear, and on both flanks; and an Anglo-Indian army, with its numerous array of camp-followers, is peculiarly susceptible to such demonstrations.

These omissions of Tantia Topee's materially lightened the burden of our own generals, yet still left them a most difficult task to accomplish. They had to cover or overawe the most important towns in their division, and endeavour to exterminate the rebel army, which always far outnumbered them, especially in cavalry. To drive the rebels from their position with infantry and artillery was easy enough, and in ordinary warfare this constitutes a victory. But a battle lost to the rebels was only so many guns abandoned, or so many men killed. They had no communication with a base of operations to preserve; no line of country to defend; no strategical front, or flanks, or rear. When hard pressed, they only made a stand to let their tren-

sure be carried off (many of the chiefs thought their proper place was with the treasure on these occasions),—and then got out of range of the cannon and rifles as soon as they could. The British cavalry followed, but were rarely sufficiently strong to do much execution. At the Bunnas General Roberts had five hundred cavalry (including three hundred Beloochees on ponies). He was able to send them right into the middle of the retiring enemy, and great slaughter ensued. So also at General Michel's actions of Sindwaho and Khoraie. But at Sanganeer, at Rajghur, at Mungrowlee, at Zeerapore, and at Barode, our handful of cavalry had to rest content with seeing their enemies fly before them, and picking up elephants, camels, or worn-out horses, or killing a few stragglers. To charge home, without any infantry support to fall back upon, was certain destruction. It would have let the rebels know their own strength when forced to a hand-to-hand action.

General Michel, by judiciously distributing his columns over the immense district of which he had charge, always contrived to have a force of some kind or other, either infantry or cavalry, in tolerably close pursuit. This saved the important towns from plunder or mutiny, for they would not admit the rebels when a British force was near. The fugitives, moreover, got no rest, and it was the loss by stragglers in these continued long marches which weakened and finally dissipated their army, quite as much as the casualties in battle. An angler with a heavy salmon on his hook does not break the line by attempting to land him at once, but keeps up a constant strain till the fish gradually loses its strength, and is led powerless to the bank. Tantia Topee's followers were too numerous and too nimble to be despatched at a blow; but when they had worn out one British column, they generally found their movements had been anticipated, and another was ready to take its place, and the rebel hordes melted away under the ceaseless pressure. It was unfortunate that when the General, having more troops at his disposal towards the end of the campaign, collected a strong force under Brigadier Somerset and despatched it to the very point (a hundred miles distant from his own headquarters) through which the rebels passed, a few hours unavoidable delay lost the opportunity of winding up with a good *coup de grace*. Although this column did not strike a blow with the sword, yet its appearance immediately after Honner's hard chase finished the campaign. The chiefs could not persuade their disheartened soldiers to attempt a stand. It was *sauve qui peut* for 250 miles, at the end of which 200 surrendered. Feroze Shah and the Rao Sahib, with 300 men and the treasure, hid themselves in the Seronge jungles; the remainder abandoned their standards during the flight, threw away their arms, and straggled homewards in twos and threes, generally unmolested, though the villagers sometimes relieved them of a few mohurs.

The rebels at first carried their treasure on camels and elephants. When the silver was all spent, they put the gold and jewels on horses, under a guard of picked men. It is probably now buried in the jungles, and the secret of its place of deposit may have been the cause of more than one tragedy among men so habitually distrustful of each other as Orientals. The whole distance for which they were pursued, between the 20th June 1858 and 1st March 1859, was more than 3000 miles. General Michel marched 1700, Parke 2000 miles. Captain Clowe's troop, 8th Hussars, was with Parke all the time, and had marched 400 miles under General Roberts before joining him. When a column started in rapid pursuit, the tents followed in charge of a small guard, and often did not come up for days, during which the troops had to shelter themselves under the forest trees from sun and rain.

Tantia Topee ultimately met with the fate which he deserved. A Rajpoot chief, called Maun Singh, owned a considerable portion of the territory near Goonah conquered by the Mahrattas in the last century, and still ruled over by Sindiah. The

proud Rajpoot, whose family had for ages been of high consideration, chafed at this subjection to a low-born Mahratta, and took advantage of the general confusion in 1857 to rebel against him. With the British he always declared he had no quarrel. Sindiah, however, was our ally, and our columns attacked his rebellious vassal when they came across him, without putting themselves much out of the way to hunt him up. The latter never retaliated. Two officers travelling along the grand trunk road in October, encamped at one end of a village, while Maun Singh was at the other, and he sent to beg they would not disturb themselves. Having never committed himself by any of the murderous acts which disgraced other leaders, and seeing the hopelessness of a struggle against Sindiah backed by us, Maun Singh resolved to make his peace by betraying Tantia Topee, with the secrets of whose haunts he was well acquainted, and for whom, as a Mahratta Brahmin, he had small sympathy. He came to Brigadier Smith's camp with his proposals, and asked for twenty sepoys of the 10th Bombay Native Infantry, unaccompanied by a European officer, to carry them out. Our camp, he said, was so infested by spies, that the departure of a European officer with ever so small a detachment, would be noticed and watched. Tantia Topee had recovered from his fatigues, and retired to rest one night in April, intending the following day to rejoin his friend the Rao Sahib. He had set no guard, and awoke at midnight to find himself bound hand and foot by the sepoys. During his short imprisonment Tantia behaved with dignity, showing neither fear nor sullenness, and answering any questions which were asked. He was hanged at sepree. The Rao Sahib has not been heard of for long. Feroze Shah still haunts the wild country in Bundlecund and the banks of the Soane, in spite of all the efforts of our police and irregulars to dislodge him. It is more agreeable to get rid of such wretches by British steel than by British gold, but if another Maun Singh can be found to deliver them to justice, we shall not shed tears over their fate.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

[Part of a letter written by Mr. Chase to his sister, giving her an account of the Great Earthquake which happened at Lisbon in the year 1755.]

About three-quarters after nine o'clock in the morning, on Saturday the 1st of November 1775, I was alone in my bed-chamber, four stories from the ground, opening a bureau, when a shaking or trembling of the earth (which I knew immediately to be an earthquake), gentle at first, but gradually becoming violent, much alarmed me. Turning round to look at the window, the glass seemed to be falling out. Surprised at the continuation of the motion, and calling to mind the miserable fate of Callao, in the Spanish West Indies, I dreaded a like catastrophe; and, remembering that our house was so old and weak that any heavy carriage passing made it shake throughout, I ran directly into the Arada, to see if the neighbouring houses were agitated with the same violence. This place was a single room at the top of the house, with windows all round the roof, supported by stone pillars. It was only one story higher than my chamber, but commanded a prospect of some part of the river, and of all the lower part of the city, from the King's Palace up to the Castle. I was no sooner up the stairs than the most horrid prospect that imagination can figure appeared before my eyes! The house began to heave to that degree, that, to prevent being thrown down, I was obliged to put my arm out of a window and support myself by the wall. Every stone in the wall separating and grinding against each other (as did the walls of the other houses, with variety of different motions), causing the most dreadful jumbling noise ears ever heard. The adjoining wall of Mr. Goddard's room fell first; then followed all the upper part of his house, and of every other as far as I could see towards the Castle,—when, turning my eyes quick to the front of the room (for I thought the whole city was sinking into the earth), I saw the tops of two of the pillars meet, and saw no more. I had resolved to throw myself upon the floor, but suppose I did not; for I immediately felt myself falling, and then, after I know not how long, just as if waking from a dream, with confused ideas, I found my mouth stuffed full of something that with my left hand I strove to get out; and not being able to breathe freely, struggled till my head was quite disengaged from the rubbish. In doing this I came to myself, and recollecting what had happened, supposed the earthquake to be over; and from what I had so lately seen, expected to find the whole city fallen to the ground, and myself at the top of the ruins. When attempting to look about me, I saw four high walls near fifty feet above me (the place where I lay was about ten feet in length and scarcely two feet wide), without either door or window in any of them. Astonished to the last degree at my situation, I remembered that there was such a place between the houses; and, having seen the upper parts of both fall, concluded that either the inhabitants must be all destroyed, or at least that there was no probability of their looking down there again time enough for my preservation; so that, struck with horror at the shocking thought of being starved to death, immured in that manner, I remained stupefied, till the still falling tiles and rubbish made me seek for shelter under a small arch in the narrow wall opposite my head as I lay, at the bottom of which there appeared to be a little hole quite through it. Upon approaching the aperture, with difficulty dragging myself out of the rubbish, I found it much larger than I had imagined; and, first getting in my head and arm, by degrees I pulled all my body after, and fell about two feet into a small dark place, arched over at the top, which I supposed to be only a support for the two walls; till, feeling about, I found on one side a narrow passage, that led me round a place like an oven, into a little room, where

stood a Portuguese man covered with dust, who, the moment he saw me coming in that way, starting back and crossing himself all over, cried out, as their custom is when much surprised, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! who are you? where do you come from?"—of which being informed, he placed me in a chair. This done, clasping his hands together, he lifted them and his eyes towards the ceiling, in show of the utmost distress and concern. This made me examine myself, which before I had not leisure to do. My right arm hung down before me motionless, like a dead weight, the shoulder being out and the bone broken; my stockings were cut to pieces, and my legs covered with wounds; the right ankle was swelled to a prodigious size, with a fountain of blood spouting upwards from it; the knee also was much bruised, and my left side felt as if beat in, so that I could scarcely breathe; all the left side of my face likewise swelled up—the skin was beat off, and the blood streaming from it; with a great wound above, and a small one below the eye, and several bruises on my back and head. Barely had I perceived myself to be in this mangled condition, when another shock, threatening as the first, came on. The Portuguese flew directly out of the door. The violence of the shock, and the falling of the houses, with the screams of the people, made me again seek shelter below the arch I had entered in at; where waiting till it had abated, I returned back again, and, nobody appearing, went out at the same door I had seen the man do, in hopes to find him again, or meet with some other person; but instead of a room as I expected, it was only a narrow staircase, which with a few steps brought me, to my surprise, into the street, not imagining myself to have been so near it. The people were all at prayers, covered with dust, and the light appeared as of a dark cloudy day; when, flattering myself that my legs might still support me to the water-side, I turned and saw the street below (which was very narrow) filled with fallen houses as high as the tops of the remaining ones. I then, in hopes to get into the country, advanced a few steps up the hill, but the same sad prospect appeared above! and in a street to the right I saw no other. I knew not what to do, my strength failed, and I fell prostrate just where the three streets met. I then thought myself so much past all assistance, that though Mr. Branfill, Mr. Goddard, and their people came to the very spot where I lay, I spoke not to any of them, although they stood close by me, till Mr. John Ernest Jorg, a German, and merchant of the city of Hamburg, coming to his door, told them he saw no way for their escaping out of the city; therefore begged they would go up into a garden he had by the top of his house, which was the safest place he knew of. This they complied with, and how long afterwards I lay there I know not; but, recovering a little strength, I raised myself up, and set my back against the wall of this gentleman's house, who appearing again at his door, I heard him say, "What miserable wretch is this? He seems by his dress to be a stranger,"—and coming down from his door round to the other side of my face, he cried out, "Dear Mr. Chase, what a shocking sight is this! Let me carry you up-stairs, and try what we can do for you." My answer was, "Many thanks, but it is now too late." "Never think so," said he; "I hope the worst is past, and you shall have the very first assistance that can be procured:" then calling some of his people, he had me conveyed up-stairs, and put me in a chair till he had got me something to drink; and a bed being made ready, he laid me there, desiring me to compose myself as much as possible.

But he had not left me long, before another shock made me lay my left arm over my eyes, expecting soon to be released from further misery, till all the plaster falling from the walls covered the bed, causing such a dust that I was roused to exert all my strength to open the door just at the bed's head, and get out. The noise I made soon brought Mr. Jorg out of his garden, when, begging of him to lay me there with the other people, to abide the common chance, he said there was a room on one side of it, and he would order a bed to be

made ready immediately. He placed me there accordingly, telling me he had already sent for the English surgeon, Mr. Scrafton; but his house was down, and there was no knowing what had become of him. Mr. Jorg and Mrs. Goddard came constantly between the shocks (now much less violent and frequent), to offer me their assistance; and during one of the intervals Mr. Jorg and his uncle dressed my leg with some plasters that they happened to have in the house.

Mr. Jorg's uncle would not go into the garden during the shocks, but remained in the house, declaring he had lived a long time, and if it so pleased Providence, he was as ready to die in that manner as in any other. Mrs. Goddard also acquainted me with the deaths of several already known (whose fate I then thought much happier than my own), and that three fires had broken out in the city, which did not then alarm me much. One of the fires and a large part of the city I could see from the bed as I lay, for I was now again at the top of a high house, some part of which had fallen, and the remainder was much shattered.

About two o'clock, the earth having enjoyed some little respite, the cloud of dust was dissipated; and the sun appearing, we began to hope the worst was over; as indeed it was with regard to earthquake, but still every succeeding shock, though it did little harm, was attended with the same dread and terror as the foregoing ones. However, this made the people in the garden (consisting of English, Irish, Dutch, and Portuguese) recover spirits enough to think of attempting to get out of the ruinous city; when Mr. Jorg, wholly intent on assisting everybody, desired them only just to stay to eat some fish he had ordered to be got ready, and they would then be the better enabled to bear any future fatigue. To oblige his great care I ate a little, without any inclination; imagining, from the painful condition I was in, a very few hours more would release me from further suffering; nor did anybody hitherto flatter me with other hopes. This was one reason, as well as knowing that all people were so intent upon their own preservation as not to be at leisure to assist others, that I suffered Mr. Jorg's garden by degrees to grow quite empty—and Mr. Branfill, Mr. Goddard, and their people, after dining and taking leave of me, to go away without asking their assistance, or even desiring them to send any help to me, till finding Mr. Jorg was left with only his old uncle, an old lame lady of his acquaintance, whom he had sent his servants to fetch from her house (where she was left alone, and very probably would have perished had he not thought of her), and two or three of his people; and supposing he intended to quit his house, I begged of him to endeavour to hire some people to carry me out of town. He said he feared it would be impossible—that all his servants but one had left him, and the city was quite deserted; that if it was my request, he would try, but for his own part, he was determined to take the fate of his house, as he thought venturing out of it would be only to encounter greater danger; and in my condition he would advise me to do the same. This assurance quite satisfied me, little imagining how much more distress I had still to support.

All that afternoon I passed in most melancholy reflections, whilst the flames spread everywhere within my view with inexpressible swiftness, till about five o'clock they seemed approaching close to the window of the room where I lay. Mr. Jorg then came in, and looking at me without speaking, which hitherto he had always done, retired, shutting the door close after him. Full of suspicions, from what he had before said, that there was no assistance to be had, I was struck by the stillness in the adjacent room, and with difficulty raising myself up, listened a considerable time without hearing anything stir, when I concluded that he had found himself obliged to leave his house, and, lacking courage to tell me the horrid fate I must submit to, he had quitted it without speaking at all.

In the utmost agony of body and mind I determined to ascertain if this were the case, and if so, to endeavour if possible to reach the

gallery on the east side of the window, and, by throwing myself down the hill, put an end to all my excessive miseries at once. By the help of two chairs I just got within reach of the door with the greatest pain, and was then so spent I was obliged to sit down, nor could I have gone a step farther had the room been on fire. Recovering a little strength, I opened the door, and found Mr. Jorg, the old lady, and two other persons, all silently sitting round the outer room. Surprised to see me got so far, he asked me the reason of it; to which I replied, that as I was fully sensible both of the great distress we were reduced to, and of his inability to assist me, I begged (with tears in my eyes) as the greatest favour, that before he found himself obliged to quit his house, he would either throw me over the gallery, or in any other way despatch me, and not leave me in agony, lingering a few hours, to die a dreadful death! He desired me not to talk in that manner, and assured me most affectionately he never had intended to leave me, and if no other help came, he would himself carry me upon his back, and we should take our chance together,—that the fire had not yet surrounded us, and that there was still a passage free to the Terrio do Paco (a large square before the King's Palace), and as soon as necessity obliged us, he hoped we might all get there very safe; therefore I had much better lie down again, and he would be careful to acquaint me in time. But as I still suspected that only his good-nature made him promise this, I desired to stay with them, which he permitted me; going up himself every half-hour to the top of his house, to observe what progress the fire made; till about eleven o'clock, when there came two servants of a German gentleman, who I think was his nephew, at that time also in the house. Mr. Jorg then declared he thought it time to remove; and with great composure going for his hat and cloak, returned with a cap and quilt for me, telling me perhaps I might find it cold when I was carried out; and then desired the German gentleman and his servants to carry me to the square first, and return again to fetch the lame lady. They carried me in one of the room chairs, with the quilt over me (which proved afterwards of great service), and another person went before with a torch. I heard some poor wretches begging for help as I was carried through a narrow alley down a steep hill, which was the only passage left free from ruins.

Opposite to the bottom of the alley was a church belonging to a convent of friars, the door of which was open. There stood lighted candles upon the high altar, the friars seemed very busy in their church dresses, and in the porch lay some dead bodies. Thence through a narrow street to the Church of St. Mary Magdalene. I saw no houses fallen down into that street, but everywhere great stones scattered about; and as I passed, looking up a street, could see over the ruins the upper windows of our houses still standing. The Church of St. Mary Magdalene had not fallen; its doors were open, and some lights and people in it. I observed the fire had already taken possession of the street leading to the Cathedral. In the Silversmiths' Street there were no houses quite fallen, and some few people seemed to be employed in throwing bundles out of the windows.

As I passed the end of the Rua Nova I saw both sides of it were on fire, as well as the next street, which runs parallel with it. At the square I found the King's Palace (which made one side of it) and half of the adjoining side on fire, burning slowly, the little wind driving it gently onwards. In the opposite part Mrs. Adford met me, and told me her sister Mrs. Graves and her family were there, sitting on some bundles of clothes they had saved; but as it was in the open air, my conductors chose rather to place me in a stall, with some others in my condition.

To find myself thus, so much beyond all expectation, suddenly relieved from the constant apprehension of falling houses, and dangers of the fire (as I thought, at least), when I was in the greatest despair, and had given up all hopes of assistance, raised my spirits to that degree, that now for the first time, notwithstand-

ing the great pain I was in, I began to hope it was possible still to live, till new terrors employed my thoughts. For the people, all full of the notion that it was the day of judgment, and willing therefore to be employed in good works, had loaded themselves with crucifixes and saints; and men and women equally the same, during the intervals between the shocks, were either singing litanies or cruelly tormenting the dying with religious ceremonies; and whenever the earth trembled, all on their knees roaring out *Misericordia!* in the most dismal voice imaginable. The fear, then, that my presence might excite their fanaticism at such a time when all government was at an end (and it was impossible to guess what turn their furious zeal might take against that worst of criminals, a heretic), made me dread the approach of every person. Add to this, that the Caista Pedra (or stony quay), adjoining to this square, had already sunk, and the least rising of the water would overflow us all. In such reflections there passed about two hours, during which time Mr. Jorg and his family were come to the square to Mr. Graves's family. The fire was now almost opposite, and under the shed, which had at first been quite crowded, there was nobody left but myself; when I heard a cry of "Beat down the cabaras" (stalls), some of which, it seems, had taken fire; and, telling all that were under them to get out, they began immediately to knock down that where I lay. With the greatest difficulty I got myself out before it tumbled down; and, meeting with Mr. Jorg and another person, they carried me to Mr. Graves's family, and laid me on their bundles.

Mrs. Graves I found to be of the common opinion that it was the last day; and, attempting to persuade her to the contrary, she told me it was but of little consequence to us, as the fire was just approaching to the gunpowder-shops opposite, and she expected they would blow up every moment. This new terror stopped my further speaking, and we silently waited the event, which proved, however, most favourable; for there were only three explosions, one after the other, making a great report, but not attended with mischief. About this time a poor Irish beggarwoman, who seemed to be half mad, putting her trust in some saint with a strange name, went through the fire, in the Rua Nova to Mr. Houston's cellar, and brought from thence a bottle of wine to Mr. Graves, from whom she would receive no gratuity at such a time as that. Of this Mrs. Adford gave me some.

On Sunday morning, about five o'clock, the wind changing, it blew very fresh, and drove the fire with the utmost rapidity down the hill from the Cathedral to our side of the square, which obliged us immediately to move; and their blacks, carrying me opposite to the Custom House, left me there till they had conveyed their master's bundles to the other side. But so quick was the progress of the flames, that they presently seized upon the Custom-House, bursting out all at once with a violent heat. I attempted to get away, but was unable; so remained scorching there till Mr. Jorg removed me; and the blacks came and conveyed me again to Mrs. Graves's family, laying me, as before, on their bundles. We were now very near the Palace, the roof of which had already tumbled in, and the fires were so much decreased that there seemed to be but little left to burn, and we apprehended no danger except from the falling of the walls, almost all of which were still standing.

About nine o'clock, the sun shining very bright, some boats came to the shore, and carried off a number of persons. A young man, son to our housekeeper, finding me out, told me he was endeavouring to hire a boat to carry his mother (also much hurt, and then in the square) on board ship, and asked me to go with them. To this I hardly answered in the affirmative, supposing all the danger from the fire to be over, and therefore unwilling to leave my only friend, Mr. Jorg, behind me.

We were now again in the crowd of people with their bundles, all endeavouring to procure boats. Amongst them I saw Mr. George Barclay

lying on a mattress, who had (as I learned afterwards) one of his feet smashed by a stone; but I saw no more either of him or the housekeeper's son. Mr. Jorg, returning from the water-side, desired us all to remove thither, or else it would be impossible to procure a boat, for the moment they reached the shore they were filled with people. This was directly complied with, and I found the cool air from the water very refreshing; but it did not long continue so; for in a little time it grew excessively hot, and we soon perceived that the fire, which we imagined we had left so far behind us, had crept along through the low buildings by the water-side, and was just breaking out in a pent-house close by us. This obliged our immediate return into the square; soon after which the fire, by means of a large quantity of timber which lay upon the shore, gained the end of the Palace next to the water, and there, to our great surprise, blazed out fresh again, though it had seemed before to be almost extinguished; and presently we found ourselves every way surrounded by a prodigious fire, attended with such a shower of ashes from the timber by the water-side, that, to keep them off, I was forced (notwithstanding the violent heat) to close my quilt quite over my face. About this time, two chaise *machos* (or mules), with all their furniture on, were running about loose. The harness of one of them caught fire, and, blazing all over its back, made the mule gallop with the greatest violence backwards and forwards over the people, the other following; whilst I, unable to get out of their way, lay listening to the screams of the people to guess the distance they might be from me, till I heard somebody cry out, "You are on fire!" and feeling my quilt snatched away saw it thrown on the ground, where, the fire being stamped out with their feet, the quilt was returned to me again. I then told Mrs. Graves if she did not remove we should be on fire again; that it was better to go into the corner of the square (where the entrance to the Palace had been), the only place free from bundles, and whither the wind did not blow the flames, and run the risk of the falling of the walls, than to remain there for the certainty of the fire; but Mrs. Graves, whose spirits were quite exhausted, replied that it was impossible to go anywhere to avoid it; that having already removed several times to no purpose, she would stir no farther.

Mr. Jorg, however, told me that, if I desired it, he would carry me there, and accordingly did so with the help of the blacks, and placing me upon a small bundle of a Portuguese, they returned. Soon after I heard several Portuguese men and women encouraging each other to attempt an escape through the ruins of the Palace, and soon, mounting over the rubbish, they disappeared. Just then part of an arch, through which they were supposed to pass, fell in, causing a kind of compassionate cry amongst the people; but as none of them returned, I conclude they were successful. About an hour after, the fire still gaining ground, I attracted the attention of a Portuguese woman, who began her prayers in a melancholy tone, holding a crucifix over my head, and the people on their knees, forming a circle round us, joined with her.

As this was what I had all along much feared would happen, I waited the event with the utmost horror, and had determined to feign insensibility, when she abruptly stopped, and immediately the dismal roar of *Misericordia!* always attendant on the earthquakes (of which there had been several uncounted by me, as the fire had become the more threatening danger), made me expect another shock; but perceiving no motion, I was surprised, and venturing to open my quilt, I saw all kneeling down and that the great square was full of flames; for the people from the adjoining streets had filled it with bundles, which they had left there when the increase of the fire had driven themselves away. These bundles were now all in a blaze, except just in our corner, and under the Palace walls, whither Mr. Graves's family had retired; but as the wind blew very fresh, and drove the flames in sheets of fire close slanting

over our heads, expecting them every minute to seize upon us, I lost all my spirits, and, again abandoning myself to despair, thought it was still impossible, after so many escapes, to avoid the sort of death I most dreaded.

After some time passed in these dreadful apprehensions, the wind suddenly abated, and the fire, burning upwards, made no farther progress. This again restored hope to us, and hunger obliged those that had provisions to think of eating, when an Irish Roman Catholic gentlewoman sitting near me asked if my name was not Chase, and said she knew my father many years, and gave me a large piece of water-melon and some bread and water. Mr. Jorg also soon after brought me some bread, and, carrying me on his back to Mr. Graves's family, left me there; and presently after, going himself with his uncle and the old lady to the water-side (to which there was now a passage, the pent-houses being burnt down), and not returning soon, I began to imagine they were gone, till it was confirmed to me by Mr. Waubbes (who was the gentleman that assisted in bringing me to the square), saying that "he was surprised Mr. Jorg had left me at last." But, for my own part, I had more reason to be surprised he had not done it before, and to think myself very happy that, after saving my life so many times, he had not deserted me till the most threatening dangers were almost over. Therefore, far from making any complaints, I only wished him the utmost happiness, excited thereto by the warmest gratitude for my preservation. However, as he had been almost the only person that had showed me any attention, I could not but be very uneasy at my present situation; and, determining to exert myself as much as possible, now I had nobody left to depend upon for assistance, I applied immediately to Mr. Graves to beg a place in the boat he was endeavouring to procure for his family; to which he replied, "that his own family was sufficient to fill any boat he was likely to get; that it was no time for ceremony; therefore he could not pretend to offer any such thing." Surprised at such an answer, especially as the boats on that river are so large, I asked if his black servants were reckoned part of his family, or, if not, whether he would permit me to employ one of them to try to hire a boat for me? To which Mr. Waubbes (to whom one of the blacks, it seemed, belonged) directly answered I was welcome to his servant to go wherever I pleased. Mr. Graves also said I might if I liked it, but that it was impossible to get a boat, even if I was to offer a hundred moedas for one. Knowing that I could not be in a worse situation, I accepted their offers directly, and desired one of the blacks to go immediately to the water-side, to wait there, and to endeavour to procure me a place in a boat, telling him I would give him a thirty-six-shilling piece to get me conveyed up the river to the convent of Madre de Dios, and to carry me thence to Mr. Hake's house, just by it, upon his back;—to make the best bargain he could, and the remainder to be for himself. After which, if I remember well, Mr. Graves, having removed us more into the square, nearer to the water-side, placed his own family in a great glass coach which stood at a little distance, leaving only the maid-servant with her bundles, upon which I was laid. There came to her then a poor boy, who seemed to have a crust over his face, begging earnestly for some water. There being but little left, he was refused. He laid himself down, and, shrieking in the most dreadful agonies, prevailed with her to give him all that there was. Soon after, seeing the two women who had given me the melon going with a man towards the water-side, I desired Mr. Graves's maid to apply to them, to ask them if they had any room in their boat, but she was answered in the negative. I begged of her also to call to the watermen, who began now to appear. At last one of them came. I offered him half a moidore, which he refused, saying they were sent only for the servants of the Palace—however, that he would go and consult with his companions upon it. About three o'clock, as I suppose, we began to hear a dreadful rumbling noise

underground. It seemed to proceed from under the ruins of the Palace—as if the earth had opened there, and the river was rushing in, forcing great stones along with it. The cause of it I could not tell, but it continued till my departure.

Mr. Houston, a coffeehouse-man, with whom I had not the least acquaintance, seeing the miserable condition I lay in, came and offered me any assistance in his power. I asked him directly if he was attempting to quit the square before night?—to which he answered he was not; because he wanted to carry away with him some pieces of holland he had saved, and for which he supposed he should hardly be able to procure a conveyance before the next day. I desired him to bring them and sit down by me, which he complied with, to my very great satisfaction; for I almost despaired of receiving any further assistance from Mr. Graves's family; and as the night was coming on, I knew not what would become of me without some friendly help. Some time afterwards, when I had given up all hopes of their return, came the two watermen, and offered to carry me, provided they were paid beforehand.

Mr. Houston said it was too much, which would have been of little consideration to me at such a time, had not the black boy returned also to tell me he had agreed for a place for eighteen shillings, and that I must go directly. With the greatest joy imaginable, I desired him to take me on his back; nor do I know why I did not ask Mr. Houston to go with me, or why he did not himself offer it. I took my leave of him and of Mr. Graves's family, who were all just returned from the glass coach, and were in tears disputing amongst themselves—(the cause I did not then know). Mr. Jorg's partner, Mr. Brockleman, was with them, who came ashore in a ship's boat on purpose to carry them away; but, as I learnt afterwards, they would not accept his offer, because his boat was not large enough to carry all of them and their bundles together at once; therefore chose rather to remain in the square another night than divide.

We were once more put to great distress by the fire; and Mr. Houston in the confusion endeavouring to save their bundles, lost his own pieces of holland; however, the next day they all got away safe.

But to return to myself: another black boy offered to attend me. I made no objection, and between the two was conveyed into a large boat almost full of people, and there laid upon a board along the middle of it. A priest that came in afterwards treading upon my lame leg, the increase of pain almost overcame me; however, the coolness of the water, which was very smooth and pleasant, and the evening fine, soon brought me to myself. Going a little way up the river, just beyond the fire, the boat stopped at the Ribeira, or fish-market—a large place, from which there was an open way along the river-side into the country. The people were all put on shore; and to my great surprise, they were going to put me there likewise. Vexed to the last degree at my disappointment, I exerted all the spirits I had left, and told them that they might see in my condition it was to no purpose to set me on shore there: if they would not comply with their agreement, I desired to be carried back to the place whence they had brought me, where the fire had almost spent itself, rather than be placed here to meet with it again. One of them said he knew nothing of any such agreement—that his partner was wrong to make it, for they belonged to a town on the other side of the river, and could not have time sufficient. I desired them to carry me as far as they could, and they accordingly proceeded forward. I saw Mr. Home going on shore in a ship's boat, but did not speak to him.

When we came to the Horse-Guards, at the end of the city, the watermen said the tide was turning—and, muttering together, I heard them call me a heretic, and the blacks devils; so that I was glad to be rid of them at any rate, and was but roughly put on shore; where, deeming it unsafe they should know I had more money about me than the thirty-six shilling piece, I chose rather to send the blacks

with one of the boatmen to get the change, and remained myself lying on the ground close to the water; during which a Galician porter came and offered to carry me anywhere I pleased for eighteen shillings; but as the night was coming on, I had not confidence sufficient to trust him. Upon their return, which seemed to me a long time at first, the boatman asked me whether I did not think he had run away with my money?—then said it was not good, and talked in an odd kind of manner, to which I made no reply. The black boys also showed no inclination to go any farther, saying they could not get back to their masters in the night unless the watermen would wait, as by their agreement at first they had promised to do. This the watermen said they would still comply with, if they made haste back again; upon which they set out, carrying me by turns on their shoulders, often setting me down to rest themselves; for they were so weakly that I expected them every step to tumble. The distance, I think, cannot be above a mile, but it seemed to us then a long way indeed; and it was with great difficulty I prevailed with them to get on as far as Mr. Hake's *juinte* or country house. The road was pretty full of people going silently along with the most dejected countenances. At one of their resting-places, the blacks put me upon some stone steps leading up to a nobleman's house, which brought the ladies to the window. Imagining I was coming to them, they told me that part of the large house of retirement for widows had just tumbled down. At last they brought me, almost overcome with the increase of pain, to the first gate of Mr. Hake's garden, which standing open, we went in, and found the walk leading to the house full of people; but as it was growing dark, I could not distinguish them.

I asked, however, immediately, if Mr. Hake was living, and if he were there? neither of which they knew. Proceeding on a little farther, I heard a man speaking English, and, repeating the same questions to him, was only answered that he had lost his wife and three fine children: and even at the house, which was standing, they either knew nothing or did not mind me; whence concluding that the family had quitted the place, most likely to go on board ship, I was quite in despair what to do with myself, when Mr. Joseph Hake, who was at some distance, astonished to hear the voice of a person he had been informed the preceding day was either dead or dying, called out in the greatest surprise to tell his father and mother, and came running immediately to me.

Mr. Hake said that he had believed my case to be desperate and therefore had wished most heartily to hear I was released from suffering. They received me in the most affectionate manner possible, which filled me with so much joy to be taken so much notice of, that I could not help telling Mr. Hake that I sincerely thanked God for lengthening out my days to die under his protection.

They carried me to a tent made of carpets under a vine-walk where their beds were placed, and gave me some strong white wine and bread and butter, at that time exquisite and refreshing to me; but they feared to give me as much as I would have desired. The two black boys I joyfully dismissed equally pleased with eighteen shillings each.

Mr. Hake sent for the King's farrier, who was also a famous bone-setter, then in the garden with his family. This man, with the help of a barber surgeon, examined me immediately, and declared there was nothing broke but the arm; that all the rest were only wounds and bruises, and, if fever could be kept off, I might do very well again. They set my arm immediately, but did not perceive the dislocation of the shoulder, and my left side was at that time the most painful to me. Their opinion of me being more favourable than I could have expected from my outward appearance, I determined by patience to make up for the deficiencies of all the conveniences which another time might have afforded; yet about the middle of the night, when the family had laid themselves down to rest, my left side grew so bad that it almost took away my breath, and at the same time a be-

numbing coldness seizing me in my lame arm, I thought I had only a few moments to live; but, unwilling to disturb their scanty repose, I did not speak, till Mr. Hake seeing my condition, called Mr. Abraham Hake to my assistance, who setting me up, I recovered a little, and by bleeding the next morning was greatly relieved, and was forced to have application to this remedy four times more.

On the Tuesday, Mr. Serefton the surgeon came to me with great difficulty from Belem; said he was almost pulled to pieces by the people, and, confirming the former opinion of my case, told me he was very glad to hear I had fallen into such good hands as he esteemed the bone-setter's to be.

Mr. Hake from the first assured me of his assistance and protection, yet when I heard the clamour of the starving people for bread threatening to break in upon us (so that we were forced to eat our victuals almost by stealth), as also the variety of reports of robberies and murders which were committed all round us, whilst all government was at an end, and at the same time the English were pressing him for his own safety to go on board ship, I expected every day necessity would force him to compliance, and should that happen I knew not whither to look with hope!

With what gratitude then did my heart overflow (a gratitude which no time can ever efface) to hear him declare, when earnestly entreated to go on board a ship of which he himself was an owner, and where there was a place reserved for him, that he could not leave his family. On being told they would make room for his sons, he said he not only meant his sons but myself also, whom he could not abandon in so distressful a condition, and therefore it would be in vain to mention it any more to him. And indeed in every respect he most fully complied with his promise to me, carrying me on board the aforementioned ship on Saturday the 29th of November. The next day she sailed for England with twenty-four passengers, being the second ship after the earthquake; the Expedition packet, Captain William Clies, having sailed about ten days before us with seventeen passengers.

It was constantly a most sensible increase of uneasiness to me to give so much trouble to Mr. Hake's family at such a time of general confusion and distress, and I must ever acknowledge myself greatly indebted for my recovery to the particular care and attention of Mr. Abraham Hake.

Thus far I have endeavoured not only to describe most minutely all the accidents that happened to me, but even the hopes and fears occasioned by them, whether depressed and magnified by my debilitated state of mind I know not. I can only say that after I got into the street the general distress painted in every ghastly countenance made but little reflection necessary to conclude that even the nearest relations would be unable to assist each other; and from the short examination I had made of myself, I thought it was of little consequence to me, and therefore at once resolved, without a murmur, to resign myself to the will of the Supreme Governor of all things, humbly hoping, by my patience in suffering what He was pleased to inflict, to make some atonement for my faults.

How great, then, must be my thankfulness to Divine Providence for raising me up assistance, not only unasked, but even unhoped for, amongst people almost strangers to me, more especially Mr. Jorg (with whom I had but a slight acquaintance), who, like a guardian angel, appeared always to assist me in the utmost extremities. He afterwards assured me that it gave him the greatest concern to be obliged to leave me in the manner he did; but that, finding all hopes of procuring a boat were vain, because the moment any came near to the shore they were immediately crowded with people who waited there on purpose he resolved to get away himself in the same manner, and endeavour to send me the first help he could procure: that accordingly, after crossing the river (which took them up a long time), he met with a Mr. Bride, an English shoemaker, who was going over, and

who, at his entreaty, promised to look for me, and carry me away with him; and that, after making the most diligent search for me without success, he rightly concluded I had been already removed thence. I have been the more particular to mention this circumstance, because it sets in its true light a behaviour I can never reflect on without the greatest surprise and astonishment, as well as the deepest sense of gratitude.

Some time afterwards, I learnt that no part of our house fell except the arada where I was, nor were any of the family killed; only the housekeeper and one man-servant were much hurt by the falling of the arada upon them as they were going out of the house. The ceilings of the upper story were, however, so much shattered, that none ventured to enter into any of the rooms.

It is universally agreed that all the mischief proceeded from the first three shocks of the earthquake, which were attended with a tumbling sort of motion, like the waves of the sea, so that it was amazing the houses resisted so long as they did.

No place nor time could have been more unlucky for the miserable people! The city was full of narrow streets; the houses strong-built and high, so that their falling filled up all the passages; the day of All Saints, with the Portuguese a great holiday, when all the altars of the churches were lighted up with many candles, just at the time they were fullest of people! Most of the churches fell immediately. The streets were thronged with people going to and from mass, many of whom must have been destroyed by the mere falling of the upper parts of the houses.

It would be impossible to pretend justly to describe the universal horror and distress that everywhere prevailed! Many saved themselves by going upon the water, whilst others found there the death they hoped to have avoided. Some were wonderfully preserved by getting to the tops of their houses; more by retiring to the bottoms of them. Others, again, unhurt, were imprisoned under the ruins of their dwellings, only to be hurt alive! whilst two Dutchmen, in particular, were said to have escaped by the fire reaching the ruins of their house, and lighting them through passages they would not otherwise have found out. The earnest but unheeded supplications of the disabled, and the violent, noisy prayers of the people, who thought it to be the Day of Judgment, added to the general distraction. In short, death in every shape soon grew familiar to the eye.

The river is said to have risen and fallen several times successively in a most wonderful manner; at one time threatening to overflow the lower parts of the city, and directly afterwards leaving the ships almost aground in the middle of its bed, showing rocks that had never been seen before.

The duration of the first shock (which came without any warning, except a great noise heard by the people near the water-side) is variously reported, but by none is estimated at less than three minutes and a half. At the latter part of it (I suppose), I was thrown over the wall, and fell about four stories, between the houses, where I must have lain but a little time, if it was the second shock that I felt in the Portuguese man's house—which was said to have happened at ten o'clock (though by some people it is confounded with the first). I almost think it could not have been the third that I felt at Mr. Jorg's house; for as that took place at twelve o'clock, I must have remained a long time in the street, whereas it appeared to me that, instead of two hours, as it must have been if between the second and third shocks, I lay there scarcely a quarter of an hour.

Before I left Mr. Jorg's house on the Saturday night about eleven o'clock, which was in the same street with ours, called Pedras Nagras, situated upon the hill leading up to the Castle, I saw all the middle part of the city, to the King's Palace, and from thence up the opposite hill to us, leading to the Baira Alto, containing a number of parishes, all in one great blaze.

Three times I thought myself inevitably lost! The first, when I saw all the city moving like the water;

the second, when I found myself shut up between four walls; and the third time, when, with that vast fire before me, I thought myself to be abandoned in Mr. Jorg's house; and even in the square, where I remained the Saturday night and Sunday, the almost continual trembling of the earth, as well as the sinking of the great stone quay adjoining to the square, at the third great shock at twelve o'clock (covered, as it was said, with three hundred people, or perhaps more justly with one hundred and fifty, who were endeavouring to get into boats, and were, boats and all, swallowed up, which was the reason so few boats ventured on the river for some time after), made me fearful lest the water had undermined the square, and that at every succeeding shock we should likewise sink; or else, as the ground was low, and even with the water, the least rising of it would overflow us. Full of these terrors, as well as the distresses already mentioned, it more than once occurred to me that the Inquisition, with all its utmost cruelty, could not have invented half such a variety of tortures for the mind as we were then suffering.

Had the general consternation been less, not only many lives, but even much property might have been saved; for the fire did not till the Saturday morning, reach the Custom-House, which stood next to the water-side, and had large open places on each side of it; so that great multitudes of bundles, which caused us so much distress, might easily have been saved by boats, as in some parts the fire was two days in getting to them. But the King's soldiers, amongst whom were many foreign deserters, instead of assisting the people, turned plunderers, adding to the fires, as some before their execution confessed.

No fire came out of the ground, but the whole was occasioned by the fallen houses; nor were there any openings of the earth, unless the sinking of the quay was caused by one, but everywhere innumerable cracks, from many of which were thrown out water and sand.

The King sent directly to the nearest garrison for his troops, upon whose arrival order was restored; and the butchers and bakers dispersed about to provide for the people, who were not permitted to move farther from the city without passes. The common people were immediately forced by the soldiers with swords drawn to bury the dead bodies, the stench growing so noisome that bad consequences were apprehended from it. The judges were also dispersed about with orders to execute upon the spot all who were found guilty of murder or theft. It was said before we left the place, that there were above eighty bodies hanging upon gibbets round about the city. Several of the ships were searched, and none were allowed to leave the harbour without permission.

All the heart of the city (the rich part of it) was burnt. The suburbs, which were very large, escaped, and have since been repaired. All the towns and villages round about suffered more or less. Setuval was not only thrown down and burnt, but afterwards overflowed. The shock was strongly felt at Oporto, 150 miles to the northward, and even at Madrid, 300 miles from Lisbon.

Every place to the south suffered greatly. The royal palace and convent at Mafra were not thrown down, nor the grand aqueduct.

The royal family were at Belem, where they most commonly resided. It was said a large stone grazed the Queen's neck as she went down stairs. None of them, however, were hurt.

The Portuguese from the first ran into two extremes; making the number of the inhabitants of their city to be much greater than it really was, and on the other hand as much diminishing that of the persons who perished. The former they insisted could not be so little as 350,000; but Mr. Hake, from many years' residence in the place, thinks 250,000 to have been the outside; and the latter they were desirous of concealing for political reasons, therefore it is unlikely that the number will ever be known. In one of their best accounts since published, it is calculated at about 15,000; but Mr. John Bristow, junior, has told me, that he had from the very best authority (as I imagine, the

Secretary of State), that the number of the dead found and buried was twenty-two thousand and some hundreds; in which case, as there must have remained a yet larger number under the ruins, the computation would be moderate at 50,000 people lost by the earthquake.

There were sixty-nine British subjects killed on that occasion, most of whom were Irish Roman Catholics. Only about twelve or thirteen English out of three hundred—a most moderate number in proportion to the general loss. This, I suppose, was greatly owing (next to the Divine Providence) to the distance they were at from the streets, where the destruction was almost over before they could arrive.

Mrs. Hake, sister to Sir Charles Hardy, was killed by the falling of the front of her own house, after she had got into the street. Her body was found under the rubbish three months after, not at all changed.

It is inconceivable as well as inexpressible the joy it gave us to meet with one another, each thinking the other in a manner to be risen from the dead, and all having wonderful escapes to relate, all equally satisfied to have preserved their lives only, without desiring anything further. But soon, this first joyful impression passing away, and cares and necessities making themselves felt, many, on considering their utterly destitute condition, almost regretted that the same stroke had not deprived them of life which had stripped them of all means of existence.

As for the Portuguese, they were entirely employed in a kind of religious madness, lugging about saints without heads or limbs, telling one another how they met with such misfortunes; and if by any chance they espied a bigger, throwing their own aside, they hauled away the greater weight of holiness, kissing those of each other that they encountered; whilst their clergy declared that the earthquake was a judgment on them for their wickedness—some saying because they had shown so much favour to heretics; and, going in a tumultuous manner to Court, declared that was the cause of their present sufferings. They almost thought it impious to try to take care of themselves, and called it fighting against Heaven—particularly in the case of an officer upon guard at the Mint, who, with the greatest courage and resolution, remained there three days, and by knocking down the buildings round about it, preserved it from the fire. However, the King rewarded him as his merits highly deserved.

At last a miracle (performed, as was supposed, by a secret order from the Court) brought them tolerably to their senses. In the middle of the night the Virgin Mary was seen sitting amongst flames of fire, waving a white handkerchief to the people from the ruins of a church or famous convent of hers, called Our Lady of Pentrade Franca, situated upon the top of a very high hill. This was immediately declared to be a forgiveness of their past offences, and a promise of life; however, notwithstanding this, we had many prophecies of destruction several times afterwards.

It is remarkable that the bull feast, celebrated two months before the earthquake, in a great square called the Boccio, made an old blind prophecy of great mischief to happen to Lisbon, in a year with two fires in it, to be much talked of; because, some hundreds of years before, in the same square, upon a like occasion, the scaffolds fell and killed great numbers of people: the fear, therefore, that something of that sort would happen then to accomplish the prophecy, prevented many from going to the first day's spectacle.

It was said that the Queen of Spain immediately sent her brother a large remittance in cash, and that the King wrote a letter with his own hand, not only offering his treasures and troops, but to come himself in person if necessary. The French also made some very trifling offers. But the Portuguese people of all denominations fixed their hopes upon England from the very first, most confidently expecting to receive all manner of assistance from thence: nor would they have been much deceived, had the winds proved as favourable as the intentions of the English.

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART VII.

CHAPTER XXII.—EWINS OF THAT ILK.

I WAS strolling one fine afternoon in February through the Park, by way of relaxation after my work, when I descried immediately before me the tall gaunt figure of Mr. Jefferson J. Ewins. Without losing a moment I made up to the Yankee, upon whose cadaverous countenance hovered a grim smile as he returned my greeting, protesting that he was as happy as a clam at high water to renew the pleasure of our acquaintance. Mr. Ewins was nowise altered in appearance since I saw him last, save that, in honour of the country he had been visiting, he had donned a pair of trousers of the fieriest tartan, which made him rather a conspicuous object, and attracted the notice of several butchers' boys, who facetiously inquired if he had been getting his legs cut up into collops. He told me that he had recently arrived in London after a prolonged sojourn in the north; and was quite eloquent in his praise of Glasgow, a city which he vastly preferred to Edinburg, because it was a "rael go-ahead place, and no mistake, where the people knew how to put the licks in;" whereas the Scottish metropolis was, in his opinion, "used up, mighty fine to look at, but bogus to the backbone; and as for doing a streak of business theren, it was as useless trying that as whistling psalms to a dead horse." With regard to London, his mind was not yet exactly made up, though from what he had seen he was inclined to admit that it was "some pumpkins," but by no means comparable to New York.

"I say though, mister," he remarked, "land can't be very valuable hereabouts, else them there parks would have been squatted on long ago. They tell me they are public property. Wall, then, as you've a good jag of public debt, I reckon it would be the sensible thing to sell these clearings and run up streets. I would, I know, if I had only half a jumping claim, and I guess it 'od be a grandacious spekilation."

"Why, Mr. Ewins, you must remember that the parks are the very lungs of London, healthy as well as ornamental. Without them there would be no ventilation."

"That's all moon-shine," said the Yankee. "I guess the folks in the City don't draw much breath here; but jest you rub their hair back, and see if they won't holler as loud as any nigger when he gets a taste of the cow-hide. That shows there's no want of lung leather among them. I don't know what wind's good for, except to drive a mill or blow up a pair of bagpipes. But there's a darter conceit about the south Britishers that pulls wool over their eyes, and makes them as blind as a honey-bear after he has plundered a bee-tree. They ain't smart hereabouts, that's a fact. It's a huckleberry above my persimmon how the onnateral old country keeps thriving, with its Lords, and Commons, and rotten institutions such as no free and enlightened citizen would knuckle down to; but I allow it's a wonderful place, considering its size, and I ain't such a goney as to run down the land of my forefathers. Do you know, Squire Sinclair, sir, I've discovered that I'm a kinder countryman of yourn?"

"Indeed! I'm extremely gratified to hear you say so, Mr. Ewins. May I inquire if the discovery is a recent one?"

"Wall, it's not my way to care a chunk about pedigree or such darned nonsense. I'm not the chap to ring my own bell; still I go for this, that decent extraction is some; and as every man must have had a grandfather, it's worth knowing what he was, and where he came from. Mine was Enoch Ewins, an awful hand at

lumbering, I can tell you; and he used to say that his father was raised in Scotland, somewhere about Kilmarnock, where they make hosiery that whips all creation. So, when I was down in the north, I went to that location—no parks there, I can tell you; the folk have too much gumption for that—and I began to poke up for my ancestors. I'm blest if I mightn't as well have tried to whistle a grape-vine from a white-oak! No man's telescope there was pulled out to reach beyond gaze of his father. I put an advertisement into the papers, to the effect that any person who could give information regarding a certain Ewins, who was supposed to have emigrated from Kilmarnock about the year 1770, would hear of something to his advantage; and then, jewhillikens! if I didn't get as many letters as ever reached the President of the United States when a place in the customs was vacant. There were Ewinses, and Ewings, and Ewarts, and Irvings, and Owens, and Eunsons, all mad to know if there was any legacy forthcoming, and all ready to swear that they were the legitimate descendants. I guess I cut them as short as a barkeeper would a loafer's tally! I didn't calculate when I wrote the notice, on bringing a whole bilin' of suckers about my legs; so I jest put the letters in the fire, and absquatulated from Kilmarnock as smart as if the yellow fever had been there."

"It must be confessed that such an advertisement was calculated to stimulate the rapacity of the ravens. It was as alluring as the old war-tune of the clan Cameron, 'Come to me, and I will give you flesh.' But what occurred next, Mr. Ewins?"

"Why then, I pulled up stakes and went to Edinburgh. A mighty proud kind of chaps they are in that city, head and tail up like chicken-cocks in laying time; but I scraped acquaintance with one or two fellows that were not so offish and stuck-up as the rest, among others an old lawyer called Shearaway."

"Ah, my kind old friend! I hope you left him well?"

"As tight as the bark of a tree," replied Mr. Ewins. "He's a 'cute old 'coon is Shearaway; for when I told him what I was after, he sniggered like a hog in a beanfield, and said it was the easiest thing in the creation to get my pedigree made out, and that he knew a first-chop hand at genealogies, who would rummage out the history of every Ewins that had cut teeth, only I must lay my account to come down handsomely with the dollars. I said I didn't mind standing up to the rack for once in a way; so he introduced me to a queer old hunker of the name of M'Scutcheon, a chap with a mouldy wig and fishy eyes, who asked me the names of my father and grandfather, and then said that he would make the proper inquiries, and had not the least doubt that he would succeed in finding me a pedigree. 'But,' says he, 'Mr. Ewins, how far back would you wish me to go, for that makes some difference in the cost?' 'Go the whole figure, old boss!' says I; 'Right it up to the beginning of time!' 'That's enough, sir,' says he; 'you shall hear from me in the course of a fortnight.'"

"I hope," said I, "that the result was in every way satisfactory."

"I guess it was; though, when I saw the bill, I allow I was as wrathy as a ram-cat in a shower-bath. But it ain't many dukes in England that have got such a pedigree as mine, I can tell you; and when I go back to the United States, my! won't I hold up my head like a Narragansett pacer? Won't I be a big bug there? Oh, no!"

Here Mr. Ewins hitched up his trousers in an extacy of supreme delight, grinned, chuckled, and expectorated.

"Darned if it ain't stuniferous!" he continued. "I say, mister, you're a kinder judge of these things; suppose, now, you jest step with me to my hotel, and I'll show you something that'll allfiredly astonish you."

As a matter of course I accepted the invitation, for I was really curious to know how far the ingenious M'Scutcheon had pushed his inventive powers in a case which was by no means promising. I was aware that the said M'Scutcheon was a fellow of infinite fancy. He had concocted claims to no less than four Nova Scotia baronetcies which were popularly supposed to be extinct; and

got his clients served, by complaisant juries, to titles of honour which they had no more real right to assume than I have to to take upon me the style of the Cham of Tartary. Likewise he had made a most gallant but unsuccessful attempt to resuscitate a defunct earldom, by fabricating a galvanic chain of honour between a younger brother of the last peer and his own employer; of which chain, on strict investigation, only two links proved to be spurious. But on the wide common field of heraldry, where no challenge was to be expected, M'Scutcheon ruled without a rival. He could find you a progenitor of note and eminence at any particular period of history you might happen to desire, and establish the reality of his quondam existence by extracts from charter and sasine. Ancestors he would furnish to order, just as a dealer of Wardour Street can provide you, at an hour's notice, with a complete series of family portraits; and if you wished for a dash of the blood-royal, why, you could have it injected into your veins for the moderate extra charge of fifteen guineas. Purchasers of pedigrees are invariably men with long purses; and Mr. M'Scutcheon, in his award of the honours of descent, was scrupulous in one respect only—viz., that the honours should be in exact correspondence to the magnitude of the honorarium which he received.

On arriving at his hotel, Mr. Ewins desired the waiter to fetch two rummers of a peculiar compound called "pig and whistle," of which he had furnished the recipe; and these being discussed, he produced from a closet a tubular japanned case, such as is used for holding plans, whereon was inscribed in large letters of gold, "FAMILY TREE OF EWINS OF THAT ILK."

"That, I consider, Squire, is no small potatoes!" said the Ewins, pointing with exultation to the scroll. "But wait till you see what's within. I guess it's up to the rub; a sight of that will raise Cain throughout the Union!"

And he drew out a long roll of parchment, which he deliberately unfolded. It was an ancestral tree, got up in M'Scutcheon's very best style, gorgeous with gules and azure, and at the base of the trunk was inscribed the following legend:—

"FOUNDER OF THE FAMILY.

"UWAYNE, MAORMOR OF CLACKMANNAN. MARRIED CROMLACH, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF MACBETH, KING OF SCOTLAND. PERISHED AT THE SIEGE OF DUNSINANE, ANNO DOMINI MLXL"

"There, mister! What do you think of that for a beginning?" shouted the exulting Yankee. "Ain't that a rumfoozler? Darned if I don't feel as proud as a tame turkey!" And he went whirling round the apartment like an inspired teetotum.

I confess that I felt a strong inclination to give audible vent to my inward mirth; nevertheless, by a powerful effort, I restrained myself; for there is no subject upon which men are so touchy as that of their descent; and though I could hardly suppose that Mr. Ewins had implicit faith in the veracity of M'Scutcheon, he was clearly interested in maintaining the genuineness of the document for which he had paid so exorbitant a price. I therefore contented myself with tracing the high house of Ewins from so auspicious a root to the present representative. I must admit that it gave me a high idea of the genius of the framer. The Maormors speedily disappeared; but the introduction of the feudal system was marked by the apparition of one Evanus de Clackmannan, whose son, however, for some reason unassigned, dropped the territorial title, and appeared simply as Reginald Fitz-Ewin, *miles*. It appeared that the grandson of this modest soldier, having divested himself of the Fitz, had received a grant from the Crown (*tempore Roberti Tertii*) of certain lands in Ayrshire, which were erected into a barony, and thereafter the family was designated as Ewins of that Ilk. There was a Sir Ludowick Ewins, who died at Flodden, and a Sir James Ewins, who, very stupidly, involved himself in the Bothwell business in Queen Mary's time; whereupon the estates passed to a younger branch, who enjoyed them without molestation until the period

of the Civil Wars, when the Ewins of the day joined the Marquis of Montrose, and incurred forfeiture as the penalty. The rich Barony of Ewins was then gifted to the powerful Earls of Glencairn, who, in order to obliterate all memory of the ancient possessors, the descendants of the Maormors, changed the name of the estate, which is now known by the base appellation of Puddockholes. The Ewinses were thenceforth landless, but undismayed. Walter Ewins, the male representative of the race, was a soldier of fortune in the Low Countries, attained the rank of colonel, and served under Viscount Dundee in his desperate attempt to retrieve the waning fortunes of the Stuarts. After the fall of his great commander he retired to France, where he received from the grateful but dethroned monarch the St. Germains title of Lord Dyvourstone, which, however, he did not assume. He married the daughter of a French *fermier general*, and begat two sons—Charles Louis, of whom more anon, and Jacques, his younger brother, whose line terminated by the death, on the field of Borodino, of the celebrated Comte d'Ouaines, for whom, as is well known, had he survived that bloody fight, the great Napoleon had reserved the honour of the baton of a marechal. Charles Louis, who was engaged in commercial affairs, did not, as a matter of course, turn out in the 1745; but he did what was quite as foolish —viz, advanced large sums of money to the insurgents, especially to the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock, who suffered upon Tower Hill. According to M'Scutcheon, who now quoted from what he called "the Pittenweem Papers," — documents which possibly may exist, but have never been printed,—Charles Louis Ewins came to Scotland with the view of ascertaining whether, on account of bonds granted previous to the Rebellion, he was not entitled to rank as a creditor on the Kilmarnock estate. When there, news reached him that the house in which his whole capital was embarked had gone to smash; and being too proud, under such circumstances, to return to France, he contracted a matrimonial alliance with Jean Puddifute, a daughter of Puddifute of Cowthrapple. Being unable to maintain himself as a gentleman ought to do, and being exceedingly unwilling to defile his fingers with any touch of manufactures, Charles Louis Ewins emigrated to America, where his son Enoch, the lumberer, was ushered into the world. Enoch begat Aaron Ewins, whose calling was that of an itinerant merchant; and Aaron was the father of my friend Jefferson Job Ewins, in whose person the honours of this illustrious line were now concentrated.

Such was the information I gathered from the ancestral tree, and an appended historical memoir; and I could not but admire the dexterity with which M'Scutcheon had piloted the family through the vicissitudes of so many centuries. Of a surety there was something extravagantly preposterous in the idea that the blood of the remorseless Macbeth, the slayer of the gracious Duncan, circulated in the veins of the eccentric Yankee; nevertheless, if the compilations of modern heralds are to be relied on, such anomalies are by no means of rare occurrence.

However, to do Mr. Ewins justice, I must say that, after the first burst of exultation was over, he ceased to harp upon his ancestry, and dropped the subject so soon as the scroll was returned to its case. I devoutly wish that people who have a somewhat better authenticated pedigree than his would imitate his example, for I know of no greater trial to the temper than being compelled to listen to the harangues of a fellow who persists, on all occasions, in glorifying himself by parading his dull genealogy. Gentlemen who are addicted to this silly practice cannot surely be aware that the effect which it produces on their audience is extremely detrimental to themselves, since it engenders a strong suspicion that they have nothing else to boast of, and that they are trying to cover their personal insignificance by vapouring about their blazons and their quarterings.

Mr. Ewins then proceeded without any reserve, his heart being apparently opened by this confidential communication, to detail his plans

for the future. He had intended, he said, to return early in the spring to America; but the prospect of gain arising from speculation, which the English share-market promised, was so tempting that he had changed his mind. Already he had dealt largely in scrip, with far more profitable results than legitimate trading could have produced; and, gratified as he was by the mere fact of his having cleared several thousand dollars, the patriotic reflection that they were drawn from the pockets of the Britishers gave a double zest to his enjoyment. Nor can I imagine that any man was ever better qualified, through natural aptitude and training, to enter the lists of speculation than the representative of all the Ewinses. He was thoroughly conversant with the principles and practice of what is called in America "the grab game;" he was an adept in the mystery by means of which fluctuations in "fancy stocks" can be effected; and in "cornering," which is a choice Transatlantic mode of rigging the market, he boasted that he had never found an equal. It must be remembered that the vast majority of the British public who were infected by the prevalent gambling mania, knew little or nothing of the secrets of the Stock Exchange, but were simply blind players who put down their stakes at random. An old hand like Ewins, who, though possibly never a pigeon, was now a most accomplished hawk, had them entirely at his mercy; which quality, however, as it does not pertain to the accipitrine order of fowls, he was never known, upon any one occasion, to exhibit. In brief, my accomplished and long-descended friend intimated to me that it was his intention to sojourn in England so long as there was any prospect of plunder; "after which," said he, "I'm off, like a streak of greased lightning; and the chap that tries to get hold of me will catch an elbow-jar, worse than if he had sniggled an electric eel."

This sort of conversation had for me a peculiar interest, because I could not help seeing that a monetary crisis was impending; and although at that time I had not given much of my attention to questions of political economy, it struck me that the Government, in taking no direct steps towards regulating the movement, had failed to discharge one of its most important duties. I had yet to learn that our statesmen, while avowedly repudiating the doctrines of Machiavelli, can act upon them so far as to encourage popular delusion in order to divert attention from political schemes which otherwise might provoke resistance.

Nothing is more delightful to a man than gaining the ear of a willing listener; and Mr. Ewins finding that, like Desdemona, I did "seriously incline" to his talk, proposed that we should dine together. I, nothing loth, assented; and we spent a very pleasant evening. My companion was in high glee, and produced a budget of excellent stories, one of which I shall try to give as nearly as possible in his own language, though no description can convey an adequate idea of the whimsical intonation and droll gestures which accompanied its delivery.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE SMARTEST MAN IN CREATION.

"Wall, Squire," said Mr. Ewins, "I've been over all that there country of yours, sir; and I ain't going to deny that I found your folk pretty spry and sharp in their notions. They've a neat way of turning the dollar twice over in the Highlands, that's a fact; and the man that stays long enough at Inverness, at the gunning season in the fall, will find himself pretty much in the predicament of a skinned 'coon. They are almighty sharp, to be sure, considering the scarcity of breeches' pockets; but there be some of the Lowlanders, too, that ain't soft, I can tell you. I guess there ain't many loafers in Aberdeen. A chap would require to step out pretty smart before he could get ahead of a native of that location; and they are by no means the kind of men that I would fix upon for a deal.

"But if you want to see what rael

smartness is, I guess you must go for it to the States. There's something in the air of the great Free and Independent that polishes up a man like a razor, till he can a'most shave a grizzly bear without the critter knowing it. It ain't edication that does it, and it ain't reason. It's a kinder of instinct, like what naturally sends a young duck into the water. The children have it before they are weaned; and there ain't a boy four years old in Connecticut but knows how many hiccory nuts go to the baker's dozen.

"It's a proud thing, Squire Sinclair, sir, to be a citizen of a country like that—a great, free, and glorious nation, where every man keeps his eye skinned, and walks with his wits cocked and primed. I've heard of some sharp things that have been done in this country, more especially of late years; for you Britishers are beginning to take a wrinkle or two from us free Americans—I guess from the smash among your banks that you are becoming alive to the grand system of unlimited credit and universal speculation—but for real genuine smartness, I calculate, as I said before, that you must go for that to the States. Oh, it really makes one feel quite juiced-up like to think how smart our people are!

"The smartest chap by a long chalk that ever I knew was Haman S. Walker, who was raised down country in Virginny. Haman had a bit of a plantation, where he made show of growing cotton; but that wasn't by any means the way that he grew his dollars. He did a good streak of business, I can tell you, in the nigger and horse line, for he was a prime judge of flesh; and once or twice every year he went through the country, picking up bargains and selling again at a profit. He didn't need to look twice at cattle to know their rael value to a cent; and as for cleaning and carrying them up for sale, there wasn't the like of him throughout the whole of the confederation. I've known him pass off a sixty-year-old nigger for forty-five, and get the sound price for a brute that was a regular roarer. Haman it was that painted the donkey black and white, and sold it to the Philadelphia Zoo. Gardens as a zebra.

"Wall, Squire, two years gone by, business was rather slack down by in Virginny. It was one of those oneasy times when folk are timersome to sell, and buyers are as skeary as buffaloes in a clearing. Niggers wouldn't move nohow, and horses were at a nominal quotation. So Haman, who knew as well as most men that time was the Delaware for dollars, moves up a bit to the north, by way of spying if anything could be done thereabouts; for, thinks he, there must be a lot of runaway niggers caved up in these parts, and who knows, if I swear stiff enough that I mayn't pick up a specimen for nothing? However, he soon found that two could play at that game, for there were a lot of chaps, a'most if not entirely as 'cute as himself, prowling about the prisons, and rapping out affidavits of ownership to every likely nigger as thick as cadoodle bugs in a sugar-barrel. Wall, when Haman saw that no good was to be done among the New Yorkers (for there are a plaguy lot of onnatural citizens up there that hold shares in the underground railway), he notioned that he would take a cast over the frontier, and try to strike trail in Canada. I expect, however, that he was clean too well roused up to show himself in his own character, for there weren't many loafers in the States that didn't know Haman, and the bare report that he was in the country would have cleared that district of niggers, as fast as the Unitarian congregation dispersed when a skunk got into the chapel. So he first gets hold of a razor and shaves himself as clean of hair as a terrapin (for Haman commonly wore a beard that might have broke the heart of a billy-goat), then he rigs himself out from head to foot like a Methodist parson, with green barnacles, a white choker, a broad-brimmed hat, mits without ends to the fingers, and a genuine sanctified umbrella, such as them critters always carry, with half the whalebone broken. Oh, he was a lovely disciple was Haman! The very sight of him was enough to convert a whole biling

of sinners. He had a knack of groaning so loud, that I'm blessed if he didn't give you a pain in your bowels; and he spoke in a choking kind of way, as if he had swallowed a force pump and kept the nozzle in his nose.

"Wall, he crosses the frontier and comes to Toronto, where the people don't think they are as soft as steeped dough-nuts, though, I guess, they are confoundedly mistaken. He walks slap up to the biggest hotel he could see, and into the bar, where a weakish-looking chap was serving out the liquor. 'Young man,' says Haman, says he, 'will you oblige a suffering labourer in the vineyard with a brandy cocktail?' 'What name, sir?' said the help, looking somewhat bumbazed; for, as I hinted, Haman wasn't exactly the kind of looking man you would like to take bitters with before breakfast. 'I am known to the brethren,' says Haman, turning up his little finger, 'as the Reverend Issachar Quail, a poor but parseverin' pilgrim in the great cause of Abolition. I was raised in Louisiana, called in Tennessee, and tarred and feathered on account of my principles no later than three months back, at New Orlines, may the devil gouge my parsecutors!' The young help bangs up like a gosling at the sight of a corn-basket. 'Here's glory!' shouts he, and he rings a bell like mad; whereupon the landlord and a dozen whacking niggers of waiters, every one of whom had bolted from their lawful owners, came tumbling in; and if they didn't make a saint of the Reverend Issachar when they heard how he had been handled by the down-south Philistines, there ain't no alligators in Arkansas.

"Oh, they are a soft set, these Canadians! Darn me if I don't think a States baby could find out the blind side of the 'cutest of the lot, and thread him like a needle. They took for gospel every word that Haman uttered, and a'most bobooed at his animated description of the tortures he had undergone for the sake of the afflicted niggers. When he saw that they swallered the tarring and feathering as oily as a gin-sling, he thought it safe to put on more steam and go ahead; so he told them that he had been twice hung up, and once roasted alive, not to speak of whippings, skinnings, and suchlike small mishaps, which were as common as his daily bread. If he had pretended to have been clawed to death by wild cats, I do suppose they'd ha' believed him. You may guess that they couldn't make enough of such a glorious victim of onnatural parsecution as the Reverend Issachar Quail, so they gave him free quarters in the hotel, stowed him in the best room, crowded him with victuals, juiced him up with liquor, and allowed him an unlimited credit for roosterskirts at the bar.

"But it didn't stop there; for the soft-heads must needs have a public meeting of sympathisers to welcome the interesting stranger; so they held a kind of tea-drinking, with prayers and speeches; and Haman he gives them such an account of his parsecutions as frize up the marrow in the women's bones, and set them a-sobbing as though they had been troubled with the hiccup. Of course such vartue couldn't be allowed to go without some kind of reward; and you may guess how Haman grinned in his heart as he pocketed a heavy bag of dollars, which the sisterhood had subscribed as a small recompense for his sufferings.

"Among the foremost of the women folk that came down with the rowdy was a slapping black wench called Indolence Bungo, the daughter of old Daddy Bungo, a thriving horse-dealer, who had been located at Toronto for some thirty years. Daddy was raised in a plantation somewhere down south, but had taken to his heels and absquatulated without leave, about the time that he cut his wisdom-teeth. He got safe to Canada; and being a thundering tall nigger, as strong as a buffalo, he managed to work his way from one thing to another till he owned the biggest stable in the place, and was worth a deal of money. His daughter, Indolence, was a grand specimen of the she-nigger, evidently intended by nature to hoe canes, and feed upon yams and salt-fish. Haman no sooner set eye upon her than he priced her at eight hundred dollars, and I calculate he

was not likely to be far wrong in his reckoning. She was fat as a porcupine, large lipped, well ballasted, and showed a figure-head like the Hottentot Venus. I guess she was as powerful a slut as ever tied a red hankerchief over wool.

"Wall, it wasn't in nature that Haman could see such a valuable article as that without vicious notions about a deal. 'You tarnation fine cow,' thinks he to himself, 'wouldn't I jest like to have the selling of you at New Orlines? I'd make you useful in your generation, I would, instead of letting you loaf about in lace and satins, and hiding your hoofs in silk stockings. You'd look pretty in a blue petticoat, picking cotton! and if that hide of yours were only barked a little, you'd be as active as a squirrel in a nut-bush!' That was what Haman thought, but he didn't say it nohow. He squeezed Indolence by the fist, and told her he would mention her in his prayers, which, you may be sure, was a great comfort and satisfaction to the poor deluded she-nigger; and he announced his intention of calling next day on Daddy Bungo. Indolence went home as pleased as a cat with a new collar; and though she was not altogether a handy gal with her needle, began to work a pair of embroidered slippers for the Reverend Issachar Quail.

"Next day Haman looks in upon Daddy, whom he found down in the stables watching his helps who were rubbing down the horses, and swearing away at a rate that might wake the thunder. Haman saw with half an eye that it was no use trying the evangelical dodge with Daddy, so he quietly pocketed his barnacles and mits, stowed away his umbrella behind a pail, and went up to the old horse-dealer.

"'Morrow, Mister Bungo,' says he; 'glad to see you looking so well, sir. I heerd a good stock about your horses, and I want to see them a bit.'

"Daddy looked quite puzzled like.

"'You berry good, sar; but I not know you. Whom hab I de honour to address, sar?'

"'My name,' said Haman, 'is Issachar Quail. I have a kinder notion you may have heerd of it afore.'

"At this Daddy snorted.

"'Iss, Massa Quail, I hab heerd of you before, sar. You are de man dat my daughter Indolence gib ten dollars to yesterday for helping niggers to run away. You no wanted here, sar!—dis de free country, where ebery man hab his libery and do as he like.—I say, you Jake!—you pick up dat halter, or I'll whip de liver out of you, you dam dirty black scoundrel.'

"'That, I notion, is a rael stupendous horse, now,' said Haman, pretending to think that Daddy was quite pleased at the visit. 'I reckon that ere animal would go over a snake-fence like greased lightning.'

"'I hab to inform you, sar, dat all my horses are of first-chop quality, sar. But what de debil do a parson know about a horse?'

"'Maybe more than you are aware of, old 'coon,' quoth Haman. 'I guess, now, that ere bay mare has been down on her knees; that ere colt has a splent on his near fore-leg; and this horse has a touch of thoroughpin and the hicksies.'

"'Eh, Gor! what dat?' sings out Daddy. 'You no parson; you Obeah man! How you come to know dat, sar, ah?'

"'I guess there's tricks in all trades,' replied Haman; 'and though I be a parson to-day, maybe I may have a deal with you for a bit of sound horse-flesh to-morrow. So shut up your ivories, old 'coon, and let's go and liquor.'

"'You berry cleber man, sar—berry cleber!' said Daddy, who, you see, Squire, was clean taken in by Haman's cool owdacity. 'You no parson, sar; dat be all gammon. Berry glad to see you in my house; you walk dis way.'

"I guess it wasn't long afore Haman made himself at home at Daddy Bungo's. It's a pity if he didn't cast gravel in the eyes of the old nigger, till he made him believe that he was the cleverest chap on the face of the whole airth—and Haman wasn't very short of it either; but he did more than that, for he persuaded him that he was a right good friend of his'n, and as upright a character as ever mixed a ball. As for Indolence, the black wench could

not think enough of that blessed Issachar. He sat with her all mornin', squeezing her big hand, and administering spiritual consolation; and it was beautiful to see them going together to a revival meeting, he stalking along in black and white, like a penguin on the beach, and she ogling him with her saucer eyes, as fond-like as a Frenchman is of oysters. In less than no time he had wormed out of Daddy the whole of his previous history. He knew the plantation where he was raised, the name of his owner, and the year and day when he absquatulated; and Haman wasn't the man as you shall presently hear, to let that information grow rotten for want of use. Then he knew to a dollar how much Daddy had saved, for the stupid old nigger, when he was juiced up, would tell anything; he also knew what was the value of his stable; in short, he had an entire and thorough knowledge of the whole concern.

"So, one morning, when he saw that he had brought old Daddy up to the scratch, and crammed him choke-full of sawder, 'Mister Bungo,' says he, 'I swear this is a pleasant location of yourn, but it won't do for me to remain here loafing, with my hands in my pockets, when it's positively raining dollars elsewhere. I have a notion to drop the parson for a bit, and go down to the States with some horses on specilation. Now, I'll tell you what it is, old 'coon: That ere daughter of yourn, Miss Indolence, is as likely a gal as I ever sot eyes on. She's a burning beauty, that's a fact; and if she is agreeable, I don't see any reason on airth why she should not become Mistress Quail. If you were to marry her to any chap in Toronto, you'd have to come down I guess with an almighty heap of dollars, which aint as pleasant as pumpkins. Now, I'm a reasonable man, and if you'll let me have a span of horses with your daughter, we'll cry quits, and I'll marry her off hand; so say the word and it's a deal.'

"Daddy did not come into the thing just at once; for, though a nigger, he had some kind of natural affection, and was right sorry to part with his daughter. But Indolence no sooner heard that she had a chance of reposing upon the bosom of that blessed Issachar, than she became as wild as a prairie mare, vowed that if she had not her own way she would swaller pison, and gave old Bungo no rest day or night till he consented. I guess theirs was a slap-up wedding. All niggerdom was in an uproar, and Indolence shone out like a redhot rainbow. Haman alone took things quietly, but you may suppose he was not without a kind of deep satisfaction at the thought of so beautiful a sell.

"I daresay now, Squire, you think that Haman would be in a right hurry to turn his bargain to the best account, and that he put up Indolence for auction at the very first mart he reached in our free and enlightened States. You're wrong. He was a good bit of a tender-hearted fellow was Haman, and he didn't wish to make her squeak afore the appointed time; besides, he knew well that she wasn't in any kind of training for the cane-field, and was too unhandy for couse-work, so that he could not get anything like the price for her which he was fully determined to have. Sold she should be; that was a settled point from the first minute that he sot eyes on her; but he didn't want to be harder on the poor black wench than was needful, and beyond that, he saw his way to a right good deal without putting her up to the hammer. So he contented himself in the meantime with selling the span of horses, for which he got awful prices, and took the heifer down with him to Charleston, treating her with all matter of fixings, and never once hinting at the cowhide. He was a rael agreeable chap was Haman, I can tell you; and it's odds if Indolence didn't worship him as devoutly as her mother worshipped Mumbo-Jumbo.

"Wall; they had not been at home for two days before Haman brings to the house a tall wiry chap, with whom he had had many a deal already, Judge Cyrus J. Flinter, as 'cute a hand as ever sat on the judgment-seat in his shirt-sleeves. Indolence was quite in glory at getting a visit from a man of such high distinction as the Judge; she showed

her white teeth, chuckled, and goramightied, and wriggled about like a bass on a fish-spear. The Judge, he takes a long look at her through his glasses, and then says to Haman,

"'All right, Squire,' says he. 'You're a lucky man! It ain't every one that can show a beauty like that. I would be mighty onreasonable if I did not go in to your tarms.'

"'Say no more, Judge,' quoth Haman, 'here's the paper ready; and I guess I may jest at once sign and seal. Indolence, my canvass-backed duck, look smart and fetch me the ink.'

"Indolence did that; and also, to show her devotion to Haman, mended the pen, which was blunt as the wits of a Blue-nose. Haman signed the paper, handed it to the Judge, and then said,

"'Indolence, my beauty, I'm obliged to go this afternoon on some tarnation business to Washington. As you would be lonely-like here, Judge Flinter has been good enough to ask you to his house. So you'll jest go with him now, old gal, and you needn't mind taking any things with you. Now hand me these rings, my dear: I want to get them matched at Washington.'

"'Goramighty, Issachar!' says Indolence, 'I must hab another soot o' clothes. I nohow fit to go to Massa Judge's widout dem.'

"'Wall!' drawled the Judge, 'I guess you might allow her a change.'

"'Darn me, if I do!" says Haman; 'you'll see to that, Judge; and Indolence, I'll trouble you for your keys. There's a pesky set of niggers hereabout, whose fingers are as sticky as molasses; and I've no mind that the ametheests Daddy Bungo gave you should go astray. So—good-by to you, old gal, till we meet again.'

"That was the last parting of the spouses.

"About ten days after this interview, Daddy Bungo, when superintending the grooming of his horsee, and swearing awfully at his nigger helps, Jake and Juba, had a letter put into his hands, which he could no more read than a shark can the name of a vessel that is painted on her starn. 'Dis come of dat dam edication!' says Daddy. 'What for um teach piccaninnies to write? Berry hard to hab all dis bother.' However, he took the letter, and crossed to the hotel, where he knew he would find some Toronto lawyer who would read it to him for the matter of a cocktail.

"The lawyer put on his spectacles, and began to read aloud, but before he had got over six words he gave a whoop like a wild Injun. 'Fire and blazes!' says he, 'this is the deepest dodge that ever was heard on.' 'What you mean by dodge, sar?' says Daddy. 'O coons! that *is* sharp practice, and no mistake,' says the lawyer. 'I no understand you, sar,' says Daddy; 'you read dat letter to me, sar, or I tink you not able.' 'Tain't just the kind of letter, Mister Bungo,' says the lawyer, 'adapted for general circulation, and I guess you would hardly thank me if I were to read it at the bar. So, if you please, sir, we'll step over to my office, and I'll let you know all about it.'

"And a very nice letter it was, as you may conceive. I got a copy of it at the time, for the Abolitionists made an awful row about the matter and printed a statement of the case, and I guess it ran somehow thus:—

"'Mr. Bungo.—Sir,—This is to inform you that I have purchased a black slave calling herself Indolence Bungo, aged 25, sound in limb and wind, no marks, white teeth, and likely for domestic work, from Haman S. Walker of Charleston. Said Indolence Bungo describing herself as your daughter, I have to state that I am willing to allow you to purchase her freedom, for the sum, which is the lowest I can take, of 1800 dollars, money to be paid down here at Charleston. If I do not hear from you within three weeks from this date, I shall put her up for public auction, as I do not want such an article for myself, and her keep is expensive.—Yours,

'Cyrus J. Flinter.'

"'Goramighty!' shouted Daddy Bungo. 'Dat not my daughter! She married woman. Who be dat Walker?'

"'That's explained in the post-

script,' said the lawyer, and he read on—

"'*P. S.*—For your better information, I may state that Haman S. Walker above referred to, was, I am given to understand, known in Toronto by the name of Issacher Quail.'

"It's no use trying to describe the scene that followed. Daddy howled like a wolf in a trap, or a Methody minister when he gets on the subject of brimstone: hopped round the room like a ball of Injun-rubber, tore out his wool by handfuls, and upset the ink over bundles of papers, for which he had afterwards to pay considerable smart money to the lawyer. It's my belief that, but for a bottle of brandy which the lawyer happened to have in his desk, he'd ha' gone stark staring mad, and they must have clapped a straight-jacket on him. As it was, they had to send for Jake and Juba to carry him home, which they did with great difficulty, for he bit viciously, and kicked as hard as a mustang.

"There was no help for it; so he had to draw all his ready-money out of the bank, and with it he started for Charleston, thinking he was safe enough, for he had been thirty years and more in Canada, and had certificates from the first-chop men in Toronto as to his character and occupation. When he gets to Charleston he goes direct to Judge Flinter's, who was quite cool and pleasant like, and said he was rael sorry to have given him the trouble of coming so far.

"'Fact is,' said the Judge, 'I wasn't quite sure about the gal's being your daughter, for Haman is an almighty deep file, and it ain't a'most possible to fix him. I s'pose,' says he, 'it wasn't a lie of Haman's, that the gal was born afore you bought your freedom?' and he squinted at Daddy Bungo like a rattlesnake.

"'No, sar,' says Daddy, 'dat no lie.' But he felt particularly uncomfortable, and his knees began to fail him.

"'Wall,' in that case,' said the Judge, 'you jest step into that 'ere room, and see if it be your daughter. She's been well cared for; corned to the lips, I can tell you, and I'll charge nothin' for her feeds. I'm apt to be soft in these matters, but I hope for a blessin'; so get through it, will you, as smart as you can, for I may chance to be wanted in court. There's some talk of lynching a nigger this afternoon.'

"You may guess that the interview between Daddy Bungo and Indolence was very short. Heaven knows what they'd not ha' given to have been set down safe in Toronto.

"'All right?' said the Judge.

"'Iss, sar, all right. Dat my daughter,' said Daddy. 'There um dollars. Where um paper?'

"'Here it is,' said the Judge. 'But we need a witness,' and so saying, he rung a hand-bell; the door opened, and Haman S. Walker appeared.

"'Good morning, Daddy Bungo!' says he, as cool as a block of Wenham Lake ice.

"'You dam villain!' shouts Daddy, up to the point o' bursting.

"'You tarnation nigger!' says Haman, hitting him a whack with a supple-jack across his cucumber shanks, which made him dance like a dead frog at the touch of a galvanic battery—'You tarnation nigger, do you dare to speak in that way to your owner? Darn me, if I haven't a strong mind to give you ten dozen of the cowskin!"

"'What dat you say, you dam scoundrel? Me free Canadian—me British subject—write to de Gubberner, sar, and make um civil war! You no owner of mine. I horse-dealer in Toronto.'

"Haman, with some self-control, did not apply the supple-jack at this second provocation,

"'Bungo, says he, 'you stupid old nigger, don't make the game worse for you than I like; for I'm a quiet and raisonable kind of man, and am disposed to let you off easy. I've bought you. I guess you may remember telling me the plantation from which you absquatulated; and as you were long wiped off the books as a bad debt, I bought you for twenty dollars. Here are the papers, old darkey, and you're my nigger now. The Judge here sacks two hundred dollars as commission on the sale of

Indolence; and I'll trouble you to make up three thousand dollars to buy your own freedom, else Jake and Juba will have the letting-out of all the horses in Toronto. It ain't no use your making a row about it, for I know to a cent what you're worth in the world, and I reckon I am unkimmon liberal in not piling you altogether. Daddy Bungo!—if a nigger ever can be a Christian, you ought to remember me in your prayers.'

"The upshot of the matter was, that Daddy Bungo had to put his mark to a letter directing the Toronto lawyer to sell off his stock; and, till the money was paid, he and Indolence were handsomely boarded by the Judge at the rate of two dollars a-day. Now, that's what I call smartness. I guess you'll allow that no Britisher ever born could hold a candle to Haman S. Walker, who, besides a handsome subscription, got a black wife and a span of horses, and sold them both, and his father-in-law into the bargain."

CHAPTER XXIV.—A NEW PROSPECT.

Parliament met at last; and everything betokened a most busy and animated session. Not only was it known that public measures of vast importance, and likely to provoke vehement opposition, were to be propounded, but never in the recollection of the oldest solicitor had there been such an accumulation of private business as was now thrust upon both Houses, and which threatened to change the whole character of the legislative body, by converting it into an aggregate of permanent committees. Enterprise had for many months been running riot; and the result was a perfect avalanche of bills that struck terror into the hearts of the officials. Nor were they of a kind that could be easily adjusted or disposed of, like the ancient road-bills, which passed almost as a matter of form; for now, company was arrayed against company in fierce and deadly antagonism—each projected line had at least one direct competitor; and then, beyond the question of comparative advantage of route, lay the claims of the sturdy land-owners, many of whom were determined that their fields should remain as sacred from the whistle of the locomotive, as are, at this day, the sterile wastes of Palestine.

The men of the younger generation, whose memories do not reach so far back, can hardly credit the intensity of the excitement which then prevailed, not in London only, but throughout the whole empire. The tone of society seemed to be completely changed. Many entirely neglected, or even abandoned, their legitimate business pursuits, to rush headlong into the tempting field of speculation; proprietors in embarrassed circumstances burdened their lands to the utmost available extent, in order that they might take part in the game; all ordinary topics of conversation, even in the politer circles, were merged into discussions upon the value of shares, the prospects of conflicting lines, and the probabilities of an enormous premium; even the fair sex did not escape the infection, for ladies of high rank and position placed themselves in direct communication with sharebrokers, and bought and sold in the market more recklessly and greedily than their lords. No such revival of the worship of Mammon had been known since the days when the ingenious Mr. Law inflated his gigantic Mississippi bubble.

One symptom of this excitement was the universal recklessness which was displayed. It seemed as if men could not bide at home, but were prompted by some irresistible impulse to rush from place to place, like so many evil spirits doomed to perpetual wandering. Their anxiety was too great to allow of their sitting still. They dashed over the face of the country on visionary errands and quests. You could never calculate upon finding a speculator by his own fireside. Either he had gone off at a moment's notice to transact business with a broker in some distant city, or he had been summoned to attend a meeting of the local pro-

visional board, or he had levanted without confiding the object of his journey even to the wife of his bosom. Some fellows actually took a pride in assuming the manner of conspirators. If you chanced to ask them whither they were going, or where they had been, they would purse up their mouths, wink with one eye, look ineffably mysterious, but vouchsafe no direct reply; wishing you thereby to understand that they were "deep files," conversant with as many wrinkles as seamed the forehead of Methuselah, and actively engaged in a plot too intricate and momentous to be revealed.

London in particular, as the grand focus of speculation, the seat of the august tribunal that ruled the destinies of railways, was crowded with strangers from all parts of the country. Some were there as conductors, managers, and promoters of the new schemes; others as witnesses to their merits; others as mere scrip-holders, to watch and profit by the alternations of the market. Westminster was choked with the influx. You could hardly elbow your way through the lobbies which led to the committee-rooms of the House of Commons; and as to forcing an entrance into one of those dens where a smart contest was going on, you might quite as rationally have tried to squeeze yourself into the Black Hole of Calcutta. Vanity Fair itself could not have exhibited a scene of more bustle, throng, and excitement.

That I had not yielded in any degree to the mania of the day, was perhaps the result rather of accident than of rigid principle. It is true that I had an innate horror of gambling in the usual sense of the term, and that no inducement would have led me to enter the door of a gaming-house, or even to take a hand at *brag*. But the consciousness of men, especially when avarice is whispering in their ear, are remarkably elastic; and it is not difficult to find some plausible excuse for doing that which jumps with our inclination. Plain, unvarnished gambling with cards or dice, we all denounce, or affect to do so; but how when the transaction assumes a mercantile form or character? If I know, for example, that the market price of iron is low, and have reason to expect a speedy rise, am I a gambler because I effect a time bargain to the extent of some thousand tons, whereon, if my anticipations are correct, I shall realise a handsome sum by way of difference? Is it gambling if I buy scrip at five shillings premium, in the confident expectation that I shall be able to sell it at twenty? I don't pretend to furnish an answer to these queries; I merely venture to suggest them. Far be it from me to arouse the wrath of Lombard Street by giving an offensive name to what may be a blameless commercial operation. We are told upon high authority, and experience confirms it, that there is little certainty in the affairs of this world. If so, there must be a great deal of chance; and certainly it would be hard to denounce the calculation of chances as a sin.

Had I known much at that time about the mode of dealing in the share-market, I daresay I would have acted like my neighbours; but I was an entire novice—knew nothing of the merits of competing lines, and, moreover, was too well aware of the difficulty of getting money to hazard what little I had upon a precarious venture. But as I continued day after day to frequent Westminster (the weary work which I had undertaken at the suggestion of Sir George Smoothly being well-nigh completed), I gradually picked up a deal of information which I was called upon to use in a manner that was wholly unexpected.

I have already alluded more than once to my journalist connection, which of course brought me into frequent contact with the editor of the paper — a grave uncommunicative man rejoicing in the name of Wilkins, who, whatever might be his opinion of the abilities of the several members of his staff, made a point of abstaining from all expression either of encouragement or censure. It certainly was not agreeable to work under the superintendence of a gentleman practising such rigid reserve; for praise, as all authors know, even though it be sparingly administered, is a very great incentive; and no man likes to see his

article received with mere tacit acquiescence, just as if it were an extract from a speech or a quotation from a published volume. But, with Wilkins, method was all in all. He was, like one of the old Austrian generals, fond of discipline and parade—a thorough martinet, but incapable of awakening the enthusiasm of his followers; and it often was a matter of wonder to me how the paper, under his superintendence, should continue as it did to prosper. But I soon began to suspect, from various little incidents which occured, that though Mr. Wilkins stood forth as the ostensible editor, sharper wits than his were engaged in the direction. I knew that the chief proprietor was a Mr. Osborne, a man of large fortune, who had once been a solicitor, but had long retired from practice; and, if fame belied him not, few shrewder men of business were to be found in the shrewdest capital of Europe. I had never seen this gentleman, nor, so far as I can remember, had Mr. Wilkins ever spoken of him to me; so that I was somewhat surprised at finding, one day in my rooms, a very polite note from Mr. Osborne requesting me to pay him a visit at his country place, about five miles out of town, early on the ensuing Saturday, and remain over until the Monday following. Although no reference was made in the billet to business, I could not doubt that Mr. Osborne desired to see me for an especial purpose; and, accordingly, I was a little impatient until the appointed day arrived.

Mr. Osborne's country-seat was not one of those flimsy boxes which city men are so fond of rearing for the enjoyment of their weekly holiday. It was a handsome mansion, tastefully designed and carefully built, with slopes of well-shaven turf, a spacious garden rich in vineries and forcing-houses; a sheet of water of no despicable size, well stocked with aldermanic carp; a "wilderness," with fine old trees, containing an incipient rookery; and some pleasant fields, then green with the bright emerald hues of spring. It was just the sort of villa for a London Mæcenas, who, not coveting much extent of domain, wished to concentrate within a limited space all the luxuries and comforts that ingenuity could suggest and great wealth procure; and if the descendant of the Tuscan Lucumons, who, more than any other man of his day, understood æsthetical luxury, could have been summoned from the shades below to look upon this English paradise, assuredly he would have returned to the company of his darling Horace in the Elysian fields with some feelings of envy, and more of regret that, in aiming almost at regal magnificence, he had overlooked the subtle combinations which insure the most perfect comfort.

I was cordially welcomed by Mr. Osborne, who was waiting my approach — a gentleman apparently above sixty, with a clear quick grey eye, aquiline nose, and features that betokened uncommon vivacity of disposition. He was arrayed in a country garb, shooting-jacket, gaiters, and a low-crowned white hat, and carried under his arm one of those old-fashioned implements called, I believe, spuds, with which tidy proprietors of pleasure-grounds are armed for the extirpation of dock-weed and dandelions. He hurried me into the house, introduced me to his wife and daughter—the former a plain, sensible, unaffected woman, the latter a remarkably pretty brunette, with sparkling eyes and a profusion of jetty ringlets—pressed me to take some luncheon, with a glass of choice old Madeira, remarking, however, that he dined punctually at six, and then carried me forth to take a survey of his grounds. As a general rule, I am not fond of surrendering myelf for a whole forenoon to the tender mercies of my host, who, if he happens to have a strong agricultural bias, rarely fails to abuse the advantage given him by his situation. If he happens to be building new farm premises, you are expected to stumble through quantities of rough stones and smoking lime-heaps for the purpose of gazing at a few unfinished walls,—or you must climb up frightful ladders to scaffoldings, and walk with tottering steps across shaky gangways, in mortal dread least you should share the fate of Eutychus. Next

follows the colloquy with the contractor, compared with which those of Erasmus are lively, and then you are taken to see fields of wheat, and beans, and turnips, and mangold-wurzel, upon each of which you, as a courteous guest, must bestow an eloquent eulogium. Well for you if he does not go farther; for some country gentlemen, who are possessed by the demon of breeding, do not hesitate to decoy their unsuspecting visitors into fields tenanted by vicious-looking oxen, or even bulls—huge clumsy brutes that snort, and stare, and stamp, and switch their tails, while Cincinnatus dwells delightedly on their points and symmetry, sometimes even exhorting his timorous auditor to feel the ribs of the monsters,—than which a request to pull the whiskers of a royal Bengal tiger in a menagerie would not be one whit more atrocious and unreasonable.

But it is a very different thing when you are asked to accompany your host on a round of inspection of objects which are really beautiful; and such undeniably were the gardens and grounds of Mr. Osborne. No expense had been spared in laying them out; and what is there that wealth cannot command in England?

"It is too early yet for out-of-door plants," said my entertainer. "But you must come back in summer, when the roses are in bloom. I flatter myself they are worthy of Gulistan. But meanwhile, let me show you the conservatories. M'Farren, my Scotch gardener, would never forgive me if I did not call your attention to the heaths, which are the very pride of his existence." The boast was a justifiable one, for I doubt whether even Kew Gardens could show a finer collection.

Mr. Osborne, however, did not lose much time in descanting on the merits of his own possessions. He rambled from subject to subject with an alacrity that was truly wonderful. He never dwelt long upon any one topic, and rarely expressed any opinion of his own; trying rather, as I thought, to bring out, by way of question, what knowledge might be in me. But his retorts and casual remarks were shrewd and apposite, evincing much quickness of intellect and power of ready comprehension, as also an amount of dry humour, which would have made him a formidable antagonist in a conversational skirmish. Not a word, however, did he utter relative to business, or my connections with his paper, or anything pertaining to journalism; so that, but for my previous knowledge of the fact, I never would have suspected him of being largely interested in the success of one of the most influential of the London daily journals.

On returning from our stroll, which had been so much prolonged as to trench upon the half-hour dedicated to the cares of the toilet, we sate down to an elegant and most *recherché* repast, Mr. Osborne being one of those sages who esteem *gourmandise* as an important branch of the fine arts, to be wooed and cultivated by every man with the slightest pretension towards refinement. As, beyond myself, no stranger was present, the party was a very cheerful one. Miss Osborne, who inherited much of her father's sprightliness, was willing to amuse and ready to be amused; the old gentleman was in high good-humour; mamma kind and conversable; and under such influences I shook off diffidence, and strove to make myself agreeable.

After the ladies had retired, Mr. Osborne desired the servants to place a small round table near the fire, ensconced himself in an easy-chair, and declared his intention of making himself comfortable for the evening.

"Help yourself to claret, Mr. Sinclair," said he: "it is old Chateau Latour, the proper drink for a young man and a Caledonian. As for me, who am an ancient Londoner, I must stick to port, even at the risk of gout, whereof I feel occasional twinges. And now let us have a word or two on business. I should tell you that I had a double motive in asking you here. In the first place, I wished to become acquainted with you personally, which we shall now consider to be a *fait accompli*. In the second place, I should like to know what your views and engagements are, because I think it possible that, unless you have formed some

decided ulterior scheme of your own, we may make an arrangement that shall be mutually advantageous. Have you any objection to tell me candidly how you are situated ?"

"None whatever, sir. I have nothing to conceal ; and even if there were circumstances which I should hesitate to communicate to a casual acquaintance, Mr. Osborne's character for honour is too well known to——"

"I understand ! Prettily said, though a little too rhetorical. Nay, don't blush, my lad—I do not doubt your sincerity, but I have a strong objection to rounded sentences, especially when they convey a compliment, except in leaders, where, I admit, they are quite appropriate. Now then let us talk after what the Oxford men call the Socratic method —that is, I ask, you answer ; it saves a world of trouble. Do you agree ?"

"Certainly," said I, entering somewhat into the humour of the man, and yet a little abashed by the slight rap on the knuckles which he had administered. "Not another compliment shall you hear from me this night, except that which I now pay to the excellence of your claret."

"I fear you are a regular dodger, sir," said Mr. Osborne, "and that you have an eye towards a second bottle. But you are not singular in your preference. A fortnight ago three quarts of that nectar from the Dalilah Bordeaux barely sufficed to quench the thirst of a Cabinet minister who is held up to the whole world as a pattern of abstemiousness. But to the point. You began your connection with us, as nearly as I can remember, about three years ago ?"

"True sir. I was indebted for my introduction to Mr. Montresor, with whom I became acquainted at Vienna."

"Ay—Montresor. I remember him well. He was a clever writer, with dash, energy, and so forth ; and his articles told well with the High-Church party, though they were somewhat too learned for the million. He had an ugly trick of always quoting the decisions of the Council of Chalcedon. It became a positive nuisance, and brought the paper into ridicule. I was compelled to issue an order for the entire suppression of Chalcedon. But Montresor was well provided for ; he has now a fat rectory in Surrey."

"Knowing that, sir, I presume you are not ignorant of my farther connection with the paper."

"Of course I am not. I know the name of every man who has blotted paper in our service. You began by sending us foreign news, and more recently you have been engaged in the reviewing department. But I hear from Wilkins that your contributions of late have been rather scanty. How is that ?"

"Why, sir, much of my time has has been occupied in preparing a document upon a somewhat intricate and difficult public question."

"What !—do you mean to bring out a pamphlet ?"

"By no means, sir. This is a task that I have undertaken for a friend."

"That must be a very good friend for whom you are willing to make such a sacrifice—that is, unless you expect some corresponding advantage," said Mr. Osborne. "The intellectual labor of a month at your time of life is a gift that borders on prodigality. May I ask if your friend is a politician ?"

"I told you, Mr. Osborne, that I would speak without reserve. His name is Sir George Smoothly, member for Effingham."

"Whew ! Smoothly again !" cried Mr. Osborne. "This, unless I mistake much, is a new case of crimping. And pray, Mr. Sinclair, how did you happen to fall in with Sir George ?"

"I met him on the Continent, sir ; and afterwards, for a day or two, last Christmas, in the country."

"And he was very polite and civil, told you he took a deep interest in your welfare, hinted that he had some little interest with the Government, and so forth ? Was it not so ?"

"You must be well acquainted with him, Mr. Osborne ; for such certainly was his language."

"Oh, I know him very well—that is I know all about him — rather more, perhaps, than he is aware of. And what next ?"

"That, Mr. Osborne, I do not consider myself at liberty to mention. I see plainly that your opinion of Sir

George Smoothly is not a favourable one, nor am I thoroughly convinced of the sincerity of his professions; but he desired me to regard the main subject of our conversation as confidential; and such being the case, I cannot be more explicit."

"Quite right; you are a good lad, and know how to act honourably. Faith must be kept even with a rogue, —mind, I don't apply that epithet to any one in particular—but to trust a rogue after you have once detected him, is an act of egregious folly. But let me understand. Is your engagement with Sir George Smoothly, of whatever nature it may have been, at an end? Are your hands free?"

"Very nearly so. In fact, I have only to revise my paper."

"Be done with it, then, as quickly as you can, but don't commit yourself further. Now, as I have constituted myself Grand Inquisitor for the nonce, I must go on with your examination. Thus much I know already, that you follow no regular profession. Now, tell me frankly, do you aspire to entering the public service?"

"Frankly, such is my wish. You must know, Mr. Osborne, that I have few friends, hardly any means, and no resources but such slight share of talent as God has given me. Consequently, I desire, if possible, to procure some permanent appointment."

"It is very strange," said Mr. Osborne, musingly, "that nine out of ten of the clever young men who come to London entertain precisely the same ideas. They all want to be provided for out of the public purse. They ask for permanent appointments, forgetting, or not aware, that the public service is of all others the worst remunerated, the most harassing, and the least likely to lead to distinction. Is there not a Scotch proverb, Mr. Sinclair, to the effect that kings' bones are better than other folks' meat? I suspect you have been reared in that opinion."

"No, indeed, sir!" I replied. "My wish has always been for independence, but that is surely not inconsistent with public employment."

"I made no such assertion," replied Mr. Osborne. "I only marvel at your humility, or rather lack of ambition. Look you here now. I could give you many instances of men, your own countrymen, who came to London quite friendless, without prospects, and with scarce a shilling in their pockets. They had no such education as you have received; but they had good principles, industry, and that indomitable resolution which can conquer even fortune. I doubt not that some of these men might—not perhaps at first, but certainly after a reasonable period of probation—have been received into the public service in some grade suitable to their station. You Scotchmen stick by one another with a tenacity most creditable to your nationality; and it is not a difficult thing, through the good offices of some member of parliament, to procure an appointment as a tide-waiter, a letter-carrier, or a subordinate station in the Excise. The men I refer to never thought of such employment. They fought their way as shopmen, as journeymen, as artisans, throwing their whole soul and energy into their business, saving money when they could get it, practising thrift, making themselves indispensable to their employers; until, one by one, they rose in the social scale, became honoured members of the great commercial world; and such you will find at this day among the wealthiest citizens of London. Have you ever thought of this, my young friend?"

"Alas!" said I, not, however, without an impression that Mr. Osborne was making out a strong case against me, "your point is a commercial career, for which I am altogether unfitted."

"Pardon me?" replied Mr. Osborne; "I have merely given you an illustration. You will admit that such men acted more wisely in trusting to their own energy and perseverence, than if they had solicited and obtained some small public appointment. Your case differs from theirs, but simply in degree. If you were a barrister, though only in name, patronage might help you to a comfortable berth. Lawyers have a wide nest, but they keep it exclusively to themselves, and allow of no

interlopers. If you were in orders, and could be of use to your party, promotion might follow. But what is it that you can expect? Do you wish to go into the Treasury as a junior clerk? Why, I'll insure you a larger salary, with more rapid promotion, if you choose to become a reader in the printing-office! Or is it your ambition to become a minister's private secretary? My dear lad! look at the times in which we live. Ministries are bowled down like nine-pins, and when the principal is upset, where is the subordinate? And then, mark you; between you and the object of your desire lie hundreds of the young aristocracy who are fit for nothing else, and who swarm in the troubled waters of patronage as thick as ground-sharks in the serf at Madras. *Dixi;* I have spoken. Take another glass of claret, for the enjoyment of which I fear our conversation has spoiled you. Never mind. Think over what I have said. To-morrow we shall go to church for morning service; but, as I am no Puritan, I shall be ready to hear your views thereafter. A white-wash? No? Well then, let us join the ladies."

CHAPTER XXV.—ARTHUR FAUNCE.

When I awoke next morning, the sun shining cheerfully through the gay chintz curtains of my bed, Mr. Osborne's language gave me ample subject for reflection. Was it indeed true that I was in danger of sacrificing my time and subjecting myself to the bitter pangs of disappointment by grasping at a shadow? Was it folly in me, left without a profession, to desire employment in the public service? Were the chances of success so small, and the advantages to be gained so trifling, as this shrewd observer had represented them to be? These were questions to which I had not as yet applied myself, but they were clearly of the utmost importance. I was vexed and amazed at my stupidity and want of foresight in blundering onward without any clear aim or distinct object before me. I could not disguise from myself that I stood in the unenviable position of a vague place-hunter, somewhat analogous to that of the sons of Eli; for was I not, notwithstanding all my boasts of independence, crouching for a piece of silver and a morsel of bread? And then the gain—would my ambition be satisfied with the situation of a clerk in a public office? Would that elevate my social position, or entitle me to aspire to the hand of Mary Beaton? Clearly I was on the wrong road; or rather, like the traveller overtaken by a fog on the muirland, I had altogether lost my way.

Then for the first time I began to perceive the grave error I had committed in not selecting a profession—an error which cannot be too much exposed, or too unequivocally condemned. All professions have their own peculiar rewards and prizes which are attainable through patience and perseverance, but for the mere adventurer, whatever may be his ability, there is nothing of the kind. He may succeed by some lucky accident, but the chances are woefully against him. His lack of a profession, acknowledged and recognised by all, is naturally attributed to deficiency either in application or talent. He has no regular certificate to produce; no exact position in society to which he can lay an unquestioned claim.

Bitterly did I regret my folly in having abandoned the law without going through the ceremony of assuming the barrister's gown. Had I taken that step which at one time was perfectly within my power, what a prospect might now have been open to me! Lawyers who could make even a decent appearance before committees, were in high request. The demand was for a certain time much greater than the supply. Seniors who were known to be men of experience and ability, had so many briefs showered in upon them, that it was absolutely impossible to count upon their attendance. A steady junior, who would pledge himself to attend only one

committee each day, was instantly bought up. Elderly gentlemen, who for many a long year had laid aside the horse-hair wig, now assumed it with far brighter prospects than they had conceived in the days of their ardent boyhood; and the dullest blockhead who could utter two connected sentences, or conduct an examination from a brief, was sure to have a pocketful of guineas.

From all participation in this golden shower I was utterly excluded. Not a drop of it could come my way. I began to see that in adopting an erratic course, I was so far from securing independence, that I had absolutely sacrificed it; and now, when too late, I found myself little better than a veritable Bohemian. Well!—I had no one but myself to blame for it, and I must even make the best of circumstances. So, laying aside in the mean time all thoughts of patronage, I resolved to give a serious ear to Mr. Osborne's proposal.

"So, then," said that gentleman, when we sallied forth in the afternoon, "you are willing for the present to drop that nice little scheme about entering the public service? Understand me—I don't mean to say that you should reject a desirable offer if such were made; but I think it vastly absurd that you should lose your time by dancing attendance on this or the other political character, and doing jobs for them without even the certainty of being thanked. It is no doubt to be regretted that you are of no profession—still, all men cannot be professional. There are a great many things which lie out of the province of lawyers, doctors, and divines; and these must be done by other people. You have educated yourself up to a high literary point. Well, then, literature is your proper line. If you were one of those ridiculous young fellows, who think that literature consists in stringing rhymes together, I would as soon advise you to enlist in a marching regiment as to follow any such profitless occupation; but you have too much sense for that. We want writers for the press—men who can direct, and in some measure control, the public mind; and, trust me, the field is as wide as the functions are important. Let who will sneer at the press, it is a rising and a growing power. Men speak reverently enough of the tracts of Bacon, Milton, Marvell, Swift, and Addison, while they affect to despise the anonymous contributions of the day; yet what were these tracts but the precursors of the leading articles that appear in our daily papers? I tell you that we want the best men, and must have them at any price. To influence public opinion, as we do and shall influence it, is no ignoble calling."

"Most cordially do I concur, Mr. Osborne, in every word you have uttered regarding the dignity of the press," I replied. "I only wish that such sentiments were more generally entertained."

"There I differ from you," said Mr. Osborne, "at least if you imply that writers for the press ought to receive an unusual share of individual consideration. Drop the anonymous, and the best of you would be useless. Who could care for the opinions, if announced as such, of John Smith or Paul Jones? No doubt they are good men and true, but they are serviceable because they are part of the regiment. We don't allow them to ride forth and tilt on their own account. Fame I do not promise you, but good employment and the means of making yourself useful: and, after all, what more could you expect from a professional career? But lest you should be appalled by the prospect of becoming what fine gentlemen, who are not without some knowledge of the interior economy of spunging-houses, call a worn-out literary hack, I shall let you into a secret. Journalism is not the worst kind of introduction to ministerial favour. Your friend Montresor is a notable instance of that; and, for my own part, I am obliged to keep a watchful eye on the motions of the rocs of the Treasury. One of the most promising young writers I ever had was caught up last year and dropped into a consulship near the Equator. I would not have parted with him for a wilderness of consuls!"

"Well, Mr. Osborne, I shall be ready, so far as I have the power, to carry out your views."

"That's right! I thought we should come to an understanding. What I propose is this: I don't want you to go into the political department—we are already provided with a robustious specimen of *le beau Sabreur*—but there is a new element developing itself which requires immediate attention; I mean the growth of the railway system. For good or for evil, that will have an enormous influence on the interests of the country, and its progress must be narrowly watched in every phase. I wish you to devote yourself to that subject—but stop! perhaps you have been dabbling?"

"I assure you, sir," I replied, "these hands are clean from the contact of any kind of scrip."

"So much the better," said Mr. Osborne. "Let them remain so. The subject is a difficult one, and will require much time and study; but that, of course, you will not grudge. Observe; what I want to have, both with regard to the merits of competing lines, and the soundness of the movement generally, is the plain unvarnished truth. If I consulted interest alone, I should say to you, Write up the railways, for the advertisements have brought us a prodigious harvest; but in a matter of this magnitude there must be no paltering. It behoves us to tell the public what is sound and what is rotten—to caution them against bubbles, of which there are many afloat—and to see that Government officials are not remiss in their duty. You shall have what reasonable assistance you may require, and these are the terms I propose."

So saying, he handed me a slip of paper, containing a most liberal offer—so liberal, indeed, that it was far beyond my expectation.

"I only dread, Mr. Osborne," said I, "that my inexperience may disappoint your expectations. However, I shall do my best."

"No man can do more," said Mr. Osborne. "But you are, I am given to understand, as yet almost a stranger to London; and this kind of work requires knowledge of individuals, as well as general sound judgment. Now in order to supply that, I have devised a scheme which, perhaps, you may consider a queer one, but I can think of none better. I happen, among other plagues, to be afflicted with a nephew, a wild scamp, but honourable, I believe, in the right meaning of the word. This hopeful young gentleman, by name Arthur Faunce, having a patrimony of his own, which obviates the necessity of his applying himself to any kind of business, has become a regular man about town, and knows everybody of any mark or notoriety. I wish I could say with truth that the little villain confined his acquaintance to persons of respectability, but such is not the case. He is as familiar with the city as with the west end—knows all about Jews, sharks, sharpers, money-lenders, and betting-men—has each fresh scandal at his fingers'-end—and has visited every haunt in the metropolis. This I admit is but a bad account to give of a young fellow, and one not likely to predispose you to make his acquaintance; still Attie has good points about him, and I am not without hope that in time he may sober down. He is, of all others, the very best man to give you information regarding doubtful characters, of whom you will see many, and I have asked him here to-day to meet you."

We heard a burst of laughter from the drawing-room as we entered the hall.

"That's Attie Faunce!" said Mr. Osborne. "He has been telling some of his droll stories to the ladies, and the rogue can be irresistibly comical."

Mr. Faunce was a very boyish-looking individual, with a slight but compact figure, curly hair, quick eyes, and a smiling mouth. He was neatly but somewhat too foppishly dressed, being much addicted to sartorial adornment; his boots were as perfect in shape as if they had just been taken from the last, and his gloves would have satisfied a Parisian. He would have appeared somewhat effeminate, but for a saucy confident air which to him was habitual, and which gave additional piquancy to his talk. High-bred he certainly was not; but his manners were those of a gentleman, though without a

particle of diffidence or reserve. His spirits were exuberant, his sense of the ludicrous keen, and his mimetic talents extraordinary. Such was Mr. Attie Faunce.

For my own part, I looked at first upon this strange ally with some little apprehension; for he clearly could be mischievous if he pleased, and I had seen enough of the world to know that nothing gives greater delight to young gentlemen of this stamp than leading their companions into scrapes. However, Attie, over whom his uncle had much influence, behaved himself tolerably well, and the dinner passed over as well as could have been expected.

When, however, over our wine, Mr. Osborne explained his views to Master Faunce, that hopeful youth burst into an uncontrollable scream of merriment.

"Bravo—bravo! *mon oncle!*" he cried. "So you have found a use for me at last; and I am to have the honour, in consequence of my intimate acquaintance with all that is disrespectable, of piloting Mr. Sinclair through the shoals and narrows of London vagabondism! Really you over-estimate my poor abilities. Don't you think a detective officer would answer your purpose better?"

"Come, Attie; don't be a fool! When you can make yourself useful, which seldom happens, I expect you will do it."

"But, sir, have you really considered this matter seriously? I am very glad, I am sure, to make Mr. Sinclair's acquaintance"—said Mr. Faunce, looking, however, as if his gladness was infinitesimally small—"but I hardly think that an arrangement such as you propose can be very agreeable to him. I know, sir, you consider me to be rather a loose fish; and although in that respect as in some others you may have exaggerated my merits, I cannot fancy that a gentleman of staid habits and sedentary occupations would like to be seen associating with a youth who, I confess, is much better known at Tattersall's than at the Athenæum."

"The worse for you, Attie! the worse for you," said Mr. Osborne. "I wish to Heaven, boy, you kept better company."

"Forgive me, Mr. Osborne," said I, "if I beg that nothing further may be said on the subject. I will thrust myself on the acquaintance of no man living. Mr. Faunce has a perfect right to object; and I am only sorry that this proposition, for which I am not answerable, was ever made."

"Now, Mr. Sinclair," said Faunce, rising from his seat and coming round to my side of the table, with a sweetness of manner which I certainly did not expect, "you must do the honour to take my hand. It is I who am not worthy of your intimacy, for I know something about you already. Bingham, whom you have met at the house of your friend Mr. Carlton, has spoken of you more than once; and, to say the truth, I felt a little puzzled, when I saw you here to-day for the first time—my uncle never tells me whom I am to meet—whether you were the same Mr. Sinclair whose adventure in Switzerland was much spoken of in town last autumn."

"What adventure do you allude to, Attie?" said Mr. Osborne.

"Nothing of any consequence," I interposed. "A thing not worth speaking of."

"That," said Faunce, "is not the opinion of Lord Windermere, who, I am credibly informed, thinks it very strange indeed that you have given him no sign of your existence. Of course I know nothing of Lord Windermere; but I have heard as much from those who have the honour of his acquaintance."

"Lord Windermere!" cried Mr. Osborne, "one of the best and truest noblemen of England! And have you, Mr. Sinclair, with such an introduction, been pottering with a Smoothly? But of that, more at a convenient season. Upon my soul, it is some recompense to old fellows like myself, whose years have slipped from them, to observe that lads invariably lose or throw away their best opportunities. What a grand thing it must have been to have lived before the Flood! A man could then afford to bestow eighty or an hundred years upon preliminary education. About the middle of his second century he might begin to think of marrying; and, if human

nature was the same then as now, he would hardly commence saving money until he had attained the respectable age of four hundred. The insurance tables giving him four hundred more as his reasonable expectation of life, how interest would accumulate! no wonder that Noah was possessor of the whole earth—he had succeeded to the savings of Methuselah! Now, you two lads go out, and smoke a cigar. If you agree—well: if not, there is no harm done on either side."

Certainly this was a very wise proposal. Attie Faunce and I speedily came to an understanding. I made him aware that I had anything but a wish to bore him, and he undertook to place his stock of miscellaneous knowledge at my disposal.

"It is little I can do," said he, "but I certainly have contrived to pick up some information regarding city matters. Do you know, I think I might have become a brilliant meteor in Lombard Street if I had been regularly bred to the business. I like nothing better than to observe the complicated transactions of this huge commercial Babel, where knaves, dupes, and honest men are alike actively employed. At present I fear, honesty is somewhat at a discount. The great capitalists, usually so cautious, have been bitten by the mad dog speculation; and hundreds of them, who would have looked very shy a year ago if asked to discount an ordinary bill, are now raging in the market, buying up every kind of scrip in expectation of a rise. Now, in order to bring that about, they are compelled to puff their projects to the uttermost. More than one clever fellow, with a turn for romance, has made a small fortune merely by drawing prospectuses; and as for the lies that are daily circulated on 'Change, they would exhaust the invention of Munchausen. But what is worst of all, many members of Parliament are deep in the game; and as they possess means, unknown to the rest of the world, of influencing the decisions of committees, they have at least twenty points out of sixty-three in their favour. But you'll know all about that in time—only don't be astonished if you should find men, who bear the highest character for probity and honour, engaged in tricks and traffickings that savour more of the atmosphere of the Old Bailey than that of the meeting-house."

Next morning Faunce drove me into town. I began rather to like him; for although it would not be accurate to say that his was a wise head upon young shoulders, still it was a head of no ordinary capacity and cleverness, and the quaint humour of his remarks would have done no discredit to Lucian, immeasurably the most amusing of the satirical writers of antiquity. I chanced to ask him if he knew anything of an individual of the name of Speedwell, and the following was his prompt reply:

"Speedwell? Do you mean a thick-set Jew, with bushy whiskers? I know the man perfectly by sight and reputation. He is as consummate a scoundrel as ever cheated the pillory—one of the very worst of the bill-discounters that infest this precious London of ours. The higher fellows in that line, who deal with the nobility, and assume the airs of men of fashion, are heaven knows hard enough; but they are generous and liberal in comparison with such a dog-fish as this Speedwell. Woe betide the unfortunate sinner who falls into his clutches! He would strip him past the drawers on the frostiest night of January."

"I conjectured as much," said I. "And has this Mr. Speedwell given the benefit of his remarkable talents towards the development of the railway system?"

"You may assume that as a certainty," replied Faunce. "Not one remnant of the whole twelve tribes of Israel but is, at this moment, actively engaged in rigging the market. A speculative craze of this kind is a more important event for them than the return from the Captivity. Spoiling the Egyptians was a mere joke compared with it. I do not believe that there is a single orange-boy, or vendor of sponges, or collector of cast raiment, who has not managed to get an allocation of hundreds of shares in some of the competing lines;

and when that is the case, it is not likely that an acute Sadducee like Speedwell will fail to profit by the occasion. Indeed I have observed him of late in close attendance at Westminster. There is no mistaking him. Curious that so deadly a snake, to whom concealment must often be an object, should be so fond of conspicuous colours!"

"But why should he haunt Westminster?" said I. "Surely it would be easy to procure early intelligence in the city."

"Of a verity," said Faunce, "you have got a great deal to learn. Go to any committee room where there has been a regular stand up fight between two competing lines for a fortnight or three weeks; for when the prey is good the lawyers have no fancy for abridging proceedings. There have been opening speeches, and evidence, and replies, until the five worthy senators who are to decide which is the better line, and who are usually selected on account of their entire ignorance of the peculiarities of the district, are utterly bewildered, sick of the whole concern, and well-nigh weary of their lives. At last, in desperation, the chairman orders the room to be cleared, that the committee may deliberate which preamble has been proved. In the mean time, mark you, and during the whole discussion, the price of each stock, or I should rather say scrip, has been fluctuating in the market. If Jack's line is preferred, Jack pockets a cool thousand. If Tom's is thrown out, Tom must descend to the dreary valley of discount. But they are both confident of success, and to the very last moment the brokers are buying and selling. After an hour or two, the doors are opened. In rush, higgledy-piggledy, the barristers and solicitors,—the more wary speculators keep without. The chairman rises, and announces with a provoking drawl that the Wessex line has the preference. Then along the lobbies, and down the stairs is a frantic race of Jews, jobbers, and publicans, each striving for dear life to be first to get into the city. Some throw themselves into cabs, others rush to the bridges for river steamers, others trust to sculls.—Neck or nothing!—Devil take the hindmost!—Nothing like it on the Derby-day! Nay, I have been credibly informed that carrier pigeons are sent off to convey the intelligence to Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow, in anticipation of the mail; and it is said that a knowing fellow, who was posted with a gun near the premises of a Birmingham broker, brought down a bird that was worth two thousand pounds to his employer. Such things may seem strange to you, and doubtless will be disbelieved when told hereafter; nevertheless, there they are, facts that will not brook denial. But here we are in Jermyn Street, so for the present I shall bid you good-bye."

WYCLIFFE AND THE HUGUENOTS.

Dr. Hanna has here given us one of those useful unpretending volumes which, without professing to add to our stock of historical knowledge by original research, presents to the public, in a brief space, the result of an extensive reading. The first and larger portion of it is devoted to the life and opinions of Wycliffe, and a spirited portrait is drawn of our early Reformer, or great precursor of the Reformation; and the selection of facts is so judicious that we are carried rapidly, and without any sense of confusion, over a wide arena of history. The second part is devoted to the Huguenots, or the Reformation in France; and here, it must be confessed that the too narrow space for the so extensive subject becomes painfully evident; and although there is doubtless the same judicious selection of facts and of points of view, the result is not so satisfactory. There are limits to the compressibility even of historical matter. Nevertheless, as the history of the Reformation in France is less familiar than that of the Reformation in Germany or in England, this latter portion of the book may have more interest and novelty to many of its readers.

The Reformation is, indeed, an endless subject of interest, and this not only because in countries of the reformed faith this great event is looked upon as the starting-point of a new era of mental cultivation and of national existence, but because, together with the new, we are constantly employed in regarding the older form of Christianity, and that so-called Catholic Church from which we have separated. In some revolutions, the new government, or the new order of things which has been established, is the only subject we care very much to contemplate; but in this great spiritual revolution we are as much interested in examining the ancient tyranny against which we rebelled, as the new government under which we are living; and we will venture to say that it is the Protestant, who has the intellectual excitement of the *contrast* which is brought constantly before him of the two *régimes*, who is most likely to feel the deep speculative interest attached to the history of the Catholic Church. He proclaims, indeed, that the theory of that great Church was altogether impracticable — was, in fact, a quite erroneous theory; but he is not the less occupied, on this account, with its examination, for it is a theory which would inevitably offer itself to the human mind, and one which he has both to explain, to admire, and to repudiate.

Grant that any set of men have a right to assume that they are in possession of all religious truth, and of truth unmixed with error, and that the will of Heaven as to the future existence of the human soul, and the terms of its eternal happiness and misery, has been finally and fully revealed to them — grant this, and the theory of the Catholic Church is grand and sublime, and altogether impregnable as a logical position. Here is a Church in possession of this truth — Heaven has spoken — all is known that can be known, and there is no room for cavil or denial;— truth cannot be taught without teachers, nor religious precepts enforced without living preceptors; — this Church, then, stands forth upon the face of the earth as the representative of religious truth, the indispensable preceptor, one and universal, because there is but one truth, and under it all mankind are but one family. Men of ardent temperament or lofty aspirations have always felt the charm of this theory. And evermore as the Church extends and magnifies her claims, does the logic by which those claims are supported grow more complete and invincible. If logic would but suffice!—if facts

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Wycliffe and the Huguenots; or, Sketches of the Rise of the Reformation in England, and of the Early History of Protestantism in France. By the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D., Author of *Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers.*

might be disregarded!—if the first admission, the first premiss, could never be revoked or re-examined! But men, when disappointed in the results of a spiritual government, will pry into its credentials. Otherwise, what more certain than that Christianity should rule over Christendom—rule in temporal as well as in spiritual affairs—rule in courts of justice, and in courts of emperors, as well as in courts ecclesiastical? Or what more palpable than that this cannot be effected unless Christianity has its representative and its instrument in a great hierarchy of unquestioned supremacy, and itself of indissoluble unity? Distinction between spiritual and temporal! Limitation of the power of this hierarchy, and of its great head and chief to matters of doctrine or of religious discipline! Miserable fallacy! Does not a Protestant Arnold, does not every earnest and zealous Christian, loudly assert that truth has come in vain unto the world unless it is allowed to govern all the affairs of human life, unless it moulds the jurisprudence, determines the policy, wields the administration of the state? Of what use to decide upon doctrine, if the Christian doctrine is not to lead to the Christian life? And who but a sceptic at heart would ever think of leaving both the Christian doctrine and the Christian life to take their chance unaided amidst the thousand modes of thinking and acting that perplex and mislead the multitude—to be merely one of the many influences that are moulding the great whole of human society?

The theory is perfect. Who would dare or wish to set a limit to the authority of the representative of Truth, and the Vicar of Christ? That authority should be coextensive with the Christian life, and in Christendom all human life should be Christian. Alas that this representative of Truth should palpably have fallen into error! Alas that the Vicar of Christ should not have realised for us this grand conception! Such an ideal must captivate the reason, must secure the affections of all good men; but if the reality does not accord with it, what are we to do? Whether there is such a Vicar of Christ upon the earth must, after all, be tested by fact, by experience. A Vicar of Christ against whom we have here in England to pass a statute "of Provisers" is a very questionable personage. If human error and human vice have palpably crept into this great vicariate, what becomes of our theory? It is a dream, a wish, a regret, or it becomes an instrument of cupidity and ambition.

But let us observe in the first place, that this theory of a universal church did not precede the constitution of the Papal Government, but grew up to maturity as that government itself grew up to its full power and dimensions. The Papal Church, like all the great institutions of society, arose gradually, shaping itself according to the wants and emergencies of the time. When it had assumed grand proportions, there came the grand theory which corresponded to them, and which helped still further to complete and aggrandise the institution. And in the second place, it is well to remember that this was the theory of churchmen, and very rarely received by civilians; it was not often the theory of laymen, of jurists, of monarchs or their barons. Side by side with the Christian Church was a feudalism built up on a quite different class of ideas and interests. That all the affairs of this world should be governed by the law of Christ, and that the Church was the expounder of that law, were propositions which would doubtless have been acquiesced in so long as they remained mere logical propositions; but the monarch or the baron never thought of surrendering his own rights, or of living otherwise than after his own code of honour or of fealty. He levied war and administered justice quite independently of the Church, or of that law of which the Church was the guardian. Protestant writers, looking back to centuries which preceded the Reformation, sometimes express surprise at what appears to them bold and liberal opinions from feudal monarchs and barons; as if men of this stamp had been, by a process of reasoning, emancipating themselves from a spiritual thraldom. Such men had never felt their conscience encumbered by any

ecclesiastical dogmas. Dr. Hanna, in the work before us, after citing Wycliffe's report of certain speeches of our barons in the reign of Edward III., makes the following comment: —"These speeches, *when we think of the period when they were uttered,* are remarkable for the bold, broad, patriotic sentiments which they expressed." The sentiments they expressed were the natural and independent sentiments of such men at this, and at still earlier periods. They had never indoctrinated themselves in "high-church principles." Our Protestant controversies lead us here to practise a slight deception upon ourselves. Learned ecclesiastics at the time of the Reformation had to limit and define for themselves the power of the Church, breaking loose from certain dogmas then taught at the seats of learning. But such dogmas had never, at any time, been established in the head or the wills of feudal barons, feudal monarchs, or powerful municipalities.

In these days, when the temporal power of the Pope (though in a very different phase of it) has been made the subject of renewed discussion, it may be amusing, if nothing else, to refer to this debate in our House of Lords, of which Wycliffe is the reporter:—

"In 1365, thirty-three years after the last payment of this tribute (the tribute extorted from King John) had been made, Edward III. received an unexpected communication from Rome. Pope Urban V. not only demanded that the payment should be immediately renewed, but that the accumulated arrears should be instantly discharged; and to let the King of England know how resolute he was that this should be done, Edward was still further informed that, in default of compliance, he would be summoned to appear and answer to his liege lord the Pope for his neglect. The King laid the Pope's letter before a meeting of his Parliament, and submitted to it the question as to what answer should be given. At this important meeting Wycliffe was present, and has reported to us the speeches of some of the great barons on the occasion.

"The first speaker in the debate is a plain blunt soldier: 'The kingdom of England,' said he, 'was won by the sword, and by that sword has been defended. Julius Cæsar exacted a tribute by force, but force would give him no perpetual right to it. Let the Pope, then, gird on his sword, and come and try to exact this tribute by force, and I for one am ready to resist him.'

"The second lord (somewhat more rational) begins his speech by laying it down as a first principle that tribute such as that now claimed could be paid only to those capable of civil and secular rule. The Pope had no such qualification; his duty was to follow Christ, who refused all secular dominion. 'Let us hold him, then, firmly,' said the speaker, 'to his own proper spiritual duties, and oppose him when he claims civil power.'

"'It seems to me,' said the third speaker, 'that we can retort the Pope's own reasoning upon himself. He calls himself the servant of the servants of God. He can claim, then, such tribute as this only upon the ground of some good service rendered to this land; but as, in my judgment, he renders no such service, either spiritually or temporally, but only drains our treasure to help our enemies, the tribute, I say, should be denied.'"—(P. 16.)

Of Wycliffe himself, the reporter of this animated debate, from which we have extracted but a small portion, Dr. Hanna, in common with his other biographers, is well justified in speaking as of a man singularly in advance of his age. A more thorough acquaintance with that age would probably diminish the wonder we feel at his complete anticipation of the reformers of the sixteenth century. But his intellectual superiority was not so remarkable as his great boldness and self-reliance. It is his moral courage that strikes us with admiration. Think of the audacity of the man who could stand forth apparently alone, and challenge the whole University of Oxford to defend their favourite doctrine of transubstantiation. He signs a paper with twelve conclusions against this doctrine, and challenges all comers to contradict them. Twelve doctors and regents of the university assembled at the summons of the chancellor, but not to discuss such a flagrant heresy; they simply passed sentence of suspension, imprisonment, excommunication against every offender who should teach such heresy, or even listen to any teaching that impugns the faith in transubstantiation.

Wycliffe's opinions upon the subject

of Church property, and the manner in which he would deal with it, are bolder than even subsequent reformers, at the height of their success, could have ventured to propound. He would have reduced the Church to the condition of apostolic simplicity. There is a sort of Cobbett-like shrewdness, and a sort of Cobbett-like narrowness, in his views on this topic. In one respect Wycliffe did not treat his own order with common justice; for he argues as if the nobles of the land were more likely to see that priests did their duty, preached the gospel, and led pure lives, than the Church. Careless and pleasure-loving as bishops and abbots might be, there was little hope of reform in calling upon the nobility of the day to resume the grants of their ancestors, and constitute themselves the guardians of the property and the discipline of the priesthood. "Think ye, lords and mighty men," he exclaims, "who support priests, how fearful it is to maintain worldly priests in their luste, who neither know good nor will learn it, nor will live as holy men in their order! For ye may lightly amend them by only telling them that ye will not support them but as they do their duty, live well, and preach the gospel. Then, indeed, they would certainly do this. And think ye, great men, were not this a thousandfold better than to conquer the world? Hereby there should be none cost to you nor travail, but honour to God, and endless good to yourselves, to priests, and to all Christendom; for thus, by reducing the clergy to meekness, and useful poverty, and ghostly travail, as lived Christ and his apostles, sin should be destroyed, and holiness of life brought in," &c. &c. Not finding the gospel, or pure living, in the clergy of the day, did our reformer expect to obtain them through the pious zeal of armed men, whom he would call from the conquest of the world to the inviting task of superintending the "ghostly travail" of the priest?

One marvels how Wycliffe escaped martyrdom. He did everything to secure it. He attacked the mysteries, and he assailed the property, of the Church, the two points on which it is most susceptible. The jealousy that subsisted between the regular clergy and the monastic and mendicant orders, did something to protect him; but his escape was mainly owing to the fact that he stood almost alone. He had no following as yet. His views were probably regarded less with alarm than with wonder and surprise, as the wild extravagances of an enthusiast. In a subsequent age, when he was recognised as founder of the Lollards, the Church did its best to remedy its error and remissness. His bones were burnt, no doubt with intense regret that they were only bones—no muscle and no *nerve* upon them.

Unsparing and uncompromising as our reformer was, we have no trace, writes Dr. Hanna, of personal quarrels in his history. He lashed the Mendicants, but always as a class. He was in constant battle, but always for the truth. Wherever there was corruption, his hand was raised to strike, but it was vice always that he aimed at. "For a quarter of a century," says our author, "he lived in the stormy atmosphere of controversy. In his invectives he was violent and unrestrained; he lashed with unrelenting severity the ambition, the luxury, the worldliness, the selfishness of friars, prelates, priests. But he never, so far as I am aware, was involved in a personal quarrel; he never stooped to personal abuse. No individual friar, priest, or prelate is ever selected to suffer beneath his lash; and though all the vocabulary of abuse was exhausted upon him in return by his irritated adversaries, they have not named a single instance in which he spoke a word that he had to retract, or did a deed for which he had to apologise." Truly a wonderful man was this rector of Lutterworth. "Had he," concludes Dr. Hanna—

"Had he at that early age in which he lived seen but half the length he saw—had he done but half of what he did—had he attacked but one or two of the chief strengths of the enemy, and brought into action but one or two of the great engines of war—our eye had fixed on him as the foremost pioneer of that great host led on by Luther, who, far in advance of all the rest—alone in the thickest of the enemy—had first lifted the war-cry of the

Reformation and commenced the battle. But a century and a half before the ranks mustered under their great German leader, to see this solitary English soldier fighting that battle as he did, taken up every position that was afterwards taken up, using every instrument of war that afterwards was used, assaulting every stronghold that was afterwards assaulted —nay more, advancing in more than one direction further than ever Luther led— alone, deserted, pressing on to the last, not a jot of heart or hope abated, his last strokes his strongest, till he fell, but fell all-confident that he left victory in store for those who followed. What annalist of the great campaign shall describe to us the place and part in it that such a warrior filled, or who shall weave for us the crown that we would like to plant upon his pale and palsied brow?"—(P. 141.)

The second portion of Dr. Hanna's book treats, as we have said, of the Huguenots, or the Reformation in France: we are not disposed on the present occasion to enter on that period of history. It is a most complicate and voluminous subject. Nowhere does the Reformation present to us a greater variety of phase, and nowhere is each aspect that it presents more marked and decisive. Do you wish for instances of the fiercest fanaticism, of the most heroic and eager martyrdom, you will find them nowhere more plentiful than in the earlier period of the Reformation in France. Illiterate men are seen banded together, ready to go, hand in hand, through any torture to a thousand deaths, if that were possible. Learned men are seen disseminating their critical views from the university. Political men are seen to throw themselves into the contest, working out, in this religious turmoil, their own ambitious ends. A superstitious multitude are seen inflamed against heretics; they enact and anticipate the September massacres of the Revolution in defence of the Virgin and the saints; every aspect is in the extreme. The greatest levity, the most enormous cruelty, the sternest fanaticism, the most corrupt and selfish of motives, and the most genuine piety and self-sacrifice—all is there, all is evolved as the mingled political and religious drama proceeds in its development. It would be a hopeless task, in the brief space that lies before us, to say a satisfactory word upon so immense and so entangled a subject. The sketch which Dr. Hanna has given us, we have already said, lies under the disadvantage of being too brief; we should do no possible service by attempting to be still briefer.

Dr. Hanna writes throughout with a courteous and liberal spirit. He would rather go out of his way to find an apology than to frame an accusation. Wherever it is possible, he takes an indulgent view even of that party against which he is naturally opposed. We cannot be surprised, therefore, that when the course of his subject leads him to some mention of the great French reformer, Calvin, we find him somewhat more apologetical than the strict justice of the case appears to us to warrant. It would have been wiser to leave altogether untouched that fatal burning of Servetus, of which the world has heard enough, and the circumstances connected with which have now been thoroughly sifted, than to write of it in an apologetic strain which will not bear examination. When you have said that Calvin did but share the error of his age, you have said all. And the only lesson to be learned from the terrible blunder he committed is that which shows us what sort of doctrine or principle it is which leads, by strictest logic, to so cruel an action.

That doctrine or principle is that it is the duty of the magistrate to see to the purity of the faith in the citizen or the subject. And, indeed, men are almost as liable in this present time in which we live as in the age of Calvin, to assume some standard of religious faith, and to assert that it is a legitimate object of the laws to keep every mind as much as possible to that standard. That is *truth* as they see it—a truth momentous to all mankind, and of vital importance, so they persuade themselves, to human society. They cannot wean themselves from the idea that it should be part and parcel of the law of the land. We alluded at the commencement of our paper to the theory of a universal church based upon the possession of a revelation from Heaven, and embracing the whole human family in one Christian

brotherhood. This theory breaks down, because, notwithstanding the claim to revelation and the guidance of the Holy Spirit, differences of opinion *do* arise, and convicted errors *have* appeared. Unmistakable *facts* contradict the theory. When the Protestants relinquished this theory, and separated themselves from the Catholic Church, they still, each section for itself, claimed to be in possession of a positively revealed truth, upon which further argument was not to be permitted. If religion were founded, they said, on the speculative exercise of human reason, then the same speculative reason might be permitted to modify it in each individual. But it was founded on a positive revelation, and the Protestant had only to read the Book honestly. Each Protestant community felt itself, therefore, authorised to pronounce on truth, and hand it over to the custody of the magistrate. Calvin was in perfect harmony with his own age (and would find many persons at the present day in more complete accordance with him than they themselves suspect) when he called upon the civil magistrate to watch over the purity of the faith. On this painful subject of the execution of Servetus he writes in a letter to Sultzer, dated Sept. 9, 1553, "I avow that I thought it my duty, as far as in me lay, to restrain a man who is more than obstinate and untamable, in order that the contagion might spread no farther. We see how violently impiety everywhere stalks abroad, whence new errors spring up, and how great is the remissness of those to whom God has confided the power of the sword in vindicating the honour of his name. *While the Papists are so alert and fierce in supporting their superstitions that they riot in innocent blood, Christian magistrates might be ashamed to show themselves destitute of all spirit in defending the sure truth of God's Word.*" It would be useless to multiply quotations. The prevailing Protestant sentiment of the time is here very *naïvely* expressed:—You Catholics, with great fury and zeal, support error; we Protestants, with more lenient or rarer punishments, support the truth.

Dr. Hanna is very right in asserting that persecution is practically a matter of degree—that one execution in the public of Geneva is not an equivalent for the many burnings decreed by the monarchies of France and Spain—and the Protestants, at all events, waited till some overt act of heresy had been committed, and did not hunt out retiring dissentients who were doing all they could to conceal their private devotions. But what *can* our very amiable author mean by claiming for Calvin the merit of having first attempted "the arduous task of separating wholly the two domains, the civil and the ecclesiastical—each authority left supreme in its own sphere"? If the Christain magistrate was to hold it to be his duty to exterminate error by the sword, of what earthly consequence can it be whether he does this as the servant of the church, or by his own proper authority as such Christian magistrate?

On the 5th May 1559, the first Synod of the Reformed Church met at Paris. They met at a time when a fierce persecution was directed against themselves. They met to frame a Confession of Faith, and an order of worship, discipline, and government. These came, we are told, originally from the pen of Calvin. Themselves the object of persecution by the civil magistrate, this Synod nevertheless insert the following article in their Confession of Faith—that God "hath delivered the sword into the magistrate's hands, that all sins committed against both the tables of God's law, not only against the second, but against the first also, may be suppressed." Dr. Hanna then continues:—

"This clause contains the fatal dogma that six years before had sent Servetus to the stake. It being now laid down that both tables of God's law should unitedly form part of the civil and criminal code, and that it was equally obligatory on the magistrate to punish breaches of both, an inexorable logic doomed Servetus to be burned. Let us not misunderstand, however, the Genevese reformer, nor set up that single burning pile of Servetus against the thousands of Spain and France and Holland, as if it proved that the first reformers were as great persecutors as the churchmen of Rome. From

the time of the fourth Lateran Council in 1215, it was the creed and practice of the Roman Catholic Church that all secular powers should be constrained to enforce the sentence of the Church against heretics, and lend their aid to exterminate them. So far from turning the State into a tool of the Church, to be employed in such a way and for such a purpose, Calvin's was the hand that first attempted the arduous task of separating wholly the two domains—the civil and the ecclesiastical—each authority left supreme in its own sphere. The Church's sole instrument, he tells us in his *Institutes*, is the Word. His last punishment is excommunication, which he is to use only in extreme necessity." —(P. 174.)

Dr. Hanna would be incapable of writing a disingenuous passage, and he himself has laid the whole truth before his readers; but how did he deceive himself into the notion that he was here framing some apology, claiming some merit, for Calvin? If the sword is to descend on the neck of the heretic, what comfort can it be to him, or to us, to be assured that this is the proper function of the Christian magistrate, and that the Christian Church uses the Word only, and restricts itself to excommunication? Calvin's attempt at the arduous task of separating the two domains, civil and ecclesiastical, leaves the heretic with his head upon the block, and curiously discusses which of the two powers originates the most legitimate order to sever it from his shoulders.

Instead of further bewailing the persecutions that have taken place, it would be the wisest part to note how almost inevitably they have arisen, and against what tendency to commit similar errors we have still to struggle. He who floats with the stream does not feel the force of the current. He who thinks with all around him exclaims that conviction is free, and that no man is constrained either to suffer or to dissemble. Tests, oaths, subscriptions, are of course felt as no burden to those who willingly take them.

In the old heathen time, religion was more an affair of the State than it was of the individual conscience. Its great ceremonies were performed or national safety, or for the common benefit. The religion consisted more of ceremonial than of doctrine, and what private soldier going to the wars would care to pronounce, on his own responsibility, what ceremonies or sacrifices would please the gods? Worship was first social before it was private.. There was no motive for disputing the national *will* on a subject so intimately connected with the national *prosperity*.

When Christianity became the religion of the majority, it took the place of the old Paganism. How could it have been otherwise? It was the rooted habit to regard religion as a national care—as a national necessity. Men, *as a nation*, it was thought, must worship God. But the Christian religion is more doctrinal than ceremonial; and during the earliest ages of Christianity we find a fierce struggle going on to determine what dogmas shall compose the religion of the State. Some of the subtlest points of doctrine that could be presented to the intellect—if, indeed, they were not altogether beyond the scope of human intelligence—are seen contending together for the mastery. An approximation to unity is obtained by popular favour to some mystery, or by force of logic, or by imperial influence, or the happy combination of the three. But it is only an approximation. Dispute never terminates. There is never a period when some disputants have not to be argued against, or quelled in a more summary manner. This attempt at unity in a religion that is mainly doctrinal, has never quite succeeded; and, what is evident to the most careless observer, the more people think and discuss, the more hopeless becomes this national unity. It is time that the attempt be altogether relinquished. Let us cease to plague each other by tests, judicial oaths, and subscriptions to articles. Let us fully and finally understand that it is not the province of the magistrate to enforce both "tables of the law"—that the conduct of man to man is the sole object of jurisprudence. By this reticence human society will not forfeit any of the advantages of the religious faith that stirs and lives within it—will rather, we feel per-

suaded, receive a larger share of that permeating and moralising influence which results from religion.

We will not dwell longer on a topic which to many of our readers may appear trite and familiar. We will make but one more observation, and then leave them, if they are so disposed, to the perusal of this pleasant historical volume of Dr. Hanna.

It is evident that the degree of toleration already attained in Europe has been owing to the successful struggle that Protestantism has been able to make against Catholicism. The majority had, in every country, a manifest disposition to tyrannise over the minority: where the minority could make itself respected by its force and numbers, there, and there only, a toleration ensued. But though toleration depends, in the first instance, on a certain balance of power, or on the relative strength of parties, it does not follow that it must always rest on this coarse and unsatisfactory basis; so that if any one sect should obtain a great predominance, our habits of toleration must cease to exist. Happily, it is the tendency of every progressive people to regard religion more and more as an affair of the individual conscience, less and less as a matter of State interference. A toleration won, in the first instance, through martyrdom and war, becomes wrought into our theory of government. We have made the discovery that a mode of thought may be most excellent, or even essential to society, and yet not require the fostering aid of legislation, or the rewards and punishments which the law can bestow. We renounce no high or spiritual motives, but, even in very favour of these, we limit the sphere of government to the palpable moralities between man and man. When we say that security to life and property is the legitimate object of the law, we do not mean that man has only to live for his property; we simply assert that the higher part of man's life needs not, and should be altogether manumitted from, the coarse restraints of any species of penal legislation. Such theory of government, though introduced in the rude manner we have described, may be ultimately received on its own proper merits.

Thus every work on the Reformation introduces us to three phases of Christendom; the theory of the universal Church, the theory of a national Church, and that state into which we are settling, in which religion is considered as a subject of instruction only—in which Government judiciously lends its aid by taking advantage of such unanimity as it finds, the attempt at a national unity in religious faith being entirely relinquished. The Established Church of England may now be regarded as a great institution for the religious instruction and religious worship of the people, which opposes itself to no other instruction or worship, except in that most legitimate manner—the surpassing them in excellence.

DOMINE, QUO VADIS?*

THERE stands in the old Appian way,
Two miles without the Roman wall,
A little ancient church, and grey:
Long may it moulder not, nor fall!
There hangs a legend on the name
One reverential thought may claim.

'Tis written of that fiery time,
When all the angered evil powers
Leagued against Christ for wrath and crime,
How Peter left the accursèd towers,
Passing from out the guilty street,
And shook the red dust from his feet.

Sole pilgrim else in that lone road,
Suddenly he was 'ware of one
Who toiled beneath a weary load,
Bareheaded in the beating sun,
Pale with long watches, and forespent
With harm and evil accident.

Under a cross His weak limbs bow.
Scarcely His sinking strength avails.
A crown of thorns is on His brow,
And in His hands the print of nails.
So friendless and alone in shame,
One like the Man of Sorrows came.

Read in her eyes who gave thee birth,
That loving, tender, sad rebuke;
Then learn no mother on this earth,
How dear soever, shaped a look
So sweet, so sad, so pure as now
Came from beneath that holy brow.

And deeply Peter's heart it pierced,
Once had he seen that look before;
And even now, as at the first,
It touched, it smote him to the core.
Bowing his head, no word save three
He spoke—"Quo vadis, Domine?"

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* See MRS. JAMESON'S *Sacred and Legendary Art*, p. 180.

Then as he looked up from the ground,
His Saviour made him answer due—
"My son, to Rome I go thorn-crowned,
"There to be crucified anew;
"Since he to whom I gave my sheep
"Leaves them for other men to keep."

Then the saint's eyes grew dim with tears.
He knelt his Master's feet to kiss—
"I vexed my heart with faithless fears,
"Pardon thy servant, Lord, for this."
Then rising up—but none was there—
No voice, no sound, in earth or air.

Straightway his footsteps he retraced,
As one who hath a work to do.
Back through the gates he passed with haste,
Silent, alone, and full in view;
And lay forsaken, save of One,
In dungeon deep ere set of sun.

Then he, who once, apart from ill,
Nor taught the depth of human tears,
Girded himself and walked at will,
As one rejoicing in the years,
Girded of others, scorned and slain,
Passed heavenward through the gates of pain.

If any bear a heart within,
Well may these walls be more than stone,
And breathe of peace and pardoned sin
To him who grieveth all alone.
Return, faint heart, and strive thy strife;
Fight, conquer, grasp the crown of life.

P. S. Worsley.

THE TRANSITION STATE OF OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

THE Government of India is now in a transition state, which it must be impossible for any reflecting mind to regard without feelings of the liveliest interest, not altogether unmixed with anxiety, perhaps we might say "with alarm." For although hope may, with the more sanguine, predominate over fear, it is certain that we are inaugurating a great experiment, that we are tearing up with a remorseless hand all ancient traditions and time-honoured precedents, and plunging headlong into a sea of novelty, to sink or swim as Providence may decree. That there is danger in this who can doubt? "Nothing venture, nothing have," is a good old proverb; it stimulates energy, and encourages enterprise, and the lessons which it has taught us are at the very bottom of our great national successes. But there is another proverb which tells us that "discretion is the better part of valour;" and if this be true in military life, how much more true is it in relation to political affairs? Experiments ought to be made in single files, not in battalions. The *diruit-ædificat* practice ought to be carried out a little at a time, or not at all.

The old system under which the affairs of India were administered was not a perfect system; indeed, we may cheerfully acknowledge that it had many inherent defects. That the great Indian mutiny made those defects more apparent is not equally admissible. If anything so exceptional can be said to have tested the efficacy of the system at all, the result must be said to have been in its favour. In that tremendous crisis, the indomitable energy and the fertility of resource displayed by the servants of the Company were equal to the occasion. They kept the enemy in check till succours arrived from England; and those succours were dispatched with an amount both of promptitude and of careful organisation by the authorities of the Indian House, such as had never been evinced in the corresponding arrangements of the Imperial Government. Neither the Company nor the Company's servants were found wanting in this emergency. If they had been, we should have lost India. But a great calamity had befallen the empire. It is true that a similar calamity had befallen every native government, and that the most extraordinary fact in connection with the history of the great military rebellion of 1857 is, that the storm burst upon us for the first time after a lapse of a hundred years; that whereas in all other native armies mutiny may be said to be chronic, with periodical acute symptoms, the British army has had only one severe attack in the course of a century. Still, as we have said, there was a gigantic calamity—and, for a while, there was a tremendous danger. It is the way with us, whenever there is a great disaster, to demand a victim. There was no Minister in this case to be impeached, and no General to be shot, so the Company was arraigned, sentenced, and executed.

We said what we had to say about this at the time, and we have no desire to revive the discussion. The East India Company was being destroyed piecemeal; and it is probable that, if there had been no Indian mutiny, it would have died out in the course of a few years. It was simply a question of time. The passion for change, the hatred of powerful corporations, with vested rights, and privileges and patronages of any kind, were much too strong to have permitted the continued existence of such a gigantic "anomaly" as a company of princes, elected by holders of stock. The extinction of the Company, as a governing body—however little advantageous it might be to India—was, indeed, a political necessity. But surely that one great change might have sufficed for some years. The popular appetite does not require to be cloyed with changes. We do not perceive that there was any political necessity for destroying at once the *whole* system under which our Indian empire has been built up, and has flourished as no such empire has ever flourished before. The changes which it is now proposed to

institute—organic changes as for the most part they are—might all be excellent in themselves, and yet it might not be expedient to give them all simultaneous effect. It behoves us to experimentalise cautiously and gradually; to make sure that we have planted one foot on firm ground before we advance the other. If we do not, we may find the earth crumbling beneath us, and may be shattered to pieces in our precipitous descent.

If time and space be allowed to us, we may offer some remarks upon these several contemplated changes, and show how, in the aggregate, they entirely destroy the constitutional balance, to which, in the old time, we were wont to look as the very safeguard of the empire. Primarily, our concern is with the Army question, which is a part, and a very large part, of the proposed revolution; but its full significance can hardly be understood and appreciated except in connection with the other changes which are now on the ministerial anvil.

When the government of the East India Company ceased to be, and the affairs of India were brought under the immediate superintendence of the Crown, the Company's army was nominally converted into her Majesty's Indian forces. It was supposed, in the first instance, that there would be nothing more than a change of name, and as the Act of Parliament guaranteed to the Company's servants the continuance of all their rights and privileges, it was assumed that from the highest to the lowest — from the Viceroy to the drummer-boy—there would be great rejoicing in the access of dignity derived from direct connection with the Crown. No substantive change in the general character of the Indian army was necessitated by the change of government. That army had hitherto been, in technical parlance, partly a line army and partly a local army. That is to say, the local or Company's army, consisting mainly of native troops, had been supported by certain regiments—cavalry and infantry—of her Majesty's army, which were periodically relieved. The European troops serving in India were mainly troops of the line. The artillery was entirely local artillery. But the Company, before the period of the mutiny of 1857, had, throughout all the three presidencies of India, only nine European infantry regiments, and no European cavalry. The defection of the native army necessitated an increase of the Company's European army; but still, at the time of the transfer of the government to the Queen, a very large proportion of the European troops in India belonged to the regular service of the Crown. Her Majesty, therefore, had two armies—the British army and the Indian army; and people soon began to ask whether these two armies would be retained as separate establishments, or blended—amalgamated—into one.

The revolt of the native army had necessitated a revision of that branch of the service; but still no one doubted for a moment that there must be a native army. And that so long as there is a native army there must be a local army, was equally clear. But the "anomaly," at the contemplation of which some people affected to stand aghast, was the existence of two separate *European* armies under the Crown. It will be understood, therefore, that when we write of "line" and "local" armies, as distinguished from each other, we class under the latter epithet only the white troops of her Majesty's army. About the local character of the native army there was, of course, no manner of doubt.

Ever since the transfer of the direct government of India to the Crown, this question of the amalgamation of the two European armies has, we say, been more or less agitated. As there have been great conflicts of opinion on the subject, so have there been many fluctuations of feeling. The expectations and the wishes of those concerned have oscillated and alternated from time to time; and it is only within the last few months that we have been able to fix our minds steadily upon a given start-point. At one time the prevailing impression was, that the local army of India would be maintained. It was known to be the opinion of the Indian Minister (Lord Stanley) that it was advisable to keep up the old Company's Euro-

pean army, considerably increased in numbers, as an integral establishment, entirely distinct from the royal forces. The majority of the Commission which had been appointed to collect evidence bearing generally upon the question of the reorganisation of the Indian army, European and native, had, it is true, reported in favour of the amalgamation of the two armies; but it was generally felt that the balance of evidence was against that amalgamation, and that the larger amount of knowledge and experience was on the side of the minority of the Commission. It was known, too, that the Council of India were strongly opposed to amalgamation, and that the Governor-General had recorded an opinion against it. These circumstances confirmed for a time the general belief that the local European army of India would be maintained as an integral establishment.

Everything, however, remained in a state of uncertainty until the spring of the present year. There had been a change of Government, but it was by no means certain that therefore there had been a change of opinion. Sir Charles Wood, indeed, has stated in his place in the House of Commons, that his original prepossessions were in favour of the maintenance of the local army. And the local army would, probably have been maintained, but for its inability to understand that, having enlisted for the Company, it could lawfully be made over, like a herd of oxen or a gang of negroes, to the Crown.

This inability appears to us to have been somewhat harshly judged. It is said that when the native mutiny was over, the old Company's European army, following the example of the sepoys, revolted; and this alone is held to be more than enough to seal its condemnation. Even the Indian Minister, as we have said, changed his mind in consequence of this manifestation of bad feeling. But nothing can possibly be more inconsequential. The old Company's Europeans did not strike for the bounty because their discipline was bad, but because they felt that they could not be transferred from the service of the Company to the service of the Crown without re-enlistment by their own consent; and re-enlistment involved the payment of the bounty. The occasion was of a purely exceptional character—the exception being one that cannot occur again except by carrying out the very measure now recommended as a remedy for all the evils of the old system.*

Three large Blue-books have been published illustrative of this so-called mutiny of the local army. It is impossible to conceive a milder affair. The language of the men was for the most part, as respectful as it was logical. They had enlisted, they said, for the service of the East India Company; the East India Company had ceased to exist, and therefore their service was at an end. Some of the men put this in plain, untutored, but forcible language of their own; others appear to have had their answer drawn up for them by the lawyer, for there is a lawyer in almost every regiment. Let us take, at random, from the parliamentary papers, two or three of the answers given by the men of the Company's European regiments, when asked if they had any complaints. At page 553, we find that Lance-corporal Robert Milligan, Scotchman, put the case thus plainly—"I feel aggrieved at being made over to her Majesty; I would not have enlisted for her Majesty's service, if I had had the choice. I enlisted to serve the Company, and as the Company does not now exist, I consider my oath no longer binds me as a soldier. I wish, if I can get my discharge, to go home; and I wish my claim referred to Parliament, as I do not

* This is a point which might advantageously be enlarged upon. It is obvious that, if care be not taken, we may raise a second "mutiny" by an attempt at a second transfer. In Mr. Willoughby's dissent, to which subsequent reference is made in the body of our article, there are some pertinent observations on this head. We conclude that the difficulty will be got over by enacting that none of the local corps, converted into line regiments, shall be relieved until the ten or twelve years' Indian service, for which the men have enlisted, are expired. There are, doubtless, some ticklish operations which will demand very careful handling.

think the Commander-in-Chief has power to decide it." Another Scotchman, on the opposite page, says, "I am not agreeable to soldier under her Majesty, as I was not sworn in for it; that's my reason." An Irishman, next on the list, says, "I've nothing more to say, sir, than that I enlisted for the Honourable East India Company, for ten or twelve years, so long as they required my services; and now they are done away with, I think I'm entitled to my discharge. I only want my discharge, and don't want to re-enlist. I enlisted for the Company only, and not for any corps in her Majesty's service." An Englishman, whose answer appears on the same page, says, "I enlisted for the Honourable Company for ten years, provided they so long required my services. I understand the Company is now no more, and I consider myself a free man. I wish for my discharge, and to give up soldiering. I swore to *serve* the East India Company, and *to be true* to her Majesty, her heirs, and successors, as a civil subject"—the distinction, doubtless, of an intelligent man, who understood the oath he had taken, and who could not readily be persuaded that because he had sworn to be true to the Queen, he had sworn to serve her as a soldier.*

These are fair specimens of the plain, unsophisticated logic of gunners and privates of the old Company's army. But their protests, as we have said, were sometimes put forth in a more lawyer-like shape. Many artillerymen, for example, represented the case according to the following formula: — "I distinctly understood, when I agreed to serve the East India Company, that when that Company should cease to hold power in India (as it has done by an Act of Parliament passed in 1858), its claim upon me also ceased, and therefore I beg to submit the following arguments in my behalf: 1. In my attestation I agreed to serve the East India Company for twelve or fourteen years, provided the East India Company should so long require my services. Now, the East India Company, so far as regards me, has ceased to exist; and as there is now no Company, they cannot require my services any longer; therefore, legally, my contract is void, and I am a free man. 2. Some have brought forward my oath of allegiance as argument against me. Now, it is well known that that oath is supposed to be taken by every one of her Majesty's subjects, and that no man can obtain a situation under Government without doing so. 3. If the oath of allegiance has power to keep me in my present situation, why does it not form part of my attestation? but it is only mentioned in the deposition made by the magistrate; consequently, as it does not form part of my attestation, it does not bind me in any way further than serving her Majesty loyally, being one of her subjects." We hardly think, however, that this more formal and methodical statement of the case is any improvement upon the simple unpremeditated logic quoted above.

But whether premeditated or unpremeditated, there is nothing disrespectful in all this. The majority of the men did not mean to be disrespectful, and were not at all disaffected. They simply stood out, not merely for what they conceived to be their rights, but what actually were their rights. There appears, however, in some cases, to have been a vague idea of playing at mutineers on a larger scale. There are always some foolish, ill-conditioned men in a regiment, ready to avail themselves of any opportunity that may arise for a *row*, and not overburdened with any scruples of loyalty or conscience. It would have been marvellous indeed, if, at such a time, there had not been some treasonable correspondence, for the period which succeeds one of active and exciting

* See also a demi-official letter, at page 749 of the printed papers, from Lieut.-General Beresford to Sir Patrick Grant, in which the former officer narrates a conversation which he held with a man of the Madras Fusiliers—"a Scotchman, of better family than soldiers generally are, and well educated"—who appears, at some length, to have enunciated the same view, and supported it with a good deal of argumentative dexterity.

service is always a dangerous crisis in the discipline of an army. A few foolish letters were written about combination, and some senseless, perhaps drunken fellows, scribbled here and there upon the walls some nonsense about marching "to Delhi." But we do not believe that there were half-a-dozen men among the so-called "mutineers" who had any sober, serious intention of doing anything of the kind. They all, however, declared, very soberly and seriously, that they had no desire to serve the Queen.

Now, it would be almost as absurd to declare that these men had any especial feelings of loyalty and veneration towards the Company, as it was to predict at the time of the transfer that every man, woman, and child, under that great corporation, would shout themselves hoarse with delight at the thought of a more immediate connection with the Crown. The majority, we believe, simply resented the abstract notion of an enforced transfer from one authority to another. Some had an obscure idea that they were condemned by this transfer to the forfeiture of certain acquired rights; and others, doubtless, regarded what might be the practical inconveniences of the change. They had enlisted for service in India, and they apprehended that, once transferred to her Majesty's service, they might be compelled "to soldier" in England,—an important consideration, especially to those who had enlisted for the express purpose of leaving the country, and hiding themselves in a foreign land. All these things would have been perfectly clear and intelligible without the aid of three great Blue-books to demonstrate it on the authority of the soldiers themselves: But the authorities in India do not appear, until too late, to have understood the situation. A little timely explanation—a trifling concession at the outset, and the old soldiers of the Company would have become the loyal servants of the Queen. But too much heed was given to the councils of high functionaries, who knew more about laws than about men, and who consulted Advocates-General instead of their own hearts. This is a mistake which statesmen are too apt to make. They forget that large bodies of men are only so many individuals, with like passions and appetences and reasoning powers as themselves, and treat them in the concrete as though they were vast machines. A well-judged, assuring speech on parade—a good dinner—a few fireworks—and the promise of a year or two's service to count towards their time of pension—would have made everything run smoothly, and every troop and company in the service would have given three lusty cheers for the Queen.

We have dwelt upon this story of the great strike of the Company's European army at greater length than we had intended, or than its intrinsic importance would warrant, because it has been put forward as the proximate cause of the contemplated abolition of the local service. The argument, we believe, is, that a local army is not likely to be as loyal and as well-disciplined as a line army, and that this fact has been clearly demonstrated by the recent revolt. There are some who have thought it necessary, in support of this argument, to descant upon the general deficiencies of the old Company's European force. It has been said that the local army of India has shown itself to be so wanting in discipline, that it may be fairly pronounced to have signed its own death-warrant. "Give a dog a bad name—and hang him." The dog is to be hanged; so a bad name must be found for him. But it was not found that he was so very bad a dog when he was flying at the throat of the Bengal tiger—when Neill was crying havoc, and letting him slip at the enemy, gorged with European blood. The magnificent achievements of the Indian artillery, for a century past, are sufficient to make the reputation of any service in the world. When the Bengal artillery and the Royal artillery worked together, in generous emulation, under Lord Clyde, did the great Indian hero, who has just returned to sun his laurels amongst us, draw any distinctions unfavourable to the former? Did Napier and Hardinge, who had served with both, draw any such distinctions? No: they were delighted to declare, on every possible occasion, that the Ben-

gal artillery was unsurpassed by any in the world. This complaint of want of discipline has never been alleged before. It has been trumped up now for the occasion. Some, we believe, have endeavoured to fix its paternity on Lord Clyde. But that eminent soldier, in his farewell address to the Indian army, dwelt emphatically upon the good discipline of both services—the line and the local army—and we have too high an opinion of him to believe that he keeps a vocabulary of praise only for such public occasions.

But however ill-founded the charge against it may be, it is certain that the doom of the local army is sealed. As we write, a bill is before Parliament for the suspension of enlistments for such service. As with well-nigh all Indian measures, public discussion is not invited until the session is nearly at an end, and then legislation is hurried through in a most unseemly manner. Every member of Parliament cares for his holidays, but every member of Parliament does not care for the Indian army. We would have wished, therefore, that the subject had been discussed at an earlier period. It may be fairly doubted, indeed, whether, in its present poverty of information, Parliament is in a fit state for the discussion of so important a question. Some think that before the question is decided, we ought to know the terms and conditions under which the amalgamation is to take place. Others are of opinion that, until the relative powers of the Secretary of State for India and his Council are determined, the discussion ought not to proceed. These are, doubtless, important considerations, against which are to be arrayed the extreme disadvantages of that continued incertitude, which already is sapping the morale of the Indian army. This evil is so certain and so great, that it is hardly to be balanced by any problematical benefit that may arise from a more leisurely consideration of the question. It is perfectly plain that the decision of that question is not to be determined by mere force of argument. If it were, the published minutes of Sir John Lawrence, Sir James Outram, Colonel Durand, Mr. Willoughby, Mr. Prinsep, Captain Eastwick, and other great Indian authorities, would have already decided it. But, as it is, we cannot hope that they will affect the eventual result any more than the last new song or the last *bon-mot* in *Punch*.

But we believe that, if they were only read, they would extensively influence public opinion. Mr. Willoughby's elaborate dissent may, indeed, almost be said to exhaust the subject. We cannot hope, and therefore we shall not attempt to give, in the limited space at our disposal, a satisfactory account of the long array of arguments which it contains. We may state, however, that it satisfactorily demonstrates that the proposed system will be more costly and less effective than the old; that India, whilst it pays for the maintenance of large bodies of Imperial troops, will only have a partial control over their services, and that when at any time those services are required in Europe, Imperial interests are sure to be regarded, to the entire exclusion of all considerations connected with the welfare of India; that an efficient European army in India is less likely to be maintained by a system of reliefs than by the permanent residence in the country of local forces, because the sanitary condition of seasoned troops is always superior to that of new-comers; that the destruction of the local European establishment will lower the character and affect the morale of the native army; that the transfer of the controlling authority to the Horse-Guards will lower the influence and the prestige of the governments of India, will remove nearly all the existing checks on the abuse of patronage, and fatally affect the general military administration of India, which demands more undivided attention and more local experience than the Commander-in-Chief or the Secretary-at-War can bestow upon it; and, above all, that neither the officers nor the men of a line army are likely to have the same knowledge of, or the same kindly feelings towards, the natives of the country, as those who look to India as their home, instead of regarding themselves as mere birds of passage.

These and other considerations are emphatically urged by Mr. Wil-

loughby, and supported with a wealth of argument and illustration which leaves little new to be said upon the subject. We have always thought that the objection which we have placed last in the above list, is the most vital of all, because it affects not only the military service of India, but the entire administration of the country, and our general relations with the people. Every one knows that hitherto many of the most important administrative and diplomatic offices have been held by soldiers nurtured and trained in the bosom of the Company's army; who have looked upon India as the home of their adoption, and had no thought of distinction on any other theatre of action. This system of employing a large number of military officers on extra-regimental duties may have had some concomitant evils; but we incline to think that they have been greatly overrated. Mr. T. G. Baring, Under-Secretary of State for India, put the case in a clever and telling manner, when he said, in the course of the debate on the second reading of Sir Charles Wood's Bill—"Let honourable members for a moment imagine a regiment of British infantry quartered at Portsmouth, its major being governor of the Isle of man, its senior captain master of Westminster School, another of its officers at the head of the Irish Constabulary, a fourth negotiating the commercial treaty in Paris, a fifth a major of militia, a sixth employed in the construction of the Caledonian Canal, and a seventh engaged in superintending the construction of a harbour in Galway, and they would have some idea of the way in which European officers were employed in India previous to the mutiny." Perhaps, considering the multifarious duties in which officers of the Indian army are employed, the analogy is not much overstrained. But it might have been replied, that if the establishment of officers nominally attached to a regiment is calculated upon a numerical scale intended to admit of the absence of a certain number of officers at a time, and if that number is not exceeded, no great harm is done after all. The regimental training is decidedly advantageous; and it appears now to be the opinion of some highly competent authorities that many European officers are not wanted with native regiments, and that the Irregular system is the best. When a regiment is on service, more officers may be required; but then the rules of the service, no less than practice and inclination, provide that officers on Staff employ should rejoin their respective corps. We have seen, to our astonishment, some statements to the contrary; and it has even been said that when in England we hear so much, on the sudden breaking-out of war, of officers rushing back to join their regiment, the movement only indicates that a certain number of officers are rushing back to join lucrative appointments on the Staff. But this is not, and, we may add, never has been the case. During the Indian mutiny, we believe that every officer was at the post where his services were most required. It was so sudden, and so disastrous in its suddenness, that officers could not rejoin their regiments before they heard that their comrades had been shot down, and their sepoys marched off for Delhi. And assuredly they were of more service to their country at the court of a native prince, keeping him true to his allegiance, or preserving by their influence and authority a whole district in peace and tranquillity than by going to their regiments to be shot like dogs. But this crisis of the Indian mutiny was altogether of an exceptional character. Who, with any knowledge and experience, doubts that when the war in Affghanistan commenced—we cannot say "broke out," for it was deliberately undertaken—officers threw up their Staff appointments and rushed back eagerly to their corps?* Who doubts that they did the same when war with

* "There was not an officer in the army who did not long to join the invading force; and many from the distant presidency, or from remote provincial stations, leaving the quiet Staff appointments, which had lapped them so long in ease and luxury, rushed upwards to join their regiments."—Kaye's *History of the War in Affghanistan.*

China was declared, and when the Sikhs invaded our borders? We can conceive, indeed, nothing more unjust than an imputation of this kind levelled against the officers of the Company's army, who have since the days of Clive, like that great hero, been "immoderately addicted to fighting," and have never shrunk from it when they have had a chance.

But if this system has some inherent defects, surely they are not to be remedied in the manner proposed. The real question to be determined is, how we are to improve the existing military system without injury to the general administration of the country. What we want to do is to keep India without fighting for it; but if any large number of civil and political appointments are placed in the hands of men of slight Oriental training, and with no Oriental sympathies, we may be sure that ere long we shall be fighting for India instead of governing in peace. Nothing struck Mr. Wilson more, on his first arrival in India, than the difference between the line and the local officers in respect to their treatment of the natives of the country. New-comers are almost always haughty, insolent, and even cruel, towards the natives, and the officers of line regiments have, hitherto, rarely become more considerate towards them throughout the whole period of their residence in India. Looking upon themselves as mere birds of passage, they take little interest in the people, and are seldom at the pains to study and to understand their character and feelings. Any enlarged sympathy with "Blackey" is held to be a disreputable weakness. But men who feel that their lot is cast in India—that Indian administration is in some shape or other the profession of their lives, who have no hankering after the clubs of St. James's and the salons of Belgravia, deem it no weakness to sympathise with the feelings of the natives, and to study their languages, their customs, and their institutions. The Indian army has never yet been wanting in first-rate administrators and diplomatists. But we do not feel quite so sure that, when appointments of this kind are scrambled for by line officers, the same number of Malcolms, Munros, and Lawrences will come to the front.

Are we to believe that anything but the feeling that India is their legitimate sphere of action, can keep men up to this high mark? Are mere strangers and pilgrims, who vote India a bore, and are eager to abridge their period of exile as much as possible, likely to run the risks and to incur the sacrifices by which alone we are enabled to do great things? Mr. Baring, whose speech we have already quoted, pointed out the fine field of action which lies open to the enterprise of Great Britain, and spoke of the independent achievements of young men like Eldred Pottinger, Herbert Edwardes, and Willoughby Osborne. But all that he said on this subject sounded to us like an eloquent protest against the abolition of that local service, which has given us these young heroes. It was the old system that made these men—that made a succession of such men—and why should we seek to change it? They went out to India with no interest—with no recommendations beyond their own personal character. They made their way to the front rank by their own heroic exertions, fostered by a system which throws no cold shade over the manly efforts of the middle classes. Will men appointed to line regiments in England, taking their tour of duty in India, ever have the same generous ambition to distinguish themselves in wild scenes of Indian adventure? An Indian career may be regarded by them as a chapter in varied life; but it will not fill the book of their lives; it will not be a whole, but a part; and as such, will never develop the same energies or incite to the same persistent action. This may be said to be mere conjecture, but it is conjecture based upon experience.

This is the Indian view of the question; but it is probable that there are many of our readers who will be more inclined to take an English view of it, and to consider the immense power which all this increase of patronage will confer upon the Government of the day. If it be intended, as we conclude,

that the patronage once administered by the East India Company shall, with the exception of the portion reserved to public competition, be made over to the Horse-Guards or the Secretary-at-War, it is easy to see how the power of the Crown and the influence of the aristocracy may be greatly enhanced by the change. This may be regarded as a very serious matter in itself, but it is far more serious when viewed in connection with other contemplated reforms of a kindred character. A few words of explanation will perhaps be necessary to make this clear to the general reader. The old system under which India was governed, however "anomalous" and "inconsistent" it may have been, was somewhat cunningly devised. It at all events contained within itself certain constitutional checks, which it now appears to be the leading desire of our legislators wholly to destroy. The home government of India consisted of the Court of Directors of the East India Company and the Board of Control; the Indian Governments, of governors and councils. These different agencies and authorities may not have been necessarily antagonistic, but they were diverse and heterogeneous, and, being such, there was no continual chain or conduit, as it were, between the ministerial or parliamentary fountain-head in England and the great field of Indian service. The Court of Directors stood between the Queen's Ministers and the Indian governor; and the Indian governor stood between the Court of Directors and the Indian service; and then there were the Indian councils, appointed by the Court of Directors to act as a check upon the Indian governors appointed by the Minister of the day. There was, indeed, every possible security for the right administration of patronage in India. The initial patronage was in the hands of the Court of Directors. The Directors sent out a certain number of young men every year to India. They may have been their own sons, nephews, grandsons, &c., but beyond giving the youths a fair start in life, they could do nothing for them. The son of a Director went out to India with no better prospect of obtaining the loaves and fishes of the service, than the son of a country parson from an obscure west-of-England village. The actual "appointments" in India were in the gift of the local governments. There was one exception, however, to this, and one which it is necessary to bear in mind. The members of the several councils of India were appointed by the Court of Directors. Constitutionally they were held to be checks upon the local governors, and it was considered a preposterous notion that a great public functionary should select his own checks. The appointments, then, with this exception, being in the gift of the Governor-General, there was no likelihood of any improper administration of public patronage. The great mass of the candidates for office, sent out to India by the Directors, were youths of the middle classes, whom a Governor-General was not likely to have much personal interest in promoting. The Directors themselves had little or no personal connection with the Governor-General, and the Crown Minister had little or no interest in the success of the young men sent out to India, So it happened that very little pressure from England was brought to bear upon the heads of Government in India, who found themselves fettered by no pledges on their own account, and no solicitations from chiefs of their party, but free to put the right man in the right place, and thus to contribute to the general welfare of the State. There could hardly have been a system better contrived to secure a just and beneficial administration of Indian patronage; and no one, we believe, has ever alleged that, under that system, the best men have not come to the front.

The advantages of these checks were so patent, that when it was proposed to substitute a new form of government for that of the East India Company and the Board of Control, it was deemed to be essential by all who considered the question in its constitutional aspects, that some similar contrivances should be introduced into the new system.

The Council of India was intended to preserve the balance on this side, *vice* the Court of Directors, and the Indian councils were maintained unchanged. The Court of Directors, before their final extinction, had been shorn of their civil patronage. All their once-coveted writerships had been taken away from them, and given over to public competition. Whether under this system a better class of public functionaries was likely to arise for the administration of the affairs of India, was a fair open question. But, at all events, the change did not render any abuse of patronage in India a bit more likely. The competitors were not likely to be connections of the Governor-General, or of his parliamentary friends at home. No one could obtain entrance into the service except through the gate of public competition, and no appointments of high trust and responsibility were given to any who had not passed through that gate and regularly graduated in the service. There was still an exclusive covenanted service and a close system. But it is now proposed to abolish the exclusive privileges of this service. A bill has been prepared for the amendment of the law concerning the civil service of India, the intent of which is to throw open to competition in India—that is, to place at the disposal of the local governments, without restriction as to persons—offices which have hitherto been held exclusively by men who have graduated in the covenanted civil service. A man desiring to hold a commissionership or a judgeship in India, will, after the passing of this bill, no longer be compelled to waste his youth in the solitudes of India; he may try his luck first of all in England; may enter a profession, and, failing at home, betake himself to India; or having spent his patrimony in genteel society at home, he may exchange the' clubs of St. James's for the Duftur-Khanas of Calcutta, and go out to recruit his fallen fortunes and his exhausted social energies in some comfortable berth at the Presidency. There will be no longer any necessity to climb the ladder of fortune step by step. A man may enter the service of the Indian government at fifty, and pocket at once his 5000 rupees a-month. It is not our wont to exaggerate possible evils, and therefore we willingly admit that the Governor-General of India has too deep an interest in the good government of the country to be moved to any abuse of patronage on a large scale. Parliamentary corruption is not nowadays what it once was. In 1860 it cannot be said that every man has his price, if you only know the exact figure. Still, ministers will serve their friends or their partisans, or get rid of troublesome opponents. And we cannot help regarding with some alarm this extension to the civil service of the principle which will henceforth regulate the military patronage of India; the removal of the checks of which we have spoken, and the direct action of parliamentary influence upon the service of India. There will henceforth be nothing to prevent a man from following in the wake of a Governor-General to India, and after acquiring a slight smattering of the languages, dropping easily into an appointment which, under the old system, it would have taken twenty years of laborious service to obtain.

It may be said that appointments of this kind will be bestowable by the local governments only under certain conditions; that restrictions and reservations will be imposed; and that aristocratic incompetency will, after all, not have much chance in the open field. It is provided, we believe, that all appointments made by the local governments are to be confirmed by the Secretary of State for India in council, and that the "Secretary of State for India in Council" in this case is to mean the Secretary of State and a majority of his Council. Doubtless this is something, and might be more, if there were any security for the permanence of the Council. But still we have the direct action of parliamentary influence brought to bear upon the Indian services, and we can hardly again expect to see fitness for office regarded as the one necessary condition of obtaining it. But fitness is of different kinds. There may be a technical fitness for a particular office, against which nothing can be said; there may be character and acquirements more than respectable, in the

face of which it would be impossible to lodge a protest; and yet there may be a something, and an essential something, wanting after all. It is easy to say what it is. It is a knowledge of a native character and a regard for native feelings, not to be learnt from all the books that were ever written. A man may be learned in the laws and the languages of the country, and yet be wholly incompetent to transact public business with advantage to the people of that country. A good lawyer, fresh from the English courts, or even from practice at an Indian presidency, may be all abroad in the rough-and-ready work of Mofussil justice; the most expert diplomatist from Vienna or Berlin would be utterly stranded at the durbars of Scindiah or the Nizam. To do well, in such situations, men must be saturated with Orientalism. To understand things aright, whether in the line of justice or of diplomacy, you must look at them through a glass of Orientalism; and that is only obtainable by men who are content to purchase it by years of training on the scene of action, and of intercourse with the actors themselves. Therefore, whilst we have little reason to apprehend that under the proposed system any flagrantly bad appointments will be made—that is to say, that men wanting in intelligence and integrity will be appointed to high office in India—we are by no means satisfied that arrangements will not be made, under cover of the highest respectability, very injurious to the public interests. A clever man may do more harm than a stupid one. Indeed, what is most to be dreaded is an incursion of very clever men, with European notions, proclaiming that Orientalism is, after all, a mere humbug, and that Blackey, if you only discipline him properly, will soon accommodate himself to our English ways.

Against appointments of this respectable class, nothing, we repeat, can be said by councils in India or councils in England. Besides, to what are those councils coming? The Indian councils are generally believed to be on their last legs—that is to say, they have been left to die out by a process of exhaustion. We have said that, *constitutionally*, and to a certain extent we might add *practically*, these councils, under the old system, were a check upon the local governors. Appointed by the Court of Directors, they were so far independent of the governor, and have sometimes been too strong for him. But now, instead of councillors appointed from England, there are to be executive councillors, or ministers of departments, appointed by the Governor-General and the governors of presidencies themselves. They will, therefore be—we will not say "creatures" (as the word has an offensive import), but creations of the head of the Government, selected with reference either to his peculiar views or to his personal predilections. A *veto*, we presume, in such cases, will be reserved to the home Government; but practically, this *veto*, as we have observed with reference to appointments generally out of the pale of the regular service, will seldom or never be exercised, and for the same reason. A Governor-General may select as his foreign minister, or his war minister, a very able and excellent man; but the man thus selected, and thus qualified, might be the very last whom, with reference to the dominant characteristic and prevailing opinions of other members of the Government, it is expedient to appoint. What often is most wanted in council is not a man of the Governor-General's school, but a man of an opposite school, to keep him from going too fast, or to urge him to go a little faster. This sort of check, under the new system, will at all events be lost. A Governor-General, it is true, on assuming office, will in most instances find an executive council ready made to his hand; but if these councillors are to be anything better than mere irresponsible assistants or clerks, they would feel themselves bound to resign, if they were unable conscientiously to support the policy of their chief, and to leave him free to select his own colleagues. We write in ignorance of the details of the scheme for the revision of the Indian councils; but as our object is merely to illustrate the subject of constitutional checks, these details are immaterial to our argument. It is obvious that a council, chosen by the

Governor-General himself, can never be in the independent position of one nominated by such a body as the Court of Directors of the East India Company.

And this brings us at once to the consideration of the position of the Council of India. We have already shown that, by the contemplated removal of one barrier after another, the whole field of Indian service is now being thrown open to the direct influences of the Court, the Parliament, and the Ministry of the day. Nothing is left of the old system but the Council of India, which was intended to take constitutionally the place of the Court of Directors, but which has obviously much more limited constitutional powers. In the first place, it is, to a great extent, a child of ministerial creation, and it is perfectly clear that its continued existence is dependent upon the will of the Minister of the day. A more honourable body of men than the Council of India is not connected with the Government of this or any other country. But it is hardly in the nature of things that they should preserve the stalwart and indomitable independence of the old Court of Directors. And it is plain that if Sir Charles Wood's interpretation of the law is correct (and we believe that it *is* correct), the constitutional powers of the Council, when pushed to the utmost limit of the law, are very small. If it were possible to conceive a case in which such a body of men, excluded as they are from Parliament, should have a right to be heard, it is when such a question as the future constitution of the Indian army is to be decided. But Sir Charles Wood concedes as a privilege what ought to be an inherent and inalienable right. We are not disposed to blame the Minister; he is entitled to exercise the powers which the law has given him. But we see now, for the first time, clearly and distinctly, what these powers are. We see the last remaining barrier between India and party knocked down as easily as a rampart of playing-cards. The game now lies between the Minister in England and the Viceroy in India. The ball is thrown without let or hindrance from the hand of the one to the hand of the other. The dual number is now supreme in affairs of Indian government, and all precedents and traditions are cast remorselessly to the wind.

We have wished our readers to look upon the present India question as a whole. The army question, however important in itself, is, as we have shown, only a part of it. Whilst we are contemplating the probable results of a measure transferring the control of the whole European army of India to the hands of the Horse-Guards and the War Office, we learn that the Indian civil service is to be thrown open to Government protegés of all ages and all kinds; that the Indian councils are to be abolished; and that the Council of India is absolutely a delusion and a sham. The experiment which is now about to be inaugurated is a comprehensive and gigantic one. It has, at all events, the merit of boldness, and there is something that demands respectful admiration in the completeness and consistency of the scheme. If it succeed—if it, under Providence, be permitted that thereby our Indian empire is placed on a securer basis than before, and the people of India rendered more prosperous, more happy, and more enlightened, future generations may gratefully regard the scheme as one of the greatest efforts of statesmanship which the present century has seen. Assuredly, it has our best wishes—our heartiest prayers. We will not predict failure, but the experiment is so novel and so important, the interests at stake are so great, that it will be impossible, for some years to come, not to regard with feelings of anxiety the transition-state of our Indian Empire.

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A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

The family to which the late Sir Robert Peel belonged, lays no claim to ancestral dignity or knightly renown. It is one of those good old English stocks, a yeoman's household, the members of which have been well described as at once too high for the office of constable, and too low for that of sheriff. Originally settled at East Marten, in Craven parish, it transferred itself, about the year 1600, in the persons of William Peel and his three brothers, to a farmstead near Blackburn, in Lancashire, the name of which is ominous of miasmata and hypochondriacal humours, for the place is still called De Hole, or Hoyle House. This house in the hole William Peel rented, with a farm attached to it, under a renewable lease, from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he left it at his demise as an inheritance to his children.

It was a grandson of this William Peel who may be truly said to have founded the family from which our great statesman derived his descent. His name was Robert. He became a manufacturer of woollen cloths at Blackburn, and succeeded so well in business that he was able, by his will, which was registered in the Archdeaconry of Richmond, to bequeath to each of his several daughters "nine-score pounds." Sir Lawrence tells us that the cloth which he wove "was stamped with patterns from wooden blocks, on which they were cut;" and that "some of these blocks were seen by my father, lying neglected in a lumber-room in his grandfather's house." We are not surprised that the late Chief-Justice of Madras should express regret that the blocks in question were suffered to disappear. Rude as they were, they would have doubtless attracted, and deservedly too, as much notice in the Hall of Drayton Manor as the gilded armour of the Earls of Pembroke attracts at Wilton, or the plain black suit of belted Will Howard at Naworth Castle. But we have not yet come to this state of feeling. The weapons which our forefathers wielded to take away life, and not unfrequently to overlay right by might, are still furbished up and kept clean that future generations may admire them; while the implements of their honest industry we cast aside, and sometimes ourselves endeavour to forget that to them we owe it that we are what we are.

Besides settling on his daughters

A Sketch of the Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel. By Sir Lawrence Peel. London: Longman & Co.

what was then considered to be a rich dower for maidens of their class, Robert Peel gave to his younger son a college education, and fitted him thereby for holy orders. His elder, called after himself Robert, inherited a sum of money, wherewith he purchased the small estate of Peelfold, near Blackburn, which has remained in possession of the family ever since.

There is a saying among the Peels, that their house, in its generations, produces one drone for every two or at the most three working bees. *Absit omen*, so far as the living are concerned; but in reference to the dead, the statement appears to have been substantially correct. William, the son of this Robert, for example, proved a drone. He earned nothing, and spent all that he could. Hence his son Robert found himself, on his father's death, master of the paternal acres — no more — the estimated value of which did not exceed £100 a-year. But he seems to have possessed all the energy of the best of his race. He adapted his style of living at once to his circumstances; made the most of his land by farming it himself; and though married to a lady of gentle blood, one of the Hayworths of Hayworth, he set up, like many other cultivators of the soil round about him, handlooms in his own house, and added to his income by weaving. And here it may be well to remind the reader that the cotton manufacture, which forms at this day the staple product of British industry, was then only in its infancy. Partly through the mistaken course in which legislation ran, partly because skill was wanting to spin the cotton thread of strength enough to sustain the wear and tear of the warp, pure calicoes were not woven to any extent in England till after Sir Richard Arkwright had worked out his great invention: and even then, they would have stopped short of the point of competition with the muslins of India, had not Compton's mule come subsequently into play, and carried all before it.

An opinion prevails, and we believe it to be well founded, that the printing of calicoes was first introduced into Lancashire by Mr. Hayworth the younger, the brother-in-law of Robert Peel. He learned the art in London, whither the stuffs fabricated at Blackburn used in former years to be sent in order to be printed; and he came back to his own country, resolved, if possible, to practise what he had learned there. He communicated his design to Mr. Peel, who fell in with it cordially, and they took account of their combined means, with a view to commence operations. But these proving inadequate, they found out Mr. Yates, the keeper of a small inn in Blackburn, called the Black Bull, who had saved some money, and who agreed to embark with them in a scheme of which the promise appeared so inviting. From these beginnings arose the firm of Hayworth, Peel, and Yates, which was destined, in another generation, to assume a foremost place among the great houses in Lancashire. Yet the partners did not win their way, even to the first stages of success, without passing through all the difficulties which beset, in those days, the progress of invention, whatever shape it might assume. Every step which they took, they were forced to take in secret. Their machinery, after they set it up, was broken by crowds of handloom weavers; and even the improvements introduced by them into the patterns and colours of printed goods, were resented as wrongs done to their rivals. To such a height, indeed, was persecution carried, that they were glad to transfer their business to Staffordshire, where, at Burton-upon-Trent, Mr. Peel took a lease for three lives, from the Earl of Uxbridge, of some land well placed upon the river. It is of this Robert Peel and his family that Sir Lawrence gives the following characteristic sketch:—

"He understood thoroughly every branch of the cotton trade. He instructed his sons himself; he had no drones in his hive. He loved to impress on their minds the great national importance of this rising manufacture. He was a reflecting man who looked ahead; a plain-spoken, simple-minded man; not illiterate, nor vulgar either in language, manners, or mind, but possessing no refinement in his tastes; free from affectation, and with no desire to imitate the manners or modes of life of the

class above his own. His sons resembled him, and a strong likeness pervaded the whole family. They were, without one exception, hard-working, industrious, plain, frugal, unostentatious men of business; reserved and shy; nourishing a sort of defensive pride, and hating all parade; shrinking perhaps too much from public service and public notice, and, it may be, too much devoted to the calm joy of a private station. They were loyal men, Tories in politics—a party on which their opponents have since dexterously affixed the un-English name of aristocracy; a kind of moral retribution certainly, since it was first applied by the Tories to the heads of the Whig party—a party whose strength nevertheless has commonly been derived from the best supports of a party, the middle ranks of the people. Tories, however, as the Peels generally were, they were at all times rare samples of the English national spirit of self-reliance and sturdy independence."

The third son of this Robert Peel, who afterwards became the first baronet in the family, was the father of the subject of our present sketch. He gave early indication of that strength of character which rarely fails of raising such as possess it to eminence. Impressed with the conviction that he was destined to acquire vast wealth, and to found a family, he seems never to have lost sight of the object for which he believed that he had been called into existence. When yet only eighteen years of age, he proposed, if his father would give him £500, to go out into the world, and work his own way through it single-handed. The proposal was not then acceded to; but no great while elapsed ere his uncle, Mr. Hayworth, struck with his steady business habits, selected him from among all the sons of his brother-in-law to be a junior partner in the house. From that hour, the ball was at the young man's foot, and he never permitted it to lie still. He gave his whole soul to the management of the concern. His life became one continued strain of hard labour. He would get out of bed, if the weather seemed to threaten, and visit the bleaching-grounds at all hours; and one whole night in every week he devoted to the study of such patterns as were brought down to him from London by the coach. Nor was he content to imitate. He became an inventor as well as a copyist, and was ever on the alert to observe and to apply the inventions of others to the machinery which drove his mills. A mind so vigorous, and at the same time so fertile in resources, soon caused its influence to be acknowledged by all who came in contact with it. The junior partner in the house of Hayworth, Yates, and Peel, became almost from the first the pole-star of the firm; and when Mr. Hayworth retired, its authority was frankly acknowledged. To every remonstrance which the innovations of young Robert Peel excited amongst the older hands, Mr. Yates—now the senior partner—used to give invariably this answer, "The will of our Robert is law here."

That Mr. Peel should marry the daughter of the head of the house, seems to have been a sort of conventional arrangement. The marriage did not take place, however, till the bridegroom had reached the mature age of thirty-six; the bride was only eighteen. Yet, notwithstanding this disparity in their years, and the still more striking lack of similarity in their tastes, the marriage proved to be an extremely happy one. Miss Yates no sooner became Mrs. Peel than she abandoned all her devotion to society, and, obeying the impulses of great good sense and of a most affectionate temper, she became to her husband exactly the sort of wife of which such a man had need. For Mr. Peel was ambitious in no common degree. Sober, grave, and averse to gaiety, he loved money not so much for its own sake, as because it was an instrument for attaining to power; and money seemed to accumulate in his hands as if by magic. Whatever he undertook to do, he did successfully; and it is but fair to add that, in following up his purposes, he seems never to have deviated from the strictest line of integrity. Poor Compton, the wayward but not well-used inventor of the mule, charged him indeed with pirating his invention; and, as men of Compton's temperament are apt to do, attributed Peel's success to that act of plagiarism. But Compton's statement is

little to be trusted. The fact we believe to be, that Peel, having heard of the invention, made Compton two proposals, both of which were rejected—first, that he should become the superintendent of the works at Oldham, with a large salary; next, that he should join the firm as a partner. And by-and-by, when Compton's secret ceased to be a secret, he availed himself of improvements, of which the monopoly was not secured by patent. The consequence was that he grew rich, while the improver ended his days a pensioner on the bounty of strangers.

Mr. Peel had become a millionaire, and was the father of two daughters, when his eldest son was born. The event occurred on the 5th February 1788, in Chamber Hall, a house near Bury, which he had purchased and fitted up for himself. He happened to be in his little business-room when the consummation of a long-cherished desire was announced to him. He fell at once upon his knees, and, returning thanks to Almighty God, made a vow that he would give his son to the country. Never, under the old Law, was child more solemnly dedicated to the service of the Temple; and never was the act of dedication more rigidly carried into effect. From his infancy the late Sir Robert Peel was trained to become a statesman, the fact being constantly dinned into his ears that great things were expected of him, and that failure would be attended by indelible disgrace.

It is hard to judge of men's motives. Sir Lawrence Peel, with excusable partiality, attributes this proceeding on his uncle's part to pure love of country. "He knew," it is observed, "to how hard a life he was destining his son. Labour, perhaps, he accounted, and wisely accounted, a gain; but he knew the trials, the sufferings, the anguish which such a life involves, the thorns which are planted with the laurel leaf." With every respect for the recorder of these opinions, we must crave permission to dissent from the opinions themselves. It appears to us that Mr. Peel was scarcely in a position to judge in any degree of the harassments which wait upon a political career; we do not believe that, in making up his mind to throw his eldest son into the arena of politics, he thought about them at all. It is much more probable, as it seems to us, that, seeing farther into a millstone than most men, he determined to attempt directly what other *novi homines* endeavour to accomplise indirectly. Instead of purchasing a cornetcy in a heavy-dragoon regiment, and trusting to the accidents of military service for gaining admission within the aristocratic circle to his descendants of the second or third generation, he adopted the wiser and readier course of making his son a politician. For it was as well known to Robert Peel the elder as to Lord Byron, that politics, and politics only, level the distinctions of social life in this country. Do we blame him for this? By no means. He was working out in the most legitimate manner the problem of his own existence. He had set a purpose before him when life began, and now he made his grand move towards achieving it. The wealth which was necessary to build up the house of Peel he had acquired; there remained only the task of securing for the holders of it a place of eminence in the body politic. He was fortunate in the selection which he made of the instrument wherewith this great object was to be attained, and the results have more than realised his most sanguine anticipations.

Mr. Peel, the cotton-spinner, appears to have been one of those men who never do things by halves. Having made up his mind to educate his eldest son for the senate, he believed that he could not too soon begin the course of training which embryo senators require. Young Robert can scarcely be said ever to have been treated as a child. Before he was breeched, he had heard more of the sources of his country's greatness than most persons hear in the course of a long life; and as years increased upon him, he learned to accept no statement as true, even from his father, without first considering it in all its bearings. We have spoken of the elder Peel as a Tory. He was a Tory of the school of Pitt, and Pitt he held up continually to his son as the

true model of an English statesman. In particular, he used often to interest the boy with accounts of the manner in which that great man was in the habit of receiving such deputations as waited upon him. Pitt, he observed, seemed always to know better than they what such persons wanted. Whether prepared to accede to their requests or to refuse them, he never failed to do them justice. "He would state over our case for us better than we could have stated it for ourselves, and then he would give his answer." But it was the spirit of Pitt's commercial policy which mainly chimed in with the opinions of the successful manufacturer; and this he did his best to implant deeply in the mind of his son. Without all doubt, the seed thus early sown never lost its vitality. For many years after his entrance into public life, Peel seemed to be carried away by the tide, which had set in strong in favour of a protective system. But if ever the real history of the man comes to be written, it will doubtless appear that even then he distrusted the wisdom of the course which he was pursuing.

It will not do to institute a comparison between William Pitt and Robert Peel. Their abstract principles might accord, but the two men were as unlike, in all the circumstances both of public and private life, as any two men could well be. Pitt, born into the governing class, and breathing from the outset an atmosphere of politics, became of his own accord a politician; there was no forcing in his case. The genius with which nature had gifted him, took the direction into which all the associations by which he was surrounded turned it. The questions daily and hourly discussed before him, were economical questions. He would lay down his Herodotus to talk of the rights of nations; and while reading one of Cicero's Philippics, would imagine that he listened to his father declaiming in the senate. Peel's situation was very different. The objects presented to his observation out of the schoolroom were important doubtless, but they were mean. The mill, the bleaching-ground, the ledger, the prices in home and foreign markets, were calculated rather to dwarf than to enlarge his views of things; and in order to counteract their influence, he was kept as much as possible in a state of severe pupilage. Had he been naturally more gifted than he was, such a discipline could have hardly failed to affect him almost as much for evil as for good. He had not a spark of genius about him, but he possessed excellent abilities; and his memory, perhaps because it was constantly exercised, became extremely tenacious. On the other hand, the constant self-restraint to which he was subjected, rendered him reserved, shy, and sensitive. He became so much of a casuist also, that even as a boy he could never arrive at a conclusion till he had passed in array before his mind's eye all the reasons against as well as for the object proposed to him. Lord Byron's description of his former schoolfellow cannot but be familiar to all our readers. "Peel, the orator and statesman," says he, "was my form-fellow; we were on good terms; but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel among us, masters and scholars, and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor I was reckoned at least his equal. As a schoolboy out of school I was always in scrapes, and he never. In school he always knew his lesson, and I rarely; but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c., I think I was his superior."

We accept this account of young Peel at Harrow as substantially correct. It is in perfect accord with what he afterwards became, and is precisely such a result as his university training might be expected to produce. Nor does he appear to have varied much after he entered the university. At Oxford, as at Harrow, he was still the steady industrious student; and he was more. He took to boating and to cricket, in both of which he held his own, and his dress was in the mode. But at Oxford, as everywhere else, Peel was methodical as clock-work. There were no fits of hard reading and hard

idleness with him. One day exactly resembled another; so many hours devoted to classics, so many to mathematics, so many to exercise. And method and diligence reaped their reward. In a remarkably good year, in which the names of Gilbert, Hampden, and Whateley are registered, he took a double first-class degree. He was the first Oxford man so distinguished. At the preceding examinations, under the system then new, no such honours in mathematics had been earned.

Mr. Peel is described, by those who knew him best, to have entered life with all the advantages on his side of a handsome person and an expressive countenance. His father's name also did much for him with the Tory party, which at once took him up; for his father had won his own way into the House of Commons, and was in due time created a baronet. Yet even those who most shut their eyes to Peel's shortcomings, acknowledge that his manners were never generally engaging. In a circle of intimate friends he would sometimes unbend, though even among these his ordinary deportment was cold, perhaps forbidding. As not unfrequently happens with men of his temperament, he was far more agreeable during a brief than a lengthened interview; and he never failed to receive such persons as waited upon him on matters of business with great courtesy. But the shyness which, besides being natural to him, had been confirmed and rendered inveterate by his early training, he never succeeded in conquering. Sir Lawrence Peel, scarcely admitting this to be a fact, nevertheless says: "The late Lord Hardinge, who knew Peel intimately, and loved him with a warm and lasting affection, once lamented to me, in India, Peel's unexpansiveness (for those were his words) as the head of the Conservative party. He said that Croker had complained '*il ne se déboutonne pas*,' adding to it the remark, 'that his reserve impaired his usefulness, and was injurious to the interests of his party.'" We trust that Sir Lawrence will not consider that we are dealing lightly with so grave a matter, if we subjoin the following anecdote as an illustration of Croker's words on this subject:—

It chanced on a certain occasion that a party of Sir Robert Peel's friends met at Drayton, among whom were Lord Hardinge and Mr. Croker. After shooting in the morning, the guests assembled at dinner, when Sir Robert entertained them with an account of an accident which had happened, while they were out, to a young son of his brother William. The child, it appeared, had swallowed a button, and the doctor being called in, there was a desperate attempt to eject the noxious matter. Warming with his story, the Prime Minister arrived at this climax. "You never saw a child so treated; in fact, we got everything out of him." "William," exclaimed Croker across the table, to the father of the sufferer, "I wish that somebody would give Sir Robert a button."

Resolute to work out the fulfilment of his own views, Peel, the elder, no sooner received his son home, with all his university honours fresh about him, than he proposed to the Minister of the day—the Duke of Portland—to bring the young man into Parliament as a supporter of the Government. It was to Ireland, in those days, that all Prime Ministers, whether Whig or Tory, looked for the great body of their adherents. The Irish Secretary, Sir Arthur Wellesley, was accordingly written to, to provide a seat; and we find, in the volume of his correspondence lately published by his son, a curious letter referring to this circumstance. How little could either of these great men anticipate what was in store for both of them, when the one sought only to purchase his way into the House of Commons; and the other directed his agent at Castlebar to secure the election of "a Mr. Peel."

It may be doubted whether a statesman gains or loses by becoming, at the commencement of his career, connected with the executive Government. The disadvantage is, that nine times out of ten his mind contracts to the measure of those with whom he is associated; and that in learning as a duty to support their measures, he learns also to adopt

their prejudices. On the other hand, a young man gains much by being early initiated into habits of business. Public business in this country is conducted on a principle so different from that which regulates private business, that he who takes to it late in life, takes to it under serious disadvantages. It was Peel's fortune, good or bad, to become, at the age of three-and-twenty, an Under-Secretary of State. Never had the office received so industrious and painstaking a functionary. He read and commented on every paper—the most trivial as well as the most important; and his tenacious memory enabled him to carry to the debate, whenever one arose, a complete acquaintance with all the details of the subject. Such a man was invaluable to his party, and the more so that he seemed in no hurry to make personal capital out of his acquirements. Except when called upon, in 1809, to second the Address in answer to the King's Speech, Peel did not, for rather more than two years, speak in the House of Commons at any length; and the few sentences which he uttered were, it must be acknowledged, scarcely of an order to excite any sanguine hopes of his success as an orator.

From the Colonial Office Peel was transferred to Ireland as Chief Secretary. It was a post not perhaps of greater importance then than it happens to be at this time—for at this moment the Irish Secretary is a member of the Cabinet; but it was always conferred upon a man of whom some expectations were entertained, being considered as a touchstone of administrative ability, and therefore a school of practical statesmanship for young members. Amidst the fierce conflict of parties, religious not less than political, which then raged, the new Secretary bore himself well. He extended the excellent police force which Sir Arthur Wellesley had established in Dublin throughout the provinces, and maintained order if he could not introduce harmony. It is understood, also, that he learned a good deal from a closer view of things, which tended to shake his confidence in the system of government as it was then carried on. Hence every move towards establishing equality of social privileges between Protestants and Roman Catholics obtained his support; and even in regard to the last concession of all, it is now no longer a secret, that, long before the surrender of 1829, Peel was in his secret heart favourable to Catholic emancipation. Peel, however, was constitutionally a prudent man; and, contrary to the usual practice, his youth exhibited surer tokens of this useful quality than his maturer age. Throughout the six or seven years of his Irish administration, he neither originated nor attempted to originate a single novelty. But he did what was, perhaps, under the circumstances far better. Assiduous himself, he compelled all his subordinates to do their duty, and to take as far as possible the sting out of an exclusive system, by working it with as little appearance of harshness as it would bear.

Peel was not a popular Irish Secretary. A stiff, silent, cautious young man may be respected, but he cannot be personally loved anywhere, and least of all in Ireland. Lady Morgan, accordingly, quizzed him in her novels, and O'Connell sneered at him. Even the Protestant-ascendancy people looked askance, because he would take no part in their boisterous conviviality, and objected to dress up the statue of King William. But he gained ground from day to day in reputation as an administrator, and began by degrees to take his proper place in that House of Commons which was by-and-by to become his world. Not that the House of Commons ever accounted him a great orator. His skill in debate was perhaps unrivalled; but in his best days as a speaker he fell far behind Canning, Tierney, Windham, Plunkett, and Brougham; and these, and many more, long overshadowed him by their eloquence. For Peel had not a scintilla of genius. His style was diffuse and laboured, his best thoughts always seemed to be overlaid with words, and his three courses degenerated at last into the merest mannerism. What he did not receive from inspiration, however, he managed to acquire by diligence and

close attention to details. He was never above availing himself of the views of others, and if he did not always acknowledge his obligations to his prompters, we must not forget that, in this and in all constitutional countries, leading statesmen must either be, or be supposed to be, the originators of everything which they propose, and for which they are responsible.

We must sketch with a rapid pen the further progress of Peel's advance in public life. In 1817 he made his first great speech in opposition to the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities, which, though severely criticised by Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Wilberforce, himself an advocate of emancipation, pronounced a masterpiece of argument. The same year he stood in opposition to Mr. Canning as a candidate for the representation of the University of Oxford, in which a vacancy had occurred through the elevation of the Speaker, Mr. Abbot, to the peerage. Assisted by Lords Eldon and Stowell, and by the great body of the clergy, he carried his election; and was congratulated in the handsomest manner by the very man whom he thus deprived of an honour coveted well-nigh beyond all others. And now beginning, as it were, to feel his own strength, he began also to exhibit that readiness to abandon old opinions which his friends were accustomed to eulogise as candour, his enemies to condemn as inconsistency, or something worse. In 1819, having ceased to be Irish Secretary, he became chairman of the committee nominated by Mr. Vansittart to inquire into the state of the Bank of England with reference to the expediency of a renewal of cash payments. He had spoken against Mr. Horner's resolution in 1811, and contributed as far as his influence extended to prevent the repeal of the Restriction Act at that time. He now took quite an opposite view of the case, himself introducing into the House, and supporting the bill commonly called Peel's bill, as the fruit of the inquiries, deliberation, and judgment of the committee. It is not our purpose on the present occasion to discuss the merits of a measure which certainly had in its favour an unusual concurrence of the opinions of men of all parties. Whether right or wrong in principle, the bill passed both Houses by large majorities, Peel himself frankly avowing that, in consequence of the evidence given to the committee, and of the discussions upon it, his opinions had undergone a great change. Besides giving offence to such proprietors of land as had mortgaged their estates, Peel had the misfortune to differ in the course of the debate from his father. Both expressed themselves characteristically on the occasion—the old man referring to his great political idol, Mr. Pitt, and his own early endeavours to rear his son after that model; the young man claiming credit, as was his wont, for the sacrifice which he made of private feeling to public duty.

It was a season of trouble and anxiety to the King's Ministers. To the Manchester massacre, as it was called, succeeded the Cato Street conspiracy and the ill-advised trial of Queen Caroline; from the discredit attendant on the latter of which Peel happily escaped, he holding at the time no office under the Crown. With becoming manliness, however, he stood by the Government in its hour of need. Indeed, his defence of the Home Secretary and of the magistracy took such a turn, that the manufacturers of Lancashire became offended, and charged him with denouncing the factory system as dangerous to the public peace. This was putting an entirely erroneous interpretation on his words. All that he meant to convey was the expression of his opinion, that in a free country capitalists have no right to bring masses of people together without providing some more constitutional means of preventing outrage than by calling upon the Government to employ troops in doing the work of constables. Happily for all classes, this doctrine is now fully understood; and the army and the people are brought into kindly relations with one another, because the former are never, except in the last extremity, required to control the latter.

Peel's line with reference to Queen Caroline was more guarded. He blamed the Ministers for striking her name out of the Liturgy, and for refus-

ing a ship in which to fetch her home, and a house in which to receive her on her arrival in London. He took no objection, however, to the proceedings which followed, and the King and his government were too grateful for the advocacy of their bill of pains and penalties to think much of the censure cast by him on measures which rendered it unavoidable.

Peel had been twelve years in Parliament, of which more than eight were passed in office, when he was advanced to a seat in the cabinet. The resignation of Lord Sidmouth in 1821 created a vacancy at the Home Office, which Mr. Peel was selected by Lord Liverpool to supply. The appointment was well received by the public, who, without entertaining any exaggerated idea of his powers, believed him to be a man of sound judgment and untiring industry. Under the circumstances, he more than fulfilled the highest expectations that were formed of him. In the Cabinet he proved a steady but sober friend to Conservative progress. Perhaps he was at this time, and especially after Canning returned to the Administration, more Conservative than progressive. But out of the Cabinet—we mean in matters purely departmental—no Minister ever effected greater changes, and all of them for the better. His reforms of the criminal law—and they were his, from whomsoever the inspiration may have come—are a standing monument to his glory. It is a pity that he should have been so prone to make a parade of his own merits. But this, though a constitutional, perhaps, rather than a moral weakness in the man, must not tempt us to detract from the merits of which he boasted. He has been charged with jealousy of Canning, and of aiming so early as 1822 at the office of Prime Minister. Let us not forget that this charge comes from the adherents of one who certainly did aspire to the highest place in the Cabinet, and succeeded at last by great adroitness in gaining his end. We have never heard it insinuated from any other quarter, that till the post was actually forced upon him, Peel ever made a move, directly or indirectly, to achieve it.

The art of governing in England was not, in 1822, what it had been twenty years previously. Men's attention no sooner ceased to be riveted on measures of defence from foreign enemies, than they began to consider the abuses, real or imaginary, in the system of administration under which they lived. In Ireland a strong agitation was got up for the repeal of the laws which excluded Roman Catholics from political power. In England and Scotland parliamentary reform became an ominous watchword. The latter object was followed for a time with far less of judgment and skill than the former. The Catholic Association under the direction of Daniel O'Connell, either kept itself within the limits of the law from the first, or, when placed beyond these limits by some fresh Act of Parliament, at once shifted its ground, and defied the executive to interfere with it. The Radical Reformers of Great Britain, less ably directed, made their appeal for a while to physical force, and were easily put down. But both learned wisdom from experience. Threats of insurrection ceased to be uttered in England, and secret societies died out in the sister country. Forthwith the two questions, reform of Parliament, and equal political rights to men of all religious persuasions, became mere party questions. Moreover, in respect to the last, the Cabinet itself was divided, and the habitual supporters of the Government felt themselves, in consequence, at liberty to vote upon it as they pleased. This, whether unavoidable or not, was by no means a satisfactory state of things. It caused great embarrassment, and boded change. Indeed, a man of Peel's peculiar temperament and habit of thought could not fail to perceive that, in standing out for the settlement of 1688, he was fighting a doomed battle. Yet he fought it gallantly throughout the whole of Lord Liverpool's tenure of office, without, as far as we know, breathing a hint to the most intimate of his friends that he despaired of the issues.

So the current ran for some years. Peel, taking his place beside Lord Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Chancellor Eldon, contended for the maintenance of the

constitution as it was. Canning, perhaps more opposed than he to parliamentary reform, was yet the ablest advocate in the House of Commons of Catholic emancipation. This naturally created some estrangement between them, which never, as in the case of the Duke of Wellington, amounted to want of confidence; for Peel's views on all points of commercial policy were at least as liberal as those of his gifted rival. And even in respect to foreign relations they thought very much alike. The only real difference between them in this respect may be thus described. Peel was satisfied so to act as to keep England clear from too close a connection with the absolute powers: Canning not only desired the same thing, but lost no public opportunity of boasting that such was his object.

At last Lord Liverpool was smitten down, and those events occurred of which the best, because the fullest, account anywhere given, will be found in Mr. Gleig's continuation of *Brialmont's Life of Wellington*. For some months the business of the country was carried on by a Cabinet without any effective head; an anomaly which the outer world accepted as a mark of respect for Lord Liverpool's condition and past services, but which was owing, in point of fact, to the King's inability to decide upon the proper Minister to preside over the administration. Peel's behaviour throughout this interregnum is above reproach. He joined in no intrigue for or against any man. He agreed with the rest of the Ministers in opinion, that it would not do, under existing circumstances, to make either concession to the Roman Catholics or its opposite a Cabinet question, and that if the present Administration was to hold together, it would be necessary to replace Lord Liverpool with some statesman whose views on that important point were in accord with his own. Not so Mr. Canning. Long an object of personal dislike to George IV.—so strong, indeed, that the King never invited him to the palace, nor would see him except on business—he had managed, by conciliating a well-known royal favourite, to overcome this feeling; and now, through the same influence, he got himself to be regarded as the only man in the Ministry fit to be intrusted with the formation of a new Cabinet. Meanwhile he led his colleagues to believe that he had no desire to be at the head of the Administration; and even named the individual whom, if applied to by the King, he meant to propose as First Lord of the Treasury. Why under such circumstances Canning should have sounded Peel as to his readiness to serve with him, should his Majesty place him at the head of the government, it would be hard to say. That he did put the question to the Home Secretary is, however, now well known; and it is equally well known that Peel gave to it a brief but peremptory refusal. But the intrigue was not thereby stayed. By a process which, in a moral point of view, admits of no justification, Canning received the King's commands to form a government; and Peel, with the Duke of Wellington, Lords Eldon, Bathurst, and Melville, resigned.

Peel's explanation of his conduct on that occasion is before the world. He stated in the House that it was impossible for him, entertaining the opinions which he did, to belong to a Cabinet of which the head was pledged to support the claims of the Roman Catholics. Not a word escaped him farther indicative of general distrust of Mr. Canning. On the contrary, he eulogized the new Minister with a degree of warmth which savoured of exaggeration. He agreed with him in all his views save one. Yet at this very time the conviction had matured itself in his mind, that there would be greater danger to the State from a continued resistance to Catholic emancipation than from granting it. Was there duplicity in all this—or self-deceit? There was neither. Peel's opposition to Catholic emancipation was like that of the Duke of Wellington from first to last, a political, not a religious impulse. He dreaded the influence of a party long shut out from the privileges of the constitution, on the constitution itself, were power conceded to it. And so long as he saw that it was the will of the nation to exclude that party from power, he was ready to

promote the nation's wishes. But the growing desire of the educated classes to risk all rather than persevere in a system of exclusion, brought the matter before him in a different point of view. Session after session, except in 1826, the majorities in the House of Commons favourable to repeal had steadily increased; while in the Lords all the fresh blood ran in the same direction. And in Ireland, society was all but broken up. How was the Government to be carried on at all with this fearful sore perpetually open? It was not in such a nature as Peel's to avoid being affected by these considerations. Expediency—using that term in no offensive sense—stood with him, as a politician, in the room of principle. His object through life, except on one memorable occasion, seems to have been rather to effect the greatest amount of good which could be achieved with the least possible inconvenience, than to aim at the utmost good that was attainable. Now, though believing that the time was come for the admission of Roman Catholics into Parliament, he was not yet prepared to run the risk of dislocating the party with which he had all his life acted, by taking office under a Minister who was pledged to procure for them such admission. As events soon afterwards proved, Peel did himself no good by resting his severance from Mr. Canning on the ground which he took up. The Duke was more wary; and hence, when the day of Catholic emancipation arrived, by far the greater load of obloquy fell upon Peel, who, in point of fact, sacrificed himself to what he believed to be the cause of his country.

The prize which Canning paid such a heavy price to win did not long remain with him. He held it but a few months, and found no happiness in it. On his demise, Lord Goderich endeavoured to carry on the government, and failed. What was there to prevent Mr. Peel from aspiring to the place for which his Canningite colleagues had accused him of intriguing nine years previously? Two impediments stood in the way. First, George IV. did not personally like him; next, he was diffident of his own power to guide a party, which had still the folly to think as much of blood as of talent. He at once, however, accepted the Duke of Wellington's proposal, and returned to the Home Office. It was a season of unexampled difficulty, both within and without. The great towns were becoming impatient, under what demagogues assured them was a state of political degradation. In Ireland, agitation grew more rampant from day to day. And not the Whigs only, but the old Tories also fretted, and gave but a lukewarm support, because they equally considered themselves ill-used in the formation of the Ministry. For both, at the beginning of the Duke's Administration, had expected that he would make advances to them; and both were disgusted by his retaining in the King's service only such men as Huskisson, Palmerston, and Lords Dudley and Ward. In the Cabinet itself, moreover, there was no great principle of cohesion. The Canningites, made sore by the jeers of the lookers-on, jibbed occasionally in dragging the coach. Huskisson, in particular, came into collision with the head of the Government almost as soon as the Government was formed; and being snubbed in the House of Lords for his speech delivered from the hustings at Liverpool, never cordially forgave the rebuke. And perhaps it was somewhat rashly, not to say unwisely, administered. When the object of all parties was to bury in oblivion past differences, it would have been no degradation to the Duke had he given to Mr. Huskisson some "guarantee" as to his future policy. And the use of the expression, though not, as Huskisson used it, strictly justifiable, ought, perhaps, to have been forgiven, or, at all events, reproved in private. Still, that matter might, and probably would, have been got over, had Huskisson better considered the course which official honour required him to pursue on the East Retford question. And here we must object to the tone in which Sir Lawrence Peel, usually so impartial, speaks of the severance of Mr. Huskisson from the Tory party, and of the causes of it. If, as we believe to be the fact, and as Sir Lawrence himself acknowledges, Huskisson forced the Duke and Mr.

Peel, in Cabinet, against their will to adopt a particular arrangement, he was without justification when he took in the House of Commons a line of opposition to that very arrangement. Even Peel felt the outrage keenly, and we do not find that he ever expressed on opinion that the Duke could have acted otherwise than he did, after Mr. Huskisson began that unhappy correspondence which ended in his retirement from the Ministry.

The correspondence in question, however, with the subsequent attack which Mr. Huskisson was hurried into making on the Duke, drew from Peel a speech, some portions of which are now much more intelligible than they were at the period when they were delivered. Huskisson had gone so far as to state that the Duke threw him over in obedience not to his own will, but to the dictation of the Tory party. At this Peel became justly offended; and while vindicating his chief from so unworthy a charge, seized the opportunity to declare that he himself would not consent to sit in the same Cabinet with any one who was capable of submitting to such dictation. He then added, that "he was determined to follow no one's policy; neither that of Lord Liverpool, nor that of Mr. Canning, but to give to each subject as it came before him his utmost attention, and to his Sovereign the best advice in his power." The truth is, that already the pressure of events was upon him, and that he felt the time to be near at hand, when, either in office or out of it, duty to his country, or what he believed to be such, would compel him to break down those defences of an exclusively Protestant constitution, which for so many years he had struggled to maintain.

The secession of Mr. Canning's friends—for they all followed Mr. Huskisson—tended, without doubt, to weaken the Duke of Wellington's Administration. The men brought in to fill the vacancies, though able and honest, scarcely possessed the confidence of Parliament or of the country. Sir George Murray, in particular, and Sir Henry Hardinge, were believed to be mere tools in the hand of the dictator, who, having been long accustomed to obey his orders in the field, would never, it was believed, dream of disputing his suggestions in the Cabinet. Nor must the fact be overlooked, that the Cabinet had already received a shake from the success of Lord John Russell's motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. After attempting to meet the question with a negative, Peel found that a compromise was necessary; and the bill, denuded of most of its more objectionable clauses, was allowed to pass. It passed, moreover, in the House of Lords, under circumstances somewhat damaging to the Government. The Duke, observing that some of its advocates supported the measure on the ground that it would provide additional securities against the admission of Roman Catholics into Parliament, refused to accept it on such terms; and his language, though guarded, did not fail to make an impression anything but favourable on the minds of the great Protestant Tory party.

The story of the Catholic Association, and of the dead-lock to which it brought all public business in Ireland, is too well known to require that we should repeat it here. So also is the episode of the Clare election, the first unhappy fruits of the break between the Duke and the Canningite portion of his Cabinet. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, having been appointed to office, went over to seek re-election at the hands of his constituents; and though a life-long supporter of the Catholic claims, was defeated by Daniel O'Connell. It was a bold step on the part of the agitator, and it succeeded. He persuaded the ignorant freeholders of Clare that there was no law to prevent a Roman Catholic from taking his seat if elected, and mainly through the co-operation of the priests he carried his election. Then followed the Duke's celebrated correspondence with Dr. Curtiss, the recall of Lord Anglesey, and the first of the Irish monster-meetings; and, finally, the determination on the Duke's part, towards the end of 1828, to bring in and carry, at all hazards, a bill for settling a question with the continued agitation of which

government in any shape had become impossible.

We need scarcely observe, that of the part played by Peel in this momentous arrangement no true or detailed account has yet been given. M. Guizot writes about it as a man of genius would do, who had only the debates in Parliament to guide him. Sir Lawrence Peel is content to skim the surface; and even the volume which came out three or four years ago under the auspices of Lord Stanhope and Mr. Cardwell, though professing to be Peel's own version of the story, is confessedly a garbled version. Mr. Peel kept a complete record of his own opinions and acts while the measure was under consideration in the Cabinet. His editors found sufficient reason not to publish it in detail. Neither is it our part to supply the void which they, doubtless for excellent reasons, have left in their narrative. But this much we are justified in asserting, that Peel did his best to escape from the responsibility of proposing the Relief Bill as a Minister; and that, finding it impossible, without loss of honour, to abandon the Government on a measure of which he approved, he joined the English prelates in forcing the Duke to omit his clauses for paying the Romish bishops and clergy in Ireland, and compelling them to officiate under licences from the Crown. Never, in our opinion, was greater mistake committed. The Romanists may say what they will now—now that they have gained all, subject to no conditions except such as custom and very flexible consciences enable them to violate with impunity—but they would have as little rejected stipends for their priests in 1829, even when accompanied with revocable licences, as the Irish Presbyterians are likely to reject the *Regium Donum*, because it is accompanied by a little State interference in the settlement of their ministers. Since we were to have Catholic emancipation—and probably there are few reasonable persons now living who will deny that it had by this time become inevitable—we shall never cease to regret that it did not come to us surrounded by the safeguards which the bill, as originally proposed by the Duke, had provided for our Protestant institutions.

The consequences to Peel of his proceedings on this occasion were more serious than the world generally supposes. His heart was wrung by the falling off from him of those with whom through life he had acted; and his rejection by the University of Oxford entered like iron into his soul. It was not mere grief which affected him: his sensitive nature received a jar, from which it never recovered. The connection between him and the Tory party had, from the first, been more an accident than anything else; his own Toryism was rather the effect of early association than a principle. He now began to distrust opinions which he had formerly advocated; and his advocacy of which had been the result, perhaps, of personal and party policy, rather than of personal conviction. His views on Church matters, in particular, underwent a great change. Still he expressed himself, both in the House and out of it, as he had ever done. If possible, indeed, he held more aloof than formerly from intimate personal relations with his followers. This, however, was a circumstance which attracted very little observation. What if he did pass to his seat, and from it again, without accosting any one, or being accosted either in the lobby or in the gangway? Had it not always been so? It was only by the ultra-Tories—the Knatchbulls, Blandfords, and others, who had fallen off from him—that the circumstance was noticed at all. His friends, Charles Ross, Bonham, and even Billy Holmes, insisted that he was never known to be in better spirits; that he was the same unyielding Protestant in Church and State that he had ever been. Both friends and enemies were at fault. His mind was in a transition state—old things were passing away around him, and he could not help being conscious of the influence of new. Unfortunately he did not learn at the same time that a leader of the Tory party must either resist change with his adherents, or win over his adherents to promote it wisely with him.

The substitution of a sliding for a

fixed scale of duties on corn, was carried with little opposition. It was carped at by a few large landed proprietors, but it went down with the great majority on both sides of the House. Not so the bill for establishing a metropolitan police. It was denounced as a first move towards the introduction of military government; and the King was petitioned, and warned to be on his guard, There is no denying that Peel became greatly embarrassed even by the success which attended his own measures. He saw with regret that this success was owing entirely to the support of the Whigs, and that the position of the Cabinet of which he was a member was a false one. In Ireland, for example, Ministers proved unable or unwilling to carry to its legitimate issues the policy for which they had sacrificed their old friends; and they failed, in consequence, to collect new friends. Nevertheless, they went forward with many minute, but not therefore unimportant, changes. The Sale of Beer Bill, though in the direction of free trade, did nothing for them; and the refusal to inquire, by committee, into the distresses of the silk-weavers, furnished a handle of which their enemies made good use. Then followed the agricultural riots; and finally the French Revolution, and the death of George IV. We are not going to reopen the questions which, by breaking up the Tory party, brought in the Whigs, and produced the Reform Bill of 1832, with all its consequences. The elections consequent on the accession of the new King still gave a majority to Toryism; but it was to Toryism divided against itself; and by a motion on the Civil List, proposed by Sir Henry Parnell, and seconded by Sir Edward Knatchbull, the Duke of Wellington's Administration was overthrown.

It is charged against the Tory party by Sir Lawrence Peel, that a long tenure of office had rendered them supercilious — that having ceased to win the people to their side, they treated talent with neglect, except where it happened to be associated with rank or money. Tories though we are, we grieve to be obliged to confess that there is too much truth in this accusation. Long tenure of office had spoilt the Tories socially. They affected to be swayed so entirely by principle, that they could not condescend to manœuvre for support, unless it were rendered voluntarily. According to their view of the case, the cause of close boroughs, and of the system of government inseparable from close boroughs, was the people's cause, which Tom, Dick, and Harry had as much interest in upholding as Earl Fitz-William or the Marquess of Hertford. Hence they would not stoop to purchase the good word of writers or speakers whose sole recommendation might be talent. Newspaper men, in particular, they held in contempt and abhorrence; they were gentlemen of the press, and as such, not fit company for senators and Ministers of State. The Whigs were wiser in their generation. Holland House, Lansdowne House, Devonshire House, all opened their doors to merit, however humble; and the owners of these hospitable mansions received their reward in conciliating to their own party no small portion of the young blood of the nation. Indeed we may go further. With one or two honourable exceptions, the leaders of the Tories seemed to take pleasure in mortifying their humbler friends; they certainly never thought of noticing their services as men endowed with more brains than money deserve to be noticed. And here, again, their behaviour contrasts not very pleasantly with that of their rivals. Peel could confer pensions gracefully enough, as in the case of poor Tom Hood and his family. But neither Peel nor the Duke ever thought of finding places for Lockhart, Wilson, Hook, or Maginn. On the other hand, the Whigs, to their own honour, and we doubt not, much to the benefit of the public service, were scarce in office ere they found berths for Fonblanque, John Forster, and others. It is no longer a secret—for Peel and his friends, in a moment of irritation, told the tale—that Disraeli, at the commencement of his parliamentary career, made such advances to the Tory Minister as his position and consciousness of power

justified him in making. They were coldly repulsed. This was not a very wise proceeding, and the evil results of it are still felt; let us hope that they are wearing out.

It has been said of Peel, and we think truly, that he could never play a losing game. He is not, however, responsible for the consequences of the ministerial crisis of 1831 further than this, that it was by his advice that the Whig Reform Bill was permitted to come to a second reading. Whether any real damage has accrued to the country through this want of decision on his part, may be doubted. Lord Brougham, indeed—if any credit is due to Mr. Roebuck—still believes that, had the bill been refused a first reading, there would have been no dissolution of Parliament, Lord Grey must have resigned, and a new Administration come in—formed, probably, out of the more moderate men of all parties. But could they, or could any statesman, have prevented the enactment of a large measure of change after a bill so sweeping as that of 1831 had been laid by the King's Ministers on the table of the House? And if a large measure, would it not have proved a prelude, and nothing more, to some fresh measure, perhaps more mischievous than that which the Whigs gave us? These are questions which it is useless to ask, because they admit of no answer. The facts of history are well known. Peel's refusal to get up an opposition to a first reading, led the party which had already gathered round him again to believe that he saw enough of good in the ministerial scheme to allow of its being amended in committee. Hence, when the second reading came on, his resistance was regarded rather as conventional than hearty, and the bill was thrown out by the smallest possible majority. An immediate dissolution followed, into consenting to which the King, a good but weak man, was cajoled; and the country was thrown into a state of anarchy such as never occurred before, and probably will never occur again, without leading to revolution.

There is but one point in Peel's conduct, while heading the opposition to Earl Grey's measure, which will bear to be questioned. As long as the battle raged in the House of Commons, he fought it loyally, yet he fought from first to last without hope. When, therefore, the waverers prevailed to carry the second reading in the Lords, and afterwards, by returning to their allegiance in committee, forced the Ministers to create peers or to resign, Peel refused to join the Duke in that great man's gallant attempt to remove the King out of the hands of the Whig Radicals. We are not prepared to say that Peel was wrong in this. The country, lashed up into madness by the press and the political unions, would probably not have been satisfied with such reforms as the Duke was prepared to concede; and the House of Commons, going far beyond the country in violence, would have at once refused the supplies. Was anything to be gained by a dissolution? Perhaps; but not, we suspect, enough to meet the difficulties of the situation. We cannot, therefore, blame Peel for refusing to co-operate with the Duke, though we wish, for his own sake, he had rested his refusal on higher grounds than regard to personal consistency. But this was part of Peel's idiosyncrasy: he could not separate himself from his duties. He had none of the chivalry about him which sent Lord Falkland to die for a prince whose policy he condemned; and which, in the case of our own glorious Duke, induced him to risk everything rather than desert the Sovereign in his hour of need. The consequences are well known. After the delay of a fortnight, the Duke gave up his commission, and Lord Grey, returning to power, carried his Reform Bill.

Well-nigh thirty years have passed since the events of which we are writing befell; and thirty years are apt to effect on men's ideas changes as great as they effect in their forms. We of this Magazine struggled hard, in 1832, to keep things as they then were. We are now free to confess that we strove to achieve an impossibility. Not that our views of the rashness of the Whig scheme, and of the manner of its accomplishment, are at all modified.

The Whig measure was dictated by no spirit of patriotism. It was not the result of a deliberate consideration of what the country really needed. It was a mere party move, into which its authors plunged, caring very little about consequences, so long as it rendered office untenable by their rivals; for it sought to accomplish in a day, and by violence, that which, to be quite safe, demanded at least half a century of gradual changes. On the other hand, the ground taken up by the Tories was indefensible; and the less defensible by them that during half a century of power they had never taken a single step to modify abuses, the extent and enormity of which were all the while admitted. Grattons and Old Sarums, accumulated by half-dozens in the hands of individuals, had become intolerable; and the continued refusal of members to such places as Manchester and Birmingham was not only a crime, but a blunder. The blame, therefore, of that revolution in the influences which render government by men moderately Conservative just as difficult now as government by men moderately liberal was forty years ago, may fairly be divided between the two great factions. The Tories, by their obstinate determination to change nothing, created uneasiness under the borough system, of which the Whigs took advantage to peril the existence of the constitution itself, rather than remain any longer in opposition. Let us hope that the leaders on both sides have learned better to understand what the interests of the commonwealth really require, and are better prepared to promote them.

Of Peel, as the head of the Tory, or, as it came to be called, the Conservative, Opposition, from 1832 to 1841, it is impossible to speak too highly. All the little defects in his character seemed to have passed from it. Otherwise than cold and reserved he could not well be; but either his coldness melted a good deal under the generous confidence which the party reposed in him, or his followers overlooked, in contemplating the great issues that were at stake, defects of manner which used previously to annoy them.

Both causes, we are inclined to think, operated for good. It is certain that, never since he entered public life, had Peel met his political friends with the same apparent frankness as he exhibited now, and never before had his Fabian tactics been so loyally accepted. It was something new to the Tory blood of England to be restrained and kept back from action; yet the cavaliers bore it admirably. What remarkable meetings were those which took place from time to time, now in Mr. Planta's old house in Charles Street, by-and-by in the large drawing-room of the mansion in which the Carlton Club first took refuge! With what tact Peel soothed the irritation of the young, and persuaded the old to place their deliberate opinions in abeyance!! But the party was then in opposition. It had no measures of its own to propose,—at least, it had no business to propose any; and Peel kept it in its proper place. The case was altered when again a Conservative Cabinet came together; and the renewed reserve of the statesman who presided over it was perhaps as much the result of a mistaken sense of duty, as the indulgence of a personal humour, long restrained, but still active. Yet its results were disastrous in the extreme.

We have little to tell, which has not been told elsewhere, of Peel's shortlived Administration in 1835. The Whigs had fallen out among themselves; and the removal of Lord Althorp to the House of Lords afforded William IV. the opportunity which he had long sought to get rid of them. He sent, as usual, for the Duke of Wellington, who recommended him to commit to Peel the task of forming a ministry; and who, Peel being then abroad, undertook, single-handed, to carry on the government. We are not prepared to assert the matter as a fact, but an impression was created on our minds at the time, and it still remains, that Peel made his journey to Rome, in the autumn of that year, partly that he might be out of the way in the event of a political crisis occurring. For the King's impatience under Whig domination was no secret to any one; indeed, his

Majesty had already made more than one abortive attempt to free himself from it. And Peel, believing that the time was not yet come for attempting a change, either of men or of measures, dreaded nothing more than a premature summons to his Majesty's councils. Be this, however, as it may, Peel's absence at a moment so critical, was, to say the least of it, very inconvenient. True, the wheels of State were kept going, with only the Duke and Lord Lyndhurst to direct them. It has been said indeed, on high authority, that not at any former period had the business of the public offices been so rapidly or so correctly conducted. But after all, the wellbeing of the commonwealth depends on something more than the keeping the clerks in our public offices at their desks. We doubt whether Peel, had he been in London instead of at Rome at the moment, would have given way, as the Duke did, to what was more personal feeling than a sense of duty on the King's part. And assuming him to have yielded in spite of his own better judgment, we are confident that he would not have dissolved till he had made the show at least of attempting to go on with the House of Commons as it was. For a dissolution is the one great card which a Government holds in its hands, and to play it before an opportunity has been given of explaining his policy to the country, is not, under any circumstances, a judicious proceeding in a Minister. The deed was done, however, before Peel reached London, and nothing remained for him except to prepare as well as he could for the struggle which impended.

We write in no spirit of unkindness towards the late Sir Robert Peel, when we say that the great defect in his character, as a public man, was the lack of political courage. Personally, and to a certain extent even morally, he was brave enough; but as a politician, he had not sufficient confidence either in himself, or in the abstract justice of opinions of which he had long been the champion. His famous Tamworth Manifesto proves this. The principles enunciated therein might be correct in themselves; but if correct, why did he now, for the first time, avow them? The announcement of his intention to reform the Church was, in particular, a practical paradox. He had been for many years an influential member of a Cabinet from which the blots on the Church's scutcheon referred to in that manifesto could not have been hidden. Why did he never propose a plan for getting rid of these blots? Are we to assume that all this while he saw more to approve than to condemn in these inequalities? or that he preferred leaving things as they were to the risk of unsettling men's minds on the general subject of property? In the latter case, what was it which brought about such a change of views as he suddenly manifested in his letter to the electors of Tamworth? We believe that, to a great extent at least, Peel's change of views was the result of fear. He anticipated from day to day, under a reformed Parliament, such a rude assault upon all the old institutions of the country, and especially on the Church, as would lay them in ruins; and he was desirous, by anticipating the shock, to postpone, if he could not entirely avert, its violence. Now in this, as experience has shown, he greatly deceived himself.

The Whigs of 1835 were no more revolutionists than the Tories. They had gained by their bill all that they desired to gain—such a redistribution of influence as rendered them more powerful at the hustings than their rivals; but they harboured no intention of sharing their power with the Radicals, or of pandering to Radical sympathies, by making war upon the Church or the House of Lords. On the other hand, the Whigs were then, as they are now, Conservative only while in office. Keep them there, and with your support they are ready to maintain the social system as it is; turn them out, and then trim your sails, for there is a certainty of bad weather. Neither Peel nor the heads of the Church understood this. He proposed, they gladly consented, that he should take up the question of Church reform rather than leave it to the Whigs, from whom they persuaded themselves

that worse things would come. And so it was with the rest of his political progress. If it was based on pure conviction, why did not conviction sooner lead to acts? If not arising out of pure conviction, to what motive must we refer it? The result fell far short of his own anticipations and those of his friends. The Tamworth Manifesto did not gain over a single hostile constituency; it merely wounded their sense of right in many of his own more honest supporters. He met, in consequence, a Parliament still disinclined to accept his leadership, and he was defeated.

We have nothing to do with the immediate ground of Sir Robert Peel's defeat; it was quite in keeping with Whig principle at that time. A resolution to apply to secular purposes a portion of the Church's property in Ireland was carried against him, upon which the statesman who moved it never, we will undertake to say, seriously thought of acting. But the manœuvre testified to the shortsightedness of the policy which placed Conservatism ahead of the country, instead of leaving the country to put forward Conservatism of its own accord. For such shortsightedness Peel is not to be blamed. He did not conceal, even from the Duke, his regret that the King had been allowed to dismiss his Whig Ministers. These Ministers were fast losing their hold upon the respect of the country. On the one hand, the Radicals charged them with abandoning their own principles; on the other, moderate men even of their own party were disgusted with the alliance into which they had entered with Mr. O'Connell. And their financial policy was wretched. A little more forbearance—a year or two of continued submission to their government—would have filled up the measure of discontent out of doors, and Sir Robert Peel and his friends, untrammelled by pledges, would have been lifted on the shoulders of the people into power. As it was, the King's impatience, and—we repeat it—the unlucky absence of Peel from England, restored to them just so much of popular favour as enabled them not only to resume office, but to retain it throughout the remainder of William's reign, and during the first years—and they were in every point of view critical years—of those of his most gracious and beloved successor.

Never had Peel stood so high as during the few months of his first occupancy of the Treasury benches; his calmness, his moderation, his skill in debate, won for him the plaudits of foes as well as friends. Without bating a jot of what was due to himself, he yet exhibited on all occasions such deference to the decisions of the House, even when they were manifestly unjust, that the very men who strove to bear him down looked with respect upon their victim, and his followers would have laid down their lives to sustain him. In like manner, his fall proved to be, so far as he was personally concerned, a conspicuous triumph. From great towns, as well as from counties, addresses of condolence and respect poured in upon him, and in the House many an eye, not much used to weep, shed tears. Had nature endowed him with a disposition more frank—had but his manner been more genial—he might have become, if ever public man did, master of the very wills of his party. But no sooner was the struggle over than he withdrew again, in a great measure, within himself. At public meetings he continued to give sage counsel, and his hand was felt again to restrain; but it was seldom open to the grasp, except of a few. Now, by wisdom alone neither the world nor a political party has ever been governed. A political leader cannot afford to live alone, or only with a clique. If he is to reign in men's hearts—and unless he reign there, his tenure of power will always be uncertain—he must live among them. If he is to obtain confidence, he must give, or appear to give it. We repeat, however, that Peel's management of the Opposition, as a body, was admirable. It never again committed itself to a false move, because it gave itself up without a question to his guidance.

It is well known that one of Peel's first acts, after accepting the King's commission to form a Ministry, was to address communications to the present Earl of Derby, then Lord

Stanley, and to Sir James Graham, inviting them to become his colleagues in office. Between their views of general policy, and those expressed in the Tamworth manifesto, there were, in point of fact, no differences; and they had already separated themselves, in no friendly spirit, from Lord Melbourne. If they had met Peel's proposal as it was rendered, who can tell what the consequences might have been? But a scrupulous—may we not say a too scrupulous—regard to the claims of old connections restrained them; and though they never joined in the attacks which were made upon the new Minister, the support which they gave him was, of necessity, feeble and ineffective. Gradually, however, time and events overcame their scruples; and in opposition that union was cemented, to which the possession of power by one of the parties seeking it had opposed an insuperable obstacle. It appeared likewise, as if with their seceding colleagues the Whigs had lost all their administrative talent. Ireland became unmanageable; trade grew dull; the foreign policies of the country got confused; and year by year the revenue continued to fall off.

At last the machine came to a dead-lock, and in 1839 Lord Melbourne resigned. This was a sore trial to the Queen, to whom the fascinating manners of her Prime Minister had greatly endeared him; and who had adopted him, as was natural in a lady so young and inexperienced, as her political monitor. She sent for the Duke of Wellington, however, who advised, as he had done in 1835, that the formation of a new Ministry should be assigned to Sir Robert Peel. And here let us not omit to vindicate Peel from the party charge, which M. Guizot has been so unwise as to reiterate, that he outraged the Queen's sense of personal dignity by demanding that all the places in the household should be filled up by him. He did nothing of the sort. He found that Lord Melbourne had placed about her Majesty two ladies—one the sister, the other a near relative of two of the retiring Ministers; and knowing how impossible it would be for her Majesty to hinder these ladies from acquiring information, the communication of which to the political enemies of the Cabinet could not but prove inconvenient, Peel respectfully requested permission to replace them by any others whom her Majesty might be pleased to select. This was not only a constitutional, but it was, towards her Majesty personally, a delicate proposal. While it removed a probable source of embarrassment from before the Queen as well as from before her Ministers, it ruptured no ancient tie of personal affection; because, as it happened, both ladies had received their appointments only within a brief interval; and Peel did not presume to name the persons by whom they were to be succeeded. But the ladies took fire. They spoke to their relatives, their relatives spoke to Lord Melbourne, and Lord Melbourne to the Queen; a step unbecoming in one who was no longer the Queen's confidential adviser,—and doubly so because of the animus which dictated his appeal. The consequences are well known. Her Majesty refused to part with her two ladies of the bed-chamber; and the Whigs, by a manœuvre—perhaps the most discreditable to which public men ever lent themselves—came back again for a brief interval into place.

But nothing could save them. One blunder led to another. The addition of five per cent. to the assessed taxes failed to bring up the revenue to the expenditure; and fresh loans only rendered each annual deficiency more startling. At last they were beaten on a vote of want of confidence; and the dissolution which they tried gave them a House of Commons which took the earliest opportunity of declaring against them by a majority of ninety.

The history of Peel's second Administration is of such recent date that we do not consider it necessary to enter at all into its details. Never since Pitt, in 1784, achieved his great triumph over an adverse Parliament, had a British minister made himself so completely master of the House of Commons and of the country. His Cabinet, too, comprised

some of the ablest men of the age. In the House of Lords, the Duke, Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord Aberdeen were supreme; in the Commons, Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham were well supported by Mr. Goulburne, Sir Henry Hardinge, and Sir William Follet. Behind these were coming on such men as Sydney Herbert, William Gladstone, Lord Lincoln now Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Cardwell; while Disraeli, Sir John Pakington, and other chiefs of the present Conservative party, were ready to serve, and did for a time serve faithfully, though too little, as the event has shown, consulted and brought forward. What a game was in Peel's hands! did he play it well?

The new Ministers had not held many Cabinet meetings ere the faintest symptoms of disunion began to show itself among them. The Duke of Buckingham, then the acknowledged head of the agricultural interest, suddenly retired. He assigned no reason for the step, and the Conservatives abstained from pressing for any; being, indeed, the more reconciled to his loss that Sir Edward Knatchbull, also one of the leaders of the country party, held office. Still there was the slightest possible misgiving, which, however, did not cast a shade over the first meeting of the House under the leadership of Peel; and when he made his masterly statement, proposing a small income-tax, a modification of the Corn Laws, and an obviously wise revision of the commercial code of the country, he was listened to with breathless attention, and carried even the staunchest of the Protectionists along with him. Once more let us be permitted to guard ourselves against misapprehension. The wisdom of Peel's commercial and economical policy we are not going to question, he may have been substantially right in everything which he proposed; but we believe that the immense success which attended his first endeavours as a Minister proved fatal to himself, and ruined the great Conservative party. Never communicative, even when he felt that there was need to conciliate, he grew, on the strength of his parliamentary majorities, all but insolent. We doubt whether he took his colleagues in the Cabinet into his entire confidence; we know that he never condescended to feel the pulses even of the most eminent of his supporters out of the Cabinet on any measure till it was proposed. His reserve became more marked every day, and the very tone of his correspondence with old friends changed. Yet it would be greatly to belie him if it were assumed that he was destitute of feeling all the while, or despised sympathy. The favoured few who had constant access to him, always spoke of him with warm affection; and it is indicative both of his wisdom and of his generosity, that he encouraged young statesmen especially to come about him. Why are Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Cardwell, Peelites to the back-bone at this day? Because Peel saw more of them in later days, and conversed with them more freely than with any other persons, his oldest friend Goulburne not excepted.

If Peel over-rode many prejudices in the imposition of a property-tax and his revision of the tariff, he gained the entire approval of the more thoughtful in both sections of the empire by his vigorous proceedings against O'Connell. The monster meetings, and the language used at them, had become intolerable; and Peel, believing both to be illegal, put the law in force. No insurrection followed the arrest, the condemnation, or the imprisonment of the agitator; and though subsequently released by the decision on appeal of the House of Lords, O'Connell ceased ever after to be a dangerous member of society. Peel's foreign policy, likewise, under the judicious management of Lord Aberdeen, was most successful. Once only the friendly relations between this country and France were imperilled; but moderation on both sides overcame the difficulty, and peace was maintained. In India and in China he redeemed the blunders of his predecessors, and the finances of the country righted themselves. Yet mischief was brewing both within the House and without.

We do not think that the memory of Sir Robert Peel derives much

benefit from the publication of the volume which professes to explain his proceedings and the motives for them, on the question of the repeal of the Corn Laws. The truth we believe to be, that before the Anti-Corn-Law League had attained the dimensions to which it eventually reached, Peel was at heart a thorough free-trader. We believe, also, that he was restrained from moving more rapidly in the direction of free trade rather by respect for the prejudices of others, than through any misgivings in himself. Now his duty under such circumstances was obvious, and he ought at all risks to have gone through with it. His party had raised him to power — most of them, but not all, because they believed, or persuaded themselves to believe, that he was an anti-Free-trader. He ought to have seized the earliest opportunity of calling the more influential among them together, and explaining that Conservatism did not mean the maintenance of high duties on foreign corn, or the exclusion from the English market of any article fabricated abroad. Had he adopted this course, we are as confident as we can be of anything, that if he failed to carry the party along with him, at least he would have escaped the charge of treachery and the bitterness to which it gave rise. For the wildest advocate of the agricultural leaders at that time implied no more than that the repeal of the Corn Laws, if effected, should certainly be followed by the repeal of all laws which gave protection to British manufactures.

Peel was not politically courageous enough to follow this line. He had so often stood forward as the champion of Protection, that he was afraid to acknowledge to his adherents that his views were changed. He therefore preferred wearing the mask a little longer, and trusted to the chapter of accidents for a convenient moment to lay it aside. Meanwhile the Anti-Corn Law League grew more formidable from day to day; and the Whigs, according to their wont in such cases, joined the agitators. Their motive was obvious enough. They desired to harass, to weaken, and ultimately to throw out the Ministry; and the Ministers themselves helped to play their game. Peel's relaxation of the Corn Laws had alarmed the Conservatives, without satisfying their rivals. Sir Edward Knatchbull withdrew from the Cabinet, and the loss of an honest, if not a very able man, was rendered more serious because of the suspicions which attached to it. Personal feeling, likewise, began to work. There was antagonism instead of sympathy between Peel and Disraeli; and Disraeli was not a man to be drawn through any cause into hostility without detriment to the party which provoked him. It is but fair to add, that the House of Commons, under the supercilious treatment which it received from the Government, showed frequent symptoms of impatience. Peel carried his Bank Charter Act by an immense majority in both Houses; yet of those who voted for him, not a few complained that he had scarcely condescended to point out the circumstances which rendered this measure necessary. His next proposal, to replace the annual grant to the College of Maynooth by a permanent endowment, was not so well received. It was ushered in by a speech which gave mortal offence to advanced Protestants, almost all of whom sat behind him, and which was applauded by the Whigs, because, as they affirmed, it expressed their views, not his, on the subject. From the benches in Peel's rear were heard, for the first time, strains of sarcasm as well as of reproach. He was pronounced to be a great parliamentary middle-man—a man who bamboozles one party and plunders the other, till, having obtained a position to which he is not entitled, he cries out, "Let us have no party questions, but fixity of tenure."

It is hard to say which galled Peel the most—the opposition of a large section of his own followers, or the patronising support which he received from Lord John Russell and the Whigs. He saw, likewise, with more of regret than surprise, that the feeling out of doors was against him. Nor did he redeem his position, whatever benefit he may have conferred upon the State, by establishing in Ireland

what Sir Robert Inglis denounced as "Godless Colleges." Partly, perhaps, on this account, partly because he had sentiment, if not justice, on his side, Lord Ashley succeeded in carrying against the Government an important amendment on the bill for regulating the hours of labour in the factories. This was more than Sir Robert Peel could bear. He threatened to resign. The Conservatives were neither so far irritated as to desire this, nor weak enough to believe that, as yet, they could go on without him. The vote was therefore rescinded. But when the same tactics were tried again under similar circumstances, on a question affecting the sugar duties, the issues proved less satisfactory. The House felt that it was treated disrespectfully. Mr. Disraeli expressed his own sentiments, and the sentiments of many others, in a tone which wounded, if it failed to convince; and Peel, affecting to despise what he could not but perceive to be very damaging both to himself and to his supporters, declined to reply. It was evident to the most casual observer that the Conservatives were breaking up into two camps; that, though still allied, they were no longer a homogeneous body; and that, if this system of sharp attack on the one side, and ostentatious contempt on the other, were continued, the allies would soon separate, if they did not turn their arms against each other.

We are of opinion that the Anti-Corn-Law agitators, though they never avowed it, took renewed heart from the contemplation of this schism, and that Peel's budget of 1845, excellent as in the main it was, greatly strengthened their hands. He retained both the income-tax and the duty on foreign corn, while he reduced the duties on sugar, raw cotton, coal for export, and glass, and liberated entirely 430 minor articles—among which were drugs, including arsenic and other poisons. The press, and especially the *Times*, which had for some time wavered, now ranged itself on the side of the League. "While our bread is taxed," it was said, "arsenic is admitted duty free; so that if we cannot have food at the natural price, we may have poison on moderate terms. . . . Bones of cattle are liberated from duty, but the flesh upon them remains subject to the landlord's tax; foreign animals are allowed to furnish us with everything but meat—free admission is granted to their bones, their hides, their hair, their hoofs, their horns, their tails—to everything but their flesh, which is precisely the part of which we stand most in need. Feathers, flock, and flower-roots for beds, have won the favour of the Premier; but flocks of sheep continue under the appropriate protection of the Duke of Richmond." In like manner, the distinction maintained by him between slave-grown and other sugars furnished Mr. Macaulay with an opening for one of his most successful outpourings of irony. All this irritated Peel, because it seemed to give satisfaction, rather than the reverse, to a large section of his professed adherents. They disliked his measures for reasons the very opposite of those which insured to them the hostility of the *Times* and of Mr. Macaulay, yet they made no secret of the pleasure with which they read the stinging articles which appeared in the one, and listened to the diatribes of the other. Who can hesitate, with such evidence before him, to believe that the severance of Peel's views from those of the old Tory party was already complete, and that the repeal of the Corn Laws only anticipated by a brief space the rupture of all political connection between them which had become sooner or later inevitable?

Things were in this state when the potato-blight began to show itself, creating everywhere a degree of panic for which there was no just reason. Not that the misfortune was a light one; far from it. In Ireland especially, where the mass of the population depended for subsistence upon the potato, such a failure of the crop as threatened could not but be attended with the greatest inconvenience. Yet more than inconvenience would probably not have been experienced, had the Government acted with becoming energy on the occasion; for it is a curious fact, that in Great Britain and in Ireland, at this time, there was corn enough in

bond to feed the whole population of the former section of the empire for many months. It was quite within the province of the Minister, as soon as the first indications of famine appeared, to permit, by order in Council, the liberation of this corn, or any portion of it, and to suspend, if need were, the operation of the Corn Laws themselves. Or better still, it was competent to the Cabinet, without any interference with these laws, to make such advances from the Treasury as would have sufficed to keep the Irish peasantry employed on profitable work, and so prevented them from starving. For either proceeding, under the circumstances, an act of indemnity would have certainly been obtained. Unfortunately, however, the Executive Government shrank from both courses. The former appeared to Sir Robert Peel's colleagues too hazardous. They were apprehensive that the suspension of the Corn Laws in any shape would amount to a repeal; for who, on the reassembling of Parliament, would venture to propose their reimposition? To the latter Peel himself was opposed. He did not choose to incur the responsibility of contracting a public debt in order to retain a tax on corn. And so, for lack of unanimity among the members of the Administration, events were left to take their course, and thousands of persons died of hunger in a country which overflowed with wealth, and had its granaries bursting with corn. But we are anticipating.

We are not going to write a detailed history of the years 1845 and 1846—of the stormy debates which characterised the progress of the parliamentary sessions; or of the diatribes written and spoken, which disturbed the public mind out of doors—Sir Robert Peel's steady refusal to grant the committee for which Mr. Cobden applied, Mr. Cobden's speech, Mr. Sidney Herbert's reply, and Mr. Disraeli's rejoinder, are probably fresh in the recollection of the majority of our readers. They were alike indicative of change in the political horizon, which the most careless could not fail to observe; and the change, so foreshadowed, was not slow in making itself felt. The sliding-scale was maintained against the attacks of Mr. Villiers and the entire Whig and Free-trade party; but it was maintained amid an ominous silence on the part of the Minister. It subsequently came out that already, before the potato disease had developed itself, the Minister was convinced of the impolicy of Corn Laws in any shape, Why did he not then, if not before, make a frank avowal of principle to his followers? Because it was then too late. Angry passions were roused on all sides, which no amount of frankness now could have availed to appease.

At last, on the 9th of August, Parliament was prorogued. The summer had been wet and cold, and the weather still continued inclement. The promise of the harvest was, in every respect, a bad one; and all over Europe the same evil report was heard. Still the Corn Laws remained unchanged, the House of Commons having refused to substitute for the sliding-scale a fixed duty, first of 8s., next of 5s. per quarter. There was fierce agitation in Manchester, Birmingham, and in London; and suddenly, on the 22d of November, Lord John Russell's memorable letter to his constituents made its appearance. It was the last straw which broke the camel's back. It enunciated to the public opinions which Sir Robert Peel was endeavouring at this very time to recommend to his colleagues for adoption. On the 25th the Cabinet met, and the question of a suspension of the Corn Laws, with a view to their ultimate repeal, was debated; but Peel could not carry a majority with him. Not even the reluctant consent of the Duke to follow his guidance could prevail upon more than Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert to vote with him. On the 8th of December, therefore, Peel sent in his resignation to the Queen, accompanied by a letter, concerning the fitness of which, in every point of view, grave doubts may be entertained. For not only were all his own opinions on the question of repeal stated, but a sort of history was given of the discussions in Cabi-

net, which prevented his acting on these opinions. And then the writer added—"Your Majesty can, if you think fit, make this communication known to the Minister who, as successor to Sir Robert Peel, may be honoured by your Majesty's confidence." In other words, "I am desirous, not only that your Majesty should yourself have a perfect knowledge of all these circumstances, but that you should make them known to the Minister who, as my successor, may be honoured by your Majesty's confidence." It was this indirect request to the Sovereign that she would explain to his successor the differences in her Cabinet, and the causes of them, which gave to Sir Robert Peel's letter its somewhat equivocal character; for it not only broke up the Conservative Administration, a catastrophe which was, perhaps, inseparable just then from the resignation of Peel himself, but it rendered the formation of any other Ministry not pledged to a repeal of the Corn Laws impossible. Now, if it be conceded that the repeal of the Corn Laws was a measure of such importance that only by passing it the constitution could be preserved, then no fault can be found with a Conservative Minister for preferring to the life of the party of which he was at the head, the life of the constitution itself. But surely on no other or lighter grounds—on no grounds of mere expediency, or convenience, or even of the balance of fiscal good to the country over fiscal evil—can an act be founded which destroyed at a blow all confidence between man and man, if it did not take away all faith in the sincerity and honour of public men in general.

But we have not yet done with Sir Robert Peel's inconsistencies in this matter. After throwing the game, as it were, into the hands of the Whigs, he would not allow them to win it. As if it had been his object not merely to throw out, but to destroy the Tory party, he insisted on doing himself, as a Tory Minister, what, by a little cordial co-operation as a private member of Parliament, he could have enabled the Whigs to effect far better. What were his motives? Was he influenced by pure love of country? Or did he desire to have his own name associated with a fiscal arrangement which he had learned to regard with a species of political idolatry? Or was anger towards the party, from which of late he had suffered so many personal mortifications, busy within him? People will answer these questions according to the general estimate which they form of the character of the man. For ourselves, we are free to confess that we believe Peel to have been under the pressure, not of any one feeling, but of many, on this occasion. And we believe, further, looking not only to his own reputation and influence, but to the best interests of the country, which he sincerely loved, that he committed even a greater mistake in preventing the formation of Lord John's Government, than he did when he compelled the members of his own Administration to shipwreck both themselves and their party, by speaking and voting at his pleasure in the teeth of their long-cherished and still avowed convictions.

It will be seen that in handling this delicate matter we have carefully avoided expressing any opinion of our own on the abstract question of Corn Laws, as part of the commercial system of this country. If protective duties affecting human food be mischievous, then as the original enactment of Corn Laws was a blunder, so their repeal, as soon as the public mind was prepared for it, became a duty; and if a duty, then it was right to go through with it at all hazards. But the style of oratory which prevailed at the time, the determination to connect repeal with the Irish famine, was the merest claptrap. As a remedy for the evil in question, the repeal of the Corn Laws was quite worthless. All that could be done to feed the Irish was already done before the question came under discussion in Parliament. First the general public, and then the Government, acknowledged the necessity of prompt action, and money was raised, and committees of relief formed, which purchased Indian-corn, and brought

food within the reach of those who, being without money of their own, were just as little able to buy cheap bread as dear. Nor is this all. It was impossible, in the nature of things, that Sir Robert Peel's great measure could have any effect on the condition of Ireland. The duties on foreign corn were not removed at once. The law, on the contrary, settled that they should go through a gradual process of diminution, which was to reach the point of extinction after three years; and three years of continued famine, assuming that the Corn Laws were in any measure the causes of it, would have been just as fatal to the generation made subject to it as thirty years. The Irish famine was a telling card in the hands of Mr. Cobden and the League. Mr. Fox and his friends made the best use of it. But such reasonings as these ought not to have had any weight with statesmen of Sir Robert Peel's calibre; and, in spite of his own declarations to the contrary, we have great difficulty in believing that they had any weight with Sir Robert himself.

There seems no reason any longer to doubt, that when, in 1842, Peel introduced his first modifications into the tariff, he looked to the ultimate triumph of the principles of free trade as a mere question of time. The famous letter to the merchants of an obscure town in the north of Germany, indicates as much; and all his proceedings, subsequently to the arrangements therein referred to, corroborate that testimony. It is clear, also, that he contemplated the substitution, to a considerable extent, of direct for indirect taxation, as a permanent fiscal arrangement. Whether he was right or wrong in adopting these views, is not the question now before us; but, looking both to his own past and his own future, he was, in our opinion, decidedly wrong in the mode by which he endeavoured to carry them into effect. Never was Minister more popular, never had Minister more power than he to bend the opinions of others to his own, had he set about the operation, on his first assumption of office, in a right spirit. There was such a feeling of triumph in 1842, such a sense of relief from the burthen of Whig misrule, that men were ready to take up and to lay down almost any political opinions at his bidding. Pitt or Canning, circumstanced as he then was, would have done all that he did, and more too, yet carried the best wishes of his adherents along with him. Pitt or Canning would have had no needless reserve in any of his dealings. Their steps in advance would have been taken gradually, and never without previous communication with their supporters. They would have satisfied the most incredulous that the constitution of 1832 could not be worked on the same principles with the constitution of 1822; and by representing each concession as an experiment, they might, and probably would, have been allowed to follow the bent of their own inclinations to the end. But Peel was incapable of this. He could not unbend, or open his mind even to those immediately about him. He would not condescend to argue the propriety of schemes which his deliberate judgment approved, except in the House of Commons. For him, therefore, to cajole, so to speak, the great Tory party into doing right, was constitutionally impossible. Hence every act of his, even when its abstract wisdom might be admitted, gave offence. Nobody likes to be taken by surprise, even once: to be taken by surprise time after time, and time after time to have the mortification of eating his own words, or outraging his own prejudices, becomes in the end an intolerable bondage. The Tories could not bear it.

But another course was open to Peel. He could not fail to perceive, from what followed the endowment of Maynooth and the second revision of the tariff, that the confidence of the party in their leader was gone. All his services during the years of opposition seemed to be forgotten, and ominous murmurs referring to the treason, as it was called, of 1829, were again heard. So early, indeed, as the opening of the session of 1845, he had been plainly told that he was betraying the Parliament which brought him into power, and that a Conservative Government under his

guidance was an organised hypocrisy. He had no right, after this, to keep his place at the head of the Tory party. Then, and not one day later, he should have announced, at all events to the rest of the Cabinet, his purpose of repealing the Corn Laws; and if he failed to carry them along with him, he ought to have retired from office. But here, again, the defects in Peel's character as a politician proved too strong for him. He seems never to have understood the importance, in a free State, of fidelity to party; fidelity, not in the sense which is too often applied to the term—viz., a blind adherence to opinions once expressed—but fidelity implying tenderness for the personal feelings and due respect for the judgments of those with whom we act. Though far from adopting M. Guizot's estimate either of the general merits or demerits of the subject of his panegyric, we entirely assent to the truth of the following observations:—

"This judicious politician," he says, "this skilful tactitian, this consummate financier, this reasoner who had so marvellous a knowledge of party, this orator who was often so eloquent, and always so powerful, did not know how to live on intimate terms with his party, to imbue them beforehand with his ideas, to animate them with his spirit, to associate them with his designs as well as with his successes, with the workings of his mind as well as with the chances of his fortune. He was cold, taciturn, and solitary in the midst of his army, and almost equally so in the midst of his staff. It was his maxim that it was better to make concessions to his enemies than to his friends. The day came when he had to demand great concessions from his friends—not for himself, for he sought none, but for the public interest, which he had warmly at heart. He found them cold in their turn, not prepared to yield, and strangers to the transformations which he had himself undergone. He was not in a position to make them share his views, and to bring them to a necessary compromise."

And yet this man was, in all the relations of private life, amiable and excellent—a true and devoted husband, an affectionate father, a liberal patron of the arts, a hearty promoter of all that had a tendency to better the condition of others. No doubt, even in his private virtues he was still Sir Robert Peel. He could not grant a small endowment to a book-club in Tamworth, without annexing to it conditions which marked him as the benefactor. He turned the first sod on the opening of the Trent Valley line of railway with the same verbosity which characterised his establishment of one of those ecclesiastical structures which, after him and his bill, are still called the "Peel Parishes." Hospitable and kind, he was yet shy even in his own house; and in the houses of others he seemed to shrink from close communion with any one. We have seen him, when we were guests together in the same mansion, sit, of an evening, quite apart from the rest of the company, and read; and that, too, though the company consisted, in part at least, of the very persons with whom he lived on terms of the closest intimacy. Such a man ought to have been an aristocrat. With talents of a very high order, with great knowledge, great caution, great experience, he was not fit to be an English Minister. His policy may have been—whatever be the measure taken of it—beneficial in no common degree to the country; but it was carried through at such an expense of lacerated affections and broken political ties, that it may admit of a question whether the good received has not been secured at too costly a price.

We need not go on with this sketch. Having baffled Lord John, Peel resumed office, and carried, as is well known, with the support of the Whigs, his great measure, against the voices of two-thirds of his own party. He could not expect to escape, in doing so, the censure of those who charged him with having betrayed them. It was poured upon him, and upon the rest of the Ministers, with no sparing hand, and in terms which the heat of the moment might in some degree palliate, but which admits of no deliberate justification. All sober-minded men, not thrown into the vortex of the whirlpool, regretted this violence at the time; all, even the more prominent actors in the scene, regret it now. But surely there is, or ought to be,

an end of angry feeling. To Sir Robert's Peel's merits, after the sad accident which removed him from among us, none bore more willing testimony than those who, in 1846, cut him most deeply with their irony. And surely, when the brother of the statesman so abused finds it possible to act again with them, not in the House only but in the Cabinet, it ill becomes the friends of that statesman, no matter how attached, to stand upon their old grudges.

Sir Robert carried his repeal of the Corn Laws, and five weeks afterwards, on the 25th of June, proposed the second reading of a bill for the repression of acts of violence and disorder in Ireland. He had been supported on the first reading, which came on before the Corn Bill was proposed, by a majority of 149 votes; he now found, as indeed he expected to do, the great bulk of these ready to oppose him. The Conservative party, under the guidance of Lord George Bentinck, gave free scope to their indignation; and, for the avowed purpose of avenging themselves on the Minister, threw out the bill by a majority of 73 votes. Sir Robert took the defeat with calmness and dignity: not one angry word escaped him. He waited in the House till the result of the division was announced, and then, amid profound silence, withdrew. There was no cheering on either side. The Conservatives knew that the victory which they had won would not, in its results, work them good. The Whigs and Radicals, conscious that no share of the merits of success belonged to them, showed little gladness and no disposition to triumph. Yet at this very moment both parties heard that Peel's foreign policy was crowned with success, and that the differences which had threatened at one time to plunge England and America into a war were reconciled.

From the day of his resignation of office, up to that on which the fatal accident occurred to him, Peel maintained, or endeavoured to do so, an independent position in the House of Commons. Generally speaking, he gave his support to Lord John Russell's Administration. He aided the Government to get rid of the Navigation Laws, to introduce poor-laws into Ireland, and to carry through, in 1847, a Coercion Bill similar in its details to that which they had enabled the angry Tories to throw out in 1846. In a like spirit he supported the increased grant which Lord John proposed for education; and not only voted, but spoke in favour of a bill for the admission of Jews into Parliament. It seemed, indeed, as if now at length he felt himself free to follow the promptings of his own judgment. Finally, he suggested the adoption of a measure, which the Government first resisted, but which it afterwards took up and carried through—the establishment of the Encumbered Estates Court, which has done more to remedy the worst social evils of Ireland than all the other laws which Parliament has passed since the union of the two legislatures. All this was directly at variance with the rigid obstructiveness for which his enemies had laboured to give him credit, and it very much increased the hostility of the more prejudiced among his former supporters. Yet it was quite in accord with the whole turn of his mind. "Robert," his father is reported to have said, "has a great deal of the Whig in him; he must be carefully trained to become a Tory." Certainly, if by Whig the old man meant a statesman of large views on all questions not affecting the principles of the constitution, he was right; but according to our reading of the expression, it applies rather to Tories than to Whigs—certainly to Tories of the school of Pitt, in which Peel had been carefully educated.

So public matters went on, Peel holding himself aloof from any connection with the Whigs, though generally supporting them in their home policy, when the Don Pacifico question arose, and Lord Palmerston's treatment of the little helpless kingdom of Greece gave offence to France, and was condemned by more than the Tory party in England. Under the leadership of Lord Stanley, the House of Lords passed upon it a formal vote of censure, and in the House of Commons there was every disposition to

repeat the blow. But the catastrophe of a change of Ministers, which nobody in truth desired, was prevented by the co-operation with the cabinet of Mr. Roebuck and the Radicals. The learned gentleman moved that "the principles on which the foreign policy of her Majesty's Government has been regulated, have been such as are calculated to maintain the honour and dignity of this country, and in times of unexampled difficulty, to preserve peace between England and the various nations of the world." This was a declaration which wounded Sir Robert Peel's sensitive nature. He accepted it, as bringing the foreign policy of past Governments, of many of which he had been himself a member, into unfavourable comparison with that of the present Government; and towards the close of the debate he rose to protest against its adoption. He was listened to with breathless attention—for neither section of the House knew which side he was going to espouse; and in spite of all that men said and affected to believe, his moral influence, both in Parliament and out of it, had never been more commanding than at that moment. When, therefore, he declared, "I will state the grounds upon which I protest against the resolution, the carrying of which, I believe, will give a false impression with respect to the dignity and honour of this country, and will establish a principle which you cannot put into execution without imminent danger to the best interests of the country," it is scarcely going too far to say that the House was electrified. The Ministers felt that the staff which had so long contributed, at least, to support them, was gone; while the Conservatives looked to Peel once more, as a far sounder politician and truer Englishman and Tory, than the strong prejudices to which they had of late yielded themselves up, permitted them to see that he was.

Ministers carried the resolution, however, by a majority of 46 votes. It was well that they did. The Opposition—broken up into fragments, one of which was called a party without a leader; another, leaders without a party—was by no means in a condition to profit by success, had it been achieved. But without all doubt, the effect of the discussion was very materially to abate the bitterness of the alienation which kept the best and wisest of Peel's old friends apart from their old leader.

The debate of which we have spoken began in the evening of Friday, the 28th of June. Daylight had come in on Saturday the 29th, when Peel quitted the House, satisfied with the success which he had achieved, and more cheerful in consequence, than he had appeared to be after any other debate since the repeal of the Corn Laws. Having rested a few hours in bed, he went about noon to attend a meeting of the Commission which was to arrange for the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851; and about five o'clock rode out, attended by a groom, to take his usual exercise in the Park. He was in the act of speaking to Miss Ellis, who was likewise on horseback, when his horse suddenly shied and swerved round, and Sir Robert, always a loose and rather inelegant rider, was thrown violently over the animal's head. A medical gentleman from Glasgow happened to be near, and with some other persons ran immediately to lift him up. Being asked whether he were hurt, he replied, with a heavy groan, "Yes, very much;" and before a carriage could be procured, he fainted. In this state he was lifted into Mrs. Lucas's carriage, where he soon recovered his senses, and declared himself to be better. But the mortal blow was given. He was conveyed slowly to his residence in Whitehall Gardens, and laid upon a sofa in the library. He never quitted that room alive. Always, even in health, nervously sensitive to pain, he would not submit to any close examination of the nature of his hurts; and when his medical attendants had set the collar-bone, in which a fracture was discovered, he became so irritable under the pressure of the bandages that they were forced to remove them. The consequence was, that with all the skill and science of London at his service, he left nature to take her course, and died in great

agony from congestion of the lung; upon which, after all was over, it was discovered that a broken rib was pressing.

The outline which we have endeavoured in a spirit of perfect impartiality to sketch, will have conveyed to the minds of our readers a more accurate view of Sir Robert Peel's character, as it represents itself to our minds, than could be given by any formal summing up, however elaborately and skilfully prepared. It would be too much to speak of him as one of England's greatest statesmen. He possessed little originality of mind, and no genius. But he was painstaking, able, industrious, unprejudiced, honest in the best sense of that term, and incapable of meanness. In spite of the pains which were taken to settle his opinions in early life, he seems never to have wholly surrendered his own judgment to that of others. Indeed, his nature was one of those which mature themselves very slowly, and are therefore open to the charge, often very ill-founded, of having no fixed principles to guide them. How gradual, yet how steady, were the advances which he made towards the adoption of those views of commercial policy which are now everywhere in the ascendant. How, by little and little, the conviction seems to have dawned upon him that men's religious opinions ought not of themselves to present any impediment to their possession of political power. Yet no man of his age cared more for the wellbeing of the working classes; and it would be to do him great wrong were we to question his firm attachment to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England. Peel's defects were those of temperament merely. He was constitutionally shy and proud. He could neither give nor receive unshackled familiarity. His manner was not a pleasant one, either in the House of Commons or anywhere else. His anxiety always to represent himself as actuated by the loftiest motives, and as sacrificing inclination and the ties of friendship to duty, amounted to positive Pecksniffianism. It was this weakness of temper, doubtless, which made him resent as a wrong done personally to himself anything like remonstrance against his plans, whether of public policy or private patronage. The same may be said of his ostentatious rejection of titles of honour for his children as well as for himself. There is as much of snobbishness in the pride which affects to despise rank to which it has not been born, as in the folly which worships rank for its own sake. Peel exhibited this weakness in his will, and seemed at least to be often under its influence in society. He had many admirers, therefore, but few friends. Still he was a man of whom, with all his shortcomings, England has cause to be proud; and whose name will go down to posterity among the ablest and most disinterested of those who have taken the lead in the management of her affairs.

We cannot conclude without a few words about the charming volume which has furnished us with the opportunity of writing this paper; it cannot fail to be largely and pleasantly read. We do not quite agree with Sir Lawrence in the estimate which he forms of his relative's character and abilities. We think that he has considerably under-estimated the latter; and we are not quite sure that a man so genial as he, could fully appreciate either the lights or shades in the former. But he evidently sat down to his task determined not to be carried away by his feelings, and he has produced a work which is as creditable to his heart as to his head.

THE ROMANCE OF AGOSTINI.

A TRUE STORY OF MODERN ROME.

CHAPTER I.

"MAKE haste, then, Teta. The child is mad. Must I call the other women because thou refusest to obey thy mother? What are my lady's secrets, if she has secrets—the blessed Madonna forbid I should say she had—to thee? Send for Mariuccia, I say. If her Excellency would gossip with her foster-sister, is it thy business? Go, child, you weary me. Send to Rocca for Mariuccia, and if there is anything to be told, she loves to talk; be sure she will tell it word for word."

"Ah, mamma mia, but what has Madame Margherita to do with my lady?" said the lively Teta, fixing upon her mother her inquisitive black eyes; "and why did you fetch her in such haste? and what is to be done with Mariuccia? She is but a *villana*, as all the world knows. My lady cares no more for her than I care for Chichina in the kitchen. A great lady like La Duchessa to gossip with her foster-sister!—ah, mother mine, do you think Teta believes it? And why, then, did you fetch Madame Margherita from Rome?"

"Madame Margherita is a wise woman: she knows what the English Forestieri do when they are sick," said the mother, gravely. "Nay, she only serves the English strangers, had it not been a great lady like ours. Thy aunt, Teta, who has been in England, went to seek her for my lady—thou knowest very well my lady has been ill. Send thou for Mariuccia, and hold thy peace — she will be better now."

"Ah, yes; so they say, 'she will be better now,'" said Teta, satirically; "but why do not the Duke and my lady make rejoicings and a great festa in Genzaro, as they did when Donna Anna was born? Nay, to be sure, you will not answer; but one talks in the Agostini palace, madre mia, and one thinks also. I will send for Mariuccia directly—and do you think she will not tell?"

So saying, the saucy Teta went briskly along the gallery, crossing the lines of sunshine from the great windows—for it was still spring, and the sun was bearable—with her white muslin apron fluttering, her long earrings glancing, her gloss of black hair shining under the light. The waiting-woman looked after her with a gleam of maternal vanity, and a sigh of more anxious feeling. She was not annoyed by Teta's curiosity, but it made her watch with a little trembling the progress of her full-developed Roman girl.

"Ah, Teta is clever," said the mother to herself. "I am glad she did not go with Donna Anna. Send her a safe husband, Madonna mia santissima! for to be a cameriera in a great family, one must see all and say nothing, which would not do for my Teta; and Mariuccia, though my lady trusts her, is but a country-woman, and loves to talk. These peasants will talk of anything if their life were on it; but they are so far above us, these great ladies—how should the Duchessa know who best to trust?"

And sighing over a little disappointed excellence of her own, the Duchess Agostini's faithful maid went into her mistress's chamber. This room was somewhat mysterious at present to the other inmates of the house. The anteroom which led to it was hung close with heavy velvet curtains, covering the doors, the floor was thickly carpeted, the outer blinds closed over the windows. Coming into this close, noiseless, breathless apartment, out of the great corridor, with its marble pavement and cold statues, it was not wonderful that the servants of the house were curious about the secrets of the further apartments into which they were not admitted. Vincenza, or Cenci, as it was common to call her, coming in with familiar composure to this anteroom, suddenly arrested herself in a

pause of horror at the door, and with all the disgust and apprehension with which English nostrils recognise that bugbear of modern life, an evil smell, sniffed at the motionless air, which was weighted with a faint odour of a very different character. The alarmed waiting-maid sniffed about the walls in anxious search for the secret foe which thus betrayed itself. Then she got down on her knees, and hunted about the corners. At last, catching a glimpse of something green and white under a table, she pounced upon it triumphantly. "Ecoola!" cried Cenci; "behold it!" It was but an innocent morsel of half-opened orange-blossom; but Cenci dashed aside the velvet curtain, and rushed to the open window in the gallery, from which she could throw it out, contemplating suspiciously all the time the offending flower. "An enemy has done it," said the anxious waiting-woman, "to discover our secret; or, alas, alas! perhaps Teta, my thoughtless child! If Madame Margherita should have smelt it!—but the Madonna be praised, she is English, and if the Duchessa does not know, it will do her no harm. I shall hold my peace." With which prudent resolution, Cenci returned through the velvet-deafened anteroom, and through another vacant, muffled apartment, into the citadel of the whole—the lady's chamber. A sharp-witted Italian, seeing that manœuvre of Cenci's, and knowing the horror which womankind in that country entertains of every kind of perfume, would speedily have divined the secret concealed there. The room was partially lighted, one little gleam of golden sunshine coming in through a slight opening in the green Persian blinds which sheltered the centre window outside, and was furnished with a cold splendour of marble and gilding which it needed that sun to endue with anything like comfort. The roof was painted with an allegorical picture, the walls were rich with festoons of stucco flowers, and vast snowy lace curtains drooped close over all the windows, subduing still further the light which came through the closed Persianis. That gleam of sunshine, however, illuminated the central object in the picture with a warmer light. On a vast bed, carved and gilt with all the splendours of rococo, nestled among white pillows and coverlets, and a world of lace, lay a pretty, languid, pale woman, with extreme ennui and a shade of vexation on her face. She was playing her pretty white hand over something which lay concealed among the coverings on the bed, and which an occasional snarl and spring betrayed to be a tiny spaniel. Now and then a sharp movement of the coverlet betrayed the impatience with which La Duchessa awaited her recovery. There was nothing visible of amusement or occupation about the bed—no books, none of those pretty safety-valves of fancy-work which suit the feminine subject—no chair for a chance visitor, or apparent possibility of any such delicious interlude of gossip. The poor Duchessa had nothing in the world to amuse her solitude but her waiting-woman and her dog.

Yet there was something else in the room which might have been supposed more interesting than either, but which, an unwelcome intruder condemning her to this reluctant retirement from the world, the Duchess Agostini looked upon with anything but love. Sturdily seated in an attitude of habit by the low wide fireplace, though there was no fire, was a little woman of a singular equality of dimensions, length and breadth being almost identical—a little woman with a broad bright face, full of importance, fun, and intelligence. This fat fairy was clothed in robes of grey Roman flannel, which neutral-coloured material could not confer any shadowy softening upon her unmistakable substance, and held upon her lap a silent bundle of white, from out of which sometimes flickered, more quietly than the tiny black paws of its triumphant rival on the bed, an infant's fitful little hand. Except that little hand, and the small mass of muslin from which it appeared, no trace of baby presence was in the room. All silently, and with the indignation of a nurse and a woman, Madame Margherita put the infant's tiny wardrobe, with all its accessories, out of sight when she had

made the noiseless creature's toilet; and the velvet curtains might have been looped aside at the Duchessa's pleasure, for any sound which that tiny atom of unwelcome flesh and blood ever made. Madame Margherita sat by the fireplace looking over the baby's head at the vexed and indifferent mother. The little woman had a woman's heart in her, and was touched with a special compassion for the child which could not draw its mother's attention from her pet spaniel, and curiously, with the instinct of a close unconscious observer, watched the lady on the bed. What kind of creature was she? A woman, one of those called the gentler portion of humanity, many a time named an angel by admiring lips—a mother, nay, almost a grandmother, young though she still was. There she lay, vexed at her seclusion, troubled at her burden, anxious to get out of her sight and hands the harmless helpless thing she had given birth to. Madame Margherita watched her narrowly over the baby's dozing sleep. She was a great lady; but the little Irishwoman resented deeply the secret birth at which she had been called to assist, and, thinking of what her innocent English ladies would think of her if they knew it, had no softening in her eyes to her patient. She watched her with a woman's contempt and indignation, not untinctured by professional disgust. To play with that ugly little cur, and never so much as to look at the child!

"Poverino!" said Cenci, coming up softly to the bundle of white muslin; "but will it live, think you? It is too good for a little child."

"It will live," said Madame Margherita, indignantly; "to be sure. If it were an heir and a darling, and the light of its mother's eyes, I might doubt of it, Cenci; but look you here, when death is wished for, it does not come."

"It is true," said Cenci, gravely; "but nobody wishes thee dead, thou little unhappy one! only safe, bello mio—safe, and out of the way."

"Ah, Cenci, San Lorenzo would be the safest nursery of all; and so my lady thinks," said the English nurse; "but I tell you the babe's well and likely. I must see this Mariuccia, however. Of course, she'll swaddle up the poor innocent and scorn to take a lesson from me; that *I* should have anything to do with a baby in swaddling clothes! I am sorry to say it, Cenci, for I've a respect for you and your aunt Teta; but the most ignorant, prejudiced, bigoted people I ever set eyes on! Well, well, it does not matter; but you'll see this child will live."

"I daresay Mariuccia will do what you tell her," said Cenci; "she is only a *villana*—she knows nothing. We brought up Donna Anna in the *modo Inglese*, Madame Margherita; and my Teta, who is two years older, went to her grandmother, and was fastened up like a proper child till she was of due age. You are fantastic, you Forestieri; when you say a thing without knowing, then you will never be convinced. Has not my Teta straighter limbs and a better grace than Donna Anna herself, though she is married to a prince? But silence—not a word—the Duchessa will hear."

"If the Duchessa did hear, or the Holy Father himself, it was a scandalous business to entice me here," said Madame Margherita, "to assist at such a birth—I who am known to have nothing to do only with English ladies! I shall have nothing to say to your aunt Teta, Cenci, another time. The old hypocrite! to come to me with her tale of Jesu Nazzarino, till I thought it was a work of mercy, and not of sin!"

"What is that you say, Margherita?" asked the Duchessa's fretful voice from the bed.

"Only concerning Cenci's aunt Teta, my lady," said Madame Margherita, changing her tone with professional ease. "I was engaged with a lady when she came for me, and old Teta did not know where to go; so instead of seeking out my husband, she went home to the Jesu Nazzarino and said her prayers; then she took him down and set him on the table, and abused him well. 'Are you deaf because you're old?' says she. 'Ah, Jesu Nazzarino, can't ye hear me? or is it shamming ye are? Madame Margherita must

come to my lady—Madame Margherita must come to La Duchessa. Ah, shame on you, Jesu Nazzarino! If you do not bring me Madame Margherita, I will never pray to you any more.' Then she hung him up again, and went out to seek me; but Jesu Nazzarino was as deaf as ever. So Teta went back and took him down again, and set him on the table. 'Ah, Jesu Nazzarino,' says she, 'Madame Margherita must come to my lady. If you will send me Madame Margherita, I will offer you a candle as thick as my arm; and if you will not, I will take you down, you old deaf useless thing, and burn you in the fire.' So she went out again and found me; for you see, my lady, it is good to offer a candle to Jesu Nazzarino when you are in great need of him; then he does all you say."

"Ah, Teta is a charming old woman," cried the Duchessa; "why can't you have Teta here to amuse me, Cenci? You never think of anything. Send for her directly, do you hear? Ah, by the by, it is as well; we will have done with the child first. Has Mariuccia come?—go and see if she is come, and let her come up immediately to fetch the child. Why don't you go? Margherita, why will my servants never do what I tell them? Do *you* speak, for I must not be agitated, you know."

Saying which, the Duchessa controlled herself instantaneously, and nestled back among the pillows—she would not retard her own recovery for half an hour.

CHAPTER II.

That evening the wished-for Mariuccia made her appearance at the Agostini palace. She was in her gala dress, as became a woman called to the presence of so great a lady as the Duchessa; and it was difficult to believe that the brown middle-aged peasant woman, with her broad figure made still broader by the projecting boddice of her local costume, and the great white handkerchief folded over it, was the foster-sister and identical in age with the delicate and languid beauty secluded with so much precaution behind all these closed curtains and shut doors. Mariuccia was received by Cenci at the door of the anteroom, and mysteriously led into the next apartment, in ordinary times the Duchessa's dressing-room. Here the waiting-woman paused, making impressive Italian signs of silence; for it was necessary to inform the stranger of the business required of her, before admitting her to the great lady's room.

"Hush — there is a baby to be nursed and cared for. Thou must take it to thy house, and get a nurse for it, and bring it up," said Cenci. "Thou canst say it is thy Maria's child."

"A baby!" cried Mariuccia, with lively gestures of astonishment. "Where? — how? Santa Maria! — what luck has dropped such a windfall here?"

"Eh! what can one say?—there it is, the unhappy one," said Cenci, shrugging her shoulders. "La Duchessa will give thee her own instructions; and there is Madame Margherita, the English nurse, will have it dressed in the *modo Inglese*. These Forestieri are pleased with nothing that is not done in their own way."

"Nay, I will take the child if the Duchessa says so," said Mariuccia; "but I know nothing of your English fashion. The baby shall be like my own babies, if it comes with me. Do you think there is a woman in Rocca who would vex her spirit with your *modo Inglese*? And I am too old to learn. My mother, I will answer for her, put La Duchessa herself into swaddling-bands; and if it sufficed for her, it must suffice for her child. Why did she have the English nurse, Cenci? Is there not the Sora Caterina still living, who came to Genzaro when Donna Anna was born?"

"Ah, stupid," said Cenci; "Sora Caterina goes to all the great ladies in Rome—Madame Margherita is only with the English who come travelling when they ought to be at home; and she is not pleased to be here, I can tell you. But come, the

Duchessa will have no ease till the child is gone. Poverino! it is so good, the unhappy one; I think it will die."

"But, Cenci, a moment—is it a boy? then it is the heir? and why send it away?" asked Mariuccia: "why so secret? have they not wished for an heir? If it is great love for Donna Anna, it is the first time of showing it—for, to be sure, thou canst not mean any shame."

"Nay, to be sure," said Cenci, with grave satire; "only the sooner it is gone, the better the Duchessa will be pleased; and the better will it be for thee."

"Ah, Il Duca does not know," said Mariuccia.

"Bah, the Duke knows as well as you or I—come; it is the Duchessa's will," said Cenci, moving towards the invalid's guarded apartment. Mariuccia followed in a vague state of perplexity. The good woman was not so sharp-witted as Cenci, nor as Cenci's daughter, brought up among all the knowledges and scandals of a great house. Mariuccia was by no means so deeply shocked by her own suspicions as an English country-woman in her position might have been, but still went doubtfully after the waiting-woman, quite unable to make out whether there was any real reason for all this secresy, or whether it was a mere caprice of the great lady, who had amused the world with a due share of caprices in her time.

The room and its inhabitants remained much as they had been in the earlier part of the day. The forlorn baby, who had no little dainty nest provided for its slumbers, and whose mother did not admit it to share her couch, lay sleeping still on Madame Margherita's knee, and the little spaniel still lurked among the white coverlids of the Duchessa's bed. The sun was now on the other side of the house, and the Persianis of the middle window had been thrown open. Monte Cavo, with a streak of snow upon his summit, and a faint cloud-cap all fringed and feathered with rosy touches of reflection from the setting sun, thrust his great shoulder across the breadth of sky, which calmly surveyed the seclusion of this room; and from the window you could look down upon the deep blue basin of the lake, with its metallic depth of colour, and across to the sweet grey of the olive woods, all tinged and brightened with livelier shades of green. The Duchessa, however, neither looked at the sky nor at Monte Cavo; her white hand darted now and then, in half-playful, half-angry onslaught at the spaniel, provoking the mimic rage of the spoilt creature; then she yawned and turned and appealed to Madame Margherita for some prevalent gossip about the English strangers who were wondered and laughed at, with a shade of bitterness and painful sense of the importance of these wandering strangers, among the noble folk of Rome. Madame Margherita was nothing loth; but, speaking of her countrywomen and their babies, delivered many a thrust at her patient, which that languid lady was wholly unconscious of. They were thus engaged when Cenci and Mariuccia entered the room.

"You will take the child, Mariuccia," said the Duchessa, when she had received and snubbed the dutiful salutations and inquiries of the wondering woman, and had suffered her hand to be kissed with impatient grace, "and get a nurse—you will easily get a nurse in Rocca—and take care of the poor little creature; and you can let Cenci know now and then how it goes on. I will give you twelve scudi a-month, which is a great deal more than it will cost you; and now make haste—take it away."

"But, Eccellenza," said Mariuccia, "what shall I say? how shall I call the little Don?"

"You shall not call it Don at all," said the Duchessa, fretfully, with a momentary flush on her face; "say it is Maria's son, or what you will. It will never be the Duke Agostini, assure yourself of that. You can call it Francisco. Oh yes, it is baptized; and now, for the love of heaven, take it away!"

"But pardon, Eccellenza," said Madame Margherita, "while I instruct the good woman how to dress the dear little fellow. See here, Mariuccia, these are all his clothes—this goes on first, you perceive; and then the flannel, and then——"

"Eccellenza," said Mariuccia, solemnly, "I will take the child; but I will not take all these fantastical robes, nor be instructed at my age in the *modo Inglese*. Grazia a Dio, I know how to care for a child. I have had seven babies; and as the little Don is none of your Forestieri——"

"Take it away, for heaven's sake," cried the Duchessa; "I tell you it is no Don, and shall not be called so. Take the child away; do you know I must not be agitated, Margherita, inhuman? Do you know I must be well for the Princess Coromila's ball? Ah, cruel! do you mean to kill me? dress it as you will, Mariuccia mia; but for the love of heaven take it away!"

"At least, Madame, you will kiss the child," said Madame Margherita, holding up the voiceless infant with a stern solemnity which on her broad face and broader figure looked half ludicrous. The Duchessa laughed, but, conscious of the disapproval, frowned also; and, leaning carelessly forward, just touched her baby's cheek with her lips: it was the first and last mother's kiss which ever fell to the lot of the little Francisco. A few minutes after he was bundled up in a shawl, and concealed under another shawl belonging to Cenci, which she professed to lend to the countrywoman, because it was after the Ave Maria, and the sun had set. Thus burdened, Mariuccia went stealthily forth from the muffled anteroom. The quick twilight was already falling into darkness, and her son waited below with the donkey which was to carry his mother home; but the much-desired visitor was not to escape so easily. As she proceeded with caution along the gallery, Teta, with her fluttering muslin apron, her long earrings, and glossy braids of black hair, came suddenly out upon her from a neighbouring apartment. Mariuccia swerved aside in unconscious alarm, and a faint cry burst from the child—almost the first cry it had uttered in its stealthy little life. The new nurse was in dismay; unconsciously she betrayed the nature of her bundle by rocking it softly in her arms and whispering the "hush, hush," of an incipient lullaby over its little half-smothered head. Teta's quick eyes saw and understood. There could be very little doubt about the Duchessa's secret now.

"It is so late to go all the road to Rocca," she said, with affected sympathy: "are you not afraid of robbers, Mariuccia mia? and then the donkey is obstinate and pokes his nose among the hedges, and you have so great a bundle to carry; but you will give that to Gigi when you get below. Is that my mother's shawl she has lent you? What great luck you are in! for she would not lend it to me."

"My child, it is half an hour after the Ave Maria, and I have come down quickly from Rocca and heated myself," said Mariuccia, keeping as far off as possible from the inquisitive Teta. "Sora Cenci is an old friend; she would not have me to take the fever for want of a shawl."

"Ah, but I know you are in great favour," said Teta. "To think of being sent for, all the way to Rocca, to speak with the Duchessa! Is she fond of hearing how all the old women are in your village, Mariuccia mia? I will go up and visit you some day, and then perhaps the Duchessa will send for me."

"It is a troublesome road to our village," said Mariuccia, "and a great lady like the Duchessa does not stay long in Genzaro, I warrant you. Come when my Maria comes home from Subiaco, amore mia. She is going to send me her little son."

"Has Maria then a little son?" asked Teta, pressing still closer to Mariuccia's burdened arm, as she marched along the gallery with her firm slow Roman step by the peasant's side. "Then I daresay this is a bundle of things for the baby which the Duchessa has given you. Did I not say you were in favour? Come, Mariuccia, show them to me."

"Old robes, Teta Mia. There is nothing worth looking at," cried the unfortunate Mariuccia, making a sudden start from Teta's side as the little morsel of humanity in her arms, provoked thereto by the fresh air and unusual locomotion, gave another momentary cry.

"Then you all thought you could cheat Teta," cried that triumphant maiden, clapping her hands; "as if

I did not know that all those curtains over the doors, and no one going in, and Madame Margherita from Rome, and Mariuccia from Rocca, must mean something! Show it to me this moment, Mariuccia, or I will go and tell my mother."

"Your mother will never forgive me—and oh, Madonna santissima! what will the Duchessa say?" cried the bewildered peasant in terror.

"Show me the baby directly," cried the authoritative Teta, "and I will swear to you that they never shall know."

Thus commanded, Mariuccia timidly lifted the corner of the shawl, and in the darkness, where it was almost impossible to see anything, exhibited the little bundle under it, from which flickered once more that fitful little hand. They could not see much of the baby, it was true, but the two women bent their heads together with a common instinct and cooed over the bundle. "Quanti bello!" said one, and "Quanti carina!" sighed the other, dropping visionary kisses on the shawl, as such female creatures do. Then Mariuccia quickened her pace with a kind of desperation, and Teta, much subdued, disappeared down a back staircase. The Duchessa's secret was now in the keeping of another, and both the parties concerned were a little afraid. Mariuccia made haste to mount her donkey, called Gigi imperatively from the game into which he had plunged for "divertimento" while he waited, and rode off in great haste. The good woman rode after a masculine fashion, it is to be confessed, and made rather a comical figure with the baby in her arm, the reins in her hand, her manful and steady seat, and the straightforward directness with which she looked before her, glancing neither to the right hand nor to the left, and suffering the wise animal which carried her to steer its own wary course. But though she rode *en cavalier*, her heart warmed womanfully to the forlorn baby in her arm. That very night it should be comfortably swaddled as an Italian bambino ought to be. That very night poor Antonia, who had lost her baby, should take the little outcast to her bosom. The quiet baby slept on through the darkness round the glimmering edge of the lake, and through the soft whirr and rustle of the olive woods, securely wrapped in its shawl, and knowing nothing of its transfer from the palace to the cottage, while Gigi rambled on, now in front, now in the rear, singing low to keep up his courage; and Mariuccia's donkey went steadily now swinging down a slope, and now giving grave heed to an ascent. Save that they travelled so late, the boy, the woman, the donkey, and the baby, were a commonplace party enough on that country road; and nobody could have supposed that either mysterious secret or future romance was involved in that darkling progress up the steep side of Monte Cavo, to Mariuccia's village home.

CHAPTER III.

The daylight world of Rocca discovered next morning with some amazement the new inmate in Mariuccia's house, of which poor Antonia, the young mother who had lost her baby, and who had been sadly making up her mind to go into Rome and try her fortune as a nurse, had already taken willing charge. Mariuccia announced the baby to be the child of her daughter Maria who was settled in Subiaco, a convenient distance off, but nobody believed this fabulous story: however, the incident did not excite so much curiosity in that rocky little perch upon the side of Monte Cavo as it might have done in an English village. Somehow or other, through the investigations of Zia Marianna, who was of an inquiring mind, and devoted herself to the pursuit of knowledge, a vague connection between the Agostini palace and the little nursling in Mariuccia's house became an understood matter among the villagers; but even Zia Marianna could not make up her mind to determine whose child the infant was, and curiosity gradually calmed down into custom and acquaintance. Everybody learned to recognise the little Chichino as a child of the village, and

it was no longer possible to talk or make surmises touching the familiar little face, which belonged to Mariuccia, as much as if it had really been her daughter's child. So the noiseless baby lived and grew as Italian babies use. The flowing robes in which Madame Margherita had clothed the child, were laid up as curiosities to be exhibited to Mariuccia's most familiar gossips, to their great derision and amusement, when Mariuccia had herself forgotten the temporary fiction which made little Francisco her own grandchild, and the baby was inducted with due propriety into the national garb of babies, and henceforward looked over his nurse's arm stiff and motionless from the shoulders downward, a helpless little bundle, done up in yards of cotton bandages. On Sundays and other festas, when Mariuccia appeared in all the glories of local costume, with her scarlet jacket, her projecting *busto*, her neckerchief and headdress, and apron of flowing white trimmed with lace, and her long gold earrings and necklace of coral, the small bundle of cotton which contained the body and legs of the helpless little Chichino was covered with a kind of frock, open behind and trimmed with lace like his nurse's apron, while upon his poor little head he wore a cap gay with many-coloured ribbons and little bunches of artificial flowers. When the second stage of his babyhood arrived, the poor little outcast was put into stiff little stays, with longebands of cotton attached for leading-strings, like the rest of his small countrymen, and swung down upon the rough pavement, or tilted up, hanging by these same bands, or in extremity hung upon the handle of a door, according to the convenience of his guardian; and when Mariuccia knitted her stockings, or mended her linen, or laboured at her distaff, she first stuck her baby-charge into a kind of hencoop, where the creature could not fall despite its most convulsive efforts, and had its first lesson in the inevatable endurances. Then Mariuccia sung all manner of nursery rhymes to him, in which, though the language did not sound very sweetly from her uninstructed lips, the soft Italian vowels made possible any amount of jingle and rhyme. Mariuccia's house consisted of two dark rooms looking out upon the steep stony street of Rocca. A very rough floor partially tiled, a grated window high in the wall, a dark Madonna in a black frame, and a Saint Jerome with his lion—for Mariuccia's husband, Girolamo, honoured that austere personage as his patron saint—were the early surroundings of Chichino. The child knew nothing in the world of the princely chamber in which he was born, or the hosts of servants who might, save for some secret reason unknown, have tended his noble childhood. When the curious Teta came to see him, as that inquisitive young woman did from time to time, he called her aunt Teta, and was mightily pleased with her confectioneries. Teta, a cameriera in a great house, scorned to appear—save at carnival—in anything that savoured of *costume*. She was no peasant, and did not mean to be taken for one. So she bound her full Roman shoulders into a French shawl, and covered her glossy locks, which Mariuccia's white kerchief would have become so much better, with a Parisian bonnet made after the Duchessa's; and the villagers called her the Signorina Teresa, and little Chichino was as proud of her patronage as he was gratified by her biscuits. Teta did not tell her mother of these private visits, nor their object, but she entirely won the baby heart and affections of the little outcast boy.

It was thus that the child grew up whose history was to have so many features of romance. There was not much romance around him among the humble villagers of Rocca, to whom aunt Marianna's gossip was the most important news going; and who tended their vines and their olives as prosaically as though these poetic crops had been dull turnips and mangel-wurzel; and if Chichino's boyish imagination was impressed by the historic landscape visible all day long and every day from Mariuccia's door, he did not know it himself, and communicated his susceptibilities to none;—though it was a scene worth pausing upon. For down at the foot of those soft Alban

hills with their sprinkling of white towns and villas, and Pope Julius's fortifications standing out upon their mound, among a world of tender olives, how the low Campagna, all silent and sad, stretched away under its mists and sunsets to the other mountains, and stole forlorn and uninhabited to where the triumphant sea flashed up suddenly to the sunshine, a golden gleaming string to the bow of that brown coast? How San Pietro, mighty in the distance, rose up against the plain, regnant over that haze of scattered houses, the name of which is Rome! And then those broad sunsets, with their great calm circles of fervent colour, not cloudy and mountainous, but grand and great, mists of the earth, and blue of the sky, the sunsets of a plain! The little Chichino was very well used to the prospect; many a day he climbed up to the crest of Monte Cavo, and looked around upon a classic world, of which the boy knew nothing; but where his eye still sought with some unconscious presentiment the white front of the Agostini palace gleaming out from the trees on the further side of the Nemi lake. What had the little peasant, who knew no home but that of Mariuccia, to do with that princely house? The inquiring spirit of Zia Marianna, perhaps, recollected some vague link of connection once established between them, but the villagers had all but forgotten the tale, and Chichino had no knowledge of it whatever. Yet still the boy looked down from the height of Monte Cavo upon those two deep basins of shining blue metallic water, all secluded and solemn among the hills, and told Mariuccia that he could see the pomegranate burst and glow into clusters of blossoms in the slope of the palace gardens.—"Will you not take me there one day, Nonna, to see the great elm-tree avenue, and that Madonna that Teta tells me of, and the beautiful Duchessa?" said the boy. "And he never asks to go anywhere else?" said Mariuccia to herself, clasping her hands with an appeal to the Madonna. "The Duchessa is no longer beautiful, my child; never think of her more; she is as old as I am: be content—one day thou shalt go to Rome."

CHAPTER IV.

Nearly twenty years after the time at which this story commences, a young painter, called Francisco Spoleto, bred and educated at the great Roman hospital of San Michele, took up his residence and began to labour for his bread in Rome. He had one little room at the top of a house in the Piazza di Trajano—which may be freely translated Trajan Square—where he had the felicity of looking down upon the crowd of grey broken pillars, a remnant dug up out of the historic soil of Trajan's Forum, which are curiously preserved and protected there in the heart of the modern city. He had a little capital to start with, partly San Michele's charitable contributions to his pupil's establishment in life, partly the savings of a little fund laid up for him by his peasant grandmother, or foster-mother; and on the strength of this had taken some pains to embellish his little apartment, though he spent but little time in it. He was not very clever, nor yet highly cultivated. He had never thought about the higher branches of his profession, not for want of ambition, so much as because nothing had suggested them to his mind; he made very good copies occasionally when he could get a commission, but had enough intelligence of his own to be rather impatient of that work, and to prefer the still homely but more personal occupation of portrait-painting. He had not a great deal to do, but got on very well as yet, living with Spartan frugality, as young Romans use, dining at a Trattoria, and spending the long evenings, and sometimes no small part of the day, at the café. The café and the theatre, indeed, occupied a very large share in the life of the young artist, which it would, however, have been perfectly false and unjust to call a life of dissipation.

His harmless glass of lemonade, his cup of *café noir*, his draught of wine, were modest indulgences compatible with his means; he was young, and his spirits were high; he was possessed by no extreme appetite for work, and could dine on a melon and a dark complexioned roll when it was needful; so that as long as his coat was irreproachable and his gloves clean, he was a highly independent man.

He had no father nor mother nor recognised relatives; long before this time he had come to know that the peasant woman whom he called Nonna or grandmother was no grandmother of his, and that his name, however he had acquired it, was not derived from her daughter at Subiaco. Perhaps the young man thus budding into such society as he could reach, was as well pleased to call the guardian of his childhood nurse, as to claim a more intimate relationship, but he went to see her notwithstanding when he could, and received her occasional visit with great good-nature. He had, besides, other visitors whom he remembered from his earliest years,—Teta, who had married a courier, and had a whole tall house in the Corso, which she let to the travelling English and other foreign visitors embraced under the generic name of Forestieri; Gigi, who was now the father of a host of little sunbrowned hill-folk, and who came to Francisco's door, on the rare occasions when he visited Rome, with a little basket of grapes or flask of oil as a present to the little Chichino of old times; and many another good-hearted villager remembered the forlorn little boy. Signore Francisco received their little presents with the utmost good-humour, suffered himself to be called Chichino and Chico, and made himself very agreeable, after a princely superior fashion, to those loyal tributaries. The good people, when they had been to see him, laid their heads together and called to mind the prelections of Zia Marianna. He was not a peasant's son, that was very evident. No born Contadino ever attained to such an air and presence except under the shadow of the Church and the sacred vestments. Who was he? Certainly Mariuccia was foster-sister to the Duchessa Agostini, but where could she find little Chichino? "Such plants do not grow by the roadside," they said to each other; and besides the Rocca people, not a few Roman gossips came to be aware that some unknown line of connection existed between the house of Agostini and a nameless young painter who had been bred at the great St. Michael's hospital. Great changes in the mean time had come over that noble house; the Duke was dead, the Duchess was old; now that she could no longer be a beauty, she was a *dévote*, and bestowed all her cares upon her soul. But her husband, howsoever she might have treated him, had bestowed so much of his confidence upon her, as to leave the management of his property in a great measure in her hands. She had still the summer palace at Genzaro and the great house in Rome, and Donna Anna, sole daughter and heiress, had yet to wait for her mother's death before entering fully into her possessions. She was very rich and a great lady still, but she was no longer beautiful, the poor old Duchessa—nobody cared to flatter her nowadays; her fretful soul was falling into stagnant old age, and poor Cenci, who was growing old like her mistress, had enough to do to bear all her caprices. Even in Rome every week is not a holy week, and full of religious diversions. The Duchessa heard a great many masses, and went on some pilgrimages, but it was not because of any special sin which hung heavily upon her, as Cenci supposed; it was only to dispel the dread *ennui*, and produce a little excitement for her poor listless old soul.

As for Cenci, she had found out a long time before, in some little temporary gust of quarrel between the mother and daughter, all that Teta knew of the forsaken little child; and from the time when the boy left St. Michele, Cenci had watched him, as it were, over Teta's shoulder. She was profoundly interested in everything about him—his manners, his associates, his mode of life. "For who can tell what may happen?" said Cenci; "Donna Anna might die, and I rather than suffer everything to pass

away to strangers, the Duchessa might —— or even if Donna Anna lives, the Duchessa some time or other may bethink herself—one can never tell. He was born on the blessed Resurrection Day, the feast of feasts, Teta mia: he has not died, nor any harm come to him, though he was a feeble baby. Surely he is a fortunate child: and who can tell what may happen before we die?"

"I know that I shall see him with my living eyes come to his own rights," said Teta;" "I dreamt it thrice on the vigil of St. John, which all the world knows is the truest night in the world for dreams."

"Rights!" said Cenci, with sorrowful satire. '"Poverino! if he waits for his *rights!* but thou and I have no such cause to love Donna Anna that we should die for her inheritance, Teta mia. Did you really dream so on the vigil of St. John? and he a Resurrection child! Well, no one can tell what may happen, and you must keep your eye upon the boy."

"For my part I do not see why you should say anything against his rights," said Teta; "the Duchessa has a hard heart, though she is a great lady—she would not care, for her own pleasure, how much she injured any one. Say what you will, madre mia, I always call him Don Francisco in my heart."

"Hush, hush, *hush*, child!" cried Cenci, looking round in a fright; "why, how canst thou tell who may hear? and hast thou well considered what the Duchessa, if she heard even a whisper of such a boldness, would say to me?"

"She has not been such a very kind mistress, mother mine, that you need care what she says," exclaimed Teta; "and I have a pretty chamber for you, and a good welcome, whenever you please."

Cenci bestowed an embrace upon the daughter, who, though now a buxom Roman matron, did not differ so much in Cenci's eyes as in other people's from the wilful Teta of twenty years ago, and whose earrings were larger, and her black hair as glossy as ever.

"I have served the Duchessa nearly forty years," said Cenci. "I must not leave her now, my child, till one of us die; and say nothing about this unhappy one, Teta mia—only keep an eye upon the boy."

CHAPTER V.

While all these whispers went on around him, the young Francisco was the only person who knew nothing of them. None of his humble friends had courage yet to unfold the possible magnificence of his chances to the young man. Teta, who was the most daring among them, had been many times on the very verge of this astounding revelation, but had stayed the words on her lips with an instinctive compassion for his present youthful comfort and satisfaction with his lot. And Mariuccia, for her part, though she was not even a tenant of the Duchessa's, nor in any way within her power, had an involuntary horror of disobeying or thwarting the great lady whom she had looked up to all her life. No one had so entire an interest in the young painter as his faithful nurse; no one knew and remembered so emphatically his real origin; no one formed such ambitious dreams for his glory and elevation; but, notwithstanding, it was not till the gossip of the country began to whisper round her, and the vague discoveries and suggestions of revived curiosity stirred her faculties, that the possessor of this secret dreamt of confiding it to the person most intimately concerned. She, only, *knew* the truth—but somehow the truth gained strength and confirmation by the stir and whisper of others who only guessed —so Mariuccia one day arrayed herself as if for a *festa*, and with great intentions in her mind set out for Rome. The peasant woman had not come unharmed through these twenty years any more than the Duchess. Mariuccia's hair, once abundant as Teta's, was now sadly scanty, dry, and wiry, reducing into proportions somewhat too meagre for the flowing white kerchief which covered it, the

upper outline of her head; and the neck, fully revealed by the plaits pinned in the other white kerchief worn on her shoulders, was a much less agreeable object than it used to be, despite the great coral necklace which adorned it. But she still sat her donkey stoutly as she went down the steep winding roads, and took her seat in the *vettura*, where she had managed to secure a place, not without a pleasurable consciousness that if there was little beauty, competence and comfort were still distinguishable in the well-laced sleeve of her scarlet jacket and embroidered work of her kerchiefs and apron. She had a little basket of eggs and a vast bottle—not so picturesque as a flask, but bigger—of wine, the produce of her own vineyard, to carry to her nursling, and did not grudge the long, dusty, fatiguing journey down the steep hill-paths and over the brown Campagna, where the solemn quiet and long succession of ruins did not at all impress her familiar mind. She was more interested in making sure that the vettura went through the Piazza of Trajan than in observing anything she passed on the way. Mariuccia meant to stay with Teta all night, if that dignified matron would receive her, and to return in her son Gigi's cart next day. It was years since she had made so solemn a visitation—not since Chichino went to San Michele, and was taken out of her hands.

Francisco was in his room when Mariuccia arrived, and she went up, up, up that long staircase to the top floor, where the young painter's apartment opened upon a bit of balcony, where he could study at his ease the figure lifted high on Trajan's Column, or gaze down at the confusion of low broken grey pillars enclosed within that modern railing. Francisco was busy, for a wonder—he had a lovely little portrait almost finished on his easel, and was making a slight, rapid, half-stealthy copy of it. The portrait was lovely because it was like, not because it was a very exquisite work of art—for Francisco's powers were not miraculous. He blushed a little, and put away his copy hurriedly when the old woman came in, though Mariuccia might have watched every line of this pretty piece of sentiment and self-indulgence without ever guessing that the copy was for himself.

Mariuccia, however, paused in wondering admiration before the picture. "Quanti bella!" she cried, with enthusiasm; "it is a face for a Madonna—and is it you who have made it, Chichino mio? Ah, did not I say you would be an honour to Rocca, when you were but a child? Is it for an angel, my son, or a saint?"

"Neither, my mother," said Francisco, laughing, "but only a picture of a young lady, one of the Forestieri—a Signorina Inglese, who lives in one of Teta's apartments. Teta, you know, is always my very good friend."

"She has reason," said Mariuccia, somewhat sharply; "yet why should I say so?" she added, in an under-tone fully intended to be audible. "Had it been Cenci indeed!—but Teta was not to blame—she was but a child; she heard the secret only from me."

"What secret?" asked Francisco, with some eagerness.

"Blessed Madonna! have I breathed it in his presence?" cried Mariuccia, with well-feigned horror. "Nay, nothing that concerns you, my son; that is to say, nothing that you would wish to hear—nothing to be pleased with, you understand—only some old tales that happened when you were a child; but the picture, amore mio? To be sure, they will give you a great deal of money for it, these rich Signori Inglese?"

"Never mind the picture," said Francisco, impatiently turning its face to the easel as he spoke, and with every sign of awakened curiosity; "let me hear this secret: if it is not important, it is amusing, perhaps—come, Mariuccia, let us hear."

"You call me Mariuccia now, though the other moment you said madre mia. How is that, my son?—when you were a child, you called me Nonna," said Mariuccia, skilfully drawing towards the disclosure she had to make.

"When I was a child I knew only what you told me—now I am a man," said Francisco, with all the dignity of twenty—"and I know very well, my

good Mariuccia, that you are not my grandmother—who I am I do not know, but I shall be something before I die."

"Ah, Eccellenza! it is the voice of nature," cried Mariuccia, clasping her hands.

Francisco grew very red—red over all his youthful face with a colour more intense than blushing. "What do you mean," he said, in a very low and slightly unsteady voice, "when you say Eccellenza to me?"

"To whom should I say Eccellenza, if not to you," cried Mariuccia, "though I have brought you up in my little house, and nursed you when you were a baby, and called you Chichino, that there might be no suspicions! But do you think there were no suspicions? Old Zia Marianna was a sharp-sighted old woman. When I said you were my Maria's son, she laughed loud in my face; for you never looked like a Contadino's baby, bello mio! When poor Antonia nursed you, no one ever said, 'Is it your own child?' Though you were dressed like all the other babies, you were always the little Don. Oh yes, I have kept the secret many a day, but now I can open my mind; for all the world says it is shame and sin to keep you, who are so handsome and so good, out of your own place. I am ashamed to see you on the fourth floor. Eccellenza; you ought to live in the piano nobile at least, if not in your own palace. I am ashamed to see you work and paint—though, to be sure, there is the Duke Sermoneta who does it for pleasure—but ah! Don Francisco, how the Forestieri will prize the picture if, after a while, they come to know who the painter is!"

Mariuccia ended breathless, by kissing the hand of her former nursling with affectionate reverence, though more disposed, in the flush of excitement and enthusiasm which had made her go so much farther in her revelation than she intended, to throw her arms round him as of old. The young man stood before her motionless, breathless—still more breathless than she was. Never before, in all Mariuccia's life, had any mortal ear hung, absorbed, entranced, fearing to lose a single syllable, upon her words; but it is not wonderful that the penniless, parentless young painter, suddenly addressed by such a title as Don, a name only applied to the sons of dukes, should stand thunderstruck, in an inexpressible silent excitement, gazing, nay, rather staring at her, his whole face suffused with a burning crimson colour, and the breath almost stopped between his parted lips. He could not speak for the first moment—he made an imperious gesture to her to go on, which Mariuccia, beginning to realise her own importance, and resolved henceforth to yield her treasures of knowledge more slowly, and by the dramatic process of question and answer, paid no attention to. She sank into her chair exhausted, and opened her fan. When she had the first burst over, she was quite content to coquette with her secret, and provoke the interest, too intense to be called curiosity, of her anxious listener. He, for his part, stood before her, dumb as an Englishman, but gesticulating like an Italian. "What *do* you mean?" burst from his lips at length. "Am I an orphan, bred at San Michele? Am I a villano of Rocca? Don? You mock me, I know; but, in the name of all the saints, what do you mean?"

"Mean?—that you should ask me so, like a mendacious woman!" said Mariuccia, with pretended offence. "I am your Excellency's oldest servant, Don Francisco—at least the next after Madame Margherita; and how should you remember Madame Margherita, when you were only a week old, poverino mio? I carried you under Cenci's shawl, and no one was the wiser—no one but Teta, who was always clever. You were so quiet, even Gigi did not know of it—though the boy did remember where we had been the night the baby came."

"And where had you been, Mariuccia mia?" asked the young man, with trembling lips.

"Ah! that is just the question: but if I tell you," said Mariuccia, slowly, "it will disturb your mind, and make you unsettled; and then it is possible nothing might come of it: and the other side is very strong—very strong, my son; and

she herself—Madonna Santissima, they are not like other women, these great ladies!—might appear against you, for anything I can tell: and if you failed, and were only Francisco Spoleto the painter after all, you would lose your heart, amore mio—you would never be happy again."

"Do you think I shall be happy now without knowing?—nay, Mariuccia, let us not talk of happiness," said Francisco—"that is not your business nor mine. Where were you that night the baby came?—whence did you bring me under Cenci's shawl? Ah! Cenci, Teta! another word, and I should know all. If you do not answer me, amica mia, I will go instantly and ask Gigi, who has come to the market. Now, where was it?—speak, or I go."

"It is his mother's blood," said Mariuccia, reflectively. "She is like the lightning—but strikes, strikes like the lightening, and would kill as well. Eccellenza," she continued, looking round stealthily, and sinking her voice almost to a whisper with a histrionic instinct—"I went to Genzaro to the Agostini palace—there you were born."

The young man, who was bending eagerly forward to listen, fell back upon the hard old arm-chair behind him, and hid his face in his hands. For the last few minutes, during which his own mind had been leaping with all the rapidity of thought by many an old link of association to these very words, he had expected this; but notwithstanding, the certainty came upon him with a violent shock that seemed to take the ground from under his feet. There he sat, his face in his hands, seeing nothing of a possible dukedom, nor the wealth, the rank, the lofty position which perhaps belonged to him—seeing only in his imagination, burning angry against a background of clouds, the face of that old Duchess Agostini, whom he had passed a thousand times in street and church, always with a certain curiosity and interest, such as the supposed grandchild of her foster-sister might be expected to feel. With an extraordinary pang of nature he remembered now that old withered passion-wasted face; and perhaps the first sensation in his mind was a sickening sense of disgust and disappointment. That sour, haughty, witch-countenance of the old faded beauty—that was his mother's face! Bah! what was his mother's face to him, or his mother herself, but a means of fortune? He ran through a world of rapid thoughts during that momentary silence. She was his mother, and had cast him off—why? —and immediately a fierce impulse of shame, resentment, and reprisal took possession of Francisco. If he was her child, she had dropped him as coolly as one of the lower animals might have done: why should he care for her, but as a stepping-stone to his rights—his *rights?* He flung his hands away from his flushed face and stamped his foot in passion. Perhaps only one interpretation could be put upon this extraordinary treatment of an only son—but to thwart her, if nothing else, he should fight the battle out, and be Duke Agostini in spite of her. All this passed through Francisco's mind while Mariuccia stood looking at him, thinking him entirely overpowered with exultation and sudden joy. She did not understand the passionate face he raised out of his covering hands; but as his questions came now quick and breathless, Mariuccia, if she had been ever so skilled in the human heart, had no time to read it in this case, she had enough to do to speak fast enough and full enough for the impatient youth.

CHAPTER VI.

"And who is Madame Margherita?" asked Francisco.

"She is a foreigner, a nurse of the English Foresteri—imagine, bello mio," said Mariuccia, "she would have had thee dressed in the *modo Inglese*, and thou an Italian of the best blood!—but believe me, I withstood the barbarity. Thee, amoroso, with thy little feet open to the winds, in a mountain village like Rocca! Savage that she was! But

they know no better, these Forestieri. Yet I blessed her for this—she caused the Duchessa to kiss thee before thou wert sent away."

"To kiss me!" came faintly from Francisco's lips. He grew red again, and looked haughtily abashed and discomfited. Unconsciously to himself, these wonderful news had made a difference upon him already. An hour ago he did not know how to look haughty; but he learned it with a rapid instinct when he began to regard himself as Don Francisco, and felt in his veins the fiery tingle of the Duchessa's blood.

"But pause a moment," said Mariuccia, suddenly feeling a touch of terror as she remembered that cold salutation, and the Duchessa's warnings against dignifying the baby with a title—"pause, I beseech you, Eccellenza. You are the Duchessa's son beyond any question; but, alas! alas! it is shame so much as to think upon it. How can any one tell, amoroso mio, whether you are an Agostini, and the heir of the Duke?"

Francisco's youthful face darkened over with such a cloud as had never fallen upon the countenance of the friendless young painter. Then a doubtful dark satirical smile curled his lip. "It is my duty to think well of my parents, Mariuccia; no one must suggest evil thoughts of them to me," he said, with significance. The woman drew back suddenly from the subject, without knowing how much this new look and tone scared her. She dared not say anything more. This half-hour's conversation had made another man of her nursling. He liked to command and see his own power like others of his age; and this sudden discovery of a right, real or imaginary, to exact respect and receive homage, acted upon him like a spell.

"You have reason, Don Francisco," said Mariuccia, feeling herself suddenly set down and her position changed. She was no longer the important possessor of the secret, doling it out a little at a time, as pleased her, but was in the hands of a person much more intimately concerned, who made a simple witness of her, and entirely deprived her of her superior place. Francisco accordingly went on with his questions, anxious, as was natural, to hear all the details, and quite unaware how much would serve him as legal evidence, and how much would not.

"And there were how many in the room? and you heard the Duchessa acknowledge me—own me—say I was her child? And I was baptized—by whom, then? and some one was there when I was born?" asked Francisco, with anxiety.

"Eccellenza, the Duchessa lay in her bedchamber," said Mariuccia· "the drawing-room and the anteroom had heavy winter curtains over the doors; everything was muffled over, so that none in the whole Palazzo could hear what went on within. Cenci received me when I came, Signore mio. She said, 'Whisper, Mariuccia; there is a baby, and you are to take it away.' I said, 'Madonna Santissima! does Il Duca know?' 'He knows as well as you or I,' said Cenci. And so we went to the other chamber, where the beautiful Duchessa lay. Ah, she was a great beauty, though you young people do not think it: her eyes were so bright, and her little teeth so white, and her cheek—there is no such lovely colour nowadays. She said, "You shall have twelve scudi a-month. Mariuccia: make haste and take the child away.' So I took you away, amoroso mio; and you were so good a child, you did not cry all the way."

"Bah! Did she own me?—did she say, This is my child?" asked Francisco, impatiently.

"Eccellenza, you are a man," said Mariuccia, with respectful severity; "you ask questions according to your capacity. When a lady is ill, and there is a baby in the room, does one ask whose baby it is? or does one desire to know in words what Madame Margherita does there? Ask the others, then, Signore, if you are not satisfied with Mariuccia. I have nursed you, and carried you in my arms, and taken care of you; but can I say any more?"

"My good Mariuccia! are not you my best and oldest friend?" said the

young man, taking her hand. *She* was satisfied without much trouble; but he unconsciously stood upon a very different ground with regard to her than when she had entered the room, and he had called her madre mia. Francisco would henceforward call nobody by that title again. He called up before him, with a little artist-craft to aid his imagination, that scene in the Duchéssa's room—the pretty fretful lady, the anxious waiting-woman, the honest bewildered peasant, and Monte Cavo looking in, and the pomegranates bursting into blossom, as he had so often watched them, with some vague thread of connection in his childish thoughts. And then it burst upon him in a blaze of wonder—that gleaming line of wall and window shining out among the trees, was that his future home?—those olive orchards, and vineyards, and rich hill-slopes, which all the world supposed to be the wealthy inheritance of Donna Anna, were they *his* instead? Was he in truth and reality the Duke Agostini, and not Francisco Spoleto the painter? His veins began to throb, and his head grew giddy. Mariuccia went on, after a little pause, into long details of his childhood, and the many signs by which it was perceptible that his blood was not that of the Rocca villano. But Francisco did not listen to her grandmotherly maunderings. He turned once more the picture on his easel, and gazed at it for a moment with a blushing, kindling face. If this wonderful fortune should come true! But, in the mean time, it was scarcely possible to think of it without too much intoxication, and he was only, so far as the present moment was concerned, Francisco the painter still. Francisco the painter, with one portrait to do, for which the young man did not expect a very high price, and which had procured for him all the early troubles and elations of a first falling in love, living in a room on the fourth piano in the Piazza of Trajan, and dining at the Trattoria for two pauls! yet at the same time, though nobody knew of it, the Duke Agostini, head of an old historic family — a wealthy, far-descended noble! It was not wonderful if the extraordinary contrast bewildered his brains a little, and he did not hear perfectly what Mariuccia said.

One thing, however, he did hear, and it arrested him in the full current of his thoughts. "But you have no money, Signore mio," said Mariuccia, piteously. "It is true — I have no money!" cried the young man, looking blankly at her. What a melancholy barrier of prose that was to all his expectations! The Duchessa, who had disowned him all her life, was not likely to go down upon her knees forthwith, in the sight of all the world, and say, "Behold my son, whom I have wronged! this is my husband's heir." Neither was it to be expected that Donna Anna should receive, with exuberant sisterly affection, the young intruder upon her inheritance, or Donna Anna's husband open his purse to his problematical brother-in-law. Up to this moment Francisco had been very happy when he could pay his rent and his tailor's bill, and manage his dinners, his cigars, and his café expenses upon the remaining stock in hand; but how to prosecute a great lawsuit, he who had no money, no friends, no influence—that was a very melancholy and doubtful side of the picture. "I must wait till I can work for it, Mariuccia," he said, plaintively, falling back upon the sympathy of his nurse—that sympathy which he was growing grandly superior to some ten minutes before.

"I will take my necklace and my earrings to the Monte, and Gigi shall mortgage the vineyard," cried Mariuccia, with enthusiasm, "ere thou shalt fail of thy rights, amore mio! for what are they worth if it is not to serve thee?"

"Ah, Mariuccia, a thousand thanks! but thy necklace and the vineyard together would not bring in enough for a great lawsuit," said Francisco, shaking his head with sad superiority; "we must wait."

Saying which the young man seized upon his palette and his brushes, and resumed his work as if for a wager, with some desperate idea of remaining there until he had accumulated all that was necessary for his great purpose. Mariuccia

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lingered about him sorrowfully, much discomfited—was her great revelation, which she had meant to raise her nursling into another sphere instantly, with scarcely an interval—was nothing to come of it but increased labour to the young man who, now that she had actually called him Don Francisco, and informed him of his pretensions, seemed already to herself so very much greater a personage? Poor Mariuccia felt the disappointment keenly. She hovered behind him, watching his work, and trying to comfort herself with a "Quanti bella!" and superlative admiration of his powers. "And you will not then care to see Madame Margherita, and to ask her if she remembers, nor to talk to Teta, Signore mio?" she said, dolefully, Francisco all the time working as he had never worked before.

"To what good?" said the energetic painter: "we must wait—and there will be only too much time, my poor Mariuccia. We shall want I do not know how many thousand scudi; and one cannot go to find the gold pieces as one can find Teta or Madame Margherita. No; there will be enough of time."

"Then the Madonna bless thee, bello mio! I thought to bring thee great news, and I have only brought thee labour and trouble; but I am going to Teta's, if you want me, amoroso," said Mariuccia, returning to her old familiarity, as Francisco's first exultation fell—"where you will find me to-night; and Teta also, if you care to speak to her. A revederla, Eccellenza. The Madonna will send you good friends."

So saying, Mariuccia went sorrowfully down stairs, and Francisco gave himself a moment's relaxation, to draw breath, and think how hard his fate was. So near all these glories, and obliged to stop short for want of a few thousand scudi! It was very hard—and the young man, who was twenty and an Italian, and not of a temper to scorn delights and live laborious days, heartily echoed, in a fervent ejaculation, Mariuccia's parting wish. If the Madonna, careful mother, hard-worked as she is among these ejaculatory populations, would only send him good friends!

CHAPTER VII.

Teta's house was in the Corso, entering, however, from one of the narrow streets which cross that great thoroughfare of modern Rome. It was a tall house of four stories, with a famous balcony on the first floor, for the delights and profits of the Carnival, and three handsome sets of rooms, "Appartements meublés," one over the other, from which Teta, in the frequent absence of her husband, the courier, derived a very good income, and no small share of entertainment and variety. Teta herself inhabited the fourth story, where she lived and struggled with a Roman maid-of-all-work, as active mistresses with maids-of-all-work in all countries usually do. Her own sitting-room, high up in these elevated regions, opened like Francisco's on a balcony, from which, by rare good fortune, through a happy break in the intervening houses, you could see the green side of Monte Pincio, bound with a sunny ribbon of road, thrusting its trees against the sky, and hear the roll of carriages, and almost the chatter of the nurses, in their gleaming scarlet jackets, upon that famous promenade. Teta's rooms generally were furnished with that playful caprice which so much distinguishes the personal habitations of professional lodging-letters, crowded with articles too old, too faded, too large, or too small for the profitable portion of the house, and which, massed together without any great regard to congruity, gave a somewhat eccentric appearance to the place. This mixture of the grand and the homely was rather heightened in effect by the occupation in which Mariuccia found her friend engaged. It was still early in the season, the beginning of November, and Teta's apartments were not yet all let. She was moving quickly about her large round table, counting out and laying in order her stores of household linen, and the equivocal

article which goes under the name of Argenteria in the hapless lodgers' inventory. Sora Teta had developed into a somewhat large woman in these years. Her full Roman shoulders, always of ample dimensions, were now fuller than ever, and nothing was wanting to make her a personification of the national type of woman, but the white national kerchief folded over her breast, which would have given a homely dignity and stateliness to the famous poise of that bold Roman head. But Sora Teta was a woman of pretensions, and scorned (except at carnival) the dress of the Contadini. So she wore a gown like other people, and looked only a large woman, stout and strong, and not without a certain swarthy and dark-complexioned comeliness. She was counting out her napkins and tablecloths, which, like herself, were rather dark-complexioned, when the objectionable maid admitted Mariuccia. There were no sounds in the house but the fretful bark of a little dog, and Teta's own firm but heavy footstep—no children: a little Teta or Cenci in those silent passages might perhaps have made the Sora Costini more placable towards the unfortunate maid.

Mariuccia came in somewhat discomfited and despondent. Her hands fell listlessly over her white apron; her step was so much less assured and confident than usual, that the Sora Teta expected only a feeble English waiting-maid from her tenants on the first floor instead of the peasant woman, whose foot should have sounded so much different. Mariuccia dropped sadly upon the first seat that happened to be near her. "Ah, Teta, I have told him," she exclaimed, with a great sigh. Though there was no preface to connect this abrupt statement with any person in particular, Teta, with all her old sharpness, and with wits quickened by a world of gossip and much encounter with life, stopping short in her occupation, gazed at Mariuccia for a moment in surprise, and then leaped at the truth.

"You have told him!" she cried, with mingled pique and admiration—"*you*, Mariuccia! and I myself had not the courage! Well, that is news, amica mia. You have told him—benissimo! and what did he say?"

"Ah, Teta, if I had but thought of consulting with you first," said poor Mariuccia; "you were always so sensible! but, you see, I have been living all by myself at Rocca, thinking it over, and thinking it over. And one would come and say, 'Mariuccia mia, is not that boy Chichino of yours a noble born?' and another would whisper, 'You were at the Agostini palace, Mariuccia, *that* night;' and another, 'He is no villano, yonder Francisco—he has the air of a prince;' and even Gigi himself, though he does not trouble his brains too much, is always talking when he comes from Rome, saying, 'I remember very well, my mother, waiting for you with the donkey by the lake-side yonder at Genzaro the night that little Chichino came.' Madonna Santissima! one and another of them—they put me out of my head. I could get no rest with myself till I came to the child: for I said, 'Why should every one know or guess who he is, save himself?'"

"Oh, it was very well and very right," said Teta, still with a little pique to find herself forestalled; "and you, to be sure, knew best, and could tell him most; but, blessed Santa Theresa! how had you the courage? —*I* was afraid."

"But then I am not so clever as you are, amore mia," said Mariuccia, deprecatingly: "I did not think what would happen. I said it, out of my unfortunate head, the Madonna forgive me; and to think now that it was all for nothing, and that all he has gained is harder work and a troubled heart. For to be sure he has no money for a great suit at law. *Thou* wouldest have thought of that, my Teta, if I had consulted with thee!"

"Money!" cried Teta, with a gesture of disdain—"then that is all! But what said he to the news? I am glad he knows, for my part. It is true that very few people know Francisco, but everybody seems to have learnt that there is some one at Rome who belongs to the Agostini family. There is Gaetano, for example. Gaetano came home last week on the day of All Souls, Mariuccia

mia. He is with a great English lord, and is going to Naples by-and-by; and what should Gaetano hear at his master's table where he was serving, but one of the Signori Forestieri talking of Donna Anna, and of some story of another heir who was lost. Gaetano knows nothing, to be sure, but he told it to me; and I desired him, 'Whatever thou hearest, amico mio, about the house of Agostini, tell it always to me'—and you would not believe, Mariuccia, how much I have heard since. And so you told him—benissimo! but what did our youth say?"

He asked me a great many things," said Mariuccia, with despondency, "but stopped when he remembered that there was no money. And there is no money, Teta, my beautiful! And do you suppose the Duchessa will yield, or Donna Anna give it all up to him? Madonna Santissima! to think that for want of a little money so handsome a young man should be kept out of his inheritance. Though Gigi would mortgage the vineyard and the garden, and even the little house, and I myself take my necklace to the Monte, if that were but half enough."

"Patienza!" said Teta, nodding her head; "have thou courage, my friend. Let this rumour spread, and who can tell what friends the blessed Madonna may call to him? There is the great English Milord down in the first piano; he has no one with him but his granddaughter, a pretty little piccola piccola Signorina. I have spoken to her now and then. See, Mariuccia, she is of this height, and her waist I could hold in my hand—a puff of wind off Monte Cave would blow her away—and yet she has come travelling one cannot tell how many thousand miles. I have spoken of Francisco, and he is painting the little Signorina's portrait. The old Milord is very jealous of her, and will not let the child out of his sight; but trust her to talk with her eyes to our Francisco! I will tell the little one he is a prince in disguise. The Forestieri like it, Mariuccia mia: they think we Italians live as in an opera, these Signori Inglese. The Madonna and the blessed saints send we did! for a stab of a stiletto would not matter by times, if the olives always yielded and the vines had no blight. Is the vintage good with you in Rocca, Mariuccia? How the times are changing! One could get good wine the other day for two bajocchi the fogliett, and now it is five; and how much more it will be before all is done, who can tell?"

"Ah, Teta mia, the times of Gregory! those were the times!" said Mariuccia—"when no man troubled his head about anything but his vines and his olives, and wine was as plentiful as water, and the oil like honey; but in these days the Madonna alone knows what is coming to us. No one fasts; there is no respect to religion; the priest passes like the beggar, and no man salutes him. When religion fails, everything fails; the candles burn few on the altars, Teta mia, and the little *panetti* are a bajocco apiece."

"True enough about the *panetti*," said the better-instructed Roman matron, with a toss of her head; "but as for the *preti*, bah! One cannot go through the street without stumbling over a monk here and a priest there. You should hear what Gaetano says. In England there are no festas but Sundays; think of that, my friend! and one can get one's work done all the days of the week without help of St. Martino and St. Michele. There is that woman of mine, that Maria, she would go to mass every morning, and to Pincio every afternoon, if I was fool enough. She knows every festa a month off, and would I keep her from the holy function on the blessed San Martino's day? Holy Santa Theresa! the work must be done in spite of all the saints."

"Hush, hush, my beautiful. The Madonna forgive thee, Teta; wouldst thou speak a word against the Holy Saints?" said Mariuccia, in pious horror.

"They are very well in their own way," said the unscrupulous Teta. "I myself sent a candle as long as my arm to the shrine of my blessed patroness Santa Theresa, when Gaetano was last away, and I hope it pleased her. But why my chambers should stand unswept while that wo-

man Maria goes to mass on the festa, tell me, Mariuccia? Do you suppose Santa Theresa cares whether that creature goes to mass, or loves to see the broom standing in the corner? Bah! I am for the Holy Lord Jesu and the Madonna Immaculata. I do not believe so very much, I can tell you, in either the priests or the saints."

Mariuccia gave a little gasp, in the manner of one who would say a great deal, but swallows it in painful self-denial and says nothing, and gave a most emphatic shake of her head. "Thy mother thinks otherwise, Teta," she said, compassionately; "and see the Duchessa."

"Ah, yes, yes, see the Duchessa!" cried Teta, with a burst of laughter. "How devout she is! She fasts twice a-week, and gives tithes of all she has," continued this heretical critic, unconsciously adopting the words of Scripture, "and fears God, thinkest thou not, Mariuccia mia? Ah, what a good mother she has been to her son!"

"Teta, Teta, hold thy peace; some one will hear thee," cried Mariuccia, rising hastily to close the window, which overlooked the courtyard, a little square space, sinking deep, a well of air in the centre of the tall house, and galleried round with other balconies beneath that of Teta, where any one listening might indeed have heard the Roman woman's unsubdued voice.

"Is it to Donna Anna, then, the Duchessa has been so good a mother?" said Teta, scornfully,—"keeping her inheritance so safe for her, that the heiress never sets foot within the palace of the Agostini either at Genzaro or in Rome?—or to him whom she sent away under thy shawl, Mariuccia?—but patienza! I had rather do my duty to my children than love the saints: I had rather help Francisco to his right than have three masses a-day. Yes, she is very devout, the good Duchessa, and such a mother to her son!"

Mariuccia made no answer; she was discomfited and had nothing to reply, and indeed felt herself under great doubt for the moment, whether to defend the cause of religion in the person of the Duchessa, or to abandon that perplexing subject for the more personal one of Francisco. After a while she decided prudently on the latter course, and the two women were deep in the discussion of this important and difficult matter, when the young Francisco himself, whom curiosity and excitement had driven from his easel, entered the house.

GREAT WITS, MAD WITS?

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied."

FROM the days of Aristotle, and probably long before his time, there has been a tacit, and often expressed, belief that, somehow or other, men of genius were mad, or if not positively mad, they were of the temperament which easily leads to madness. The very fact of their superiority seemed to imply a departure from healthy equilibrium. Obviously unlike ordinary men, it was easy to conclude that this unlikeness originated in insanity: they were looked upon as "men inspired" or madmen; sometimes both. This notion was further strengthened by certain resemblances observed in men of genius and madmen: in both there was a similar excitability and intensity of excitement; in both a strangeness and remoteness from ordinary ideas and habits; in both a singularly reliant conviction of the truth and practicability of ideas and projects which to others seemed wildly chimerical: so that not only have madmen sometimes passed for men of genius, and men of genius have been thought insane, but with all our experience we often find it impossible to decide whether an entirely novel plan be the conception of far-seeing genius, or the vision of a diseased brain. The irritability and eccentricity often noticed in illustrious men have been regarded as indications of incipient insanity. In some notorious cases insanity has actually declared itself —as in Tasso, among poets; Newton, among philosophers; and Peter the Great, among statesmen.

So long as this idea of a necessary connection between aberration of mind and greatness of mind remained a vague and half-believed proposition, which might fill out a verse or close an epigram, there was no necessity for any serious refutation of it; but the moment it is reduced to precision, and is taken as the thesis of a scientific volume by a man not wholly without the respect due to an important position, we are called upon to scrutinise it closely. That moment has arrived. M. Moreau, physician to the Lunatic Asylum (*Hospice de Bicêtre*) and author of known works on cognate subjects, has recently issued a large volume,* setting forth, as the result of many years' study, the proposition that genius is due to nervous disease, being only another form of that abnormal condition of the nervous centres, which elsewhere manifests itself as epilepsy, monomania, or idiocy. He has no hesitation in declaring that "the physiological history of idiots is, in a multitude of particulars, the same as that of the majority of men of genius, and *vice versa*." His arguments and illustrations are thus summed up: "It appears sufficiently established that the *pre-eminence of the intellectual faculties* has for its *organic condition* a special state of *disease of the nervous centres*."

If this were a mere paradox, it should be handled with more finesse and skill than M. Moreau can command. If it has to be regarded as a scientific truth, a contribution to our psychology, every experienced reader will quickly perceive that M. Moreau wants the requisite ability to treat it properly. The very laxity of his ambitious title shows a deplorable vagueness in his use of terms. There is no more about the "philosophy of history" in his work, than there is about international law. He is a poor writer, and worse reasoner. If we notice his book at all, it is for the sake of inducing our readers to come to a definite conclusion respecting the vague half-belief which has so long been tolerated respecting men of genius. And that we may the more completely extricate this subject from the ambiguities

* *La Psychologie Morbide, dans ses rapports avec la Philosophie de l'Histoire, ou de l'Influence des Névropathies sur le Dynamisme Intellectuel.* Par le Docteur J. MOREAU (de Tours). 1859.

clustering round the word Genius, so variously and so laxly used by various writers, we shall throughout employ the word as expressive of intellectual pre-eminence—an energy of the intellectual faculties surpassing that of ordinary men.

At the outset we may assume it to be admitted, by all, that these faculties are among the functions of the nervous system; and that their energy must necessarily be dependent on the organic condition of that system. By "organic condition" is meant the more or less perfect *structure*, and more or less *healthy activity* of the system. The vital energy of a man is dependent on the organic condition of his body; and his mental energy is in like manner dependent on the organic condition of the nervous system. An undeveloped brain will act less vigorously, less efficiently, than one fully developed; a diseased brain will act less coherently than one in health. It is indisputable that any hindrance to the nervous mechanism, arising from congestion, anæmia, lesion, or poison, must be a hindrance to its functions. If a piano is out of tune, we know that the strings are slackened. If a man's thoughts are incoherent, we know that there is *somewhere*—not primarily, perhaps, in the brain—a disturbing cause, which affects the nervous mechanism.

But in admitting that intellectual energy depends upon the nervous mechanism, and that all the forms of insanity are referrible to organic conditions of that system, we cannot for an instant admit that genius and insanity issue from *similar* organic conditions; we cannot admit that the strength and energy of the mind are referrible to the same causes as its weakness and incoherence. To suppose that Shakespeare was nearly akin to an inhabitant of Hanwell is about as reasonably as to consider the Benicia Boy and Tom Sayers pathological cases. The energy of genius is strength, not disease. It may, "like vaulting ambition, o'erleap itself." The intellect may be overtasked, and succumb; but so likewise may the athlete overtask his strength, and come home with a broken back.

M. Moreau argues thus:—Genius is owing to an unusual activity of the nervous centres; insanity is also owing to an unusual activity of these centres. But he might as well argue that a spasm is identical with strength, as argue that the activity of insanity is identical with that of genius. We are almost ashamed of asking a physician, and one devoted to the subject of alienation, whether he imagines that any amount of excitation would raise the brain of an ordinary man to the potency of a Shakespeare. Is original constitution nothing? and will not the healthy activity of a great mind surpass the delirious energy of a common mind? M. Moreau knows well enough that the excitability of some idiots greatly exceeds that of the most illustrious men; and this knowledge should enable him to see that genius must depend on quite other conditions than those of mere excitability. Instead of this, he argues that because idiots are excitable, therefore they have similar organic conditions to those which produce genius. Not so. The difference lies *in* the organic conditions. The nervous mechanism is more complex and more developed in the one case than in the other; and, being so, its activity is unlike that of the other.

A reference to the lives of illustrious men would be the first resource of the inquirer; accordingly, M. Moreau has gathered together some sixty pages of biographical details to prove his hypothesis. This array of illustrious names will probably impose upon the careless reader; the more so as M. Moreau does not pretend that all men of genius are actually mad, but only that their genius is founded on a diseased organic condition of the nervous system, similar to that observed in idiots and madmen. The purpose of this biographical array is to show that men of genius have been temporarily insane, or subject to hallucinations; and when this has not been the case in the men themselves, it has been observed in their relatives. If a man of pre-eminent ability comes from a family in which one or more cases of epilepsy, hallucination, melancholy,

monomania, or idiocy, have been recorded, M. Moreau conceives that this fact illustrates his hypothesis, since it shows that the organic conditions of insanity were in the family, and these organic conditions must have been inherited. Let us inquire into the family history of Tom Sayers; we shall probably meet with an aunt, or a sister, or some near relative, who died of consumption, or was paralytic; and we shall than be able to prove that the noble chest, and the dreadful "right-handers" of our champion result from the same organic conditions as those which fill the hospitals and swell the mortality lists.

Perhaps our readers imagine that we are misrepresenting M. Moreau in this absurd instance. Let us therefore proceed to cite a parallel case. Sayers is powerful enough, but his aunt we will suppose to be "weak as a rat." Hegel likewise was a powerful thinker, and not in the least suspected of being mad—but M. Moreau notes that Hegel's sister was so: "She imagined herself to be a parcel which they were about to cord and seal up before despatching it by the carrier; every stranger made her tremble; she drowned herself." With such a key to interpret phenomena, biographical evidence ought not to be scanty. Nevertheless, a calm consideration of the evidence collected by M. Moreau shows that it is extremely scant, the great majority of the cases having no legitimate bearing on the question.

His list commences with Socrates, a great name certainly, and one which we cannot strike off, if we are to accept the statements of Plato and Xenophon, which exhibit the hallucinations of their master. Granting, however, that there was in Socrates a tendency to become so absorbed in ideas as to be totally insensible to what was passing around—granting that his Demon was not a figure of speech, but an hallucination—we cannot be equally compliant in the case of Aristotle, whom M. Moreau claims, on the strength of idle rumours of his having committed suicide at seventy. If we admit that Brutus had the vision of Cæsar before the fatal battle of Philippi, instead of simply dreaming it, he must be placed on the list; but it is surely tasking our credulity too far when we are asked to place Scott and Goethe there, on the strength of two momentary illusions. Two men of immense genius, more entirely removed from every suspicion of insanity, could not be named; they had not even the fanaticism, the eccentricity, the irritability, so often seen in conjunction with intense intellectual activity. What, then, are the facts which M. Moreau takes to be evidence in his favour? It is clear that his knowledge of the men is scant enough; but he alludes to the following anecdotes:—

"Those who have seen Abbotsford," writes Mr. Adolphus, "will remember that there is at the end of the hall, opposite to the library, an arched doorway leading to other rooms. One night some of the party observed that by an arrangement of light, easily to be imagined, a luminous space was formed upon the library door, in which the shadow of a person standing in the opposite archway made a very imposing appearance, the body of the hall remaining quite dark. Sir Walter had some time before told his friends of the deception of sight which made him for a moment imagine a figure of Lord Byron standing in the hall."* Mr. Adolphus alluded to Scott's "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," in which the following narrative is given: "Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the public eye, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had been well known, was engaged during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment, who was also reading. Their sitting-room

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*; edition in one vol., p. 644.

opened into an entrance hall, rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armour, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book, and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak saw, right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities and posture of the illustrious poet. *Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance*, and stepped onwards towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various articles of which it had been composed. These were merely a screen, occupied by a greatcoat, shawls, plaids, and other such articles as are usually found in a country entrance hall."

If this is to be classed among hallucinations, and on the strength of it, Scott counted as one having a nervous system in the organic condition which produces insanity, it is clear that we are all mad, since we are all liable to similar deceptions in the twilight; we see a footpad pointing a pistol at our heads — the footpad being the stump of an old tree. Nay, to short-sighted persons, similar deceptions take place in broad daylight. The present writer is frequently amused at the distinctness with which he sees dogs wagging their tails, cows nibbling the grass, and men or women approaching him, and as he gets nearer to them they gradually resolve themselves into logs of wood, milestones, or bushes.

The difference between an optical delusion and an hallucination is, that the sane mind is able to control its belief in the existence of the apparent object; the insane mind is servile to the appearance. Scott expressly says that he knew Lord Byron was *not* before him; had he declared that his vision was real, produced objectively by the apparition of his friend, M. Moreau might, with more excuse, have ranked him among *les hallucinés*.

The illustration drawn from Goethe's life is more to the point, if we accept the truth of the narrative, which, however, Goethe's biographer is indisposed to accept. The poet describes his taking leave of Frederika: "Those were painful days, of which I remember nothing. When I held out my hand to her from my horse, the tears were in her eyes, and I felt sad at heart. As I rode along the footpath to Drusenheim a strange phantasy took hold of me. I saw in my mind's eye my own figure riding towards me, attired in a dress I had never worn—pike grey, with silver lace. I shook off this phantasy, but eight years afterwards I found myself on the very road going to visit Frederika, and that too in the very dress I had seen myself in in the phantasm, although my wearing it was quite accidental." On this Mr. Lewes remarks: "The reader will probably be somewhat sceptical respecting the dress, and will suppose that this prophetic detail was transferred to the vision by the imagination of later years."* In a note Mr. Lewes adds, that in Goethe's correspondence with the Frau von Stein, there is a letter written a day or two after the visit, describing it, but singularly enough containing no allusion to this surprising coincidence. The whole story wears a very incredible aspect; and considering that Goethe was narrating in his old age an event said to have happened in his boyhood, it is easy to conceive some confusion and substitution of details. Unless we suppose this, we must suppose an actual vision of his future self in clothes then unwoven and unthought of! This would prove that he was gifted with prescience; it would not prove that he was insane.

We forgot to add that M. Moreau has another detail indicating Goethe's "organic condition," namely, "Sa mère est mort d'une attaque d'apoplexie." Whatever she died of, she lived a perfectly sane and healthy life during seventy-eight years; so that the "organic condition" trans-

* Lewes's *Life and Works of Goethe*, vol. i. p. 138.

mitted to her son was not of a very dangerous character.

M. Moreau has better examples than these, but he cites many that are questionable, and not a few that are absurd. Cato *may* have been mad when he committed suicide: if M. Moreau is struck by several indications of insanity in Plutarch's narrative, we are willing to let Cato's name retain its place on the list; as also that of Charlemagne, to whom St. James appeared in the Milky Way, and revealed the spot in Galicia where his bones lay buried, at the same time ordering Charlemagne to conquer Spain, and build there a church and a tomb. Peter the Great and Charles V. have an indubitable right to figure among mad statesmen. The mother of Charles was insane, and hence styled *Jeanne la folle*. His grandfather Ferdinand of Aragon was profoundly melancholy, and he himself was epileptic. So was Julius Cæsar. Richelieu had occasional attacks of insanity, in which he fancied himself a horse: he would prance round the billiard-table, neighing, kicking out at his servants, and making a great noise, until, exhausted by fatigue, he suffered himself to be put to bed and well covered up. On awaking he remembered nothing that had passed. His sister, the Marquise de Brézé, had a droll hallucination; "Elle croyait avoir un derrière de cristal, ne voulait pas s'asseoir de peur de le casser, et le tenait soigneusement entre ses deux mains de peur qu'il ne lui arrivât malheur."

Cromwell had fits of hypochondria. Dr. Francis was unequivocally insane. Dr. Johnson was hypochondriacal, and declared that he once distinctly heard his mother call to him "Samuel!" when she was many miles distant. Rousseau was certainly insane. Saint Simon is said to have committed suicide under circumstances indicating insanity. Fourrier "passed his life in a continual hallucination." Cardan, Swedenborg, Lavater, Zimmermann, Mahomet, Van Helmont, Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, St. Dominic, all had visions. Even Luther had his hallucinations; Satan frequently appeared, not only to have inkstands thrown at his sophistical head, but to get into the reformer's bed, and lie beside him. Jeanne d'Arc gloried in her celestial visions.

No one will be surprised to find numerous examples of the "organic condition" among the founders of sects, or among artists; but several of those cited by M. Moreau are rather examples of his credulity than of anything else. Thus we read, "Petrarch was found dead in his library, his head leaning on a book." Can you detect the connection between this fact, and the proposition that genius is a disease of the nervous centre? Again we read of Malherbe, that his thickness of utterance spoiled the effect of his verses when he recited them; he also spat more than even a Frenchman thinks becoming, and drew down upon him this *mot* from the chevalier Marin: "qu'il n'avait jamais vu d'homme plus humide, ni poëte plus sec." If the salivary standard is to be applied, we fear that France, Germany, Italy, and America, will yield a long list of madmen.

Handel, Milton, and Delille, were blind; Richardson and Labruyère died of apoplexy—and to M. Moreau blindness, or apoplexy, is ample proof of a predisposition to insanity. David, the painter, and Rude, the sculptor, were not themselves actually insane, but the son of David died of apoplexy, and the father of Rude was afflicted with paralysis—what more can be needed to prove a family predisposition? Alfred de Musset became a confirmed drunkard — clear proof! Guercino squinted — need more be said? If more be needed, more is ready; for did not Ludovic Caracci say of Guercino that he was a prodigy whose works, although the products of a young man, amazed the greatest painters?

Let not the reader imagine we are inventing absurdities for M. Moreau: all these examples are gravely adduced by him as evidence; and they serve to give the measure at once of his scientific capacity, and his theoretic courage. A more circumspect writer could have collected sufficient examples to produce an effect, without betraying his weakness by such as those just cited.

Lucretius, Tasso, Swift, Cowper, Chatterton, are melancholy cases

about which there is no dispute. Shelley had hallucinations. Bernardin St. Pierre, while writing one of his works, was "attacked by a strange illness" — lights flashed before his eyes; objects appeared double and in motion; he imagined all the passers-by to be his enemies. Heine died of a chronic disease of the spine. Metastasio early suffered from nervous affections. Molière was liable to convulsions. Paganini was cataleptic at four years old. Mozart died of water on the brain. Beethoven was bizarre, irritable, hypochondriacal. Donizetti died in an asylum. Chatterton and Gilbert committed suicide. Chateaubriand was troubled with suicidal thoughts; and George Sand confesses to the same. Sophocles was *accused* of imbecility by his son—but this was after he was eighty. Pope was deformed; and, according to Atterbury, he had *mens curva in corpore curvo*. He believed that he once saw an arm projecting from the wall of his room.

Among the less impassioned heroes of philosophy the examples are confessedly rarer; yet Newton, Pascal, and Auguste Comte, are illustrious and indisputable examples. Albertus Magnus also must be named. He had a vision of the Virgin, who asked him whether he preferred excelling in theology or in philosophy; he chose the latter; whereupon she assured him that he would be incomparable in it, but as a punishment for his rejection of theology, he was to sink into complete imbecility before he died. Linnæus died "en état de démence sénile." Other names might doubtless be added; but it is only such a mind as our author's that could see a proof of insanity in Kepler's belief of the world being an organism; or in Montesquieu's blindness. To such a mind it is even conceivable that the deaths of Voltaire and Wellington in extreme old age by apoplexy, are illustrations of the hypothesis that pre-eminence of intellect is due to organic disease of the nervous centres.

The collection of biographical facts made by M. Moreau is thus seen to be wholly inadequate to his purpose: not only are the majority of them questionable, but were they all of the same unequivocal character as the cases of Tasso, Newton, and Cowper, they would not warrant his deduction. They would prove that many men of genius were insane, or predisposed to insanity; but not that genius issued from the same organic condition as insanity; nor that there was any direct necessary connection between the two.

It is often said, and by M. Moreau's method it would be easy to prove, that poverty forms one of the necessary conditions of genius. Biography would show that many, if not most illustrious intellects were developed amidst the *res angusta domi*. The men were poor, or at any rate had poor relatives. Want stimulated their energies. The struggle for existence developed their strength. With a list of well-known instances, and a few eloquent declamations, the hypothesis might be considered established. Nevertheless it would not be difficult to confute it. A few examples—one would suffice—of unmistakable genius reared in affluence or comfort would show that there was no necessity for poverty as the stimulus and condition of intellectual pre-eminence; while a glance at the thousands of highly-educated men, unquestionably poor and unquestionably commonplace, struggling with want, yet doomed by congenital mediocrity, would show that no amount of such stimulus as poverty can supply will add a cubit to the intellectual stature. Genius is often accompanied by want, but it is something altogether distinct from "impecuniosity." In like manner it is often accompanied by eccentricity or insanity, but it is something altogether distinct from nervous disease.

If instead of allowing attention to fall on the few cases of genius coexisting with disease, we glance at the numberless cases of nervous disease which reveal no intellectual pre-eminence, but only a desolation of stupidity or a sterile excitability we shall see reason to place M. Moreau's hypothesis on a level with that which assumes poverty to be the necessary condition of genius. Every experienced keeper of an asylum will testify to the painful

mediocrity of his patients in spite of their excitability; and in our ordinary experience we see how it is by no means the most excitable people who are the most eminent. Very shallow natures are often very excitable; and some forms of idiocy are distinguished by restlessness and vivacity. It is perfectly true that of two equally-developed brains the more excitable will be the more powerful; but intellectual pre-eminence depends rather on the development of the brain than on the vivacity of the temperament.

This truth is the more to be insisted on, since the cause of the *resemblances* observable between genius and insanity is the excitability common to both; whereas the cause of the essential *differences* between them is the organic perfection of the one, and the organic imperfection of the other.

When a man of genius is in a state of intense excitement, he is at the culmination of his power; and so long as his nervous mechanism is uninjured or unhindered in its action, there is an infinite distance between him and the madman in an equal state of excitement. But should this exaltation be prolonged, should the strain be too great for the mechanism, and some portion of it give way or become disturbed, then, indeed, insanity will supervene. Does this prove a necessary connection between the two? No more than the broken back of an overtasked athlete proves a necessary connection between muscular strength and decrepitude.

It will naturally occur to the reader that a notion so widely spread, and so persistently handed down from generation to generation, as the one we are here combating, must have some ground of plausibility, if not of truth. That men in all ages should have been struck with the similarity between genius and insanity, especially when the genius took the form of artistic activity, is only intelligible on the supposition of some fundamental similitude; and the answer to the question, What is that similitude? cannot be uninteresting. In our opinion there can be little hesitation as to the answer. So far from believing, as M. Moreau believes, that there is an essential similarity, and that both genius and insanity are forms of the same nervous disease, we believe there is an essential distinction, one not less than between the vivacious monkey and the vivacious man. There is a resemblance, but it is simply in the excitability common to both. Instead of exclaiming—

> "What thin partitions do our souls divide!
> "Great wits to madness nearly are allied,"

we should assert that the partitions are party-walls; and that there is no other alliance between genius and madness than that of a common humanity, a common excitability, and a common liability to excess. If a few great men have fallen victims to the facility with which the nervous mechanism may be disturbed, men who had nothing great have likewise fallen victims by thousands. When we have gained some slight knowledge of the wondrous mechanism we name the body, how multitudinous its combined actions, how easily the disturbance of one will affect the healthy action of the rest, and how recklessly we disregard the plainest rules of health, the wonder at a few men having succumbed in the course of an intense intellectual life ceases at once, and a new wonder emerges—wonder that any man can live this life, and retain his faculties in healthy activity. The very predominance of the nervous system implies a predominant activity, and this is liable to be stimulated to excess by two potent tempters: Ambition, eager to jostle its way through energetic crowds; and Fascination, which lies in intellectual labour, the brooding *storge* of creation, the passionate persistence of research. These tempters hurry men into excess. Men who live much by the brain have seldom the courage to be prudent, seldom the wisdom to be patient. In vain the significant words of warning become louder and louder: in vain the head feels hot, the ears are full of noises, the heart fluttering and thumping, the nights sleepless, the digestion miserably imperfect, the temper ir-

ritable: these are Nature's warnings to desist, but they are disregarded; the object of ambition lures the victim on, the seduction of artistic creation, or of a truth seen dancing like a will-o'-wisp, incessantly solicits him; he will not pause—at length he cannot pause, the excitement has become a fever, the flame that warms destroys him: madness arrives.

Sad this is, and would be infinitely sad if there were no help for it, if the very glory and splendour of the intellect were necessarily allied to its infirmity and ruin. But it is not so. Men cannot transgress Nature's laws without incurring Nature's penalties. The most perfect digestive apparatus will be ruined by imprudent habits; the most powerful muscular system may be lamed by over-exertion; the most admirable secreting organs will become morbid under over-stimulus; and why are we to expect the complex and delicate nervous mechanism to be overworked with impunity?

Not by reason of diseased nervous centres are men ever pre-eminent in intellectual energy, nor are they liable to become insane by reason of this energy, unless misdirected. They are pre-eminent because God has endowed them with the higher cerebral development, and because this is in healthy activity; when it falls into unhealthy activity, insanity is the result—a result not due to the original strength of the energy, but due to an original defect in the constitution transmitted from parents, or to a defect acquired through neglect of the plainest precepts of healthy living. It is from their weakness that they fall, not because of their strength. One may pity the overtasked man of genius, and sympathise with his imprudence; one may regret that a knowledge of the simpler laws of life and health is not more general; but one cannot draw from the biographies of illustrious men an argument in favour of the notion that genius is allied to insanity. Overwork, and unseemly neglect, kill the meanest as inevitably as the highest. It is a tragedy which is no respecter of persons, and darkens a thousand homes which are never brightened with a ray of genius.

If genius were disease, the greatest men ought to manifest the most unmistakable signs of it. Yet we do not learn that Sophocles, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, and Scott, among the poets, or Giotto, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and Rubens, among the painters, or Bacon, Spinosa, and Kant, among philosophers, either claim our sorrow for their intellectual eclipse, or our pity for their eccentricities. We are told that men of genius are always eccentric. They are always original, and generally much self-absorbed; but we believe that there will be found among them very little eccentricity of the kind noticeable in mad people. We have ourselves known a great many people pre-eminent in intellect, and cannot recall one who was remarkable for any such eccentricity; whereas we have known people whose eccentricities were such that their friends generally alluded to them as "half-cracked," yet these people were by no means remarkable for intellectual power.

That it is over-excitement, and disregard of the laws of health, rather than the amount of cerebral power, which causes the insanity of men of genius, may be suspected from the single comparison of Southey and Wordsworth. No one, we suppose, will for an instant question the immeasurable superiority of Wordsworth's genius; yet his long and laborious life was passed without a threat of cerebral disease; whereas poor Southey paid the penalty of overwork. Wordsworth was much in the open air, taking active exercise. Southey lived in his study. The explanation lies there.

There is another error current on the subject of genius, an error which bases its evidence on cases not less equivocal than those brought forward respecting insanity—namely, that men of genius are too absorbed in their pursuits to pay the same scrupulous attention to minor morals and ordinary duties demanded from other men. Here biography offers its treacherous aid, and shows, unhappily, that many men of genius have disregarded minor morals. To this we reply, as before, that many *more* men of unblemished mediocrity of intellect have shown a *greater* dis-

regard to minor and major morals; whereupon we conclude that there must be some other cause at work, and that the shortcomings of men of genius are referrible simply to their imperfect conscientiousness. Not because they are strong in intellect, but because they are weak in will or conscience, have these men erred. There is no legitimate connection between splendid talents and engagements broken, trusts violated, or bills unpaid; but there *is* a direct connection between weak consciences and these things.

Genius may prevent a man from becoming rich; it does not prevent his being scrupulously honest. Absorption in ideas, the pursuit of objects not in themselves marketable, must of course limit the income of any man who earns his income by labour of brain; but it does not screen from him the plain facts of his position. If he is so absorbed as not to be perfectly aware that he has not earned the money to pay for the sherry and mutton on his table, he ought to be shut up in an asylum; and if he *is* aware of it, but disregards it, either because it vexes him, or because his sanguine disposition leads him to believe that the money will be forthcoming "somehow," then we must lay the blame on his feeble conscientiousness, not on his intense intellectual absorption. It is true that a concentration of the intellect on any subject indisposes, if it does not unfit, a man for attending closely to many other matters; though one may note in passing, that mathematicians and poets who could find no time to look after the small matters of finance in their own families, found ample time to look after the finance of India, and the means of defraying the National Debt. But granting that genius incapacitates a man from attending to domestic matters, we must still assert that it by no means absolves him from taking care that those matters are properly seen to; he may resign them into other hands, and only be careful that no sophistication misleads his agent. Ghirlandajo bade his brother manage the house; for himself, he would do his utmost to find the money for it by painting.

The same principle applies even to men too poor "to live like gentlemen." It is not imperative on a man to live like a gentleman; only imperative on him to live honestly. If his genius will not procure him the "common necessaries" (which too often include a host of superfluities, and sacrifices to mere show), let him earn those necessaries by some other labour, like other men. Spinoza lived by polishing glasses; and small as the pittance was which this secured him, it was enough for his necessities, and it preserved his independence. When a pension was offered to him if he would dedicate his work to Louis XIV., he declined, "having no intention of dedicating anything to that monarch." It was ascertained after his death that he had sometimes lived on twopence-halfpenny a day. This was interpreting the necessities very rigidly; and although it is highly probable that had he been an Englishman his "position in society" would not have been very brilliant on those terms, it is certain that he would have troubled himself little about his position in society, finding in philosophy enough to satisfy his soul.

Goldsmith and Johnson are two instructive illustrations of our argument. Goldsmith had more of what is specially called genius than Johnson had; but will any one assert that it was by reason of this advantage that he was so careless of engagements, and so heedless in money matters? will any one assert that Johnson's noble integrity was owing to his intellectual inferiority? The impulsive, hopeful, child-like nature of Goldsmith, makes us love the man, and easily forgive his errors; we know that there was nothing base in him, only a weakness to which we can be charitable; but let us not forget that his errors sprang from his weakness, and were in no sense the necessary consequence of his strength. Neither let us suffer logic to stifle charity; nor let charity confuse our moral judgments. It is not because we see a course of conduct to be sinful that we are to shut the sinner from our hearts; nor because we feel yearnings of pity for the erring, that we are to alter our judgment of the error.

Men of genius are said to be by nature improvident. It may be so: biography too often seems to say it is so. But thousands who have no genius are quite as improvident; and it is never in virtue of his genius that any man is so. Human nature is human nature, and its infirmities may be seen in the shade of its splendours, but they are not owing to the splendours. The great Shakspeare, the great Newton, the great Goethe, were not little men because they too had their littlenesses; nor were these littlenesses in any sense the product of their greatness. And if the trembling sensibility, which is one of the conditions of genius, makes a man more accessible to certain temptations, it makes him also more accessible to moral influences, so that, in point of fact, the history of men of genius is on the whole remarkably noble and pure. The curiosity naturally felt about everything concerning men of genius leads to the publication of all their errors and shortcomings; but who can doubt that a similar scrutiny of the lives of grocers would yield a much blacker catalogue of errors? The vices of illustrious men are cried out from the house-tops, but who troubles himself about the vices of blockheads?

Our conclusion, then, is briefly this: Genius is health and strength, not disease and weakness; it is sanity and virtue, not insanity and vice. The man of genius may be sickly and vicious; but he is so by reason of a sickly body and a vacillating will; not by any means because, with this body and this will, he also possesses a splendid intellect.

KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE.

"*Arturum expectare*" is no longer a taunting proverb. Arthur is come again! Bardic prophecy and popular tradition, after all, spoke truly. Once more the name of the hero-king rings through the length and breadth of England. Years ago, the Laureate caught his first glimpse of him, in poetic trance, when he sang of Excalibur and the Lady of Shalott, before he brought the full vision before us—"The Dragon of the great Pendragonship"—in his "Idylls." Sir Lytton Bulwer was the first to herald this new *avatar* with a grand and stately march-music, which has yet to find its due appreciation. Clothed in the old prose version, Mr. Russell Smith has presented him in three volumes of undeniable type and paper. A host of minor lyrists swell the triumph. The British king is more ubiquitous in his resuscitation than even in the days of his mortality. He looks down upon the undergraduates of Oxford from the gallery of their new reading-room, grim and gorgeous, in the richest hues of Messrs. Riviere and Rosetti's mediæval tinting. Young ladies are introduced to his court in Miss Yonge's pleasant fictions, and ask the most puzzling questions of their well-read governesses touching Sir Galahad and the San Greal. Children even find him reigning in their story-books, *vice* King Cole and King Alfred superseded. Enterprising lady-tourists demand of their astonished Breton guides to be led forthwith to the "Fontaine de Barenton." We seem to have gone back suddenly some eight or nine centuries, and are once more become enamoured of the grand chain of romance which held captive all readers—or rather hearers—in the days of Edward III.

Yet, probably, to the great body of his admirers, the outline of this favourite hero is very dim and indistinct. They see little more of him than Guenever saw at their last parting—

> "The moony vapour rolling round the King,
> Who seemed the phantom of a giant in it."

Mr. Tennyson's "Idylls," and the

La Mort d'Arthure. 3 vols. J. Russell Smith. 1859.
Les Romans de la Table Ronde. Par M. le Vicomte H. de la Villemarqué. Paris, 1860.

graceful presentations of Sir Lancelot and Sir Galahad, and their companions of the Round Table, which now crowd upon us everywhere in prose and poetry, produce, we very much suspect, upon the minds of the reading public in general, much the same tantalising and half-disappointing effect, as those snatches of tempting scenery which flash upon our eyes at intervals between the cuttings of the railway and the smoke of the engine—informing us of a pleasant and interesting country close at hand, but with which we have no present means of making further acquaintance. For the early English and French romances which contain the story at large are not very easily accessible; the MSS. themselves not to be thought of except by professed antiquarians; the printed editions few and scarce, and their quaint wording and orthography, so charming in the eyes of their true lovers, presenting rather a forbidding front to mere passing acquaintances. Even the most accessible and most readable of all—"the noble and joyous hystorye of the grete conquerour and excellent kyng, Kyng Arthur"—first printed by Caxton, and several times reprinted since with more or less accuracy, had become in all its editions comparatively scarce; and it may fairly be doubted whether the late reprint, with all the advantage of an attractive typography, is likely to become a popular book. Southey spoke indeed quite truly when he said it had a marvellous attraction for boys. It was so in his youthful days; it was so, we can ourselves testify, a generation later, in at least one large public school, when a solitary copy in two disreputable little paper-bound volumes, claiming to belong to "Walker's British Classics" (even that wretched edition must have been scarce), was passed from hand to hand, and literally read to pieces, at all hours, lawful and unlawful. And the spell works to this day; boys seize upon the volumes still, wherever they fall in their way, and sit absorbed in them as did their forefathers. They will tell you more of Sir Bagdemagus and King Pellinore in a week, than they can of Diomed and Hector at the end of a school half-year. The taste is a genuine one on their part, wholly independent of Mr. Tennyson and his fellow-poets, explain it how we will. The truth is, that the style of these romances recommends itself at once to the schoolboy mind, healthfully active and energetic; with very little love-making, few of the finer flights of fancy, and no moral reflections, there are plenty of terrific encounters and hard blows. The interest, such as it is, never flags; incident crowds on incident, adventure succeeds adventure; the successful champion disposes of one antagonist just in time to be ready for another—the discomfited knight is either despatched forthwith to make room for some new aspirant, or is healed of his wound with marvellous rapidity by some convenient hermit, and fights as well, or better, than ever. The plot and machinery are of the simplest kind, most intelligible to the schoolboy mind, and appealing strongly to his sympathies, fresh from foot-ball. Everybody runs full tilt at everybody he meets, is the general stage direction. Whether the antagonist be friend or foe by right, is quite a secondary consideration; these kind of questions are generally asked afterwards, being considered rather a waste of precious time beforehand. "It doth them good to feel each other's might." There you have the key-note of Round Table philosophy; and young England thoroughly appreciates it. True, there is a wonderful sameness in the heroes and their achievements; Sir Tristram's performances are precisely like Sir Lancelot's. In the encounters with which almost every page is filled, there is not even the graphic variety of Homer's wounds; commonly, the knight who is worsted goes "over his horse's croupe;" occasionally, by way of change, we find that his opponent has "gate him by the necke, and pulled him cleane out of his saddle." But to the admiring readers in question this never seems to occur as an objection; sufficient for them that the action of the piece never stands still for an instant; Sir Ban or Sir Bors, or whoever may be the hero of the hour, has no sooner overthrown the

knight with the black shield, than he "fewtres his spear afresh, and hurles him" straightway at him of the red shield. The "disport" is fast and furious. And when half-a-dozen champions are unhorsed in the space of a single page, it would be unreasonable to expect that each should fall in different fashion.

This kind of repetition, however, vigorous as it is, must be confessed to pall occasionally upon less voracious appetites. One gets tired of reading for ever of "*fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum*;" and we can readily imagine the disappointment of those gentle and enthusiastic readers, who, with the grand chant of the Laureate or of the classic rhyme of Bulwer still in their ears, turn to the volumes of the *Mort d'Arthure* as their fount of inspiration. The gentle Enid they will not find there. Such passages as the love of the fair maid of Astolat are rare indeed; and even Arthur and Lancelot, like living mortal heroes, lose something of their herohood on more familiar acquaintance. They will hardly be consoled by a succession of chapters recording "how Sir Lamoracke justed with Sir Palomides, and hurt him grievously;" and "how Sir Tristram smote down Sir Sagramore le Desirous and Sir Dodinas le Savage." Yet these tales of chivalry, though they threaten to be wearisome to the general reader when encountered at full length, have a very deep interest both in a literary and an antiquarian point of view; the more so, because now for the first time there appears a general consent as to the real sources of their origin, while they have sprung afresh into the full sunshine of popular favour, after centuries of comparative obscurity, by one of the most remarkable resurrections in the history of fiction. We will endeavour here to lay before our readers some sketch of that great cycle of romance which for ages was the literature *par excellence* of Christendom, and which has once more become the treasure-house from which poet and painter draw subjects for their pictures, and in which essayists—wearied of the old heathen classics—seek for illustrations and allusions.

The twelfth and thirteenth centuries had an Iliad of their own. Like the great classical epic, it reigned undisputed in the literary firmament, and absorbed all minor bards into satellites or imitators. Like that, too, it has outlived the personal fame of its authors. We can no more tell the names of those old bards who first sung of Arthur and his Round Table, than we can be sure at this day whether the Iliad and the Odyssey are the work of one or many. Like the Iliad, these lays had a certain unity; their central personality was the "King of Men;" their episodes, the acts of his knight companions. The resemblance was even more striking in this—that in both, the Great King is not the real hero. Sir Lancelot and Achilles are the peerless knights; and the fatal estrangement between Lancelot and his king works more irretrievable woe than even the wrath of Achilles. But whether the glorious romance of the Greeks sprung forth in full panoply from some one god-like brain or no, we at least have no means of tracing its infancy or its growth. With the Arthurian *epos* it is quite otherwise. Nearly every stage in its development is open to us. We can trace it, indistinctly but certainly, rolling on from age to age, assimilating and incorporating, from the manners and the taste of each, fresh elements of strength or weakness—ever changing, yet still the same.

On its earliest origin, indeed, considerable learning and research, and very many ingenious conjectures, would appear to have been wasted. Mallet and Percy (and Count de Tressan agrees with them) would trace it to the northern Skalds, who, accompanying the army of Rollo, "the ganger," in his warlike migration southward, carried with them the lays of their own mythology, but replaced the Pagan heroes by Christian kings and warriors. Another theory, originated by the learned Claude Saumaise (*Salmasius*) and adopted enthusiastically by Warton, ascribes all the germs of romantic fiction to the Saracens or Arabians, and suggests its probable introduction into Europe to the effects of the Crusades; or, according to Warton, to the Arab conquests in Spain; that

from thence they passed into France, and took deepest root in Brittany. Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle, the earliest form of these tales with which the learned of his day had made acquaintance, he considers to consist entirely of Arabian fancies. Even if the giants and dragons of romance were introduced into southern Europe more immediately by the Skalds, still he would assert that the northern poets themselves owed them in the first place to immigrations from the East. Others, again, have seen in the tales of chivalry only a new development of the classic legends of Greece and Italy. As Christianity unquestionably borrowed and modified to its own use many of the outward ceremonies of Paganism, so they held that the Christian *trouveur* only adopted and transmuted the heroes of classical poetry. There certainly is some apparent foundation for this theory. It is not hard to trace in the incidents of Arthurian romance the same kind of resemblance, real or fanciful, which has been remarked by those who love to find in the legends of heathendom types or foreshadowings of Christian truth. The knights errant have their classic prototypes in Hercules, Bacchus, and Theseus; the sorceress is Circe or Calypso; the giant is Polyphemus; the rescued maiden, Andromeda; monsters like the "Twrch Trwyth," and the "questing beast," are cognate genera to Scylla and the Minotaur. Nay, even the personal characters of the Romaunt, viewed in this light, seem only reproductions; Merlin is Proteus; the tale of Uther and Iguerne is the old story of the loves of Jupiter and Alcmena; and Arthur's death and disappearance is but a modern copy of Sarpedon's. There is also a marked resemblance in the moral tone of these two great cycles of fiction. It is scarcely higher, we are sorry to say, in the romance of Christendom than in the heathen myths. Robbery is accounted honourable; illegitimacy, instead of being a moral bar sinister, is rather an augury of the hero's future fame; and maidens, by the grace of supernatural lovers, enjoy the privileges of maternity without compromising their reputation.

But whatever there may be in the romances of chivalry which is common to Skald, or Arab, or ancient Pagan, there can be no reasonable doubt but that the true theory as to their origin is that originally advanced by Leyden, maintained by Douce, Sharon Turner, and others, and lately reduced to all but demonstration by Lady Charlotte Schreiber and the Count Villemarqué. They are Cymric or Armorican, or both. With a self-denying honesty, which is too seldom a characteristic of literary antiquarians, M. de la Villemarqué gracefully concedes the honour of parentage to the Britons of Wales, as the elder branch of the great Cymric race; while the fair champion, to whom the Welsh are so deeply indebted, appears willing to share the claim on their behalf with their brethren across the Channel. But the claim thus made seems indisputable; the only wonder is that it should have been in abeyance so long. The explanation lies in the fact, that the wealth of the old Cymric literature in this particular respect was never even suspected, except perhaps by a few enthusiastic Welsh antiquarians; and they, with some honourable exceptions, were usually too busy in crowning each other at Eisteddfodau, and writing *Englynion* in each other's praise (when they were not quarrelling) under unpronounceable bardic names, to turn their attention to a question which was of real interest to the literature of Europe, and to the solution of which they really held the key. It was not until Lady Charlotte Schreiber, with the aid of an eminent Welsh scholar,* brought to light in their original form, accompanied by an English version, the collection of early Cymric tales, known as the *Mabinogion*, contained chiefly in an ancient manuscript—"the Red Book of Hergest"—belonging to the national College in Oxford, that the true sources of the romances of the Round Table were disclosed, and what had been heretofore one of many plausible

* The late Rev. Thomas Price.

conjectures became a certainty. Even now the evidence on this point is probably very incomplete. Not to speak of unnoticed Welsh manuscripts which may exist elsewhere, it is known that a collection of earlier date, and probably equal value with the "Red Book" of Jesus College (which appears to be a copy from it), exists in the library of the Vaughans at Hengwrt,* to which the editor of the Mabinogion was unfortunately unable to obtain access. Dr. Owen is said to have seen an ancient Welsh manuscript containing the story of Sir Tristram (who does not appear in the published Mabinogion), but which he was unable to obtain; † and a version of the "Quest of the San Graal," in the same language, is said to have been known to exist, and may probably exist still. M. de la Villemarqué, for his own side of the Channel, not only confirms Lady C. Schreiber's evidence, which he seems, indeed, in some degree to have anticipated, but brings forward additional items of proof, slight, but sufficiently convincing, from fragments of Breton songs and poems, that the roots of these renowned fictions lie deep in their literature also. Their very form—the eight-syllabled rhyme, in which the French metrical version is written—he claims, and apparently with justice, as Cymric.

It is true—it would be impossible to suppose that it could be otherwise—that these original materials were greatly modified and amplified by the successive hands through which they passed. In the first place, the new faith, while it adopted in this as in other cases the work of the heathen, moulded it as far as possible to its own type. The result in the Arthurian romances is, as we shall endeavour to show hereafter, the strangest conceivable mixture of Pagan sentiment with the formal language of Christianity, and sometimes with some of its most mystical doctrines. All the glitter of mediævalism spread itself by degrees over the old rude metal of British fable; but there it lay still beneath, to be recognised hereafter by those who had sufficient curiosity and penetration to look deep enough. The mysterious Arthur, the demigod of the Cymric bards, thus became in the hands of his adopters the *preux chevalier* of the romancier; while to form his court the spirit of chivalry made knights of the old Cymric robber-chieftains—for we fear these early heroes were little better. Assuredly none would have been more startled to recognise them under their new dress, than the old British or Armorican poet who had first made them the subjects of song.

The central figure, round whom all the heroes of this cycle of romance revolve, is Arthur, King or Pendragon of Britain. His court it is from which all the champions set out upon their adventures, or to which they finally repair; his dominions and his conquests are limited rather by the fancy of the narrator than by any geographical probabilities. So dazzling, indeed, is the halo which romance has shed round his name, that, by a not uncommon result, his actual personality has become obscured. Historians, unable to distinguish satisfactorily the myth from the fact, have come to doubt whether there be any groundwork of fact at all. Arthur has been the hero of fable so generally, that he has become little more than a shadow in history. Bede seems to deny his existence; Milton doubts it; and these were ages in which critical scepticism had not yet taken rank as a fashionable science. Gildas and Aneurin, who should have been his cotemporaries, make no mention of him; and his earliest appearance in the page of history is in Nennius, A.D. 850, where his exploits and his attributes are largely tinged with the marvellous, and are referred to as a "*traditio veterum.*"‡ Of his Welsh compatriots, Dr. Owen Pugh considers him altogether mythological,

* These MSS., on the death of Sir Robert Vaughan, passed into the possession of W. W. E. Wynne, Esq., of Peniarth.

† Villemarqué, *Romans de la Table Ronde*, p. 78.

‡ *Myvyrian Archæology*, i. 178.

and to be identical with the constellation Ursa Major; for which, indeed, he appears to have some authority in the Welsh triads,—which, after good classical precedents, carry their hero as a star into the heavens after his disappearance from earth,—and in the still popular name of Arthur's Wain; others have considered him to be identical with Nimrod, or, with more probability, Belus or Apollo; the latter opinion being also supported by a fact in astronomical nomenclature, the star Lyra being known to the Welsh as "Arthur's Harp."* This theory of his exclusively mythological existence, and his identity with Apollo Belenus, has been supported by very ingenious arguments, and at the expense of some considerable researches in the unpromising fields of bardic history by the author of *Britannia after the Romans*.† Mr. Rees, though conceding him a place in history, repudiates him as a countryman; he holds him to have been a native of Devon or Cornwall (which is made the seat of his kingdom in the older *Mabinogi*), and his connection with the Cymry of Wales and of North Britain to have been wholly of an intrusive kind.‡ A great difficulty in the attempt to separate the mythic from the historic in the traditions of the Great King arises from the fact that Welsh literature seems to recognise, as M. de Villemarqué shows (and as has been before noticed), both a mythological and a real Arthur; and that in the triads of later date the latter has been tricked out in some of the ornaments of the former. This apparent plurality has made some conjecture that the name Arthur was an appellative only, and that even in history there may have been more Arthurs than one. Probably Lord Bacon was as near the truth on this point as we are now likely to arrive—"There was truth enough in his story to make him famous, besides that which was fabulous." If he lived at all, he was probably a prince of the Silures, who became king of Britain, and was cotemporary with Clovis of France. The most circumstantial statement of his date and history, and perhaps as little suspicious as any, is that which will be found quoted in the Appendix to the *Liber Landavensis*, as from a MS. *Chronicon Ecclesiæ Landavensis* in the British Museum; where he is said to have been crowned king at Cirencester, A.D. 506, in the fifteenth year of his age, by Dubricius, Bishop of Caerleon, and to have afterwards kept Whitsuntide with great pomp at Caerleon.

He is said to have been the son of Uther or Uter, the Pendragon of Britain, and to have defeated the Saxons in thirteen pitched battles, the last on Mount Badon. That zealous herald Upton goes so far as to give us Uther Pendragon's armorial bearings: "*Vert*, a plain cross *argent;* in the dexter quarter an image of the B. V. Mary, holding the image of her blessed Son in her right hand, proper. Also he gave for his cognisance of Britain, *d'or*, deux dragons *verds*, couronnés de goules, contrés, or endorsed." Arthur himself, in testimony of his thirteen victories, bore also, in a field azure, thirteen imperial crowns; or, with the motto, "*Moult de couronnes, plus de vertus.*"

It is remarkable, however, that nowhere in the cycle of fiction does Arthur appear as the champion of the Britons against the invading Saxons. We find him traversing half Europe as a conqueror, rather than defending his own shores. In the Welsh legends of the Mabinogion, his enemies, when they are not supernatural, have no very definite national or geographical relations. If it be the Arthur of history, he preserves little besides the name. It is perhaps this very indistinctness of the hero as a historical personage that explains the ready adoption of his name and reputed exploits by the poets of another race. The *troveurs* of southern Christendom might not have cared to hand on from generation to generation the fame of the mere national champion of a defeated people. Arthur and his deeds might still have been sung

* *Telyn Arthur.* ‡ Attributed to the Hon. Algernon Herbert.
‡ Rees's *Welsh Saints*, p. 185.

in the mountain-fastnesses of Wales, on the hills and moors of Cumberland, or on the kindred shores of Cornwall and Brittany; but the tale would scarcely have found favour in the eyes of a Frank or Norman king; still less would the Celtic prince and his court have become the centre point of their national fiction, But in the glories and triumphs of Arthur there is no element of race; there is no national vanity to be flattered, or national jealousies to be stirred. This alone can account for the fact, that while the French romancers built all kinds of fancies of their own on the foundations of these Celtic stories, they uniformly retained both the name and the nationality of the central hero. Always he is Arthur of Britain. Wherever he is said to hold his court, it is always somewhere within those limits where the Celtic race still predominated. Whether he reigns, as in the earlier Welsh legends at "Kelliwig in Dyfnaint" (Devon),* or at Caerleon-on-Usk—far north as merry Carlisle, or far south as Kerduel in Brittany —all these three last claiming to be the "Carduel" of the romances—he still stands on ground occupied by some of the branches of that great race, which, whether Cimric, Breton, or Gael, is still of common origin. Driven as they were by the northern conquerors from the lordship of the soil, and only holding on by an unquenchable vitality to such corners of the earth as Cambria, and *Cumbraland*, and Little Britain across the Channel,—in one sense, like Greece in her decline, they took their conquerors captive; their songs and their traditions were the material out of which sprang what was for nearly four centuries the literature of Christian Europe. It seems strange that the writers who have shown so much interest in investigating the sources of this body of fiction, should not have been led at once, by observing this invariable limitation of the Arthurian story in all its forms to a few special localities all known to be Celtic, to the conclusion which we now recognise as the truth.

The repute in which these romances were held throughout all Christendom, from 1150 to 1500, can hardly be measured by our modern notions of popular poets, or popular writers of fiction. If the *trouveur* found a less profitable trade in those days than in ours, at least he could depend upon a less critical and far more enthusiastic audience. Before what Mr. Carlyle calls "the miraculous art of reading and writing" had ceased to be a miracle, when as yet publishers were not, and a printer ran an even chance of being burnt for a wizard,—to be a favourite with the reading, or rather the listening, world, was fame indeed. To be read in lady's bower, to be chanted at feast and watchfire, to be conned in studious chamber by churchman and philosopher,—such was the glorious meed of those bards whose names and memories had perished, but who lived still in those lays, which, however changed and modified, were still known as Tales of Arthur. They were most popular in France, but their sound was in all lands. They were translated into nearly every language in Christendom. There is said to be an MS. in Hebrew of "King Arthur's History," out of the Spanish version, existing to this day in the Vatican. There is also a version in modern Greek† "*Norunt Arabes — Bosphorus excluso non tacet*" ("the Arabians and the Bosphorus had heard of him"), saith Alan de l'Isle. However that might be, we have evidence enough of the enthusiastic admiration in which they were held in our own island. David, Abbot of Vale Crucis (1450), sends a poetical epistle to a friend, to ask the loan of the book that he "loved more than gold or gems,"—

* *Myvyrian Arch.* i. 175. Gelli wic, or Kelliwig, has been supposed to be Callington, or Kellington, in Cornwall.

† Warton quotes Crusius to the effect that at Padua there was a work in modern Greek called Διδαχαι *Regis Arturi*; but he seems to have been misled by the title of a book of homilies, Διδαχαι *Rarturi*.—See *Quarterly Review*, No. xxiii. p. 153, note. But there is in the Vatican a poem of the twelfth century in that language apparently a translation from the Italian.—*Price's Remains*, i. 271.

"the goodly Graal, the book of the heroes." "I know," says Roger Ascham, "when God's Bible was banished the court, and *Morte d' Arthur* received into the prince's chamber." How much the modern poets have borrowed from them has been frequently remarked, and we may take occasion to point out some of the chief instances hereafter.

M. de la Villemarqué considers, and certainly shows good ground for his opinion, that the original legends of Arthur found their way across the channel to the Britons of Armorica. There they were collected with others into the *Brut y Brenhined* ("Legend of the Kings"), sometimes known as *Brut Tysilio*, from having been erroneously attributed to the saint of that name. Of the original Armorican collection no copy is known to exist; but in the year 1125 they were translated into Welch, and a few years later Robert, Earl of Gloucester, who claimed descent by his mother's side from the British kings, appears as the patron of a Latin translation, made by Geoffrey of Monmouth — Gruffydd ap Arthur — under the title of *Historia Britonum*. This purports to contain the history of the Welsh kings from Brutus, great-grandson of Æneas of Troy, down to Cadwallader, the Saxon Ceadwalla, in 688. What is more to our present purpose, it contained the history of Arthur and his knights, modified no doubt from the old British legends, and still more to be modified by the inventions of subsequent writers, but still the same Arthur who charmed the world in both. In its new form, the story aquired at once the greatest interest and popularity, and appears to have been immediately versified, under different forms, and with considerable licence, by contemporary poets. Henry II. was enamoured of it, and it is said to have been at his request that Robert or Richard Wace, in 1155, gave to the world his *Brut d' Angleterre*, in rhymed octo-syllabic French, or rather romance verse, which appears to be the earliest in date of the French Romances of the Round Table. From that time forth it took all shapes and languages.

Taking Wace's poem as the original of the Anglo-Norman metrical versions of the central Romance, we find there the main facts in the history of Arthur; the strange story of his birth, his magic sword, his conquests of Ireland, Denmark, Norway, and France, his invasion of Italy at the head of 183,000 knights, the renown of his court, to which every "good knight" of Christendom held himself bound to resort, the treason of Mordred, the falsehood of Guenever, the battle of Camlan, and the mysterious transportation to the Isle of Avalon. M. de la Villemarqué quotes from the Welsh bard Taliesin, and from other remains of Welsh literature of earlier date than the *Brut y Brenhined*, fragments which tell the same story with but little variation; and though the Armorican ballads and legends which he has collected afford a narrower field for comparison, they bear witness to the existence of the same traditions amongst this younger branch of the Cimric family.

The form, however, in which these romances are far more accessible to general readers than Welsh MSS. or Norman *fabliaux*, is that which stands at the head of this article as "Mort d'Arthure," or "The Booke of King Arthur," as Wynkyn de Worde more correctly entitles it—a compilation made in the year 1469 by a Sir Thomas Mallory "out of certayne bookes of Frensshe," as he tells us, and first printed by Caxton in 1485 at the request of "noble and dyvers gentlymen." Who this Sir Thomas Mallory was is not known; the Welsh antiquaries of course claim him as a countryman. His work is but a piece of patchwork, not always very cleverly put together; but its terse idiomatic language has been said to be the purest English extant next to the Bible. It appears to have been founded chiefly on the great prose romances of Merlin and the St. Graal, written by Robert de Borron aforesaid—the "Mort Artus," "Lancelot du Lac," and the "Queste de St. Graal," all commonly ascribed to Walter Mapes —and the two romances of "Sir Tristram," by Lucas de Gast and Helie de Borron. These three last sources are said by Southey to have supplied

two-thirds of the whole compilation; they supply, in fact, more; unless portions of what forms the third volume in the present edition are taken, as seems most probable, from a separate romance known to have existed, of which Sir Galahad was the hero. There would appear also, from the arrangement of the earlier portions of the book, to have been a distinct romance of Balin le Savage, and another of Sir Gareth of Orkney, which Mallory has either worked in bodily, or upon which he drew largely for materials. The result is a not very harmonious whole, somewhat confusing to the reader who has no previous acquaintance with these heroes of chivalry. He will find constant allusions to circumstances not recorded in the work itself, and anticipations of characters and incidents which are not introduced until long after. But Sir Thomas, it must be remembered, was addressing himself to those who might fairly be supposed to be already more or less familiar with the subject which he was reproducing. To imagine a knight or gentleman of the days of Edward IV. to be unacquainted with the history (true or fabulous) of Arthur, and Merlin, and Lancelot, would have been as strange as to suppose an educated Englishman of the present day to know nothing of Wellington or Napoleon. We think, however, that Mr. Wright, who edits the present volumes, would have consulted the reader's comfort more, and given him a better chance, as Caxton wished, "to understande bryefly the contente," if he had preserved the old printer's original division into twenty-one books (the headings of which supply a very useful clue), instead of following the edition of 1634 in its more arbitrary arrangement into three parts. To attempt to give any continuous outline of what is in fact seven or eight separate stories, would be tedious, if it were not almost impossible; but a slight sketch of the principal heroes, as they appear here and in the Welsh legends, may not be uninteresting. And to begin with the Hero-King himself.

The birth of Arthur, like that of more than one favourite of chivalry, is illegitimate. His father Uther, Pendragon of Britain, is said in the British legend to have deceived Igraine, wife of the king of Cornwall, by taking (with the help of Merlin) the form of a cloud—in Welsh, *gorlas* or *gorlusar;* in the English romance before us, he is said to have visited her in the likeness of the king her husband, whose name is *Gorlois*. The latter is killed in battle, and Uther is free to wed the object of his passion. In due time Arthur is born, and by Merlin's advice is brought up in secret at a distance from Uther's court. By the advice of the same counsellor, upon Uther's death the Archbishop of Canterbury holds solemn meeting of "all the lords of the realm and gentlemen of armes" in the greatest church in London ("whether it were Powlis or not," says the conscientious Sir Thomas, "the Frensshe booke maketh no mention") to pray that Heaven would "show some miracle who should be rightwise king of this realme." There appears after mass, against the high altar, "a great stone four square, like to a marble stone, and in the midest thereof was an anvile of steele a foote of height, and therein stooke a fair sword, naked, by the point, and letters of gold were written about the sword that said thus —'Who so pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvile, is rightwise king borne of England.'" The more ambitious of the knights and nobles present—"such as would have been king"—essay the trial. But "none might stir the sword, or move it;" and it is committed to the safe guardianship of ten knights till the rightful claimant shall come. At a great joust held on New Year's-day, the young Sir Kay, Arthur's foster-brother, finds himself without a sword; and Arthur, unable to obtain one for him elsewhere, rides to the churchyard, finds the guardian knights absent at the jousting, and "lightly and fiersly" pulls the charmed weapon from the stone, and brings it to Sir Kay, who recognises it at once, and comes to the very hasty and erroneous conclusion that *he* "must be king of this land." The true king, however, is of course, Arthur himself; who, after many delays and difficulties from the natural jealousy of the lords of the kingdom to "be governed with a boy

of no bloode borne," repeats the test of sovereignty in presence of them all at the great feasts of Candlemas, Easter, and Pentecost successively, and is acknowledged to be "rightwise king." At his coronation at Caerleon, the neighbouring kings who came to the feast were sore disgusted; they said "they had no joy to receive gifts of a berdless boy, that was come of low blood; and sent him word that they would have none of his gifts, and that they were come to give him gifts with hard swords betweene the neck and the shoulders." In vain does Merlin, Arthur's ever-ready counsellor, disclose to them the secret of his birth, that he is "King Uther-Pendragon's son, born in wedlock." Even Merlin's eloquence fails to put the facts of the case in a very favourable light, and the kings are not satisfied. They besiege Arthur in his tower, where happily he was "well vitaled." By the help of his magic sword, Excalibur, he succeeds in defeating them for a while. "It was so bright in his enemies' sight that it gave light like thirty torches; and therewith he put them back, and slew much people." This sudden introduction into the story of the enchanted sword is one of the many instances in which the compiler of the English romance has done his work with very little regard to the unities; for he represents Arthur as first obtaining this miraculous weapon at a subsequent period of his story. Merlin there leads him to the banks of a lake, "which was a faire water and a broade, and in the middes of the lake King Arthur was ware of an arme clothed in white samite, that held a faire sword in the hand." This sword the king obtained as a gift from the damosel of the lake, who dwells there on a rock, wherein is "as faire a place as any is on earth, and as richly beseene," and whom we afterwards find to be apparently the Fairy Nimue, Nineve, or Viviane—for she is called by all these names. She is the Chwblian or Vivlian of the Welsh bards, and plays no inconsiderable part in the body of romances before us. This good sword Excalibur, or Calibourn, has become quite a proverbial weapon, and a synonyme for everything that is heroic amongst instruments. We ourselves can well remember, in the days of that little thumbed and dog-eared two-volume romance we spoke of, a cricket-bat of (as was then thought) immortal reputation, which bore that redoubted name. The note to the French romance of "Merlin" tells us that it is "*un nom Ebrieu*," and that the corresponding phrase in French is "*très cher fer et acier.*" The English metrical version of the same romance gives us the following two lines in explanation—

> "On Inglis is this writing—
> Kerve steel and yren and al thing."

And Sir Thomas Mallory himself tells us, "it is as much to say as *cutte-steele.*" In the *Brut y Brenhined*, it is paraphrased by *Dure Entaille*, and hence, no doubt, Count Roland's sword, in the romances of Godefroi de Bouillon and Huon de Bordeaux, borrows its name of *Durendal.** Spenser, in his "Faery Queen," calls it by the equivalent of *Mordure.* According to Lady C. Schreiber and M. de la Villemarqué, the original of the name is Welsh; and *Calybourne* (under which form it appears in Robert of Gloucester) is only a pardonable attempt of Saxon organs to render such an impossible combination as *Caledvwlch* ("hard-notch"), the original name of the good weapon in one of the tales of the Mabinogion, where it is placed in the list of the king's inestimable treasures in company with his lance *Rhongomyant*, his dagger *Carnwenhau*, his ship *Prydwen*, his shield *Wynebgwrthucher*, his mantle *Gwen* (or *Llene*), and his wife Guenhwyvar—who is placed last, and was certainly a very questionable treasure. These named swords are common in the romances of chivalry, and are usually recorded (as in the case of Sir Gawaine's sword Galatine†) as having been the work of Galant, or Wieland, the smith. From that cunning hand is said to

* It had belonged to his uncle, Charlemagne, and had been won by him from the Emir Braymont (*Braymont l'Admiral*).—*La Fleur de Battailes.* Paris, 1501.

† Vol. i. p. 180.

have come Charlemagne's sword *Joyeuse*. In the romance of "Huon de Bordeaux" he is said to have forged but three: Huon's sword *Durendal*, which belonged to Roland; and *Courtain*—which, we conclude, may be seen to this day in the Tower jewel-room as the Confessor's sword *Curtana;* but there is at least one other mentioned in the same romance, whose fame is more historical, if not so romantic, as that of Excalibur itself; it was forged originally by one Israhels, and seems to have been—as we should perhaps have guessed from the name of the manufacturer—of doubtful quality; but Galant the smith spent a year in re-tempering it, named it *Recuite*, and it went in succession through the hands of Alexander the Great, Ptolemy, Judas Maccabeus, Vespasian, and two less widely-known heroes, Comumarans and his son Corbada. The last of this race of weapons must have been Ancient Pistol's redoubtable *Hiren*, which was a namesake of the sword of Amadis de Gaul; but even this is claimed by a zealous Welsh antiquary as of Celtic extraction; *hirian* in the old British language signifying "a long slashing sword."*

Priceless as was the sword Excalibur, the scabbard had qualities of even more value. "The scabbard is worth ten of the sword," said Merlin, "for while ye have the scabbard upon you, ye shall leese no blood, be ye never so sore wounded; therefore keepe well the scabbard alway with you." King Arthur, however, does not take such good care of either sword or scabbard as he should have done. His evil genius in these romances is his half-sister, Morgan la Faye, wife to King Urience of Gore,† who acts the part of the wicked fairy throughout, as Nimue or Viviane does that of the benevolent one. In the romance of Merlin we are told that she had been educated in a nunnery, where she had learned (of all things) magic, which she applies to all kinds of evil purposes. She is a very incarnation of wickedness; only the prompt interference of her son, Sir Ewaine, prevents her from stabbing her husband while he is asleep; insomuch that Sir Ewaine is constrained to say of this amiable parent, "Men say that Merlin was begotten of a divell, but I may say an earthly divell bare me." From pure malice, as it would seem—at least from no cause here assigned—she sets on one Sir Accolon, armed with Excalibur, which by some means she has got into her possession, to fight with and slay Arthur, in whose hand has been substituted a weapon "false, counterfeit, and brittle." Long the king fights against these terrible odds, and is fainting with loss of blood, when the damosel of the lake, who "ever did great goodness to King Arthur and all his knights, by her sorcery and enchantments," appears at the critical moment, restores the good sword to the hand of its true owner, and enables him to overcome his adversary, who professes great remorse when he finds that he has unconsciously gone so near to slay his "soveraigne liege the king." Sir Accolon, in spite of "surgions and leeches," dies of his wounds, and King Arthur sends his dead body to his false sister "for a present." Ever after he adopts, it would seem, the

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* JONES'S *Bardic Museum*.

† This Urience is evidently the same as the Urien Réghed frequently mentioned by Welsh bards (*Myvyr. Archæol.*, i. 53, &c.). M. Villemarqué adopts the opinion that his dominion of Réghed was in the north of England, comprising Cumberland and the neighbouring districts; but more probably it lay in South Wales: Geoffrey of Monmouth makes him king of the Murefenses (Moray) in Scotland. He is unquestionably an historical personage. He was the great patron of the prince and bard Llywarch Hên, who had been driven from his paternal dominion of Argoed in Cumberland. In the pedigree of the Vale of Towy family (*Tylwyth Ystrad Tywi*) he is styled "Toparch of Scotland, King of Gower (in Glamorgan), Lord of Iscennen, Carn y Wyllion, and Kidwelly" (Carmarthenshire): forming together the district called Réghed. His castles are said to have been at Carreg Cennin, Carmarthenshire, and at Llychwr, in Gower. Mr. Wright strangely places Gower in *North* Wales.

uncomfortable fashion of sleeping with "Excalibur in his right hand naked;" in that position, at least, Morgan la Faye finds him when she makes her next attempt to rob him of it, and is obliged to content herself with carrying off the enchanted scabbard "under her mantle," and throwing it into the depths of a lake. King Arthur never sees it more.

Arthur's chief counsellor, as we have already seen, is Merlin, who in this compilation of Sir Thomas's is brought upon the stage without any kind of introduction, as a personage with whom all the literary world of that day was supposed to be already well acquainted. We may soon learn enough about him, at all events, for our present purpose. The earliest of the French metrical legends of which he is the hero forms part of Wace's *Brut*. Robert de Borron amplified it in French prose; and there is also an English metrical romance which bears his name. He is a wondrous child from his infancy—born, as was said, from a nun and an evil spirit, in pursuance of a design thus to counteract the great scheme of human redemption; but Nennius tells us that his father was no worse than a Roman consul. We find him, however—indeed, we find two of his name—in the fragments of bardic lays and in the Triads, at least five centuries before the Norman romance was put together. The chief traditionary features of his character, and his supernatural powers, are found in both. He is the mystical philosopher and magician of his age; a real personage, we may be almost sure, but with a history which conceals him in a cloud of fable. In the compilation before us, he presents much the same contradictory character as modern philosophers are too apt to do. He can counsel others better than himself; he has learnt every secret but that of his own weakness. "He knoweth all things," says one of the knights, "by his divell's craft." One thing alone his craft is no match for. Alas! it has been a weak point with the wisest of men, before and since Merlin's day. Need it be said—even if Mr. Tennyson had not made it public—that it was a woman? It is this Nimue, or Viviane, the damosel of the lake, with whom the seer, to whom the powers of nature are subject, finds himself "so sore asotted." The symptoms were the usual ones. That "old, old story" was old even in Merlin's day. The early romancer is scarcely so merciful to him as the Laureate has been. It was not the lady's fault; he "would let her have no rest, but always he would be with her in every place." She "was passing weary of him," but was afraid of him, "because he was a divell's sonne." To rid herself of so troublesome a lover, she enticed him at last under a great stone, "which a hundred men could not lift," and left him there, for ever, it would appear—"he never came out for all the craft that he could doe." Long after, Sir Bagdemagus happening to ride that way, "heard him make great moane, and would have holpen him," but Merlin "bade him leave his labour, for all was in vaine, and he might never be holpen but by her who put him there." Which allegory scarcely needs an exposition to show the hopelessness of all interference by third parties in such desperate cases. It is fair to say, however, that there is more than one version of the story. One romancer says that the fair one only did it by way of experiment — to try her power, we may conclude — and was very sorry when she found that she could not get him out again. Another account is that her object was to keep him with her always. Evidently, in some shape, we have here *his* story, and *her* story; "*elle et lui*"—"*lui et elle.*" The original legend, in the fragments of it which yet remain to us in the Welsh Archæology, is certainly grander. The great magician there enters into his "floating house of crystal for the love of his lady," and disappears for ever. By this image, the expounders of bardic lore tell us is signified death: some have held that the "floating house" of crystal is none other than *Ynys-witrine*—the Isle of Glass; and that Merlin's mysterious disappearance, like Arthur's, is but another image of the covering up from the profane eyes of the invader with his new creed the mystic rights of the old Druidical re-

ligion in the sacred island of Glastonbury—to burst forth again into daylight, if ever the hour should come for the land to rid herself of the gods of the stranger. So certainly, whenever we look below the surface of these tales of romance, we find a region of mythology opening upon us to which nearly every clue is lost; and under the thin veil of Christianity which the Anglo-Norman trouveurs, most of them probably churchmen, strove to throw over them, we detect the old pagan superstitions,—just as the character of sadness, which has been remarked as pervading all Celtic poetry, is ill concealed even by the lighter tone—more refined, but less moral—which they have borrowed from their reproducers in the south.

But we have somewhat anticipated the course of the main narrative, if narrative that can be called which is at best but a conglomerate of disjointed legends.

The confederate kings, who had been discontented at Arthur's accession to the throne of his reputed father, rally their forces after their first defeat, and with larger aids make war upon him afresh. They are defeated, however, by the help of King Ban and King Bors, whom Arthur has called in from "over sea." His next enemy is King Ryance of North Wales and Ireland, who sends him what Arthur fairly calls "the most villanous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent to a king." He had a taste to "purfle his mantle" with kings' beards, of which he had already obtained eleven, having overcome their owners in fair fight, and claimed this as their homage. One more was wanting to complete the pattern; and this, he had made up his mind, should be Arthur's. In reply to King Ryance's messenger, Arthur bid him observe, in the first place, that his beard was "full young yet for to make a purfell of;" secondly, with an emphasis of which modern grammar is incapable, that for this "most shamefulest" message his master should do him homage "on both his knees," or that he, Arthur, will have of him not beard only, but the head on which it grows; a threat which two of his knights, the brothers Balin and Balan, would have accomplished for him without fail, but for King Ryance's submission. Lady C. Schreiber is undoubtedly right in her identification of this personage with the Rhitta Gawr (the giant), who appears in the Welsh legends with a similar story attached to him, and who is mentioned in the Triads as one of the three "regulators" of Britain. A hill near Towyn in Merionetshire still bears the name of *Rhiw y Barfau*—"hill of the Beards"—where the giant is said to have been slain.*

But Arthur's barons "will let him have no rest" until he takes a wife. In evil hour he sets his affections on Guenever, Gwynhyfar, or Guanhumara, as Geoffrey calls her, daughter of King Leodegraunce of Camelyard. He had very little rest afterwards. This lady did her best throughout her wedded life to justify the character given her in the old Welsh distich, said to be still current—

"Gwenhyfar merch Gogyrfan gawr,
Drwg yn fechan, gwaeth yn fawr."†

Merlin, with a prophetic insight into the fact that she was "not wholesome" for the king to take to wife, would have had him choose better; but is fain to let him have his own way, with the admission that "whereas a man's heart is set, he will be loth to return." The sole dowry, besides her fatal beauty, which Guenever brings with her, is the world-renowned Round Table. It had belonged to Uther Pendragon, and had been given by him to Leodegraunce. Merlin had made it, as we learn from the romance which bears

* The story of the mantle of royal beards, whencesoever derived, is common property with the romance writers. It appears again, in the course of a few pages, in this very collection (vol i. p. 167), where the fancy is attributed to the giant of St. Michael's Mount. Spenser adopts it, *Faery Queen*, vi. 1, 13. It may be seen in the original Welsh *Iolo* MSS., p. 193.

† "Gwenhyfar, daughter of Gogyrfan the tall—wicked when little, worse when big."

his name, "in the likeness of the world:" if we are to take the romance of Tristan as any authority, it turned round like the world itself. That such was its construction appears probable from the etymology of the terms *tournoi* and *tournament*, applied to the military games which followed the repast of the warriors at their Round Table. It is possible that it was an invention of Norman chivalry, for M. de la Villemarqué has been unable to trace any allusion to it in either Welsh or Breton legends; it does not appear even in the *Brut y Brenhined*, and the earliest mention of it is in Wace's *Brut*; but M. de la Villemarqué quotes from Posidonius of Apamæa a passage which seems to prove that such a custom—of ranging themselves round a circular table at their feasts, and engaging in friendly combat afterwards—existed amongst the Celts of Gaul before the Christian era. It seems indeed highly probable, though it does not appear to have struck the zealous and intelligent champion of Celtic antiquities, that this Round Table, whatever transformations it may have undergone in the hands of the French romance-writers, was of Druidical origin, and was one of those circular arrangements of stones which to this day interest and puzzle the most learned antiquaries, but were probably connected with their worship of Bel, the sun-god, whom the mythological Arthur is said to represent. That it had some hidden signification, connected with the old religion, seems almost certain even from an expression in these romances, —"By it the world is signified of right."* The table here said to have been constructed by Merlin, and which is solemnly blessed, after it comes into Arthur's possession, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, had seats for a hundred and fifty knights, a number always to be made up at the feast of Pentecost, when they were sworn to do no outrage, to be loyal and merciful, to succour all women in distress, and to fight in no unjust quarrel, "upon paine of forfeiture of their worship and lordship of King Arthur forevermore." The "sieges" of the knights are "written all about with letters of gold," setting forth the names of the several occupants; but one place is left always vacant. It is called the "siege perilous:" it is said in some of the romances to be reserved for the Saint Graal; but rather, as in Mallory's compilation, for the knight to come, who was to achieve that wondrous "quest," of which we shall have more hereafter. One intention of the Round Table companionship seems to have been that there should be a perfect equality between the knights who had seats there—a peerage of valour, as it were, in which all should rank alike. Twice at least in English history attempts were made to revive at least the name; first by Roger, Earl of Mortimer, who set one up at Kenilworth, which is said to have had "three feet of perfect gold;" and again by Edward III., who had one made with places for twenty-four knights at Windsor.

From the date of Arthur's marriage, the compilation before us is little more than an unconnected series of adventures, ascribed to the king and his knights, until it breaks into what are, in fact, separate romances, containing the achievements of Sir Tristram, Sir Galahad, Sir Percival, and Sir Lancelot. Again does Arthur's evil sister, Queen Morgan la Faye, aim at his life, by the gift of a poisoned mantle, and again he is preserved by his tutelary genius, the Lady of the Lake. Enraged at such treachery, he banishes from his court her son, Sir Ewaine, in the belief that he is privy to her treason, and his cousin, Sir Gawaine, elects to share his exile. They ride forth together in quest of adventures; and falling in with one Sir Marhaus (or Morolt) of Ireland, they make his acquaintance after the usual fashion of the Arthurian chivalry. Sir Marhaus first unhorses and defeats them both, and then "they took off their helmes, and either kissed other, and then they swore together either to love other as brethren." Their subsequent adventures are a fair specimen of the lighter parts of these romances. On their way they meet

* *Mort d'Arthure*, vol. iii. p. 88.

with three "damosels;" the eldest, indeed, could only bear that name by courtesy, for she "had threescore winters of age, or more," with "a garland of gold" about her head, and "her haire white under the garland." The second was thirty years old; the third but fifteen, and she wore a garland of flowers. They proceed to choose — for the ladies inform them that they are appointed specially "to teach errant knights strange adventures"—and Sir Ewaine, the youngest knight, with a self-denying gallantry most uncommon in young knights of modern date, a modesty and forethought perhaps still more uncommon, chooses (let us hope the "garland of gold" had nothing to do with it) the ancient damosel of sixty; "for she hath seen much," he says, "and can helpe me best when I have need." The maiden of fifteen is left to the last, and falls to the lot of Sir Gawaine. "Then every damosel tooke her knight by the raine of the bridle, and brought them to the three wayes, and there was their oath made to meete at the fountain that day twelvemoneth an they lived. So they kist and departed, and each knight took his lady behind him." With these queer incumbrances they ride north, south, and west. Sir Gawaine, amongst other adventures, arbitrates in a dispute between a knight and a dwarf for the love of a lady, by the simple expedient of leaving it to the lady's own decision; and she, with a perverseness occasionally found in her sex, chooses the dwarf, who had, the romancer tells us, "a great mouth and a short nose." His own damosel of fifteen, however, leaves him; for which, if all tales be true of him that we hear afterwards, she was not much to be blamed. Sir Ewaine and Sir Marhaus, after divers adventures on their parts, return to their tryst, bringing their more staid damosels safe behind them. "And so they came to Camelot."

The compiler dashes off at once into a new romance, the main features of which exist in Geoffrey of Monmouth's work, on the subject of Arthur's triumphant expedition against the Emperor of Rome; which, if of British origin, as has been shown to be most probable, must be taken as a poetical retribution for Julius Cæsar's invasion. For centuries, the British hero's conquest seems to have been as firmly believed in as the Roman's, and its details probably much more familiar to the popular ear. Twelve ancient men bearing branches of olives, are sent from the Emperor Lucius to demand from Arthur "truage" for his realm of Britain. Arthur refuses, claiming rather on his part truage from the Emperor, inasmuch as "Belinus and Brennius,* knights of Britain, had the Empire in their hands many dayes." Summoning all his powers, he takes ship at Sandwich, and proceeds to meet his enemy; Queen Guenever, like other dames who are easily comforted, making "great sorrow and lamentation at the departing of her lord." The Emperor is already in Burgundy, intending to lay waste "Little Britaine," or Armorica, having arrayed against his rebellious vassal a host that covered "threescore miles in breadth." He brings with him not only the forces of "Pounte, Pampoille, Hermony, and Surry" (under which the reader recognises with some difficulty Pontus, Pamphylia, Armenia, and Syria), but also supernatural aid, in the shape of "fifty gyants engendered of fiends," "to break the front of the battail." One of these remarkable grenadier-guards was Galapas, "a man of mervailous quantity," whom King Arthur in the fight "shortened" by cutting off "both his legs by the knees," remarking that now he was "better of a size to deal with." Smiting with his good sword Excalibur, "ever where the Romaines were thickest," though wounded himself "athwart the visage," he cleaves Lucius from head to breast, and routs the Romans with terrible slaughter.

* Brennius, we suppose, is our classical acquaintance Brennus (W. *brenhin*, king), whom Arthur here claims as a countryman. Belinus is probably Beli Mawr, the famous warrior mentioned in "*Y Gododin*," stanza 39, and elsewhere; "Emperor of the Isle of Britain," as he is sometimes styled (*Iolo* MSS., p. 521, &c.) To him the Welch chieftains loved to trace their pedigree.

There are found dead on the field twenty kings and threescore senators of Rome, whose bodies King Arthur "did embalme and gumme with good aromatike gummes," and sent them to Rome in payment of the tribute demanded — sufficient, he thinks, "for Britain, Ireland, and all Almaine with Germany." He pursues his triumphant march, taking cities as he goes, to Rome itself (when the government at this time appears to have been rather peculiar, consisting of an "emperour or dictatour," a pope and cardinals, and a podesta), is crowned emperor with all solemnity by the pope, and returns with great glory to England.

Sir Gawaine, in this campaign, does knightly execution upon the "Sarrasins" with his good sword Galatine. Amongst the enemies' ranks he meets with some strange dignitaries, such as the "Duke of Duchmen" and the "Marques of Moises' Land;" but the most remarkable of all is one Sir Priamus, who is "lineally descended of Alexander and Hector by right line," and claims also "Duke Josue and Machabeus" amongst his kindred, and is "right inheritor of Alexandry and Affrike, and all the out isles." This pagan knight Sir Gawaine overcomes after a terrific combat; Sir Priamus then stanches his adversary's wound with a vial "full of the four waters that came out of paradise," and requests to be made a Christian. These victories are not won without the loss of some of the good knights of the Round Table, for whose fall, we are told, King Arthur "wept, and dried his eyes with a handkercher" —a touch of the genuine realistic which we commend to the notice of our modern novelists.

It is time that we should turn our attention to some of the more renowned of the heroes of the Round Table. The two who may be considered as having the most undoubted claim to be of British origin are Sir Kay and Sir Bedver, or Bedivere. Their names stand at the head of the long list of Arthur's warriors in the Welsh romance of *Kilhwch and Olwen*, the only two whom we can certainly identify among the knights of the French romances. It is in exact conformity with this pre-eminence in the *Mabinogi*, that we find them holding offices of high trust about the royal person. Sir Kay,— the "Cai ap Kynyr" of the Welsh legends, the "Messire Queux" of the French romances,—is Arthur's foster-brother, the young prince having been intrusted by Merlin to the maternal offices of the lady of his father Sir Ector. He is the chief-cook or cellarer of Arthur in the Welsh tales, this office, by the laws of Hoel Dha, the British Justinian, holding the third place among the high functionaries of the court. The *Brut* calls him "sénéchal," which seems to have been an office of much the same nature. In Mallory's book he is said to have been made by the king "seneschal of England." He is always about Arthur's person, and seems to have had some admirable qualifications for a royal companion in those stirring days. "He drank like four," says an old Welsh bard, "and fought like a hundred." In the collection before us he does not appear to have been so popular amongst his fellow-knights as this jovial spirit would have seemed to imply. "The proud Kay," they call him. "He weeneth no knight so good as he, and the contrary is often proved." To do him justice, he is always ready to fight, but does not always come off with credit, nor does this result seem altogether unsatisfactory to the rest of the Round Table. There is a Thersites-like vein about his discourse at times, which might perhaps account for this. He is, as Sir Tristram complains, "passing overthwart of his tongue;" having a trick, moreover, of bestowing nicknames not always the most complimentary, calling Sir Gareth "Fine-hands," and Sir Brewnor "the knight of the ill-cut coat" (*La cote male taille*). These peculiarities of temperament are excused by one of the romancers on the ground of his having been so unfairly deprived of his mother's attentions in his infancy for the benefit of Prince Arthur.

Sir Bedivere, who is found in the *Mabinogi* of "*Gheraint*," as the house-steward of the king, appears also in Wace's *Brut* as his cupbearer. Wace makes him an Angevin; according to

some of the Welsh authorities, Arthur created him Duke of Normandy. A fragment in the Welsh Archæology records him as a British warrior, who died in defence of his country. He appears but seldom in these present romances, but is one of the few who is present with Arthur at the last.

Sir Percival, "the noble knight and God's knight," whose seat is on the right hand of the siege perilous, plays a very considerable part in his last division of Mallory's book. He seems to be fairly identified by Lady C. Schreiber and M. de la Villemarqué with a hero of British legend, Peredur son of Evrok. One of the tales of the Mabinogion bears his name. He there appears as the son of a widow, who, having lost her husband Earl Evrok, and six tall sons, in battle, brings up this last in a remote solitude, where he may never hear of arms. "None dare name a horse or a weapon in his presence." But the usual result of a struggle against nature follows. He meets one day in the forest three knights of Arthur's court. Struck with their gallant appearance, he questions his mother, who tells him that they are "angels;" nothing henceforth will serve him but he must be an angel too. He sets off at last on his adventures, on a bony piebald horse, with many tears and a few parting maxims of advice on his mother's part; never to pass a church without going in to say his prayers, or good meat and drink without helping himself if he is hungry, or a jewel without picking it up, or a pretty woman without paying his court to her—whether she give him permission or no. The youth—who is represented as partaking in some measure of that character of "innocent" which in all Celtic nations is considered as the favourite of heaven—acts upon these maternal injunctions with more zeal than discretion. He enters a lady's pavilion, mistaking it for a church, eats half her dinner, and begs a jewel from her finger. According to the French version of the story, he also carries out very literally the last of his mother's maxims—he kisses the lady, in spite of her very proper resistance, "*vingt fois*"—pleading, like a dutiful son,

> "Si com' ma mere me l'aprit;
> Ma mere m'enseigna et dit,
> Que les pucelles saluasse
> En quel lieu que je les trovasse." *

But of this act of filial obedience we are bound to say that the Welsh original makes no mention. The same hero appears also in an ancient Breton legend, quoted by M. de la Villemarqué, under the name of Peronik. Both names are traced by him to the same derivation; *per* being an old British word signifying bowl or basin; and the romance form of the name, Percival (*per cyfaill*), is by the same authority held to be nothing more than the equivalent to Peredur (*per kedar* or *edar*)—both signifying "companion of the basin." This magic basin or bowl, which is a prominent feature in both the Welsh and the Breton legends, and appears also in an earlier poem attributed to Taliesin in the Welsh Archæology, is none other than the original of the Saint Graal,—a term of which the etymology has been long disputed, † the mystic secret which is the subject of a cycle of romance as renowned and far more intricate than the genuine Arthurian legends, with which it has become inseparably connected, though we think that M. de la Rue is unquestionably right in attributing to it a distinct and separate origin. To investigate the sources of this remarkable legend, and to trace the various changes and modifications which it has undergone in the hands of the romanciers, although a task not without interest, would be to enter upon a "quest" almost as hopeless as that which is said to have engaged so long the chevaliers of King Arthur. The Holy Graal, or Greal, is the name given to the vessel from which the Saviour drank at the last supper, and afterwards

* *Chrestien de Troyes*, romance of *Percival le Gallois*, quoted by M. de la Villamarqué, *Notes*, p. 414.

† Warton's derivation, "*Sanguis realis*," is quite untenable; it is the Cymric *Grasal* Latin *Gradale*—a vessel for mixed meats.

said to have been filled with the Blood from the Crucifixion, collected by Joseph of Arimathæa, who carried it with him into Britain. With it came also a sacred lance, said to have been that of Longus the centurion, with which he pierced the Sacred Side, and which ever after dropped blood. These treasures were left by Joseph to his successors, with the charge that one of them should always act as their special guardian, and in reverence for so high a trust, should scrupulously maintain his chastity. Alain the son of Bron, to whom the trust descends in turn, breaks this obligation, though in look only; he is immediately wounded by the lance through both thighs, becomes a cripple, and ever after passes his life in fishing. He is known as "*Le Roi Pêcheur*," and as the "maimed king." The Holy Graal from that time disappears from human sight, or is only seen and tasted occasionally by the faithful few; and it is foretold by Merlin that the King's wound may never be healed, nor the Holy Vessel rediscovered, until one of Joseph's lineage shall appear on earth, a pure and stainless knight, who shall take that vacant place at the Round Table which no mortal knight has yet ventured to fill—"he shall sit in the Siege Perillous, and he shall win the Santgreal." This, then, becomes the object of ambition to all good knights of Arthur's court; and the "Quest of the Saint Graal," accordingly, is taken up by the most renowned amongst them; and it is a portion of these adventures, adapted from the romances which bore the name, which fills nearly the whole of the third volume of Mallory's compilation. But the sketch which we have given of the history of the Graal has been altered and amplified by the Anglo-Norman writers, until it has become a puzzling mass of contradictions. The "maimed king" is some times called Pellam or Pellas of Lystenoise, and is said to have been wounded by the lance for attempting to draw a sword which "no man might begripe but one;"* or again, the wound is said to have been inflicted by a knight named Balin, who seizes the lance in self-defence, and so smites what passes into a proverb as "the dolorous stroke;"† sometimes Joseph himself is spoken of as having been "smitten through the thigh;"‡ sometimes the maimed king, who is to be healed by the Sangreal, would appear to be one King Evelake, who lies in a bed—"three hundred winter old."§ These incongruities may serve as additional evidence of the looseness with which Mallory blended his materials. In the hands of the ecclesiastics who, like Walter Mapes and the brothers De Borron, became romancers—employed or at least patronised by Henry II.—the legend of the Saint Graal grew in mystery and splendour. They even went so far as to assert that the Latin original was written by "*le vrai Crucifix*"—Christ himself. The cup is formed from a diamond that fell from the crown of Satan in his contest with St. Michael; it is located in a temple of its own upon "Mount Salvage," a dome of sapphire, round which rise thirty-six towers surmounted by crosses of cyrstal; knights "Templistes," all armed, keep watch about it day and night, but it is visible only to the pure in flesh and spirit. In this compilation of Mallory's it appears as a "vessel of gold," borne by a maiden, emitting "all manner of sweetnesse and savour," healing the wounds of those who approach it; but it may not be seen "but by a perfect man."‖ Sir Percival has "a glimmering" of it, because he is a maiden knight. Or it stands upon a "table of silver," "many angels about it," in King Pelles's castle of Corbin or Corboneck, —called elsewhere the "castle adventurous," or *Chateau de Merveilles;* lions guard the entrance, and the chamber which contains the holy vessel is "as bright as though all the torches in the world had been there."¶ All the mystical fancies of a half-idolatrous Christianity are here combined with the picturesque

* *La Mort d'Arthure*, vol. iii. chap. lxxxvi.
† *Ibid.*, vol. i. chap. xl.
‡ Vol. iii. chap. c.
§ Vol. iii. chap. li. cii.
‖ See vol. iii. ch. ii. xiv. xviii.
¶ Vol. iii. ch. xcv. xcvi.

painting of mediæval chivalry. In fact, as will be seen, these romances of the Graal are of a totally different colouring from the genuine tales of Arthur; the personages introduced into the action are the same, but the parts allotted to them are rather those of armed pilgrims than knights adventurous.

But the Holy Vessel and the Bleeding Lance, though they fall into their places so easily and naturally amongst the *regalia* of a fanciful Christianity, are indisputably of pagan origin. The first has long been claimed by Welsh antiquaries as a Druidical symbol.* The author of *Britannia after the Romans*, whose researches in bardic theology entitle his opinion to considerable weight, speaks very confidently on the subject. "It is no romance," he says, "but a blasphemous imposture, more daring than any on record, in which it is endeavoured to pass off the mysteries of bardism for the inspirations of the Holy Ghost." It is certain that in the Welsh legend of *Peredur*, the undoubted original of Sir Percival, a wondrous bowl and lance are to be found, which make no claim to Christian origin. The bowl has within it the fearful sight of a human head swimming in blood; the lance's point distils three drops of gore. There, too, we find the "Fisher-King;" a white-haired old man, lame, fishing with his attendants in a lake; the whole of the properties of the ecclesiastical legend in a ruder form. M. de la Villemarqué also speaks of a Breton legend, in which a marvellous vessel of similar character appears, which, like the Graal, has the property of filling itself with all kinds of delicious meats according to the taste of the partaker. Still earlier than these, M. de la Villemarqué quotes fragments from Taliesin which speak of a magic bowl which contained the mysteries of the world, and, like the Graal of the romances, had the power to heal mortal wounds, and even to bring the dead to life. Such a bowl formed one of the thirteen treasures of the isle of Britain, which Merlin bore away in his "ship of crystal" to the Isle of Avalon; thus disappearing, like the Graal, from human view. The bloody lance appears also in a prophecy attributed to Taliesin, in which it is foretold that "the realm of Logres" (the Saxon England) "shall fall by a bleeding lance,"† which became to the Britons from that time forth the symbol of liberty and deliverance.

Foremost amongst the knights-companions who engage in the holy Quest is Sir Lancelot of the Lake. Son of King Ban of Benwicke (probably Benoit in Brittany), he is carried away in his infancy by the fairy Viviane, and brought up in her enchanted island. In him we have the romanciers' ideal of chivalry; so noble and so fascinating is his character in many points, that we can scarcely wonder if we see it exercising even at this day a dangerous influence in the pages of modern literature. But for one thing, Lancelot had been indeed the knight "*sans peur et sans reproche;*" and unhappily his one fault—coupled, too, as it is in his case, with a certain truth and loyalty, though to an unworthy cause—is of that nature which wins pardon easiest from the young and passionate. We need no more than to allude to his amour with Queen Guenever, the blot on his escutcheon which the poets of the "Courts of Love" were not ashamed to blazon into a virtue. In the eyes of the Norman gestours, from whom Mallory draws in the earlier portions of these volumes, he

* Mr. Peter Roberts (*Collect. Camb.*, vol. i. p. 309) suggests that it was the divining-cup of the Druids. It was said to be kept at St. David's, and to have been carried thence to Glastonbury (which, from that circumstance, took its name of *Ynys Wytryn*, island of the little glass), and to have been restored to its original locality by King Arthur. He holds it to be the same as the Santo Catino (a cup of great beauty made of some composition of an emerald colour) carried off from Florence (?) by Napoleon; but restored, and still to be seen for five francs in the cathedral at Genoa, according to a writer in *Notes and Queries*. The history of its travels seems rather obscure.

† M. Villemarqué quotes the *Lyfr Taliesin*, an MS. in the Hengwrt library.

"has not his peer of any earthly sinful man." "At no time was he overcome, but it were by treason or enchantment." Brave, gentle, and true, he wins honour and love from knights and ladies. To him alone the haughtiest champions of Arthur's court are content to yield the prize of the tournament without a murmur; defeat from such a hand confers almost as much honour as victory over others. Even Arthur, whom he has so deeply wronged, feels the spell upon him; he bursts into tears, when Lancelot assists him to remount—"thinking on the great courtesie that was in Sir Lancelot more than in any other man." So successful was the portrait which they had drawn of all that was noble and admirable—writing as they did for a licentious age and a corrupt court—that it was only left for the later mythists of the Graal to point out how one deadly sin disqualifies the flower of chivalry from approaching the church's mysteries. "Had he not been in his privy thoughts and in his mind sêt inwardly to the queen, as he was in outward seeming unto God, there had no knight passed him in the Quest of the Saint Graal."* "It had been most convenient for him of all earthly knights, but sin is so foul in him that he may not achieve such noble deeds." † Once, indeed, he wins his way to a sight of the Holy Vessel; before it a priest elevates the Host, with the miraculous weight of which he seems to stagger; Lancelot puts forth a sacrilegious hand, like Uzzah, to help him; and is struck down in a swoon which lasts for twenty-four days—in punishment, as he learns afterwards, for as many years of sin. Weary and dispirited, he returns to Camelot, to find half the companions of the Round Table slain. Knights "of evil faith and poor of belief," their presumptuous quest has been fatal to them.

Three there are, however, to whom success is foretold—Sir Percival, Sir Bors de Ganis, and Sir Galahad. The first and the last are pure and maiden knights; Sir Bors has never sinned but once. Sir Galahad is the beautiful creation of the later fictions. He belongs to the romance of the Graal, and would be quite out of place in the earlier Arthurian story. He is the son of Sir Lancelot and King Pelles's daughter; his birth is illegitimate, but it has been brought about by enchantment. He is introduced suddenly by an old man amongst the assembled knights, and placed in the "siege perilous." The knights all marvel that he "durst sit there, that was so tender of age;" but his name is found written there in letters of gold, and he is acknowledged as the rightful occupant that "shall win the Saint Graal." It is hopeless to trace any connected allegory in the long train of adventures which follow, in which the mystical sometimes descends to absurdity, and sometimes rises to the sublime: we have probably here, as in the other portions of Mallory's book, a rude attempt to combine portions of separate romances into a connected story. But Galahad is the type of a spiritual knighthood, and a member of a higher companionship than King Arthur's. He wears no lady's favour, or blazon of man's device; a white shield, crossed with blood, which has a marvellous history,‡ the sword of King David,§ with a scabbard made in part out "the tree of life," a white steed brought to him "in the Lord's behalfe" by the White Knight, "whose name is for none earthly man to know"‖—these are the accoutrements of the Champion of Heaven; and the crown he seeks is—Death, and Life Eternal. "Sir Galahad fell in his prayers long time unto our Lord, that at what time he asked he might passe out of this world. And so much he prayed, till at the last a voice said unto him, 'Galahad, thou shalt have thy request, and when thou askest the death of thy body thou shalt have it, and thou shalt find the life of thy soul.'" ¶ Brief, but glorious is his career; no wonder that before him, not only evil and cruel knights, but even the noble Percival, and Lancelot the peerless, when they encounter him in his

* Vol. iii. p. 185. † Vol. iii. p. 14. ‡ Vol. iii. ch. xxxvii., &c.
§ Vol. iii. ch. lxxxiv., &c. ‖ Vol. iii. ch. xxxvii. ¶ Vol. iii. ch. cii.

disguise, go down, horse and man. The strange allegory, indeed, scarcely escapes the charge of irreverence; for in some passages Galahad is plainly the representation of One who is man, and yet more than man. Solomon is said to have had prevision of his coming; he is the child of prophecy, who is to find again the immortal privileges which have been lost so long; he drives out the seven evil knights ("which betoken the seven deadly sins") from the Castle of Maidens, where were so many people "that he might not number them," who had "long abidden their deliverance;" he exorcises the fiend, who recognises him as the "Servant of God," and cries out in terror at his approach, "for thou shalt make me goe againe there, where I have beene so long;" he descends into a cave to deliver a spirit that has dwelt in fire "three hundred and four and fifty years."* The source from whence these adventures are drawn cannot be mistaken.

With Sir Bors and Sir Percival, who have also gone through special trials and temptations of their own, Galahad enters the ship of Faith, made by Solomon—"so perfect that it will suffer no sinne in it"—and after adventures cast in the wildest type of religious allegory, he is blest with the sight, and fed with the miraculous dainties of the Graal. With the blood of the spear he heals the maimed king, and then departs with his mysterious trophies to the "holy city" of Sarras.† Here he is made king; for a year he wears the "crown of gold;" and then his prayer is granted, and "a multitude of angels bear up his soul to heaven." A Hand out of the clouds—"but they saw not the body"—bears away Vessell and Lance; and "sithence was no man so hardy as to say that he had seen the Sancgreal." Sir Percival takes a religious habit, and dies; Sir Bors buries him "in the spiritualities," and returns, with an account of the achievement of the Quest, to Arthur's court at Camelot.

Thither, somewhat unwillingly, we return too. The tangled web of adventure begins afresh (in fact, it is a new romance), and Lancelot is again the hero. In vain for him have been his own resolve to lead henceforth a pure life, and Galahad's parting charge to him by Sir Bors's mouth, "to remember this unsteadfast world;" he "began to resort unto Queen Guenever again, and forgat the promise and the profession that he had made in the Quest." Their guilty love runs on its course, only interrupted by the pathetic tale of Elaine la Blaunche, the maid of Astolat, of whose scarlet sleeve, worn by Lancelot at the tournament, the queen is jealous, and who floats down dead, in her barge, "covered with black samite," amongst all the gay company "at Westminster." Twice the queen is detected, and condemned to the stake; and twice Lancelot delivers her; the last time, at the expense of the lives of Sir Gareth and many of his companions of the Round Table. Concealment from this time is hopeless; yet such is his renown and popularity that his nephew Sir Bors, with many other of the knights-companions, who "will take the woe with the wealth," espouse his cause, and he carries off Guenever to his castle of Joyous Garde,‡ until the king's wrath cool. On some strange principle, wholly repugnant to our modern feelings, the Pope charges Arthur to receive his queen back again "on pain of interditing all England;" and she is restored to him in a sort of triumphal procession—"in white cloth of gold tissue"—a sentimental display which is represented by the trouveurs as affecting the bold knights who were there present even to tears. But "King Arthur sate still, and spake not one word."

Sir Lancelot also has been claimed by M. de la Villemarqué and by Lady C. Schreiber as a British hero. The latter sees in his name nothing more

* Vol. iii. ch. lxxxvi. xliii. xl. xcix.

† Sarras appears in the romance to be somewhere "in the parts of Babylon." Mr. Wright thinks it may be intended for Charræ (Haran). There seems an allegorical allusion to the "New Jerusalem."

‡ This has been said to be Berwick; but the Bretons show it near Brest.

than a translation of *Paladr-ddelt*, "splintered spear"—a chief who is celebrated in the Triads.* But this is somewhat weak evidence, as no legends appear to identify him in any way with Lancelot's story, and he is said to be the son of the "King of India." M. de la Villemarqué,† with more plausibility, remarks that the true orthography of the name is L'Ancelot—or simply Ancelot, as it appears in the romance of *Ogier the Dane;* and that this is the diminutive of the word *Ancel*, which in the romance language signified "vassal," or "servant." This, he holds, is the exact translation of the Welsh *Mael*, a name borne by a Celtic chief (sometimes called also *Mael-was* or *Mael-gun*) celebrated by the Welsh bards and in the Triads, who is said to have been a lover of Guenever, to have laid wait for her in a wood, and to have carried her off into his kingdom (which, according to Caradoc, was in Scotland), where he was long besieged by Arthur. But we conceive that the Celtic hero Mael-gun is to be found in this very compilation of Mallory's, not as Lancelot, but as *Melioganus*,‡ or *Meliograunce*, who is frequently mentioned as a lover of the queen's, who lays an ambuscade for her in the wood,§ as she rides "a-Maying, clothed all in green," and from whom Lancelot himself delivers her. As yet, the Welsh or Briton claimants in this case of Lancelot must rest content with a verdict of "not proven." But will they not claim Sir Galahad as the "holy knight Iltud" of the Triads—"one who guarded the Graal"—Iltud *Farchog*, "*the knight*," *par excellence*, "devoted to the law of God and faith in Christ."?‖

The breach between Lancelot and his king is now past even the Church's healing. The noble companionship of the Round Table is broken up for ever. Lancelot, with the knights who still cleave to him, goes over sea to France in a half-voluntary exile—"for Sir Lancelot and his nephews were lordes of all the realme of France"—and while Arthur carries the war there against him with three thousand knights, the false Sir Mordred (his own son by an incestuous connection formed in ignorance with his half-sister), whom he has left in charge of the realm, spreads a report of his death, gets himself crowned at Canterbury, and even endeavours to force the queen to marry him. Long ago, at Mordred's birth, Merlin had foretold that the child of sin should be its avenger; and Arthur had sought to avert the coming evil by a copy of Herod's policy—he had all the children slain that were born on a certain May-day. But Mordred had escaped; and now, with the shadow of his doom already dark upon him, Arthur moves to meet him on the fatal field of Camlan—the Gilboa of Welsh bards—and there, amidst piles of dead, when but two of the king's knights are left alive,¶ father and son fall by each other's hand.

Arthur leaves the stage of his mortal glory in right royal fashion. The passage which records his disappearance, and which has given the name of *Mort d'Arthure* to the whole of this body of legend, may claim to stand almost unrivalled, for the grand simplicity of its conception and language, amongst the masterpieces of English prose. It is too well known to justify extraction here. How the brothers Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere, sole survivors of that deadly

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* *Mabinogion*, i. 91. † *Romans de la Table Ronde*, p. 58, &c.

‡ *Mort d'Arthure*, i. 285, 289; iii. 242.

§ From this circumstance, Dafydd ab Gwilym calls him Melwas *yn glâs gôg*—"in the green cloak.

‖ See REES'S *Welsh Saints*, p. 179. The names of "*Lawnslot du Lac*," and "*Galath ab Llawnslot*," appear in some of the Triads; but these are evidently of later date, and the names of French origin. It is difficult to fix the dates of the Triads with any certainty, as they were not collected until the twelth century.

¶ According to the Welsh legend, three warriors escape from the battle; Morvran, son of Tegid, "whom none struck by reason of his ugliness—all thought he was a helping devil;" Sandde Bryd Angel, who escaped untouched because of his beauty—"all thought he was a ministering angel;" and Kynwyl Sant, the last who parted from Arthur. (*Mabin, Kilhwch, and Olwen.*)

fight, left the king to carry him "to some toune;" how, in the effort, Sir Lucan, wounded as he is to the death, swoons and falls—"and his noble heart brast;" how Arthur, knowing that "his time hieth fast," bids Sir Bedivere take Excalibur, his good sword, and cast it into the water, and bring him word of what he shall see there; how Sir Bedivere, as he looks upon the "pummell and haft all of precious stones," thinks it "sinne and shame to throw away that noble sword," and twice hides it, and returns answer to the dying king's inquiry, that he had done his bidding, but had seen nothing but "water wap, and waves waune;" and how at the last, after stern chiding for his faithlessness, he "threw the sword into the water as far as he might, and there came an arme and a hand above the water and met it and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished; and then the hand vanished away with the sword in the water" — is not all this written in the chronicles of a thousand memories?

So Sir Bedivere carries his lord down to the water-side, where there waits a barge with many fair ladies —amongst them the royal sorceress, Morgan la Fay—no longer, as it would seem, her brother's enemy— the Queen of North Wales, the queen of the waste-lands, and Nimue, "chief lady of the lake;" and they bear him away to Glastonbury, where an aged hermit, "that had some time been Archbishop of Canterbury," buries him at midnight.

At Glastonbury, it was said and long believed, his tomb was found in the year 1191; King Henry II. having obtained the clue to the locality (always preserved in bardic tradition) from a Welsh bard at Pembroke; and certainly, if the most minute circumstantial evidence even of some who professed to be eye-witnesses could be taken as sufficient proof, it was not wanting in this instance. Giraldus Cambrensis and Matthew Paris both relate that between two pyramidal stones, sixteen feet deep in the earth, the diggers came to a hollow oak which contained the bones of the King; his thigh-bone of gigantic dimensions, with ten or more wounds on the head—one large one, supposed to be the cause of death. Beside him lay Queen Guenever, a lock of whose hair was found still yellow and beautiful, plaited with wondrous art, "which a monk lifted up, and it crumbled into dust."* Above lay a leaden cross ("*nos quoque vidimus et tractavimus*"— "we ourselves have seen and handled it," says Giraldus) which bore the following inscription:—"*Hic jacet inclytus rex Arturus* [*cum Weneveria uxore sua secunda*†] *in insula Avalonia.*" The monks removed both bodies into the church, and erected over them a noble mausoleum, with this epitaph—

"Hic jacet Arturus, flos regum, gloria regni,
Quem mores, probitas, commendant laude perenni;"

with which Leland being dissatisfied, wrote a longer one himself, which we will spare the reader. Richard Cœur de Lion is said to have visited this tomb at Glastonbury, and to have been presented by its guardians with the actual sword Excalibur, which he subsequently transferred to Tancred of Sicily.‡ After an intermediate translation (according to the Glastonbury story), Edward I. and his queen made a pilgrimage to the spot in 1276, saw the bodies, which had been deposited in two chests, with the pictures of both, and their arms painted on the lids — "the queen crowned"— the king, "with the abscission of the left ear, and the marks of his mortal wound"— and removed them to the front of the high altar, with an inscription recording the fact. Even so they were not to rest; for in Edward III.'s time, in 1368, they are said to have been moved again. Leland himself appears

* See LELAND'S *Collect.*, v. 51. He quotes for these particulars a monk of Glastonbury, whom he calls Sylvester. He remarks (*Collect.* ii. 12) that the words within brackets in the inscription were interpolated by him.

† Arthur is said to have had three wives, *all* named Guenever.

‡ *Chron. Joh. Brompton*, c. 1195.

to have seen nothing more than the leaden cross—"one foot long, more or less"—but even this had a powerful effect upon that enthusiastic antiquary. "I beheld it," he says, "with most curious eyes, and handled it with joints that trembled in every part."

That the whole story was an imposture—that it was either a clever invention of the brethren of Glastonbury to raise the importance of their house in the eyes of their royal visitors, or a politic *ruse* of the Plantagenet kings to secure their sovereignty over the old Cymric nation—can scarcely at this day be doubted, though many antiquaries, Dr. Whitaker amongst the number, have treated it as a historical fact. The pretended discovery of the hero's bones had at least some effect, as Father Lobineau tells us, in discouraging the hopes entertained of his reappearance amongst the Bretons;* and it was possibly with a view to some such effect upon their kinsmen in Wales that, in 1289, Arthur's crown was said to have been discovered, and tendered to Edward I. at Carnarvon.

The Welsh bards, at least, would admit of no such sepulture. The national pride which, in the "Graves of the Heroes," points to each cromlech where the chiefs of song lie buried, claims no such record for the mightiest of them all. "No"—says Taliesin—

"*Anoeth byth bed y Arthur*"—("The mystery of the world is the grave of Arthur.") The Cornishmen, with more circumstance but less poetry, preserve traditions of the spot. At Camelford, a stone used to be shown, bearing the letters ATRY, which was said to mark the place of his death or burial.† A similar memorial—"a single stone laid across a stream, with having some letters cut on its lower surface"—exists, or did exist, "in front of the house of Worthy-Vale, near Minster;" and Warbstow-barrow, near Launceston, maintains a rival claim to be his last resting-place.

But the Arthur of legend and song fills no grave at Glastonbury or in Cornwall. The last words which the romancers put in his mouth contradict their own story of the midnight burial—"I will to the isle of Avallon, to heal me of my deadly wound." "Men say that he will come again and win the holy cross." The popular belief in this second advent is perhaps the strongest evidence of his historical existence. Like all the darlings of a people—like Frederick Barbarossa, like Sebastian of Portugal, like "the three Tells" of Switzerland, like the last Duke of Burgundy, like the first Napoleon—men could not believe in his death. The noble heart can never die. "He is a king y-crowned in faery;" somewhere in those enchanted halls, he is yet Arthur of Britain. Again

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* *Hist. de Bretagne*, p. 172.

† See GILBERT'S *Cornwall*, ii. 286. There are said to be nearly six hundred localities in our own island which bear the name of Arthur. They corroborate the fact that the traditions are confined [exclusively, so far as we have been able to trace] to districts to which the Celtic race clung to the last. The South Wales legend of Arthur's sleep runs as follows:—A Welsh farmer, selling cattle on London Bridge, was accosted by a wizard, who after some conversation respecting a hazel stick which he carried in his hand, led him to the place where it had grown—Craig-y-dinas in Morganwo. There, under a flat stone, he showed him the entrance to a vast cavern, into which they descended. Midway in the passage hung a bell, which the wizard warned his companion not to touch. Below lay a circle of sleeping warriors, all in bright armour, which filled the cavern with a flashing light; one distinguished from the rest by a jewelled crown. Two heaps, of gold and silver, lay in the midst; the wizard bid the other take what he would, remarking that to himself knowledge was worth more than gold. In his way out, the Welshman touched the bell; one of the warriors raised his head, and asked, "Is it day?" "No," said the intruder, prompted by his guide—"not yet." He got safe out to the daylight with his treasure, and was warned not to repeat his visit. But the lust of gold was too strong—he returned again; again awoke the sleeping warriors, and in his confusion forgot the proper answer. They started up, and cast him forth from the cavern so bruised and beaten that he remained a cripple for life; and from that day no man could ever again find the entrance.

shall come, if Merlin spoke true, "the snow-white chief upon the snow-white horse,"* to rally his countrymen. He only sleeps; in the fairy palace of Morgan la Faye† — seen sometimes on the coasts of Sicily as the "Fata Morgana"— he rests "upon a couch of royal furniture," his wound healed by her arts year after year, but ever bleeding afresh, till his hour come; or in the cavern under the roots of the hazel on Craig-y-dinas in Eryri, "all in a circle, their heads outward, every man in his armour, his sword, and shield, and spear by him," he and his knights-companions sleep; to awake when "the black eagle and the golden eagle shall go to war," to lead the chivalry of the Cymry in triumph through their native island. Or under Richmond Hill in Yorkshire, deep in the bowels of the earth, they wait only the man and the hour to start to life. There hangs at the cave's mouth the magic sword and horn; boldly draw the sword, and rightly blow the horn, and those enchanted warriors shall start to life once more. Once — so the legend runs — the entrance to that cave was found by mortal wight; he gazed on the sword, but his heart failed him to grasp it; but he sounded the horn; and as the sleeping knights started to their feet, roof and cave fell in, while unearthly voices shouted, "woe to the coward" who had missed so wondrous an adventure. "Go into Brittany," said Alan de l'Isle in his day, "and dare to say that Arthur is dead—the very children will stone you." Even yet they show you where he sleeps, opposite his old stronghold of Kerduel, in the bleak and lonely isle of Agalon. Long they believed that before every battle Arthur and his host might be seen at early dawn marching along the mountain-tops through the mist; and still they sing his war-song, and as the peasant listens to the distant sounds of hound and horn winding through the forest under the full moon, he predicts fine weather, for he hears the "Chasse Arthur."

Of the ends of Guenever and Lancelot we do not care to say much. Both pass, according to the due course of religious and poetical justice of the time, from the worst vanities of the world into the purest odour of sanctity. Guenever takes the veil at Amesbury, and in time becomes abbess there. Of the beautiful parting scene between her and Arthur, where we almost lose the sense of her guilt in the reality of her repentance, it is but just to Mr. Tennyson to say that it is wholly a fair creation of his own. Very different is the spirit in which these romances part from her; "while she lived she was a true lover, and therefore she had a good end." Lancelot, who has meanwhile also taken the religious habit, sees her buried with Arthur at Glastonbury, and after six weeks of "grovelling and praying" on the tomb, he too is found dead. But there is no sound of penitence in the grand proud words pronounced over him by his comrade Sir Bors; after a life of falsehood to his king and his friend, red with the blood of unarmed companions slain in an unhallowed quarrel, faithful only to an adulterous love, he goes to his grave with that well-known eulogy, whose magnificent language has blinded many an admiring reader to its perilous application.

But such is the morality of these romances throughout; and evil imported into them by their Anglo-Norman adapters, for the tales of the *Mabinogion* are free from it. It is not that we find here the seductive licence of the Italian novelist; it might be hard to point even to a licentious passage: but intrigue and unchastity are treated as the boldest matters of fact, and the writers appear utterly unconscious of even a moral rule in such cases. The two love-tales are adulteries, for the relations of Tristram and Iseult are but

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* "Deinde reverterentur cives in insulam;—niveus quoque senex in nive equo fluvium Perironis divertet."—*Prophetia Anglicana*, &c., Frankfurt, 1603, p. 96.

† Morgan, in the Welsh legend, is Arthur's physician—*Morgan-hud*—not his sister the queen. A legend somewhat similar to that of the Fata Morgana is told in Pembrokeshire; buildings are seen out at sea, which are said to be the abodes of the *Plant Rhys Dwfn*—a lost race of pigmies.

a repetition of those of Lancelot and Guenever; the *preux chevaliers* are disloyal, both as friends and as subjects, in that which is rightly held to be the very soul of modern honour. Even Arthur himself, in whom M. de la Villemarqué sees the model of Christian chivalry, is here neither saint nor hero: to say nothing of his massacre of the innocents already alluded to, or his unintentional incest, he is habitually faithless in his own conjugal relations. We can feel little interest in his own wrongs, when he congratulates Tristram and Iseult on being safe from King Mark in Joyous Gard, and says that "they are right well beset together." Such, indeed, is the line in which the reader's sympathies are always directed; King Mark's aims at avenging himself by taking Tristram's life, are always denounced as "treason;" when King Lot's wife is slain in adultery, Arthur and Lancelot hold it "a felonious treason;" and when King Mark, for the most excellent reasons, banishes Tristram from his court for ten years, he is denounced by the hero—in the apparent conviction that he is expressing a popular sentiment — as "*very ungrateful.*" But enough of such instances; is it too much to exclaim with old Leland—honest, even if he was credulous—"*O scelera, O mores, O corrupta tempora!*" *

The religion—in all but the latter portion, the Quest of the Graal—is a mere *parergon*, though we have abundance of its phraseology. In all essentials it is at least as much pagan as Christian. There are strong proofs how long the old heathen belief survived,—a blind unreasoning fear of the mysterious powers of nature, a very worship of the groves and rocks. Morgan la Faye, who can turn herself and followers into stones at pleasure, is a far more awful personage than the Archbishop of Canterbury, who appears in strange conjunction almost on the same page. Nature and art are alike inexplicable, except on supernatural principles. The works of the latter are miracles, as in the instance of Excalibur. The powers of the former are magnified into prodigies. We have an example in that strange creation, the "Questing Beast," or the "Beast glatisant," the undoubted original of the "Blatant Beast," of Spenser; which, introduced as it is abruptly into the narrative, is evidently supposed to be already well known. It has a "noise as of questing hounds in its belly"—"a marvellous beast and a great signification," of which "Merlin prophesied much;" some of the most renowned knights of Arthur's companionship follow it successively, apparently without success. The "great signification" we confess ourselves unable to explain; but the legend, like so many of the rest, is Cymric. It is undoubtedly the *Twrch Trwyth*, the wild-boar king, of the tale called "Kilhwch and Olwen," the wildest and perhaps the most curious of the Mabinogion. Once a king, he has been transformed into a boar for his sins; he has seven young pigs or princes, the eldest of which rejoices in the name of Grugyn Gwrych Ereint, of very porcine etymology, "whose bristles were of silver wire, and you could trace him through the woods by their shining." The Boar-king carries between his ears a comb and scissors, and these must be won by Kilhwch before he can wed with Olwen, whose father, Yspaddaden Penkawr, cannot arrange his hair without them. Kilhwch obtains the aid of Arthur and his companions in the hunt; but nine days and nine nights the royal beast and his brood defy the whole Round Table. They hunt him from Ireland through Pembrokeshire, Cardigan, over the Brecknock mountains, across the Severn into Cornwall, where he takes the sea, and is never seen more.

It will be seen that our estimate of these romances is scarcely the popular one. The remarkable interest which attaches to them seems to us independent of, and far beyond, their intrinsic merit. As to the life and morals which they paint, the most satisfactory reflection is, that it was never real. There was no golden age of chivalry, whatever Sir Bulwer Lytton may try to persuade us—

"When what is now called poetry was life."

* *Collect.*, v. 47.

Few of these heroes wore in their hearts the noble motto, which one of them — Gyron le Courtois — bore upon his sword, "*Loyaulté passe tout, et faulseté honnet tout.*" This would-be heroic and chivalric age was very mean and poor in some of its phases. Even its good, such as it was, was all for the knight and noble; the "churl" is only introduced for their disport and mockery. "Then were they afraid when they saw a knight." What a picture of the social relations!

After all, this antiquarian hero-worship is unreal. Nobler, even if more self-assertive, — more fertile in present deeds, even if it deal less in reverence for the past,—is the conscious boast of Diomed, which breathes so much of the modern English spirit—

"Ημεις τοι πατερων μεγ' αμεινονες ευχομεθ' ειναι.

They were not the giants that they seem, looming through the mist of ages. If we lay our bones beside their bones, they hardly suffer by the comparison; nerve and sinew have not degenerated. The ancient armour which had borne the brunt of actual tourney, was found somewhat scant of girth for the limbs that jousted in sport at Eglington. The gentlemen of modern England, who, instead of sitting at home at ease, ride across the stiffest country they can find, or climb Monte Rosa and the Wetterhorn for pure amusement, are at least king Arthur's equals in this, — they "will not go to meat till they have seen some great adventure." And if it come to what the romancers call "derring-do," we can fight as well as they did; though the sober columns of the modern "correspondent" have not the grand faculty of lying that was accorded to the trouveur of old, our poor prosaic annals can tell their story too. The lads that stood back to back at the Alma — the men who rode at Balaclava — the raw recruits, "churls" though they were, who fired their own death-volley as they went down in their ranks on board the Birkenhead — were truer heroes than any knight of the Round Table.

THE STRUGGLE AT MELAZZO.

THE FARO, *July* 30, 1860.

IMMEDIATELY after the embarkation of the Neapolitan army from Palermo, and the despatch of Turr's and Bixio's columns into the interior and southern and eastern portions of Sicily, Garibaldi advanced his new levies in the direction of Messina, by the northern coast-road, until the leading column under Medici, about 2500 strong, established itself at Barcelona, threatening the town and fortress of Melazzo, distant some seven miles — Medici having in his rear small bodies of men echeloned along the coast from Barcelona to Melazzo. In order to check this advance, General Bosco was dispatched with 5000 picked men to make a stand in the vicinity of Melazzo; its naturally strong position, and the fact of Garibaldi's forces being destitute of artillery, rendering it, in the opinion of the Neapolitans, perfectly impregnable to such an assemblage of raw levies as those under Medici. The promontory on which the castle is situated is three miles in length, and varying from three-quarters to a quarter of a mile in breadth, and on an average about 600 or 700 feet above the sea, and connected with the main by a low and narrow isthmus on which stands the town, immediately under the command of the guns of the castle. This fortress of Melazzo is, nevertheless, overlooked by the higher cliffs beyond, but which it completely defends from a land attack. On the western side, overhanging the sea, are the oldest portions of the works, consisting of a Norman tower and heavy massive walls: the more modern works, however, surround this, and extend over about half the isthmus enclosing the site of the ancient town, little of which has been allowed to remain save the cathedral. The English, in

the early part of the present century, strengthened Melazzo, when, after a six months' siege, they took it from the French; but the Neapolitans have subsequently added much to the landward fortifications — a very general measure throughout their dominions, as if they considered themselves safe from all comers save their own subjects. The works mount forty guns of heavy calibre, chiefly long 24-pounders, nearly all of which are facing the town. A succession of loose irregular fortification, extending down the slopes in that direction, had been lately abandoned as useless. The modern town is generally massive and well built, containing about ten thousand inhabitants, and in itself affords considerable advantages for defence from a land attack, the mainland in the immediate vicinity being very low, and thickly belted with cane-brake, vineyards, and olive groves, as well as intersected with numerous ditches, embankments, and detached houses, all admirably adapted to impede the advance of troops. A more picturesque view than that from the cliffs at the back of the castle, looking landward, it is difficult to conceive; the tall spine of mountains which traverses the north of the island forms the background, with the crater of Etna just leaning over its summit. Away west we have the wild fantastic outline of the coast stretching down towards termini, and in the opposite direction the Faro of Messina. The plain, or rather slopes of Sicily towards Melazzo, are teeming with cultivation, and studded with villages and towns, amongst the most conspicuous of which is Barcelona. Away seawards we have Lipari, Volcano, Stromboli, and other islets dotting the blue Mediterranean. That small town, due south about three miles, is Merii, to which, on the arrival of Bosco from Messina, Medici advanced his column from Barcelona. At Merii, the land rises towards the mountains of the interior, and across its front flows a very broad "fumara" or water-course coming down from the neighbouring heights, and emptying itself into the sea a couple of miles west of the town. Merii thus forms a position, easily defended, upon a spur of the mountains projecting towards Melazzo. Upon another projecting spur, in the direction of Messina, and similarly cut off from the plain by a water-course, stands the little town of Pace. Pace stands so close to the sea as to perfectly command the coast-road along which General Bosco's forces advanced from Messina: and had Garibaldi and his followers been at Barcelona earlier, he would probably there have fought Bosco before he reached Melazzo, and whilst tired with his long march from Messina. Medici, however, was in no position to assume so actively offensive a measure, and leave his rear open to attack from the garrison of Melazzo, the more so, that Bosco's repute was that of a fighting man, and his corps was known to be picked from the large garrison of Messina. The liberating forces wisely, therefore, took up a strong position at Merii, the detachments in the rear hurried up to support them, and Medici, determined to hold his ground until the arrival of the Dictator from Palermo. However, on the morning of the 17th of July, General Bosco advancing with all his force (saving the eight hundred men he had found in garrison on arrival) to occupy the opposite heights in the direction of Pace, evidently with the intention of advancing on Santa Lucia, and from thence turning his position, Medici immediately moved on in support of his advanced guard, and an affair of outposts took place in which the latter was worsted, losing eighteen prisoners, and a few killed and wounded. In the afternoon, Medici again attacked Bosco in force, and after a sharp conflict drove him back towards Melazzo, but with a loss on his side of ten killed and thirty-seven wounded. In the evening the Garibaldians fell back on Merii. On the morning of the 18th the Palermitan regiment, under Colonel Dunn, arrived, and was immediately pushed on to the cross-road from Santa Lucia to Melazzo. The following day, that officer having received information that there were two guns in position on the left of the town only guarded by 100 men, he stole up with 200, hoping to surprise them, but found himself in face of the entire Neapolitan force, in position, occupying a semicircle of about three miles in extent. Colonel Dunn of course retired

just in time to meet Garibaldi, who had arrived with a portion of Cosenz's division, giving in all a disposable force of about 4500 men, with three guns—that is, if two old ship twelve-pounder carronades, and a six-pounder of the latter portion of the seventeenth century, deserve such a name.

The force under Garibaldi was divided as follows:—

	Men.
Medici's division, . . .	2400
Cosenz's do., . . .	1300
Malinchini's do., . . .	700
Three guns, and . . .	4400

Bosco's division, on the other hand, consisted of—

Five regiments of carbineers,
The first regiment of the line,
Two squadrons of cavalry (about 120),
Two field batteries;

in all, including the garrison, about 6500 men. The Neapolitan position in front of Melazzo was well chosen, its right and left leaning on the two hamlets of Arebi and St. Marino, each on the sea-shore, about a mile distant from the entrance of the town. The force in St. Marino, with three guns, commanded the main road to Barcelona, and that in Arebi, with as many guns, defended the approach to the bridge leading into the town on the Messina side and the cross road to Santa Lucia, whilst the Neapolitan centre was established in the hamlet of St. Pietro, where all the houses and walls had been loop-holed and otherwise strengthened. During the night, Bosco advanced his right by the sea-shore, in the direction of Barcelona, with the hopes of outflanking the attack in this direction, and evidently with the intention of pushing up the *fumara* towards Merii, should the Garibaldians meet with a reverse in the impending attack. Regarding the relative merits of the two forces, Bosco was the only Neapolitan officer in this war who has meant fighting, and his troops were about the best in their army, nearly all riflemen, orderly, well drilled, and well pipe-clayed. As for Garibaldi's force, a more heterogeneous one never came into the field. Northern Italians predominated, but English, French, Hungarian, Swiss, and Germans of all shades, were numerous. Of Sicilians there were two regiments, chiefly composed of the levies from Palermo, some so young and diminutive as to stagger under the weight of their own muskets. Generally speaking, the force was armed with Enfields, but few knew how to develop the use of those deadly weapons, the sights being deemed a superfluity. Any martinet contemplating this liberating army would have been heartbroken at the utter contempt displayed on all sides for those qualities which on parade are considered the *sine qua non* of a soldier; but these red-shirted, ragged-looking scarecrows, under this far from prepossessing exterior, possessed many of those sterling qualities which have often enabled impromptu levies to triumph over more elaborate organisations. A musket or rifle, sixty rounds of ammunition, a water-bottle, and, for the most part, an empty haversack, and you have the *impedimenta* of a Garibaldian. Of commissaries, in gorgeous uniform, there are none, yet of beef and bread there is an occasional supply; of discipline there is the mere shadow: all, however, are animated with unbounded confidence in their chiefs, and especially Garibaldi; he may be said to exercise an individual influence over his followers, wholly without parallel amongst modern commanders. With this imaginative race it almost amounts to a superstition; whatever he says, is; wherever he appears, victory follows as a matter of course. This feeling, combined with an utter contempt, and, with the Sicilians, an implacable hatred for the Neapolitan troops, has been the key-stone of Garibaldi's success, and of victories won in utter defiance of all martial tactics, as laid down by Jomini and other expositors of the rules of war. Those writers forget that every successful commander had his own art of war, whilst the man of routine and precedent, who ought to have won, had not his opponent transgressed established rules, is invariably found pinned like some specimen beetle in a glass case, for lack of that originality which constitutes the difference between born and educated generals.

Early on the morning of the 20th, Garibaldi's columns deployed from Merii to the attack, Malenchini and his division being destined to advance by the sea-shore, driving in the Neapolitan right, and carrying the village of St. Marino to force the Palermo gate of the town. Garibaldi, with the main columns under Medici and Cosenz, advanced as far as Dunn's position on the cross-roads towards Pace, and then separating, pushed for Archi and St. Pietro respectively, hoping to force the left and centre, and, concentrating on the Messina gate, carry the town in that direction. Towards seven the skirmishing became general, as the heads of various columns closed with the Neapolitan semicircle. Every man of Bosco's force was posted under the advantageous cover of house, wall, or embankment — their movements being entirely masked by the thick beds of Indian fig which here intersect the vineyards, and in many places form an impenetrable barrier. Our men dropped fast under this hidden fire, without any guide by which to return it, save the smoke of their adversaries' rifles; all, however, steadily advanced, threading their way amongst cane-brake, Indian-fig bushes, and vineyards as best they could. Colonel Peard and his revolving-rifle company pushed on towards the town by a by-road on the left, but was soon brought to a stand-still, and shortly afterwards the advance was entirely checked by the masses against which they were exposed. The check was, however, momentary; the Garibaldians were speedily reinforced; and the right and centre again advanced, headed by Garibaldi in person; who as usual was ever in the thickest of the fray, cigaret *en bouche*, and walking-stick in hand, cheering his guides and Genoese carbineers, his calm and benevolent features bearing their usual happy expression, as if he were on a day's excursion, rather than leading a death-struggle on which the fate of his country depended. Strongly built and of middle stature, this paladin of Italy is chiefly distinguished from his followers by his unassuming manner and aspect. Though dressed somewhat in sailor fashion, with a red shirt, grey trousers, wide-awake, and loose bandana flowing over his shoulders, his appearance is scrupulously clean and neat, and his manner gentlemanly and genial. There is something most winning and honest in his manner, and you are at once impressed with the conviction that you are face to face with a man whose word would be his bond, and upon whose guidance, either by sea or land, you would implicitly rely. No wonder, then, that his men advance again with such confidence, where perhaps routine troops would have hesitated. It is, indeed, hot work: Medici's horse has been killed under him; Cosenz has been hit in the neck; but the general still leads his guides under Missari, and the Genoese carbineers, who ever behave admirably. Suddenly a three-gun battery opened on them with mitraille at twenty paces; in this murderous discharge Garibaldi was slightly hurt, Missari's horse killed, Major Breda killed, Statella alone left standing on foot with a few men. At the same time Malenchini, who had driven the advanced Neapolitans back on St. Marino, found it impossible to carry the hamlet — the road to it being completely swept by their battery; and the Garibaldians were again checked along the whole line. General Garibaldi merely gathered himself up for a fresh attack, and the reserve, consisting of the English regiment, as it is fermed, under Dunn, having arrived, one hundred and fifty men, with Major Wyndham, were sent to try and break through the line towards San Marino; and Dunn, with the remainder, about two hundred strong, was ordered by the General to advance and endeavour to carry the battery in flank; whilst Missari, Statella, and the remnant of their men, attempted the same movement in the opposite direction. Advancing under cover of a wall and ditch, Dunn led his men towards the battery, where he found, to his astonishment, Garibaldi joined in the fray. Dashing in after a momentary struggle with the infantry, the guns were carried, and in the act of being dragged off, when the Neapolitans opened out and made room for their cavalry, about one

hundred and twenty in number, to charge, and endeavour to retake the captured guns. Dunn's men, unaccustomed to fire, behaved admirably, though driven out of the battery, and their commander knocked down and galloped over by the cavalry, not, however, until he had shot their leader. Dividing themselves on either side the road, the Garibaldians placed their backs to the wall and Indian-fig bushes, and opened fire on the cavalry from either side. This was the struggle of the day, and very nearly cost Garibaldi his life, and with it the life of Italy. Afraid of advancing too far, and finding himself between two fires, the Neapolitan leader halted, and endeavoured to return; but Garibaldi, Massari, Statella, and a handful of guides, barred the way. Summoned by the Neapolitan officer to surrender, the hero of Varese merely replied by springing at his horse's bridle and cutting down the owner. Three or four troopers seconded their officer; one of them Garibaldi wounded; Massari killed two others, and shot the horse of a third; Statella killed another; and this murderous struggle concluded by Massari's killing a third with the fourth barrel of his revolver. The remnant of the cavalry now charged, backed, and escaped, leaving the guns in the hands of Garibaldi. Wyndham having been equally successful on the left, after some very sharp fighting, the whole line now advanced with the bayonet — ammunition getting very scarce; the Swiss and Bavarians stood for a moment, and then, following the example of their Neapolitan brethren, retired in confusion towards the town. On arriving at the houses in its vicinity, the castle guns opened on the assailants and covered the retreat; and as it was now noon, a halt was sounded, for the Garibaldians had been advancing since daybreak, and fighting under a Sicilian summer sun. Having secured the bridge, some extensive wood stores and other buildings were broken open, and the troops placed under cover for a couple of hours' rest previous to assaulting the town, a few good riflemen alone being posted to check any advance on the part of the enemy. Here an incident occurred which deserves to be mentioned, as showing the singular character of Garibaldi. Finding his shirt dirty and soiled from his personal struggles, he took it off, washed it in the brook hard by, and hung it up on the bushes, ate his lunch of bread, fruit, and water, smoked his cigar barebacked, and, wrapt in thought, sat apparently contemplating the drying of his garment: thus, in the field and bivouac, sharing danger and hardship with the humblest of his followers. Directly his shirt was dry, he went on board the Tukeri, formerly Veloce, lying in the bay on the western side of the peninsula, and personally directed her fire on the fortress and retiring masses. Having succeeded in drawing the fire on the steamer, and diverted the attention of the troops, he landed, and led the assault on the town. At two o'clock the attack became general; Medici advanced by the beach, on the western side; Cosenz towards the Messina gate; and Wyndham, followed by Malenchini, rushed at the gate leading to Palermo. A harassing fire was kept up by the Neapolitans from the houses and behind the boats on the beach, and shot and shell from the castle showered in on the Garibaldians; and it was not until the Pavia company had wormed their way into some gardens, turning the Neapolitan left, that good progress was made. The wall, which nearly surrounds the town on the land side, though nearly thirty feet high, offered but little difficulty, owing to the many apertures in it. Medici's men again bore the brunt of the fighting, and behaved right well, in spite of their heavy losses. Some of the houses were gallantly contested; but the Neapolitans fought like beaten troops, and were evidently bent on gradually retiring to the castle, their retreat being covered by a heavy fire of shot and shell from the fortress, in spite of which the heroic Garibaldians gradually advanced from position to position, driving back the troops until, about four o'clock, they worked their way up to the entrance of the castle. In the mean time some of Medici's men and Peard's company, following the

Marina on the western side of the peninsula, gained the heights to seaward of the castle, and established themselves near an old windmill, which completely overlooked the northern works of Melazzo, and rapidly with their rifles drove the garrison out of that quarter. Nothing more could now be done for the want of heavy guns, as, from the height of its walls, and singularly strong natural position, the castle could not be escaladed. Barricades were thrown up in all the immediate approaches towards the town, in readiness to repel any sortie, and officers and men, alike worn out and weary, lay down on their posts for the night—Garibaldi, with his head on a saddle, under the portico of a church in the centre of the Marina. Their successes, however, had been dearly bought, no less than 750 Garibaldians were *hors de combat*, and of these over 150 killed; Medici's and Cosenz's columns and the reserve bearing by far the greater portion, so that it may be said that out of the 4000 actually engaged, when you have deducted the 600 men under Malenchini, who was driven back in the early part of the day with moderate loss, the remainder lost upwards of a fifth *hors de combat*, which, considering the number of hours they were engaged, tells they met with no ordinary resistance. As for the Neapolitans, so strong and so well covered were their various positions, strengthened by loopholes and barricades, that they did not lose more than 150 in all. More than once the fate of Italy was doubtful, until the happy advance of the reserves, under Dunn and Wyndham, the one on the right and the other on the left, turned the tide of the day; and to the pluck and judgment of these two officers, together with the admirable conduct of the Piedmontese *sous* officers, by whom their regiment was officered, to say nothing of the singularly steady conduct of the Palermitans, may be attributed the success of Garibaldi's hardest fought battle in Italy; and it was generally stated that Bosco's troops fought better than the Austrians had ever done in Lombardy against the Cacciatori delle Alpi.

Nothing occurred during the four following days, save that Bosco seemed to imagine that he could dictate his own terms to Garibaldi, who steadily refused anything but an unconditional surrender, the garrison being hermetically sealed, and too disheartened to attempt a sortie; besides, provisions were not abundant, and they were suffering much from the badness of the water. Mines were therefore driven under the main entrance of the castle, and the garrison summoned to an unconditional surrender at six P.M. on the 24th; on the afternoon of which day Bosco found his expected relief, in the arrival of five Neapolitan steam frigates, who threatened to bombard the town if the troops were not allowed to march out with their arms and remaining field battery, leaving behind the heavy guns and stores. To these terms Garibaldi was obliged to consent, from motives of humanity, as well as from the utter impossibility of replying to their fire. The garrison were accordingly embarked for Naples and Messina, the Neapolitan men-of-war performing again in this case the part for which they seem especially created; namely, that of removing their army to a place of safety after it has been well thrashed. The great guns and stores found in the fort were of course invaluable to Garibaldi, as well as the horses of the cavalry, and the ninety-four mules belonging to the field batteries; but the Neapolitans had the indecency to spike eighteen of the guns, and lay a train to the principal magazine, leaving a lighted match in it, which was luckily discovered in time. Bosco denied all knowledge of these transactions. Of the value of this denial the reader must form his own estimate. The day after the fight, numerous reinforcements began to arrive from Palermo, which soon swelled the numbers of the Garibaldians to 10,000, and Medici was sent forward with the columns in the direction of Messina to check any advance in that quarter, and with a view of commencing operations against that town. Medici soon established himself in that neighbourhood, but kept the main body of his men at Jesso and Spadafora. Convinced of the utter impossibility of longer opposing Gari-

baldi in Sicily, and knowing the odium that the repetition of the atrocious bombardment of Palermo would entail on him in Europe, King Bomba decided upon trying to induce foreign powers to aid him, by pretending to have left Sicily free to select her own form of government. On the 24th, Marshal Clary, commanding-in-chief in the island, received orders to commence the evacuation of Sicily, and to place himself in communication with the Filibuster, as they once had the imbecility to term him. The towns of Messina, Syracuse, and Augusta, were to be delivered up as soon as the troops could be withdrawn, and the far-famed citadel of Messina, and its surrounding fortifications, as soon as the disarmament could be completed! Such were the fruits of the fall of Melazzo, a battle in which the only Sicilian officer engaged was Bosco, and he was fighting against his own countrymen; a fact, however, not more remarkable than that the subscription throughout this fertile island in aid of Garabaldi has only amounted to £5000, and that he and his son had to pay for the hire of the horses during the first month they were in the island, and that, with the exception of the Marquis Fardella, and a few other honourable exceptions, no well-to-do Sicilian has joined the army. The pusillanimous and unpatriotic part taken by the majority in the destruction of the Bourbon dominion is pitiable. They have no idea of risking the varnish of their patent leather boots beyond the Cafés of the Toledo, or their precious persons beyond an evening's drive on the Marina or English garden; as for personal or pecuniary sacrifice, they will make none. Not a single house in Palermo would receive a wounded Garibaldian after its fall, save Rayuso of the Trinacria Hotel; and the precious moments which are to give new life to Italy, are frittered away over ices and cigars that would sicken any but a Sicilian. The evacuation of Messina being completed, and a convention entered into between Medici and Governor-General Clary, that the town, under all circumstances was to be respected, unless an attack was made on the citadel from that side, the Garibaldian forces under Medici marched into Messina on July 27th. It seemed at first a city of the dead, for the majority of the inhabitants had fled, carrying with them their goods and property. The Dictator soon hastened up with the main body of his army; and having been subsequently reinforced by Eber's and Bixio's columns from the south, as well as daily arrivals from Palermo, an army of upwards of 20,000 men is now at his disposal in Messina and its vicinity. Batteries are being thrown up at the Faro, and vast preparations made for crossing into Calabria; but whether Garibaldi will make a campaign in that country, or, collecting his steamers, make a swoop at Naples, time only can show; but come what may in that direction, Sicily being now free, must be ere long annexed to the dominions of Victor Emmanuel. The crowd of adventurers swarming here from all parts of Europe,—the appearance of that bird of evil omen, Joseph Mazzini,—the rapacity of the Sicilians, who all conceive that they are to receive lucrative public employment, together with their constant intrigue to upset the various ministries that have been formed, all tends to show that they are utterly unfit for self-government, and a state of anarchy must ensue if they are left to themselves, when Garibaldi leaves the island. But into whatsoever hands Sicily may fall, for years it must be rigorously governed, before its motley and debased inhabitants can be expected to respect life or property, much less become fit to be citizens of a representative community. Here may be witnessed the withering influence of generations of servitude and vassalage upon the two classes into which the community of Sicily may be divided—namely, the aristocracy and the working classes: the one is ignorant and emasculated with dissipation, and the other degraded and demoralised to a degree without a parallel in Europe.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THERE is something very pleasant in the appearance of a new house. The walls are so clean, the roof so perfect, the windows so cheerful-looking, and the very doors seeming so ready to open without any noise or difficulty on their hospitable hinge. And yet we are forced to confess that, though a new house gives one very agreeable ideas of comfort and convenience, it is not so picturesque as an old one. The scenery of England would lose very much of its beauty if its fields and parks were not dotted over with quaint, gable-ended mansions, ornamented with tall chimneys, and steep red-tiled roofs, grown grey with the rains and sunshine of two or three hundred years. Castles, also, perched like a robber on some eminence, to command a view of the public road at its foot, lifting their towers and turrets up into the sky, form a beautiful feature in the landscape, and add a new sort of interest to the tract of country we are journeying through. But does it ever strike one traveller out of ten, what is the cause of the interest we take in these old dwellings? It can't be their mere shape and position, for it is possible to devise more regular plans, and to discover more fitting situations. No—it is the history of the human feelings, of which these places have been the theatre, that involuntarily rises to our minds; it is the cares, the loves, the joys and sorrows of which those old walls have been the witnesses, that invest them, to the thoughtful heart, with a far deeper and more enduring interest than ever can attach themselves to stone and lime. Not a house in all England that has stood for two hundred years, that has not a tale to tell that would astonish the writers of romance; not a room that has not its memory of death or marriage — of the bride coming into it in the splendour of her beauty,—of the same, when fifty years have past, being carried out of it, mourned by her descendants of the third generation; or, perhaps, neglected and forgotten as one who has lived too long. But who is there that can chronicle all the deeds of cruelty or of kindness, the vicissitudes of misery or happiness, that have occurred in those old houses? It must be sufficient for the traveller to know, that wherever men and women have resided these incidents must have occurred — children must have been born, must have died — in their youth, in their manhood, in their old age — and sights and sounds, hopes and disappointments and sorrows, must have been as profusely scattered along the devious paths that conducted them from the cradle to the grave, as we ourselves find them in our daily progress from the same starting point to the same end. It is the recollections, then (if we may call them so, since they are not of any particular incident, but only of the inevitable events that we may venture to take on trust)—it is the memory of the past, and not the architectural style of the building, that gives such a charm to the queer corners and innumerable windows of a mansion of the days of old. In themselves, many people have maintained that those broken lines and fantastic ornaments are not half so beautiful as the plain solidity of the Grecian architecture and the massive solemnity of the palaces of Italy; but to us English they assume a higher character than any mere beauty of collocation can bestow, for they are treasuries of English feelings — English history—English life. Elizabeth rises before us as she stood when the Armada was defeated. Charles I. with his ceremonious stateliness — the Cavaliers and the Roundheads—the burly figure and unconquerable will of Oliver Cromwell — the resolute independence of Hampden—the chivalrous courage of Walter Raleigh, and the sweet feminine grace of Lucy Hutchinson, or Lady Russell. These are the thoughts and associations that make an old house so charming; but first—for one doesn't like even to be pleased on false pretences — is the house old? Has it stood in cloud and sunshine all those years? Is it contemporary with the historic men

whose time its style of architecture recalls? If so—all hail, old farm and manor!—walled castle and moated grange!—for humanity has breathed its spirit into your stones, and you grow half human yourselves from having sheltered so many generations of men. But if it is not in reality an old house—if it was built yesterday, and pretends to have stood, as we now see it, grey with artificial mosses, crumbling even, in some parts, with artificial ruin—what are we to say?

If the builder's receipt is not yet dry, and it pretends notwithstanding to whisper to us about Henry VIII. and Bloody Mary, and James I., what shall we think of it? Why, that it is an impostor,—that it is like a London beggar of thirty or forty years old, who turns up the whites of his eyes, and totters as he walks, leaning heavily on a stick, with a placard on his bosom, bearing in large letters, "Thomas Tudor, an old man of a hundred and five, past work and totally blind." It ought to be looked on as extorting admiration from us under false pretences, and not a bit more respectable than any other deceiver. A house of the Nineteenth century should be a house for the Nineteenth century to live in. The Fifteenth century was a blustering, quarrelsome fellow, and lived in a house with strong barricades all round it, his walls pierced with narrow holes, through which he could shoot his visitors, if he did not think they were approaching him in a friendly manner. The Sixteenth century improved a little on this, but still flanked his house with turrets that commanded the entrance-door, and had an immense gate studded with iron nails, and insurmountable walls round his courtyard. The Seventeenth grew still more civilised. He turned the ramparts of his house into a shrubbery, and the dried-up bed of the moat into a bowling-green. But the house was still on the look-out for dangers, and had a tower where a sentinel took note of what was passing within his range. The Eighteenth was a remarkably peaceful individual, and took down his turrets, and made his guardroom into the dairy, and the dungeons into wine and beer cellars. He also introduced straight walks into his garden, turned the moat into a fish-pond, and cut all his trees into the shapes of men, and peacocks, and elephants, and other objects of natural history. He also discharged his warder, and paid for protection by a subscription to the county police. He was a smug, careful, pushing fellow, and laid out more money on his warehouses than on his private dwelling, for he began to smell from afar the spices of India, and the cotton-fields of America, and the commerce of the world, and the empire of the seas. And then came in the Nineteenth century, such a being as has never been seen before. He upset all the thrones of Europe in his youth, and kicked them about as if they were really nothing but old chairs. He put a little water into a pot, and put some coals under it, and by the aid of a few wheels and axles, he careers up rivers where civilised man never penetrated before; he crosses the Atlantic at fifteen miles an hour against wind and tide; he beats the farthest waters of the Pacific into a white foam around his paddles. But he does more. He makes the sun himself draw his landscapes. He makes the lightning itself carry his messages, and he pauses at this moment on the top of the elevation he has reached, not to rest contented with the contemplation of the valleys at his feet, but to take a wider survey of the lands still to be discovered — the powers yet to be evoked from the cells in which they have been hidden from every eye but his. And now this Nineteenth century—this "Heir of all the Ages in the foremost files of time"—can't find out a style of architecture stamped with his own image and character, to be transmitted to his descendants as a sample of his genius and disposition, but is forced to go back and hide his poverty of invention in a large, high-turretted, square-towered, moated, draw-bridged, narrow-windowed, winding-staired long-passaged, windy, gusty, out-and-in, up-and-down, old Gothic castle, exactly the same as would have been built for his great-great-grandfather, while

Warwick the kingmaker and other turbulent barons were fighting with Henry VI.

Now what do we of these peaceful days, when two policemen dressed in blue keep a whole district in order—what do we want with drawbridges, and portcullises, and donjon towers, and bartisans, and turrets? There was a fitness for all these things in the days of old. The lord of the mansion dined in his hall with all his friends and retainers. When the meals were over, the serving-men, the men-at-arms, the dependants of the household, lay down upon the straw with which the floor was covered, and the hall became the dormitory of the family. No wonder, therefore, the hall was the largest apartment in the house, with the handsomest and widest fireplace, the greatest appearance of comfort, and the most habitable look. It is a fit subject for laughter to see a new house rising with a prodigious hall. It is a great waste of space—it is a reproduction of a fashion when the significancy of it is worn out. Things ought always to be in keeping with each other, and when a worthy citizen retires from trade, and builds him a feudal fortalice instead of a cottage ornée, he ought certainly to exchange his taglioni or comfortable great-coat, for a cuirass of steel, or at least for a buff jerkin. His black hat, or if he is a wise man, his wide-awake, must give place to helm and visor. He must dine in the great hall on a boar roasted whole, and never take a quiet ride on his shooting pony without an immense sword by his side, and a spear in his hand, wherewith to hack to pieces and transfix any of his tenants with whom he is not altogether pleased. These observations, however, are meant to apply only to houses of recent date. The old should by all means be continued in the enjoyment of every original feature; repairs must be conducted in the taste and spirit of the primitive building. If it be of Henry the Eighth's time, let not one alteration be made so as to confound it with the cognate style of Elizabeth and James. If it is still earlier, keep to it in all its external design. Show us the complete mansion of the heroes of the Crusades—of the men who fought at Crecy and Poictiers—of the conquerors at Agincourt, of the adherents of the rival Roses, and they will be pictorial representations to us of great historic periods, landmarks to guide us in our inquiries into the state of architecture, and thence of manners, at different times. Now we have seen that preceding ages have built up monuments for themselves in stone and lime, from which, without any inscription, we can read their epitaphs with the utmost ease. Is this to be the only age that is to die and make no sign? Having done everything else, can't we build a Nineteenth Century house?

Our earliest ancestors in this island lived in beehives; that is, on three crossed sticks was put a little thatch, which reached to the ground, leaving only an opening on the surface for the inhabitant to creep in by. What stone and lime, polished deals and smooth slates were to them, let some new and hitherto unused material be to us. Let us take the glazed and hollow bricks in the meantime, as an advance on our previous ways; but let us persevere in availing ourselves of anything that ingenuity suggests, and a moderate experience warrants, and not many years will elapse before we talk of the period of poor, tasteless, shapeless stone cottages and tile roofs, as we now talk of the period of the Ichthyosaurus and the Megatherion, and other extinct monsters of frightful ugliness and very little use. Nobody denies that in every district there are many comfortable looking and pretty dwellings—houses of a pleasant, habitable appearance, that tell you the occupiers are very well off in the world—people with pleasant balances at their bankers, regular appetites at five o'clock, and the bedroom candles brought in punctually at half-past ten. This is a style of house that fulfils one of the purposes for which we contend—namely, that the outside of a mansion should give you some idea of what sort of being the inhabitant of it is; and what may be called the middle class dwelling-house, being adapted for a middle class such as never existed before, does certainly bear the impress of the

middle class for whom it is designed. There would be no mistaking its comfortable boiled beef and turnip sort of expression, for the "foray or starve" look of a Scotch tower; but a modern antiquity is like a false date, it is apt to mislead, and has the same amount of fitness as if a sane man were to raise a house for himself according to the plan and elevation of a lunatic asylum; or a gentleman at large were to build an exact imitation of a model prison.

But there is one style of building which it is to be hoped will never change, and that is the Ecclesiastical. The church that is built to-day should always have the same distinctive features as the churches that first uprose in this island in the light of Christianity. There is no false date here, no assumption of antiquity, nothing that misleads the observer. And the reason is this. There is a sameness in the purpose to which it is devoted. The worship now carried on within it, though of a purer form, is addressed to the same unchangeable and Almighty Being who heard the first prayers of the converted heathen in this land. There is no change of manners here, as has occurred in the inhabitant of the modern feudal castle, and therefore there is no impropriety in preserving the same style of building, which has become consecrated in our minds by the one unvarying use to which it has been applied. To show how completely this is the case, we have only to imagine how absurd the appearance would be of a dwelling-house built on this model—a little library in the bell-tower, or a bedroom in the steeple. Churches and chapels were equally deficient some years ago, in the application of the Ecclesiastical style. You rode through a village, and you saw a barn at one end of it, with a belfry, and a barn at the other without a belfry. One was the church and the other the chapel; both applied to the one holy purpose of teaching and prayer, and both utterly destitute of the outward appearance of a place of worship at all. In both a great improvement has taken place. The poorest of dissenting bodies endeavour to bestow some adornment on the outside of their temple,—a lance-window or a peaked gable-end; the most outlying parishes are ambitious also of showing some outward sign of their Christian profession in the repairing and amending of their churches. In all, you will see an approach to the old Ecclesiastical style,—a divergence, as far as possible, from the appearance of an inhabited house—of a town-hall—of a shop—or of a feudal tower. People need not worship with less devotion that their meetings are held in a chapel which can no longer be mistaken for a cow-shed, nor that their parish-church is no longer allowed to have one of the transepts walled off and used as a pig-stye.

But we will now put an end to this disquisition on architecture, and ask the reader's attention to the short and simple annals of a real old building—the best known, and perhaps the most characteristic in England—with more tales of terror and interest about it than ever clustered, like ill-omened ravens, round a building before,—a building that, in all the changes of our history, has still borne its bad pre-eminence as the home of despair and sorrow. The groans that have resounded through those dismal chambers, the screams that have startled the sentinel on guard, proceeding from tortured prisoners—the broken hearts that beat their last in those dungeons—the agonies, the fears that have thrilled human bosoms in that awful dwelling—invest it with a gloomy horror that was never equalled in the pages of fiction. The Castle of Otranto, and the mysterious Udolpho, are mere commonplace habitations compared to it. For eight centuries it has shown its haggard and grim face to the world; and we are now going to recall some particulars of its history, which will perhaps make us not quite so much in love, as some people are, or pretend to be, with the chivalrous grandeur of our ancestors, and the superiority of the "good old times."

On the left bank of the river Thames, just below where the Custom-House is, in convenient juxtaposition with the magnificent docks which, with their crowded tiers of shipping, their innumerable flags,

and vast variety of languages, place modern trade and universality of interest at once face to face with ancient isolation and power,—is seen as we go down in a steamboat for a day's holiday to Greenwich, a square-built, low and dingy pile, which has no feature of attraction either from grandeur or beauty of design, but which all turn to look at when they are told it is the Tower of London. Who originally built it is not known. Some, of course, say Julius Cæsar; others are more modest, and say it was built in the time of Constantine the Great; and there are certainly some very strong proofs that on this site stood a fortress, a mint, or other building of the Romans in the time of Honorius, or 395 years after Christ. But however this may be, the first historic record of its erection is in the reign of William the Conqueror, who built the White Tower to curb the rebellious Saxons, under the superintendence of his architect Gundulf, who, besides handling the measuring-line, found time to exercise the duties, or at least to spend the emoluments, of the Bishopric of Rochester.

In the course of time it offered such security against attack, that it became an object of great importance to the factions into which this kingdom was divided. It was strengthened by walls and bastions. Kings fled to it for safety, or intrusted it to the favoured of their vassals. Armed men were ready to be let loose with fire and sword on the disobedient or discontented citizens of London; dungeons were added to the other chambers of the castle; prisoners of consequence were committed to its impenetrable walls; Jews were tortured till they surrendered the last farthing of their hard-earned gains. Patriots like the Scottish Wallace, or the Welsh Llewellyn, expiated their hatred of oppression with their blood in these miserable dens; and by the time it had arrived at its greatest strength, and very nearly at its present form and extent, in the reign of Edward III., it was a name which created an involuntary shudder in the stoutest hearts. From it went in procession on their coronation days, all the kings of England, from Richard II. till James II., a period of three hundred years. The Tower, throughout the life of the first of these potentates, played a very conspicuous part. It was the scene of the grandeur and magnificence of his youthful days. Festivals and assemblies were held in it, that eclipsed the magnificence of the Court of France. The flood of splendour was indeed so great, that it overflowed into a place, which is certainly not connected in our minds either with floods or splendour. Where thousands of cattle were lately penned up, for the weekly sustenance of two millions and a half of hungry Cocknies; where the bellowing of oxen, the bleating of sheep, the grunting of pigs, and the baaing of calves, were the only sounds that disturbed the serenity of Smithfield, knightly trumpets uttered their inspiring notes, summoning the great and gay to tournament and revel, and ladies whispered words of encouragement in the ears of their favourite champions. The first day of these ostentatious rejoicings in the year 1390, was termed the Feast of Challenge; and "about three o'clock in the afternoon," says the old Chronicler of their doings, 'there issued out of the Tower of London, first three score of coursers appareled for the juistes, and on every one an esquier of honor ridyng a soft pace, and then issued out threescore ladies of honor, mounted on fayre palfreys, riding on the one side, richly appareled; and every lady ledde a knight with a cheyne of sylver, which knights were appareled to juiste; and thus they came riding alonge the streetes of London with great number of trumpettes and other mynstrelles, and so came to Smithfield, where the King and Queen and many ladies and demoiselles were ready in chambers richly adorned to see the juistes." But the Tower was spectator of a very different scene in which the same king was a performer. The same streets that were witnesses of the glories of his Smithfield shows, were witnesses also of his fall. He was taken as a prisoner to the Tower, by his successful rival, Henry of Bolingbroke, and

there made resignation of his crown. Here is Shakspeare's description of his miserable ride in the train of his triumphant conqueror :—

" As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which, with such gentle sorrow, he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him."

It was perhaps right that the Tower, which was first converted by this king into the place of execution of state offenders, should have been the scene of his own unhappiness and degradation. From that time, for several hundred years, the axe was seldom still—the favourites of one year became the victims of the next. Tower Hill streamed with blood—the Tower dungeons echoed with groans. Tyranny, ambition, cruelty, ignorance and superstition, all by turns opened those dismal portals, which were only once again to turn on their hinges when the murderer slipped in to do his dreadful work in secret, or the prisoner was openly conducted to death upon the scaffold. Nobles, warriors, heroes, statesmen, judges and scholars—even the beauty of women and the dignity of queens — could not escape the dreadful doom; and very frightful is it to read, in the records of that awful prison-house, the names of patriots and martyrs of which our country is now so proud; and still more dreadful to reflect, that those great and illustrious names which still survive, are but the scattered mountain-tops, as it were, on which the light of history has rested. But what are we to think of the valleys where the sunshine has never shone—the unnumbered, unnamed, unregarded prisoners who pined in those gloomy vaults, and counted the hours in vain, shut out for ever from the upper world, condemned without trial, and executed without justice! We can talk now with some patience of these things, because they have ceased to be enacted for so long—because the light of the Reformation and the law of the constitution have made their way into that unhallowed building as into our private houses, and modern civilisation has converted it into an arsenal for arms, and a pleasant quarter for a few soldiers — a sight for the Cockneys on their holidays, and a comfortable command for a time-honoured General.

But in 1417 the state of feeling was very different, and any expression of sympathy with human suffering would not have been understood. The Tower stood black and solid as the representative of the spirit of the time. Even the best and noblest were as deeply stained as the base and cruel with the curse of unforgiveness and the heart of stone. Harry the Fifth, whom we still call the most heroic of our kings, seems not to have been capable of any feeling of generosity or pity. His enemies, the princes of France, taken in open battle defending their country from his ambition, were here imprisoned for dreary years, till a ransom was exacted that left them impoverished for life. Here languished warriors and chiefs as brave as himself; and here for several years was confined the young and gallant James I. of Scotland, who had been seized by the piratical vessels of Henry IV., when there was no war between the kingdoms, and when there was, therefore, no pretence for an attack. These were the ideas of justice and honour that were paramount in the feudal times; the same justice and honour would infallibly conduct the possessors of them, at the present day, first to their county jail, secondly to Norfolk Island. James, the young king, grew used to his imprisonment, cultivated letters and music, and finally, as idleness often leads to foolish actions, he fell in love with a beautiful young lady whom he saw from the

turret window of his tower at Windsor. He by some means got a messenger persuaded to carry her his verses. They were filled with praises of her loveliness; and as she understood he was very handsome, and a king, she thought the verses particularly fine; and as she was a member of the royal family, and had interest with the King of England, the end of the story is happier than most stories of love at first sight, for, after the death of the iron hearted Henry, James was released from his prison, and married the Lady Jane, the daughter of the Earl of Somerset.

But it was not for the custody only of kidnapped kings, or captive princes, that the Tower was used by the possessors of arbitrary power. Religion in those uncultivated ages is sure to have its victims as well as Tyranny. The first martyr of freedom of inquiry was the brave and virtuous Lord Cobham. To strike terror into lesser offenders, it seemed good to the ecclesiastical authorities, armed with full powers from Rome, to let the weight of their anger fall upon the coronet of a noble. If the dignity of the peerage did not set a Reformer above their power, what chance had humbler men to resist their lightest claim? It was proved against the noble offender that he had maintained that "whoso it be that doth the worship to dead images, which is due to God, or putteth such trust or hope in the help of them as he should do to God, or hath affection in one more than in another, doth in that the great sin of masometry" (or idolatry.) He had also maintained, that "he that knoweth the holy commandments of God, and keepeth them to the end, shall be saved, though he never in his life go on pilgrimage, as men use now, to Canterbury or to Rome, or to any other place." He had denied that every man living here bodily on earth ought to confess to a priest ordained by the Church; and worst of all, he denied that as Christ ordained St. Peter to be his vicar here on earth, the same power which he granted to that apostle was vested in his successors the popes, whom all Christians are bound to obey according to the laws of the church of Rome. For these most dreadful and heretical opinions, Lord Cobham was condemned to die; and to mark the atrocity of his sin, he was executed in a manner the most painful and degrading that malignity and cruelty could invent. He was drawn from the Tower to St. Giles's Field, where he was suspended by the middle from a chain; a fire was kindled under him, and he was thus burnt to death. The dust of such martyrs is indeed the seed of a true church; and from this glorious execution we are never without voices rising in all parts of England—and of the world—against the crimes and iniquities of the old, and, as we had hoped, exploded superstition. Lollards, as they were then called—that is, rebels against the pope's authority and believers in the plain words of Scripture—were imprisoned by hundreds in the dungeons of the Tower; and when we reflect on the helplessness of of those sufferers, and the cruelty of the treatment they experienced for such a crime, it is a sort of relief to turn to the upper rooms of the same prison, which we find tenanted by mere rebels against the Crown, or foreign enemies, who would have done the same to their conquerors if the issue of the battle had been different. Throughout the troubles and civil wars of the fifteenth century we find an endless succession of captives consigned to these impenetrable walls. Twice Henry VI. was immured within them — kindly treated, they say, in consequence of the feebleness and meekness of his character — and finally found dead, whether by violence or not is not certainly known, in the chamber he had occupied so long.

> "Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
> By many a foul and midnight murder fed;
> Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's name,
> And spare the meek usurper's holy head."

The person accused of this "meek usurper's murder," if such did really take place, was Richard, Duke of Gloster, afterwards Richard III. Enough of crimes he has to answer for, without this unproved accusation being cast upon his memory.

By treachery and violence he succeeded to the throne of his brother, the handsome and prodigal Edward, and soon the Tower began to feel the effects of the new tyranny which had established itself by so much blood. The powerful and dangerous were, of course, the first victims; but there is an episode connected with the hard-heartedness of this usurper, which lets us get a view of humbler people, and shows to what meannesses the rancour of a base nature like Richard's can descend. The following account has all the freshness of reality, and brings the scene completely before our eyes.

In a Council held after the death of Edward, when Richard assumed to be Protector of the Kingdom, he asked Lord Hastings "what they deserved that compassed his destruction, who was so near of blood to the King, and Protector of his royal person. 'Surely, my Lord,' replied Lord Hastings, 'they were worthy to be punished, as traitors whosoever they be.' 'Then,' quoth the Protector, 'that is yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and other with her,' meaning the Queen. 'Ye shall see in what wise that sorceress, and that other witch of her counsel—Shore's wife—with their affinity, have by their witchcraft wasted my body;' and herewith turned up his doublet sleeve to the elbow of his left arm, where he showed a wearish, withered arm and small, as it was never other (that is, as it always was), and thereupon every man's mind misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but quarrel, for they wist that the Queen was too wise to go about such folly. But Lord Hastings answered: 'Certainly, my Lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy of heinous punishment.' 'What!' cried the Protector, 'thou servest me, I ween, with ifs and ands. I tell thee they have done so, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor.' And thereupon, striking his hand upon the table, a cry of treason was raised in the adjoining chamber, and Gloster, hastily rising, and going to the door, a body of armed men rushed in. A violent scuffle ensued; one of them with a pole-axe gave Lord Stanley a serious wound on the head. Hastings was seized. 'I arrest thee, traitor,' said the Duke of Gloster. 'Me, my Lord?' 'Yea, thee,' replied the Duke; 'and I would have thee shrive, for, by St. Paul, I will not dine till I have seen thy head off.' And so was the Lord Hastings brought forth into the Green beside the Chapel within the Tower, and there, without time for confession or repentance, his head was stricken off upon a log of timber."

Here are queens and dukes and Lords, but among them all, the noticeable name is that of Shore's wife. This was the famous Jane Shore, who had been the favourite of the late King, and had used the power her influence gave her in so kind and judicious a manner, that people were inclined to forgive her for the means by which she had obtained it. "Proper she was and fair," says Sir Thomas More, the historian of those troubled times; "nothing in her body you would have changed, unless you would have wished her somewhat higher. Yet delighted not men so much in her beauty as in her pleasant behaviour; for a proper wit she had; and could both read well and write; merry in company; ready and quick in answer; neither mute nor full of babble; sometimes taunting without displeasure and not without disport. When the King took displeasure, she would mitigate and appease his mind; where men were out of favour, she would bring them to his Grace; for many that had highly offended she obtained pardon; of great forfeitures she got remission; and, finally, in many weighty suits, she stood men in great stead, either for none, or very small rewards, and those rather gay than rich; either for that she was content with the deed's self well done, or because she delighted to be sued unto, and to shew what she was able to do with the King."

But to the Tower this unfortunate favourite was sent — obloquy was heaped upon her name, and accusations of crimes, such as witchcraft, brought against her in addition to the sins of which she was really guilty. And the servile clergy were very glad of an opportunity of gaining favour with the tyrant, by de-

grading as much as possible the now powerless woman, whose good qualities and generosity he naturally abhorred. She was sentenced to do penance by the Bishop of London. She was taken in procession, barefooted, and enveloped in a white sheet, through the streets, to St. Paul's Cross, where she made open confession of her only great crime. She bore her disgrace with much becoming fortitude; and the gracefulness of her manner, with the deep sense of shame manifested in her downcast looks, gained her the pity of every feeling heart.

"Submissive, sad, and lowly was her look;
A burning taper in her hand she bore,
And on her shoulders carelessly confused,
In loose neglect her lovely tresses hung.
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
Except when in some sudden pang of sorrow,
To Heaven she seemed in fervent zeal to raise them,
And beg that mercy man denied her here."

It is not to be forgotten that another of her punishments—and the one probably that was the most agreeable to her oppressors—was the forfeiture of all her goods. When they had got all her money she was no longer worth keeping in the Tower, and they turned her out into the world, where she had now neither wealth nor friends. This account of the outcast Jane Shore,

"Who died deserted at her utmost need,
By those her former bounty fed,"

may serve as a companion-picture to the sufferings of kings and princes, and shew that when despotism is once established in a land, it strikes at all alike; and despotism, in its heaviest form, was close at hand.

When Henry VII.—after the fluctuating reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III.—had fully established himself on the throne, there were no alternations of victory and defeat to call the apartments of the fortress into use; and yet an increasing tide set onward towards those gloomy vaults, and carried with it indifferently Yorkist and Lancastrian, the nobles that had assisted him in his distress, or those who resisted him in his strength. One grim dark figure, moving noiselessly, but watchful everywhere, pointed with his fingers, or nodded with his head, and the baron was seized in his hall, the citizen in his parlour, the lady in her oratory; the dismal key was turned, and the only prospect was a scaffold on Tower Hill. There is something awful in the solemn obedience paid to that silent, bloodthirsty tyrant by the greatest and the least. No man knew who sat at meat with him. It might be a spy of the court, though perhaps a kinsman of his own. A whisper in the ear of Empson and Dudley, the infamous informers, took away the squire's estate, the nobleman's castle, and the heads of both. Who could offer any resistance? The gentry had been destroyed, or nearly so, by fifty years of civil war; the citizen had not yet risen into consideration by commerce; there was no public opinion to unite and guide great masses of men; and there sat at Windsor or Westminster, a deep, sagacious, imperturbable statesman, with crown on head and sword in hand, wielding all the authorities of the State; no law to check him, no power to oppose him, no generosity within to soften him, and the gates of the Tower ready to open on their noiseless hinges the moment he gave the sign. For long successions from father to son, no bearer of a lofty title had died in his bed. Many died in battle, many by the axe; and as spaniels like their master the better the more he applies the whip, it actually seemed to deepen men's reverence for the King, that his mere word had sent their ancestors to the block, where it would also probably send themselves. The system that Henry VII. began was, of course, continued by Henry VIII.; and the thing that seems to have astonished Charles I. and James II. the most, in the resistance which at length the reviving national spirit enabled Englishmen to make, was the positive disinclination that people showed to being sent to prison. "Where will this end?" said Charles I. when all London rose up in indignation at his sending some Opposition Members of Parliament into the safe keeping of the Tower. "If I can't imprison my subjects, I am no longer a king!" "What a fuss about a trifle!" said James II. when the now awakened

people expressed their indignation at his sending the Seven Bishops into confinement for petitioning him to govern according to right; "but I will show them a greater stretch of prerogative than this!"

The power of imprisonment had in fact existed so long, and the Tower stood so invitingly open, that it must have come upon kings and people by surprise when they found that the keys of that dreadful fortress were now intrusted to a power more potent than kings or people, called the Law; that the sword of governance would never again be placed in one hand of our rulers without the scales of justice in the other. But in Henry VIII.'s time such ideas had not yet got out of Latin and Greek books and been translated into the vulgar tongue, and so the Tower carried on a thriving trade in suffering and death. Among the first who tasted the bitterness of the cup they had so often prepared for others, were Empson and Dudley, the degraded ministers of the late King, "who being lawyers in science," as their historian says, "and Privy Councillors in authority, had turned law and justice into wormwood and rapine." Nothing, indeed, is more strange in those years than the regularity with which punishment overtakes the wrongdoer; no sooner, in reading the list of prisoners in the Tower, do we see the name of some innocent man condemned by the cruelty of his adversary, for some imaginary offence, than, on turning over the page, we encounter the name of the adversary himself. We read of Bainham and Frith tormented and racked by the zeal of the Roman Catholic Chancellor, Sir Thomas More; and before we have time to pity the poor sufferers, we read of the imprisonment and death of the same Sir Thomas More, who had fallen out of favour with the brutal and capricious King. None of the murders committed at the dictation of Henry cast such a stain upon his name as the sacrifice of this the greatest lawyer, the brightest scholar, and the most polished wit of his time. There was a perfect agreement between the tyrant and his Chancellor as long as the Reformers were to be repressed. Henry's quarrel with Rome was not about the extent of the Papal power, but about who was to wield it. "Let heretics be burnt," he said—"let those who deny the efficacy of absolution, and the power of saints, be tortured, as much as you like. Let all who dissent from the Church be punished with the utmost rigour; only, let every body confess that of that Church I am supreme and only governor." In all his other sentiments and beliefs, Sir Thomas More most fervently joined; but, on the last claim of the King, the partnership was dissolved. The Pope had so long been acknowledged the chief of the Church; the laws which Sir Thomas had studied had so firmly established this principle, that he was now too old to give up an opinion he had been brought up in; and, accordingly, as he had persecuted heretics for differences as unimportant as this, he at once made up his mind to undergo the same fate he had inflicted on them. The royal supremacy here claimed by Henry was not any power that interfered with the doctrines of the Church, but meant that the clergy should be subjects of the King, and not of the Pope. On this point, Sir Thomas More was firm. He was tried, not for heresy, as his victims had been for denying the transubstantiation of bread into flesh, but for treason in denying an authority which Parliament had expressly acknowledged as inherent in the King. He was convicted of resistance to an Act of Parliament; and early on the morning of the 6th of July 1535, it was announced to him that he was to die before nine o'clock. His good humour and liveliness never left him. Indeed, there is something not altogether satisfactory in the frivolous mirth with which his last scene was accompanied. We should have been better pleased if the closing hour had brought more melancholy thoughts. On the contrary he seemed to grow funnier, the nearer the axe approached. When he was conveyed to the Tower, the turnkey who had the strange privilege of pillaging his prisoner, asked him for his uppermost garment as a perquisite of his office. Sir Thomas merrily presented him with his cap, and told him that

was his *uppermost* garment, and he heartily wished it was of more worth. As he was being led out of the Tower to his execution, a woman reproached him for detaining some deeds, when he was in office. "Good woman," said he, "have patience a little, for the King is so generous unto me, that within this half hour, he will discharge me of all my business, and help thee himself." As he ascended the scafford, he asked one of the officers to help him up, adding, "and when I come down again, let me shift for myself." And this scoffing manner accompanied him to the moment of his death. After he had prayed, and had laid his head upon the block, the executioner begged his forgiveness. "I forgive thee," said he, "but prithee, let me put my beard aside, for that hath never committed treason"—adding, "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thine office; my neck is very short; take heed therefore, that thou strike not wrong for the saving of thine honesty." The wit of these speeches scarcely seems bright enough to carry off the gloominess of the period he chose for their utterance; but they show, perhaps that his conscience was at rest, and that he was satisfied with the cause for which he died.

After a victim so noble had been sacrificed for so slender a cause, people were on the watch for the next stretch of the King's hand, and shuddered as the monster roused himself for a new display of his power. In his own house—in his own bedchamber—the blow fell; and the fate of his young and beautiful wife, the hapless Anne Boleyn, was sealed. Till the age of seven, or as others say, of thirteen, she was brought up by her father's fireside in the county of Kent—a lively, playful, pretty child.

"Petulant she spoke, and at herself she laughed,
A rosebud set in little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she."

It was an old English family this of the Boleyns, descended originally from a lord mayor of London, but by many ambitious marriages now allied with the chief nobility; and its present representative, Sir Thomas Boleyn, the father of Anne, married Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. While yet extremely young Anne was appointed maid of honour to the princess Mary, the sister of Henry VIII., when she went over to Paris and married the French king. At this court, the gayest at that time, and long after, of all the courts in Christendom, Anne played the part that loveliness, youth, and vanity are generally desirous of performing. She attracted great observation by her beauty—won many hearts by her engaging manners, and delighted all listeners with her cleverness and wit. Enemies she had who spread rumours against her character, but with no convincing proof; and on her return to England, she was advanced to the post of lady of honour to the formal and religious Queen Catherine, who would certainly not have admitted into her service and companionship a person against whom these accusations were well founded. The appearance of a young and lively girl, so beautiful and so amusing, in the hitherto dull apartments of the Spanish zealot, must have been like sunshine in a shady place; and it was not long before the ill-omened eyes of Henry fell upon the new attendant of his wife. The enemies of Anne Boleyn—who are also the enemies of the Reformation—try to persuade us, that in order to gain her object and ascend the throne as Henry's wife, she laid down the following plan. First, To get the King to fall in love with her, which might not be difficult. Secondly, To hold him at a distance and keep him constant by virtue and beauty alone. Thirdly, To upset the religion of England, overthrow the authority of the Pope, and introduce a new ecclesiastical system, from the archbishops in Lambeth and York down to the curates in country parishes, and even clerks and bell-ringers. Fourthly, To get the Queen divorced. And, finally, to procure the execution of the Lord Chancellor, a change in the whole policy of Europe, and war with the Emperor of Germany. Why don't we see the causes that produced her advancement? She was young enough not to take a very desponding, or perhaps a very sensible view of life; and ambitious enough to allow the

splendour of a throne to blind her eyes to the bad qualities of the King who filled it. But even with regard to his bad qualities, in the year 1527, we must talk with many grains of allowance. He had not yet had an opportunity of showing many of them to any observable extent. If Nero had died at twenty-two, he would have had the reputation of the best of men; at thirty-seven Henry was known as a man of bluff manners, high notions of his own abilities, and having what is commonly called a will of his own; but nobody gave him credit at that time for being little more than a sort of amateur executioner with a crown on.

All difficulties, though apparently insuperable, were at last overcome, and Anne became Queen of England, and mother of Elizabeth, and might have expected a long life of happiness and popularity. But it was now 1537, and the hinges of the Tower began to grate. Among her maids of honour was a young and high-born damsel of the name of Jane Seymour, with the two great requisites in Henry's eyes of novelty and youth. How was Anne to be got rid of? he accused her of unguarded words—of improper conduct—of a previous contract of marriage with a young Lord Percy,—and on one or other of these accusations he was determined to destroy the queen—the mother of his child. The servile courts found her guilty on every plea. She was condemned to the Tower, to be burnt or beheaded according to the good pleasure of the King. It was very great pleasure, indeed, to that affectionate husband, to order her only to have her head cut off. On the 19th of May she was brought out on a scaffold erected on the green within the Tower. "She approached," the historian says, "with a firm and graceful step; her beauty shone in all its wonted brightness, and every one seemed disarmed by the sweet benignity that beamed in her looks; even the executioner had not for a while the heart to do his office. Anne alone on this trying moment seemed to retain her self-possession;" and, after a few words, in which she commended her soul to Christ, she laid her fair head upon the block, and the small and graceful neck was severed at a blow. Without even a coffin, her body lay stiff and cold on the blood-stained Green in the Tower; and as her head fell to the ground, a gun was fired from the walls. With anxious ear the King had been watching for the signal on an elevation in the Park at Richmond. When the sound reached him, he knew that all was over; but no compunction seized his heart. He carried the triumphant news to the object of his passion, and on the following day was married to Jane Seymour.

A more melancholy record than this is not in the annals of crime and baseness. The person who presided at the court which condemned her was her uncle—the victim with whom she was falsely accused of guilt was her brother—the villain who gave the word for her murder, and actually furnished the orders for the scaffold and block, was her husband! The last subject of her thoughts was her helpless child. Her remains were hurried into a common chest, and buried in the chapel of the Tower.

After this display of the King's disposition, it is not to be supposed that any rank or services were a security against imprisonment and death. Queen Jane escaped the family fate by dying in childbed. Anne of Cleves avoided it also by consenting to a dissolution of the marriage; but the tide flowed on its usual channel, when he gave his hand to a daughter of the house of Norfolk, the Lady Catherine Howard. Scarcely had he time to get tired of her, when rumours reached his ear that her character was very bad—that she was worse, a thousand times, than he had endeavoured to make Anne Boleyn appear—a monster of profligacy and vice; and, in short, as sensual, wicked, and degraded as himself. The Tower gates opened once more for a queen. No sympathy this time was felt for the sufferer, for her guilt was manifest, and could not be denied. Some few, who cared for the justice of the case, thought it hard that a woman should be put to death by her husband for actions committed before she was married; but with Henry it was all the same. He even condemned the relations of the guilty woman for having concealed her guilt, and a blow of the headman's axe stain-

ed once more the soil of this dreadful prison-house with royal blood, and enabled him to look out for another wife.

There are now, fortunately, but a few months left of the reign of this Bluebeard on a throne; and we begin to look well pleased on the dismal Tower, which soon will have a holiday when a gentler reign succeeds. But Henry had two friends,—the most faithful in the kingdom, the highest in rank, the brightest in virtue,—and therefore they must die. These were the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earl of Surrey his son. We will follow the fortunes of the young man first, and end this catalogue of Henry's victims with the father's fate. The Earl of Surrey was the most accomplished man of his age; not only in the knightly arts of riding in a tournament, or even commanding in a battle, but he is beyond all doubt the most polished author and best poet of his time. All his studies were devoted to peaceful ends. He translated part of Virgil, part of Ecclesiastes, and some of the Psalms, into very elegant verse, and his original sonnets are still quoted for their gracefulness and sweetness. His crime, however, was so heinous in the eyes of Henry, that it would have outweighed the merits of all the muses. He had quartered the arms of Edward the Confessor—that is, had had his shield ornamented with Edward the Confessor's arms; and though he showed from the Herald's College that his ancestors had always done so, the King considered it treason, as implying a claim to the throne. On this plea, the gallant young nobleman and gentle poet was put into the Tower. His father was there already. They were not allowed to meet; but as if to add bitterness to the father's cup, the son was tried before him, and again the blood of the Howards was spilt upon the grass of Tower Hill, and the illustrious Surrey left the poor old Duke to battle with his enemies alone. The trial of the Duke came on. Thirty years before this he had been the great soldier of England. He had always conquered, by land or by sea—for the services were not at that time divided—and especially had served under his father at the great battle of Flodden, which so weakened the power of Scotland that she could never more cope on equal terms with her more powerful sister.

But all these services were forgotten; forgotten also was the obedience—we may almost call it servility—displayed by this chief of the Howards to the wishes and caprices of the King. We wish we could forget them too, for they are the only blots upon his character. Out of an overstrained feeling of the duty of submission, he had acquiesced in the execution of his two nieces, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, the wives of the tyrant who now was intent on his own destruction. With a clinging to life, which was, perhaps, natural at his years, he begged for pardon—confessed guilt, where no guilt existed, in hopes of softening the obdurate heart of his destroyer—and found services, submission, confession, supplication, all in vain. On the 28th of January an order was sent to the Lieutenant of the Tower for his execution on the following morning. What gloom was in the Duke's chamber that night we need not say; what grief to find his white hairs dishonoured, his petition disregarded, his son murdered almost before his eyes, and the hour approaching that was to carry him to the fatal block.—But there was another chamber that night that was as full of gloom as the prisoner's dungeon in the Tower. On a stately bed lay a sufferer groaning with pain, and tormented, as we may suppose, with the upbraidings of an uneasy conscience. Fretful, irritable, and unsubdued, it was the King who was now at wrestlings with death. With trembling hands his wife administered the opiates recommended to soothe his pain; the page at the door counted the cries of anguish without a sigh of compassion; and silently the physician went through the ceremony of feeling the pulse, and could give no prospect of recovery. Here were two men, the Tyrant and the Victim, both struggling with the terrible hour. Grey dawn began to light up the turret tops of the Tower; it also rested on the roof of the Palace at Westminster. The early morn was to see the Duke of Norfolk fall before the stroke of the executioner; but before that time a surer blow fell upon the exhausted Tyrant. A

hurried noise of feet sounded at the prisoner's door—the key is turned—a voice gives him the news — the King is dead, and the Duke was saved. It shows how completely these cruelties were the work of the individual King, that his decease was the signal for the abrogation of a law; — the sentence was never carried into execution, and in peace and quiet the remainder of the emancipated prisoner's days were past.

It would be easy to follow the gloomy history through the persecuting years of Mary, and the firm administration of Elizabeth. Herself a visitor to its darkened portals in her sister's days, she might have been less ready to open them for the reception of her foes. But the Tower was one of the institutions of the State, and asserted its importance under Tudors, and Stuarts, and Hanoverians; closing its grim jaws upon the victims of the hatred of James and Charles, and then in 1715 and 1745 enacting the same part towards the gallant loyalists who adhered to their descendant's cause. But enough has been said to identify this ancient edifice with the worst and most indefensible incidents in our history. As time went on, however, its character began to improve. With the same grim features outside, it has gradually got softened and civilised within — like a man we sometimes meet who has a very harsh countenance but a very warm heart. It opened its doors—on the usual payment—to crowds of gaping Cockneys and country visitors, and displayed all its curiosities, its racks, now rusty and out of use — its muskets, which looked like fossil remains of some extinct species of small cannon—its suits of armour and trophies of all kinds. A tremendous fire in the year 1837 reduced some of those strange but useless collections to cinders; and from that time it has assumed the appearance of a very peaceful dwelling indeed. Its moat is filled up and planted with choice shrubs; its frowning loopholes are covered with climbing wall-fruit; and it is difficult to believe that these stones and bricks are the same which echoed long ago to such appalling sounds, or were such words of fear to whole generations of men.

Last advancement of all, it was connected with the name and fortunes of the Great Duke. The Duke was constable of the Tower. There is surely a striking similarity in fate and character between that great warrior and the fortress which he commanded so long. The youth of both was passed amid wars and rumours of wars. Stern, cold, and unimpassioned, both did their duty, maintained their posts, and were bulwarks of the State and nation. If some harshness mingled with the earlier characteristics of our Duke, it is to be attributed to the manners of the time. A soldier in those days was considered to have reached perfection when he had expelled the softer feelings of the heart. But a change came over Wellington, as it has done over his gallant companions in arms, and their successors in the defence of the land. With every advancing year the great heart of the unrivalled Captain softened into human sympathy—his care fell with more tenderness on the comforts and advancement of the common soldier. The noble principle of justice, which had always been the regulator of his conduct, became mixed and mellowed with the feelings of charity and mercy, and ennobled by the sentiments of faith and hope; and these between them make up the perfect man. The grey old Tower, venerable with age, and stript of all its pomp and circumstance of war, with its placid walks and fruit-covered walls, is not so cheering a sight, not so characteristic of the happy change from the gloomy periods of our annals, as the sight of the time-honoured Wellington — the hero of a hundred fights — the arbiter of the fate of nations, and the wielder of the irresistible thunderbolts of England — living among us, a kind, humane, affectionate, peace-loving old man; and sinking at last to death amid the regrets of a whole nation, which loved and honoured him, and amid the fears of more secret and perhaps more sincere mourners, who looked to him for succour in their distress, and were relieved and comforted with the true sympathy of a Christian man, and the generosity of a hand "open as day to melting charity."

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART VIII.

CHAPTER XXVI.—A RAILWAY MONARCH, AND A POLITICAL CRIMP.

The observation of a few weeks gradually opened my eyes to the true nature of the great speculative movement. To a casual observer, it doubtless must have appeared to be a mere scramble — a reckless rush of a desperate mob, struggling for admission at the door of the temple of Fortune. Or, to use a more classical simile, it might have been thought to resemble one of Homer's battles, in which the champions are represented as fighting indiscriminately, without any regard being paid to disposition, military arrangement, or skilful marshalling of the forces. But although there was, no doubt, a good deal of desultory skirmishing, and many attempts at pillage by mercenaries and camp-followers, the railway movement had a distinct organisation of its own. Let me try to explain this briefly.

In the infancy of the railway system, the chief, indeed the sole object was to facilitate and expedite intercourse between large towns; and by the connection of lines, to establish a throughfare for passengers throughout England. The practicability of doing this, so as to economise both time and money to the public, and yet give a profitable return on their outlay to the projectors, had been demonstrated by the famous engineer Stephenson, who constructed the Manchester and Liverpool line; and then it became evident that the greater portion of the traffic of the land must in future pass along the vast arteries of iron. In order to accomplish this, new companies were formed, consisting chiefly of local capitalists; each of which broke ground in a fresh district, without being subjected to competition. And so long as the movement was confined to the construction of what may be called trunk railways, the only opposers were the landed gentry and others through whose properties the lines were to pass.

But in order to feed those great arteries, and bring traffic from a distance, it became necessary to make side or cross railways. Some of these were undertaken as extensions by the existing companies, others were projected by independent speculators; and as by means of them traffic could be diverted from one main line to another, a vigorous contest for their possession, or suppression as the case might be, arose among the proprietors of the existing lines. England became, as it were, mapped out into large districts, in each of which the whole traffic, direct and contingent, was claimed by a monster company to the exclusion of interlopers; and thus originated the strife which, though it brought vast profits to lawyers, engineers, and contractors, had a disastrous effect in lessening the dividends of the shareholders. Subordinate lines were purchased or leased at rates which were utterly exorbitant; and many, from which it was hopeless to expect that a remunerative return could be derived, were undertaken for the sole object of driving rivals from the field.

The affairs of these huge companies were ostensibly administered by the directors; but it invariably happens that, when a trust of this kind is committed to some ten or twelve gentlemen, the majority are little more than cyphers, and the real management devolves upon two or three, who act under the influence of the chairman, and are in fact his cabinet ministers. As a vast responsibility rested on the shoulders of the chairman, so was he allowed vast discretionary powers. To dispute his fiat was petty treason — to interfere with his negociations was tantamount to absolute rebellion. The

common purse was at his disposal. He had a controlling power in the allocation of shares. He could make the price of stocks rise or fall in accordance with his smile or his frown. He was more than Fortunatus — he was Fortune's self personified — an idol to many worshippers, who overlooked the bandage and the wheel. Such, in the days of which I speak, was the Railway Monarch, of whom there were several in England; that country being, for railway purposes, again resolved into a heptarchy.

Not the least powerful and imperious of those autocrats was Mr. Richard Beaton, whose mercantile experience, ready resources, and reputation for sagacity, had raised him to so enviable a position. It was understood that he had made a large fortune before he embarked in railway enterprise. He stood well with the Ministry, by whom he was regarded as a financial authority, was a respected member in the House, and held a good position in society. Still there was about him — at least those who knew him intimately averred so — a certain taint of that arrogance which we often find in men who have been successful in the attainment of wealth; — a subdued boastfulness which makes itself rather felt than audible, but which is manifested by inflexibility of opinion, and a disregard, almost amounting to contempt, of the suggestions of others. His weak point was vanity. He liked adulation; though, if such a charge had been openly preferred, he would, doubtless, have denied it. Nevertheless, an adroit master of the art could always gain his ear by following the method through which Decius Brutus boasted that he could oversway the haughty Cæsar,—

> "But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
> He says he does; being then most flattered."

Hence he had favourites connected with the railways — low, fawning, fellows, who often misled, and, I fear, sometimes betrayed him; and they, by ministering, or rather pandering, to his vanity, induced him to dash headlong into schemes which, in a prudential view, were dangerous, and, in a moral one, even reprehensible.

Much of this I discovered at a later period, though I think it best to state it now, while sketching the character of the man.

Being in possession of the power, more potent than patronage, of dispensing fortune to others, it is not surprising that Mr. Beaton's acquaintance should have been sedulously courted by a whole swarm of persons who, neglecting the scriptural caution, were in exceeding haste to become rich. Selfishness is of no rank; neither, I must admit, is servility. Rich and poor, high and low, can, when it suits their turn, become both selfish and servile. Indigent men sell their votes to the highest bidder: peers of the realm forsake the traditions of their house for the wretched guerdon of a ribbon. Nay, have we not seen, within a limited space of time, a king debase himself so far as to act the part of jackal to an emperor, and yield to the imperial tyrant, not a portion of the territory which they had jointly conquered, but the most ancient province of his own hereditary dominions? So runs the world. I regard it not scoffingly, like a Menippus — I weep not, with Heraclitus, for the exceeding frailty of mankind. There is the picture. Turn it over in your own mind. Consult the records of all ages — Jew, Pagan, and Christian—and you will find that the love of gain is the grand motive power. But that was not according to the law of the inspired Jewish dispensation, or the philosophic glimmering of the speculative Greek, or the distinct enunciation of the Gospel. Just fancy a sermon preached to a Lombard-street congregation on the text — "Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon the earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal!" Would not the majority of the audience be inclined to rely upon the non-oxidation of sovereigns, the impassibility of their safes for moths, and the scrutiny of the detective police? I fear they would; and yet they overlook God's judgment announced against those who esteem the mere

acquisition of wealth, and the indulgences which it can afford, the main objects of our earthly existence.

Well, let us quit that argument. Weak nature succumbs. We have one talent — say, a thousand pounds — we want to make it ten. There is a kind of scriptural authority for that, though it may be read otherwise; but we must not be nice in our application. If we don't get shares in a most promising undertaking, which we can sell to advantage in a few weeks, somebody else will reap the benefit. Detested, though unknown, is that "somebody else!" — perchance an intriguing Jew, a miserable attorney's clerk, or — for such things have been bruited abroad — a common cabman! Why should gentility be excluded from participating in such very good things? Why should not aristocratic money fructify as readily as plebeian? All that is requisite is a good introduction, and a hint as to a profitable investment (*N. B.* — In those days every kind of purchase was dignified by the imposing title of investment); and who better able to give the hint than that wonderfully clever man, Mr. Richard Beaton, who never was detected in a commercial blunder, or known to be wrong in any one of his calculations?

So Mr. Beaton, already a celebrity, took first rank in the London menagerie as a lion of superb dimensions. Stiff-necked dukes relaxed their dignity, and became quite affable in conversation with the distinguished commoner, whose genius, they were proud to own, was an ornament to British commerce. Minor magnates, somewhat out at elbows, greeted him with much cordiality—you can't help liking a peer who has a jovial demeanour—haunted him at clubs, and requested his advice with that free-and-easy air which brooks no denial. The leaders of fashion, a most obdurate and exclusive clique, discovered that Mr. Beaton was just the man to be patronised, and that his daughter was a lovely and accomplished girl, with sufficient charms to grace a courtly circle. "And then," said the dowagers in their conclave, "such a fortune! Really it would be quite wicked if we allowed her to be thrown away." So the gates of fashion opened spontaneously for the admission of the father and the child. Of course this was very gratifying. It is easy to pooh-pooh these things, and to protest that we care not for them; but did you ever know a person indifferent to such homage? Think over the list of your acquaintances, and tell me if you can fix upon one.

In return, Mr. Beaton, who, though fond of acquiring money, was liberal in spending it, enlarged his establishment, gave splendid entertainments, and might, if he pleased, have held *levées*, so numerous was the host of his admirers. And it was the daughter of this high and mighty financier, this especial favourite of Plutus, that I, an unknown journalist, presumed to love! Well might I keep that portion of my thoughts a close secret; for, had I confided it to any one, I should either have been laughed at as a fool, or regarded as a positive madman.

I found Attie Faunce of great use to me; for he freely communicated much curious information which he had picked up in the city relative to the doings in Capel Court, and the *fourberies* of the inferior jobbers; so that I was enabled to spice my articles, which otherwise might have proved heavy, with some pungent matter that rendered them generally acceptable, attracted the attention of the public, and, above all, provoked discussion. Still, I acknowledge that my task was both difficult and delicate, for I was convinced that the Government had not adequately performed its duty by restraining the flood of speculation; the effect of such regulations as they did prescribe being rather to increase than allay the fury of the torrent. But I was resolute to obey to the letter the instructions of Mr. Osborne, and to proclaim what appeared to me to be the honest truth, without equivocation or reserve.

I began to like Attie Faunce very much. He certainly was one of the drollest fellows I ever encountered, with such unflagging vivacity that one could hardly have wished him other than he was. The great majority of people with whom we are brought into contact are so satur-

nine and dull, so reserved or suspicious, or so terribly afraid of compromising themselves by giving utterance to anything approaching to eccentricity, that it is quite a relief to meet with a clever rattle, who does not weigh his words, but comes out with whatever is uppermost in his mind. At length I came to regard his visit to my rooms as the most pleasant event of the day. He glided in like a streak of sunshine, and his mirth-provoking talk relieved the monotony of my occupation.

One evening I went down to the House of Commons in hopes of meeting in the lobby a member who had expressed himself anxious to communicate some information regarding a transaction which had become notorious, and had recently been made the subject of comment by the newspapers. I cannot now recollect precisely what it was — doubtless some nefarious job that had come to light through the bungling of the operators, for such things were of daily occurrence. The lobby of the House, while an animated debate is going on, presents a curious scene, very interesting to a stranger who knows the leading political characters by name, but who has never had the opportunity of beholding them save through the medium of a caricature. A view of it does more than anything else to impress one with a due sense of the dignified position of a member of the House of Commons; for the two well-fed gentlemen who are custodiers of the door, and whom, doubtless, official etiquette restrains from lavishing much courtesy upon mere visitors, are most obsequious to honourable gentlemen; and the very policemen, who are uniformly civil in that place, seem to regard them with an eye of intense admiration. I cannot say, however, that the aspect of the majority is such as would inspire awe or impress with reverence. They are, for the most part, very ordinary specimens of humanity; though here and there you descry some men of commanding port and imposing appearance, and others in whose lineaments you may perceive the unmistakable marks of genius. Many pass to and fro unnoticed and unknown —men whose names we never meet with except in the *Parliamentary Companion*, or the division-lists; but when a celebrated statesman or orator enters or issues from the House, his name is rapidly circulated—there is a buzz among the spectators, and all throng forward to gaze on the individual whom, though they may not coincide in his opinions, they nevertheless honour as an able or consistent politician.

On this evening there were not many persons in attendance, though I was given to understand that the House was rather full.

"It is a Scotch debate," said a brother of the press with whom I had a slight acquaintance, "and that, you know, excites little interest. Sawney manages his own matters through his representatives, and they know well enough how to take care of number One. But this is a Government night, for there has been a whip, and I am told the sitting will be late."

"Do you happen to know what bill is before the House?" said I.

"Indeed I do not," replied the other. "I have not been in the gallery. But here comes a man that can tell us. Hallo, Phipps! what's going on?"

"Scotch poor-law," replied Phipps. "Devilish dull work. But old Smoothly — the Treasury dodger, you know—is making an extraordinary appearance. Hang me if they are not cheering him like mad!"

"By Jove, that's something new!" said my friend. "I've heard him speak twice, and a duller dog never tried the patience of the national assembly. The Speaker nearly dislocated his jaw with yawning. If the House goes along with Smoothly, there has been no greater miracle since the ass spoke to Balaam! What's his line of country?"

"Statistical. I don't know anything of the subject myself; but there's a Scotch reporter up there in the gallery—a relation, of course, of M'Callum More or M'Callum Beg —who swears that Smoothly must have the second-sight. He was very big about a place with a most extraordinary name. It sounded something like 'perpendicular.'"

"Benbecula, perhaps?" I suggested; a passage in a certain paper recurring vividly to my memory.

"No doubt you are right, sir," said Phipps. "That entirely corresponds in sound; but of course there are limits to the study of geography. All I can say is that Smoothly is making a sensation; and, what is queer enough, the Scotch members are cheering him the loudest."

"Are you going to stay here, Sinclair?" said my acquaintance, "or shall we have a bit of supper? I have marked a most appetising lobster."

"Thank you," said I, "but I shall wait for a little while. I have come down by appointment to see a member who, no doubt, is in the House, and I should be sorry to disappoint him."

"*Chacun à son goût*, my dear fellow! I would not sacrifice the crowning hour of the night for a colloquy with the Premier himself. What's life without relaxation? Phipps—are you game?"

"I am," said Phipps. And the twain departed.

Shortly afterwards the door was opened, and there came—a rush of members.

"Very extraordinary speech that was of Smoothly's," said one. "I had no idea he was so conversant with details."

"I should not have thought so much of it," said a Scottish member, "if it had been delivered by one of ourselves. But how an Englishman came to know the real weak points, fairly takes me by surprise."

"Peel's as pleased as punch," said another ministerialist. "The young Opposition had not a word to say. Who could have expected it from Smoothly?"

"I always said he was a most able man," drawled a slim youth who laboured under the suspicion of having a sheep's-eye to a place in the Treasury. "I like to hear solid information, because, you see, it helps one to arrange his ideas. Now Smoothly is evidently up to the whole thing, and he made a most convincing speech—everybody must allow that—and Peel cheered him; so you may depend upon it he was in the right line, and I shall tell him so to-morrow. I don't think Sir George is properly appreciated."

"That's not a bad idea of yours, Popham," remarked a sarcastic recusant, who had already exhibited symptoms of rebellion against the Tamworth dynasty. "Peel's squad of official young men is made up—no more vacancies there. As it is of no use applying to the captain, you are quite right to make a friend of the recruiting sergeant!"

"Ah, you are always so bitter!" said Mr. Popham. "You fellows are doing all you can to break up the party. What is your objection to Smoothly?"

"Objection, my good fellow? You never heard me state any! What objection can there be to a man who is as pliable as a glove, as slippery as an eel, and as consistent as April weather?"

"Ah, that is one of your paradoxes, I suppose! Do you know G—— said the other day that a Young Englander was no better than a walking paradox? Ha, ha! was not that witty? Leave the old stagers alone for finding out your weak points!"

"My dear Popham," replied the other, "I am only too glad to learn that there *is* a kind of wit which you are able to appreciate. But hush, as you hope for promotion!—Lo, the conquering hero comes!"

And, in effect, the mysterious door reopened, and the Premier came forth, talking with much animation, but in a low tone of voice, to Sir George Smoothly, on whose countenance was written obsequiousness tempered by complacency. The latter gave a furtive glance around; and I am certain, from a slight contraction of his mouth, that he saw and knew me. But he gave no sign of recognition, and the two passed towards the library.

"Now," thought I, as I bent my steps homeward, "I shall very soon find out whether this gentleman was sincere or not in his professions. The result is to me matter of comperative indifference; for, thanks to Mr. Osborne, I have woke from my dream of patronage; but I own I should like to know whether he is a true man or a hypocrite. Strange

that so many people should mistrust him! And yet the Premier, who must have ample experience of mankind, evidently regards him with favour."

I was not then aware — for that kind of knowledge is seldom early attained — that extreme plausibility is the surest mark by which knavery can be detected. A very clever knave is not habitually plausible. He rather tries to throw you off your guard by the assumption of a candid outspoken manner, giving you thereby to understand that he is quite as much alive to his own interest as to yours. Such a character is very dangerous, and may long escape suspicion. But your uniformly plausible man affects you with a kind of nausea; just as if you were compelled to swallow repeated doses of cod-liver oil. Your stomach revolts against the medicine, and you transfer your dislike to the practitioner. Moreover, I committed a gross mistake in supposing that the man who is plausible to his equals and inferiors must necessarily be so to those who rank above him. There is a certain level beyond which plausibility does not or should not rise. It then becomes obsequiousness or servility. If you want to ascertain the real character of any man, whatever be his station in life, do not rest satisfied with the report of his superiors. Push your inquiries among his equals and contemporaries; and, my life on it, that you will arrive at a more satisfactory result.

I rose the next morning, I admit, more expeditiously than usual, to peruse the report of the debate in the House of Commons; and there, sure enough, was the speech of Sir George Smoothly, which, allowing for the difference in form between an oration and a written memoir, was exactly what I had penned by way of summary. I glanced over the columns —for, having real matter to bring forward, this ornament of the Commons had made a lengthy speech — there were my thunders, or my blunders (the one being as probable as the other); but I confess I felt considerably irritated when I read the following paragraph:—

"I do not presume," said the honourable member, "to aver that the facts which I have laid, and will lay before the House, are the results of personal experience or investigation. With Scotland I am but remotely connected; yet, knit as are the sister kingdoms together, though with a difference in their system of laws, I may perhaps be allowed to say that I regard the welfare of either from a purely British point of view; and should feel ashamed if I did not extend to the people of the North that interest, and sympathy, and consideration which every English member so devotedly accords to those who have the closer claim. Accordingly, when I first became aware that this great measure of popular relief was in contemplation, I considered it my duty to place myself in communication with many persons of high reputation and esteemed character in Scotland. I trust the House will pardon me if I abstain from mentioning names—that being the condition which some, indeed most of them, expressly made, while developing their views with remarkable candour and sagacity. I think, nay I am sure, that honourable members will believe that the facts which I shall now state, and the arguments which I shall use, are, all of them, the result of close intimacy with the wants and requirements of the people, and of profound professional knowledge of the operation of the existing law, and an enlightened regard to its amendment. (Cheers.) I perceive, Sir, that the House acquiesces in the propriety of the course which I propose to adopt; and though, undoubtedly, the force of the few observations which I am about to submit, would be materially strengthened were I at liberty to say from whose experience they are derived, I shall, as in honour bound, waive that advantage, leaving it of course to honourable members who may take a different view, to controvert my facts or meet my arguments by appeal to direct testimony, from which I am unfortunately excluded."

The impudence of this exordium was something perfectly astounding. I had, as is the way with men who must read parliamentary debates, and who esteem the mere artifices of rhetoric at their proper value; applied myself first to the body of the speech, without paying attention to the in-

troduction. Not one fact was stated by Sir George Smoothly that was not set down in my paper — not one argument did he use which I had not expressly suggested! I — poor ignorant being that I was—had been the sole adviser and correspondent of this audacious impostor! I had been made to do service for a whole army of witnesses, just as, in some mean theatrical exhibition, a single lout in buckram passes and repasses on the stage as the representative of Richard's forces at the field of Bosworth! I read the speech twice over, in the hope that I might find, for the mitigation of my self-reproach, something beyond what I had communicated. There was no trace of anything of the kind. I, whom no man in his senses would have brought forward as a witness on such a subject before a select committee, was absolutely horrified to find myself represented as the embodiment of the wisdom and practical experience of the North; and the extreme annoyance which I then felt will never pass from my recollection.

To discover that you have been thoroughly duped and befooled is not a pleasant sensation. The poor cat had practical experience of that when the monkey used its paw as the implement for extracting the chestnuts from the fire; but the personal slight which had been passed upon me gave me less annoyance than the thought that I had, unwittingly indeed, been made an accomplice in a gross and fraudulent deception. It was undoubtedly some little consolation to reflect that in the execution of my task I had been throughout conscientious, that I had perused the documents which were laid before me with care, and in an impartial spirit, and that I had refrained from hazarding rash and speculative opinions upon a subject of so much importance. That in some points I should have erred in judgment was natural and to be expected —that I should have attached more importance than was justly due to the statements and representations of enthusiasts did not infer absolute blame; neither would it have been fair to taunt me with the adage of *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, since I had studied the subject to such an extent as would have justified me in treating of it in an article; and in these days of rapid, and, I fear, careless legislation, men must perforce avail themselves of such material as comes most readily to hand, following the example of the lawyers who, without any deep medical knowledge, contrive to glean from treatises so much information with regard to toxicology as enables them sometimes to puzzle and confound even the most experienced practitioners.

But the gall and wormwood lay in the reflection that I had been made a party to a lie; and that this hoary humbug, whom I now regarded with absolute detestation, evidently believed that he might safely calculate on my acquiescence. I could not help seeing that he looked upon me as one whom he had already bribed, and with whom it was no longer necessary to keep up appearances. A thorough adept in the diabolical policy, he conceived that, having once wrought me to his will, he might dispense with the garb of an angel of light, and exhibit the cloven hoof in all its bare deformity. As the habitual profligate and seducer, after he has secured his victim, throws away the mask of virtuous intentions, so did this Smoothly, very calmly and deliberately, disclose to me his real countenance, which was that of a consummate rascal. I doubt not that he considered his secret perfectly safe, being confident that I would not, from interested motives, venture to expose him. And it was safe with me; though I would not condescend, after such an instance of duplicity, to have any further dealings with the man. As yet the falsehood was his alone. To continue my relations with him would be an act of guilty complicity, a stain upon my honour, a deed of self-degradation. I resolved at once, and without ceremony, to get rid of so disreputable a connection.

I had not long to wait for an opportunity. In the course of the same day a ponderous package was left at my rooms, accompanied by the following note:—

"My Dear Sir, — I have not, at the present moment, leisure to inform you fully of the commendation

which your valuable, or rather invaluable paper elicited *in a certain quarter.* You will, doubtless have observed from the newspapers, that I made some use of the facts which you had arranged with so much skill and perspicuity; and I do not doubt that in a very short time it will be in my power to convey to you a message which shall satisfactorily prove that your promptitude in meeting my wishes has been duly appreciated. The usage of official reticence prevents me from being more explicit; but probably I have said enough to convince you that your interests are safe in my hands. In the mean time, and as a further proof of your aptitude for the public service, I venture to suggest that you should make a *resumé* or abstract of the documents which I now send, bearing upon a subject which ere long will engross the attention of the country. It is desirable that this should be done as speedily as possible.—Believe me to remain always, my dear sir, yours very faithfully and sincerely,

"G. SMOOTHLY."

The documents referred to in this precious epistle were three enormously thick folios, crammed full of figures, purporting to be the report of a Select Committee upon the Trade, Commerce, and Manufactures of the United Kingdom.

"I wish St. Dunstan had you by the nose with his tongs, you wretched old hypocrite!" was my mental apostrophe. "Green as the grass was I to suffer you to bubble me once; but to do so twice is entirely beyond your power! And you may thank your stars, if any star has an interest in so miserable a being, that I am above evoking the revenge which your own stupidity has suggested! What could be easier for me than to sit down and frame a table of results so utterly preposterous and absurd as would leave you, after you had stated it to the House of Commons as the product of your own laborious inquiries, utterly bankrupt in reputation, and make you a public laughing-stock? Would that be malice? Not at all. There is no malice in trapping vermin; and what fun it would be to see the plausible impostor involving himself in a network of hopeless contradiction and inextricable blunder, to the discomfiture of his panic-stricken colleagues, and the delight of a joyous Opposition! Clever as you think yourself to be, Sir George Smoothly, I begin to doubt whether you have made a sufficient compact with the fiend; for at this moment I feel him at my elbow, jogging me towards the inkstand. But, avaunt Sathanus! Leave we things to their course. It is of the nature of imposture, however gigantic and temporarily successful, that it must sooner or later expose itself; and though ministerial impostors die hard, they cannot escape the inevitable doom. That being my conviction, you shall pass scatheless for once; but you never shall have the opportunity of insulting me again!"

So I sent him the following polite note:—

"Mr. Sinclair is gratified to learn that the private information which Sir George Smoothly has received from persons of high position and character in Scotland, as corroborative of the views which Mr. S. ventures to express, after a careful perusal of the documents which were placed in his hands. For the assurances of good-will contained in Sir G. Smoothly's letter, Mr. Sinclair is duly grateful; but as his other avocations will not admit of his devoting any further portion of his time to the preparation of parliamentary abstracts, he is under the necessity of returning the statistical volumes, and begs that Sir G. Smoothly will give himself no further trouble on his account."

Ingenuous young reader, whose faith in the sincerity of trading politicians has not yet been shaken by the rude hand of experience!—you possibly may regard the preceding sketch as an exaggeration. Yet, if you should ever be tempted to linger on the threshold of patronage, and court the smiles of those who have the entry, you may esteem yourself fortunate if you escape as easily as I did from the clutches of a senatorial swindler.

CHAPTER XXVII.—LORD WINDERMERE.

"Sinclair," said Attie Faunce, one morning, as he was lounging in my room, "have you been at Lord Windermere's lately?"

"No, Attie; and, what is more, I have never yet seen his lordship."

"Indeed! it is a comfort to know that there is at least one man ready to testify against the tuft-hunting propensities of the age. Now, as you have profited, in some respects, by my insatiable curiosity, I hope you will not be offended if I ask the reason why?"

"To confess the truth, Attie, that is a question I have put to myself more than once without receiving a satisfactory explanation."

"Then, Sinclair, depend upon it, you and your conscience are at variance. Shall I tell you how the matter stands? You feel that you ought to wait on Lord Windermere, and you don't like to do so; your pride, or obstinacy, or some such other ridiculous scruple, standing in the way. Have I not guessed aright?"

"I must acknowledge that you are very near the mark."

"Nay, I am certain that I have hit the bull's eye. Now, setting bashfulness and that sort of thing aside, do you really think that you are conducting yourself politely towards Lord Windermere by turning your back upon him? Does it not strike you that that is tantamount to an affront?"

"Nonsense, Attie! you forget the difference of our position."

"Do you mean to say that the poor or humble have it not in their power to affront the rich or proud? I should like to hear you maintain that position. Why, old Diogenes, who lived in a tub, affronted Alexander the Great by desiring him to stand out of the sun-shine; and I rather imagine that Lord Chesterfield was considerably affronted by the famous letter of Samuel Johnson. You see I have read enough to be able to cite an instance or two that will apply. But to come to the immediate case; I presume — no offence — that you consider yourself to be a gentleman?"

"I hope so."

"And is not Lord Windermere also a gentleman?"

"Undoubtedly he is."

"Why, then, should you withhold from him that courtesy which is the common bond of gentlemen, and their duty towards each other? Excuse me for speaking so frankly. You are an older and much abler man than I am, Sinclair, but you have not yet rubbed off the old skin of prejudice. Come — what would you say if I were to accuse you of cowardice?"

"No third party being present, which might make a difference, I would ask for an explanation of the charge."

"Well; cowardice, I grant you, is an ugly term, but it has many modifications. Ask yourself, however, this, or let me ask it of you: If Lord Windermere were simply a private gentleman, without wealth or station, would you not, considering what has passed between you, have made his acquaintance long ago?"

"Attie—you young villain! who taught you to be so cunning of fence?"

"A palpable hit! Score me one. 'Our son shall win,' as the Queen says in *Hamlet*. Are you ready for another bout?"

"No; I give in. You have the best of it in argument, and I cannot but acknowledge that you are in the right."

"Then, my dear Sinclair, don't you persist in the wrong. I never pestered you with personal inquiries, which would have been downright impertinence on my part; but Uncle Osborn, with whom, let me tell you, you are an immense favourite, has told me something about you; and I know that you have very wisely given up the idea of soliciting official employment. That being the case, I presume you have no favour to ask from Lord Windermere or any one else. I know there are a few men, and I think you are one of them, who, though they may have a direct claim upon a great man for the exercise of his interest on their behalf, would rather cut their tongues out

than undergo the pain of asking for it. It is an honourable if not a wise feeling, and I say nothing against it. But, having nothing to solicit, why not cultivate the friendship of Lord Windermere? It would be an immense thing for you in a mere social point of view; for, let me tell you, there are hundreds of fellows, moving in good society in London, who would esteem it a very high honour indeed if they received an invitation from his lordship."

"That may be true enough, Attie; but I don't choose to show myself under false colours. I am neither more nor less than a journalist; not by way of amusement or occasional occupation, as is the pretence of some men who live in the Inns of Court and call themselves lawyers, but a downright slave of the pen; and I think I have heard it said that persons in a high position do not affect the society of journalists. It is that consideration chiefly that has hitherto deterred me from obtruding myself on the notice of Lord Windermere."

"Good lack, how punctilious we are!" said Attie Faunce. "I wish the old gentleman were here to argue the matter with you; for, my life on it, he would make you thoroughly ashamed of yourself before you were four minutes older. Look to himself, for instance. Uncle Osborne is not a literary man; his former occupation as a soldier gave him nothing more than a respectable place in society; and though I believe he is tolerably rich, there are thousands of men in the city far wealthier than he is, who are held in no estimation. Yet, let me tell you, he is courted not only by persons of title, but by ministers, diplomatists, and the highest intellectual celebrities of the day. Not a door in the west end that would not joyfully open to him; not a *coterie*, however fastidious and exclusive, to which he could not gain admission. It is his way to keep aloof from society as much as possible, for the old boy, as you may have observed, is somewhat of an Epicurean, and likes to concentrate his comforts at home; but he is an Amphitryon of the first class, and I doubt whether there is any man of political or literary eminence who has not been glad to avail himself of Uncle Osborne's hospitality—ay, and to boast of it afterwards as if it were a thing to be proud of. And why is this? Just because he is a leading newspaper proprietor, thoroughly independent, utterly beyond corruption, uncommonly shrewd and far-sighted, and the wielder of a power that makes itself felt throughout the nation."

"But a proprietor is different from a writer."

"No doubt he is; and you might add, that a publisher is different from an author. But, let me tell you, Sinclair, that you greatly underrate your own position, or rather, to speak more correctly, that you attach more importance to its consideration than it deserves. I have seen a good deal of authors and writers of every kind. As a class they are not popular; but that does not arise from their vocation—it arises from their personal peculiarities. For example, one fellow who seems very pleasant upon paper, is absolutely tongue-tied in society, and has the manners of a boor. Another is forward and flippant, always trying to say something smart or witty, and disgusts by positive impertinence. A third, being in his own opinion a genius, expects that every one shall worship him, and becomes sullen and sulky if he does not engross the whole attention of the company. Some there are who consider it necessary, or at least becoming, to put on airs of eccentricity, and conduct themselves as fantastically as Malvolio in the garden, when he appeared cross-gartered and in yellow stockings. Others, I am sorry to say, comport themselves in all companies as if they were in a pot-house, which, indeed, is the locality most congenial to their disposition. Such men, if they are neglected or scorned, have themselves entirely to blame. It is not their profession, but their personal defects or follies that stand in the way of their recognition. The truth is, that, at the present day, nobody cares to inquire how a man gains his livelihood. Exclusiveness is going out of fashion, and none know that better than the aristocracy, who must needs make themselves popular if they expect to retain their influence. Some of the older gentlemen, whose backs are re-

gularly ossified, may find it difficult to unbend, but the case will be different with their successors."

"You have said enough, Attie; and I don't know that even Mr. Osborne could have treated the subject more luminously or better. I shall certainly wait on my Lord Windermere."

I lost no time in carrying this resolution into effect; and certainly, if anything further was required to make me ashamed of my dilatory behaviour, the kindness with which I was received would have had that effect. Lord Windermere was a handsome man, with an exceedingly courteous manner, which set me at once at my ease. He was far too well bred to show any symptoms of condescension, which I have observed some high aristocrats to display when addressing those of a rank inferior to their own; indeed, he was so evidently one of nature's nobles, that any assumption of the kind would have marred the grace and destroyed the charm of his demeanour.

Although I have the autobiographer's privilege of being egotistical, and must of necessity be so more frequently than I could wish, I have no desire to bore the reader by recounting conversations having exclusive reference to myself and my fortunes. Indeed, I fear that, in that respect, I have trespassed too much upon his patience; therefore I shall merely state that Lord Windermere, in a most cordial but delicate manner, expressed his desire to be of service to me in any way that lay within his power, and that I deemed it my duty frankly to relate my circumstances, position, and prospects, as already amply detailed in the foregoing chapters of my narrative. I ended by assuring his lordship that I had no favour to ask, that I had quite abandoned the idea of entering the public service, and that I really would feel grateful if, after this *eclaircissement*, the subject should be dropped for ever.

"And so," said Lord Windermere, "you propose, Mr. Sinclair, that I should eternally remain your debtor! Do you know, my friend, that you place me thus in a very unenviable position; and yet I cannot but acknowledge that your resolution seems both right and honourable. One remark, however, let me hazard. I think that, in speaking of your past history, you expressed some regret that you had not adopted a profession. Surely it is not too late for you to retrieve that error. You are yet a young man; and if you choose to qualify yourself for the bar, which seems to offer the best prospect of success, I can only say that whatever influence I can bring to bear on your behalf shall be most strenuously exerted. Think of this at any rate; and in the mean time let me hope that we shall often see you here. We are rather quiet people—that is, in comparison with some of my friends, who ought to be especial favourites with the London tradesmen; still we are not altogether secluded from society, and I think I can introduce you to some people whose acquaintance may be really valuable. But first of all, you must promise to dine here to-morrow. Lady Windermere, who has gone out for the present, would never forgive me if I allowed you to depart without that pledge, and you must bring with you the noble animal that helped to rescue my dear boy. Nay, I will take no denial."

I expressed my thanks and acceptance, and was about to depart, when Lord Windermere resumed.

"Unless you have any particular engagement, Mr. Sinclair, perhaps you would remain for a few moments longer. I dare say you thought me somewhat vague in my offers of service—I am now about to renew them after what you have so distinctly said; but the fact is, for I like plain speaking, that had you wished me to use what influence I may have with the present Government in your behalf, I might have felt a difficulty in doing so. Your principles, I believe, are Conservative?"

"They are those, my Lord, which were held by the old Tory party."

"Exactly; I see you don't like the new name; and, for my part, neither do I. Well, I cannot avoid the conclusion that some great political event is impending which will lead to the disunion of the Conservatives. There is no longer that confidence and cordiality between the leader and the main body of his followers, which is indispensable for the maintenance of

a firm Government. The country gentlemen, to whose support the Premier owes his present high position, suspect that he is coquetting with the Free-traders, and only waits for an opportunity to carry their doctrines into effect. The younger men in the House of Commons are beginning to revolt against what they consider to be intolerable dictation. I know something of that; for my eldest son, Ashford, has a seat in the House, and is leagued with a knot of young enthusiasts who are determined, at all hazards, to uphold the rights of labour. They say, and there would appear to be some truth in the averment, that recent legislation is favourable to capital only, that the interests of the working-classes are neglected, and they maintain that it is the duty of the aristocracy to interpose in their behalf. Much of this may be fanciful; still there can be no doubt that such opinions are becoming prevalent, and that must ultimately cause a very serious rupture. The Premier, though undoubtedly a man of the highest talent, is not conciliatory, and is not beloved. Hitherto I have given him my support; but in the event of a party crisis such as I foresee, I may be compelled to side with the dissentients; and therefore I am naturally unwilling to place myself under any obligation to the present Government, or to solicit a favour at their hands. So that your disinclination to enter the public service relieved me, though I must appear selfish in saying so, from some little embarrassment."

"I can assure your Lordship," said I, "that it would have been the last action of my life to have solicited from you any favour contrary to your inclination."

"Of that, Mr. Sinclair, I am well aware, since you have resolutely declined to receive any kind of acknowledgment from me in return for a heavy debt. But we, who have the misfortune to be, in some measure, public men, do not always meet with persons so considerate, or, I should rather say, so entirely disinterested as you are. I sincerely wish that some system could be devised to supersede the present one of parliamentary influence, which is rapidly degenerating into a species of jobbing very discreditable to the State, and detrimental to the interests of the country. Old men like myself, who are indifferent to certain baubles which, as you doubtless know, are considered as the best baits for the peerage, and who do not desire any augmentation of their hereditary honours, have not much in their power. The officials of the Treasury, who are exceedingly acute, know very well that our votes cannot be influenced by ministerial favours conferred; accordingly they direct their attention to men of whom they are not absolutely sure, and, without positive bargain, buy their support in return for covert patronage. That is, and will be, so long as they remain a party, the grand policy of the Whigs. They are ready, and most desirous, when in office, to buy up Free-traders, Radicals, Dissenters, and every kind of nondescript who assumes the wide and elastic name of Liberal; and in every branch of the public service they have effected a marked deterioration. I regret that we should follow their example. But I need not pursue this subject further. I introduced it merely for the purpose of making you aware of the exact position in which I stand in regard to the present Government. And now I need not detain you further."

I dined next day at Lord Windermere's, according to promise, and met with a most cordial reception, not only from Lady Windermere, who could not conceal her emotion when referring to the adventure at the glacier, but also from Lord Ashford, a very fine young man, whose appearances in the House of Commons had already begun to attract attention. He had thrown himself into politics with a warmth and enthusiasm very unusual with young men of his station, who for the most part revolt from the drudgery of the House, and consider that they discharge their duty with sufficient zeal if they attend and vote at important party divisions. Not so Ashford, who had really devoted himself to the study of social questions — not superficially, or in the spirit of slavish adherence to the expressed opinions of others, but with an earnest desire to arrive at the truth, and to take a

part in remedying those evils and reconciling those anomalies which, like weeds in a fertile soil, are always springing up, with a rank luxuriance, in an old community like our own. Naturally romantic, and with a high dash of chivalry in his character, it was natural that he should sometimes rashly adopt a theory, and even push it to an extreme. In the eyes of the young and ardent, the suggestions of worldly wisdom and experience often appear to be the result of sophistry, callousness, or timidity. The bare discovery that there is a wrong which ought to be redressed, makes them restless until a remedy can be found; and in searching for that remedy they do not always consider that legislation has but a finite and limited power, and that the elevation of a people depends fully more on their own individual exertions, than on what can be devised for their good by the cumulative sagacity of statesmen. Such errors, however, are venial; or rather, springing as they do from a noble and generous impulse, they should be regarded as the unmature fruit of a goodly tree, hereafter to be the pride of the orchard.

At the time of which I write, there was unquestionably a strange ferment and agitation in the minds of those of the younger generation who bestowed any sort of attention upon public affairs. The leaders of the two great recognised parties in the State had alike shown themselves to be less guided in their policy by principle than by considerations of expediency; and although expediency is a thing not to be overlooked or treated with disdain, because it enters largely into the art and science of government, still, when opposed to principle, it has a vicious and repulsive aspect. But there are two kinds of expediency. A Government may find itself compelled to pass a measure which is not in its judgment a good one, because the mass of the population are resolved to have it so, and resistance to the popular will might lead to outrage and revolution. No doubt in such cases it may be wise and expedient to yield, for expediency then is resorted to for the safety of the fabric of the constitution. But no such motive as that actuated the leaders of parties. They were political rivals; and in order to retain power, or to wrest it from the other, they bid for popularity almost as openly as competitors in an auction-room. Converts they might possibly be to the new commercial doctrines, which at that time were freely discussed and excited much interest, especially among the trading community; but the curious thing was that they became converts not at once, but piecemeal; and that the measure of the conversion of each depended upon the progress of his opponent. As in Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, Martin and Jack, being displeased with the embroidery, tags, and frippery with which their brother Peter had persuaded them to decorate their coats, alternately stripped off the obnoxious ornaments by the handful, so did the two political leaders, in the pure spirit of emulation, despoil *their* coats which they had previously exhibited as being of the true constitutional pattern, pausing after every pluck to observe what next the emulous rival would surrender. Swift represents Jack as becoming at last so furious that he tore off the lace by main force, to the sore rending of the original garment. Between ancient Jacks and modern Jacks, between Jacks typical and Jacks real, there is probably little to choose; for it would seem to be the destiny of all the Jacks that they should be rash, pragmatical, and destructive. But in this instance, Martin, or Martin's representative, seemed inclined to go quite as far as Jack, to the disgust of many of his followers, who had no notion of being made consenting parties to such a degrading competition.

This abandonment of principle on the part of eminent statesmen, while it had upon some minds an exceedingly deleterious effect, by inculcating the notion that party predominance may be regarded as of more importance than the public weal, inspired others, among whom was Lord Ashford, with deep distrust, and led them to form the resolution of thenceforward pursuing an independent course of action; a resolution which, moreover, they did not scruple to avow. This, in the eyes of the

Smoothlys, was an act of flagrant rebellion, admitting of no palliation or excuse, and beyond the reach of forgiveness. Your thorough-paced underling abhors nothing so much as the assertion of independence, especially when made by a young member of Parliament. It is an offensive reflection on their own servility, an outrage against the conventional decencies of red-tapism and departmental discipline. The shock of an earthquake could not alarm them more than the announcement that a young fellow, on whose vote they had reckoned with perfect confidence, has dared to express an opinion of his own.

"By heaven, sir!" they exclaim, "things have come to to a pretty pass when such a whippersnapper as that presumes to differ from his elders! If this sort of insubordination is to be allowed, our party will be broken up, the other side will come into office, and then where are we? 'Pon my soul, it's insufferable? Why, he must be mad—stark staring mad! I happen to know that only the other day he was spoken of as a man likely to be put forward at the first vacancy—there will be one very soon; for poor Ganderby got himself into an awful mess by those blunders about the timber duties, and he is to be shelved with a colonial appointment. This young idiot would have had a capital chance, for he speaks rather well, and we want to hook his father, who of late has been somewhat shy. But this escapade, of course, renders that out of the question. What an unfortunate fool he must be! But he shall not get off without a dressing. If he ventures to open his mouth in the House, we'll set Curson at him—no better hand than Curson for throttling a contumacious puppy! And stay—did not the jackanapes publish a volumes of poems lately? By Jove, he did! I'll take care that M'Fang gives him a regular trouncing in the *Review*."

So Messieurs Curson and M'Fang, the Trois Eschelles and Petit André of the Treasury, to whom the congenial duty of branding malefactors is intrusted, are let loose upon the delinquent; after which it is superfluous to say that there is very little chance indeed of the return of the Prodigal Son.

No matter what may be the amount of his ability, the extent of his rhetorical genius, or the measure of his dexterity in effecting combinations, no Minister can hope to become a permanent leader, unless he also possesses the rare and valuable art of securing the confidence of his party. Without that, his power, however great it may appear to be, rests upon a slippery foundation. Like those continental despots who but yesterday exercised supreme authority, and to-day are fugitives and despised, he will ultimately find himself without any following beyond the few who are inseparably identified with his policy. With it, he may be defeated over and over again, be forced from office and power, be subjected to the bitterest attacks that hostility or malice can devise—and yet, by virtue of that loyalty and devotion which set falsehood at defiance, and which adversity cannot extinguish, he may achieve a triumph greater and more complete than if he never had sustained a check in the course of his political career. And the way to estimate the amount of party confidence which each statesman really possesses, is, not to ask the opinion of old and jaded officials, but to gage the sentiments of the young, the enthusiastic, and the brave. The man with whom they declare themselves ready to stand or fall, of whose honour and integrity no doubt ever crossed their minds, who not only commands their admiration but engages their love—that man is indeed a leader and a prince, and beyond that unpurchased confidence fortune has no higher gift, no mightier treasure, to bestow.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—RAILWAY MORALS.

My duty as observer and chronicler of the progress of the railway movement led me often to Westminster, where the committee-rooms exhibited a most extraordinary spectacle. It has been doubted by many

persons, whose practical experience was such as to give great weight to their opinion, whether committees of either House of Parliament were the best tribunals which could have been devised for adjudicating upon what were, in reality, gigantic public works, albeit promoted by private enterprise and capital. I confess, after mature deliberation on what I have seen, that I more than participate in such doubts, and that I have arrived at the conclusion that Parliament, in order to retain the confidence and command the respect of the nation, must sooner or later delegate no inconsiderable portion of its powers to be exercised by a judicial body, as remote from influence and as little liable to suspicion as are the judges of the land. We have arrived now—indeed, we arrived long since—at this discreditable position, that only a fractional part of the public business, which Ministers have declared to be urgent, can be carried through in the course of a protracted session. Some measures, specially recommended in the Speech from the Throne to the consideration of Parliament, are abandoned from sheer lack of time to pass them through the formal stages; whilst others, equally important, and affecting large interests, are hurried forward with precipitate and indecent haste, which precludes the possibility of objection, or of a fair and impartial discussion. In fact, more work is thrust before Parliament than it can, under any circumstances, overtake. Even if the whole body of members was composed of men of first-rate business talent, resolute for despatch, never wandering from the point immediately before them, and eschewing talking for mere talking's sake, they could not accomplish the feat of satisfactorily disposing of the whole enormous programme. But we know very well that, for one man possessed of such qualifications, there are at least three quidnuncs who are absolute obstacles to business; being either inveterate chatterers, whose sole object it is to have their speeches reported in the papers, or stolid monomaniacs, who advocate some monstrous impracticability, or cankered objectors-general, who consider it their duty to challenge every proposition. Night after night is the time of the great council of the nation abused and frittered away by those merciless and intolerable pests; and the consideration of public business is continually postponed to an hour, long before the arrival of which honest men, who are not connected with Parliament, have sought the silence of their pillows.

In the days of the railway mania, so numerous were the applications to Parliament, that the majority of the House of Commons were drafted out into committees to hear, yawn, and determine. Unless the prevalent idea that judicial talent is comparatively rare be altogether erroneous, it would seem difficult to defend an arrangement which left interests representing millions of capital and realised property to the tender mercies of gentlemen who were for the most part utterly ignorant of the rules of evidence, unused to be addressed by lawyers, apt to be confounded and puzzled by details, sometimes actuated by prejudice, and always liable to be swayed by external influences. No man, who had a personal cause of his own impending, would have selected such a tribunal; but it was deemed quite good enough for companies who were claiming a monopoly, and for proprietors who were defending their possessions. And as if to make the thing more glaringly absurd, the ordinary judicial safeguards were dispensed with. No oath was administered to witnesses, who, being thus relieved from the moral guilt and final consequences of perjury, did certainly oftentimes hazard the most astounding assertions. I shall not go the length of saying that false evidence was given as to what was strictly matter of fact; but as to matters of opinion, there was amazing discrepancy. Engineer testified against engineer as to the merits and practicability of competing lines; valuators reported thousands or hundreds, according as they were engaged for the landlords or for the companies; fertile regions became sterile, or sterile regions fertile, as occasion suited or interest required. Vast mineral beds yet unopened, and the extent of which it was utterly impossible to compute, would be made

available to the country if one line was granted; whereas another, leading through a district already glowing with furnaces, could be of very little use, because, in the opinion of men of skill, the seams were well-nigh exhausted.

I had the pleasure one day of hearing my friend Davie Osett examined as a witness; and certainly a richer scene it was hardly possible to conceive. Davie had gone through his examination as a surveyor of the Goatshead and Ditchington Junction in a highly creditable manner, for he was thoroughly master of his craft, and had only to speak to the gradients; but he had been impressed as a witness by some company that had started a line on the Border, and was required to speak, from local knowledge, of the advantages which the scheme held forth. In answer to the friendly questions put by the counsel for the promoters, Davie testified valiantly; but I could perceive that the opposing barrister, whose powers of badgering a witness were reputed to be extraordinary, intended, if possible, to break him down. It must be premised that, before these railway committee tribunals, learned gentlemen did not think it necessary to be very courteous in their demeanour or fastidious in the style of their examinations, but assumed a licence which certainly would have been checked in a regular court of justice. This particular barrister was a beetle-browed, flat-nosed man, with something of the look of a bulldog; evidently a dangerous customer, and one from whom mischief was to be expected.

This gentleman, after taking a long and deliberate survey of Davie through his glasses, rose up; and giving to his forensic gown a peculiar jerk which was meant as an intimation to the committee that he intended thoroughly to demolish the witness, began his cross-examination.

"I think you have told us, Mr. Osett, that you are a surveyor?'

"That is precisely what I said," replied Davie.

"Then, may I ask if you have been professionally consulted, or in any way engaged in connection with this line, the advantages of which you have detailed with such wonderful precision?"

"Not I," said Davie, "I have not been in Scotland since the line was projected."

"That was not what I asked you, sir!" said the counsel, whose name was Churnley. "No prevarication, if you please! Answer me—yes or no—have you seen any plan or section of the line?"

"I have seen no sections, but I have seen a plan."

"Aha! I thought we should get at the truth at last. And what sort of plan was it?"

"That's easily answered," said Davie, "for that's it hanging on the wall."

"And you mean to say you have seen no other?"

"Ye have said it, sir," replied Davie, lapsing into the vernacular.

"Then, sir, will you inform the committee how it is that you are able to speak with such confidence as to the resources of the district?"

"Just because I was born there, have lived there a' my days, and ken the country as weel as ye ken the streets of London."

"You described yourself as the son of a Mr. Osett of the Birkenshaws, if I recollect aright?"

Davie assented.

"Now, sir, I ask you, is your father proprietor of that place?"

"Dear me! No, sir; he's only the tenant, as his father was before him."

"Then how came you, sir, to be so audacious as to attempt to impose upon this honourable committee by giving your father, whom you now admit to be a mere tenant, a territorial designation?"

"It's easy to see you never crossed the Border," replied Davie. "Ilka tenant amang us gets the name of his steading."

"Do you absolutely, sir, mean to persist in such a statement, in order to cover your imposture?"

"Troth, if I'm an impostor, there's another I am speaking wi'," said Davie.

"Is that insolence, sir?" blustered the lawyer. "I call upon the chairman of the committee for protection."

"O man, can ye no protect yoursel? Wha's going to meddle wi'

ye? But I'll tell you what I mean, and make gude my words. Are na ye Mr. Churnley of Lincoln's Inn?"

"Well, sir, what of that?"

"Just this—that Lincoln's Inn nae mair belongs to you—that is, in the way of absolute property—than the Birkenshaws does to my father. Sae ye see, Mr. Churnley, you should think twice afore ye begin to misca' folk."

This sally provoked a roar of laughter from the audience, with whom Mr. Churnley was no favourite, albeit he was patronised by some solicitors on account of his pre-eminence in brow-beating.

"I think," said the chairman of the committee, a mild looking gentleman, who was evidently amused by the encounter — "I think that the learned counsel need not press that point any farther. Indeed, I happen to know that what the witness has said regarding the prevalent custom on the Scottish border is correct."

"Very well, sir!" said Mr. Churnley, with a suppressed snort. "If the members of committee are satisfied—which I am not—that this young man intended to make no misrepresentation, I shall proceed to more important matters. Now, sir, attend to me if you please. You have said that this line of railway passes for the greater portion of its length through a pastoral country. Now, I ask you what may be your estimate of the number of sheep annually reared in the district?"

"I could not answer that question with anything like precision."

"I don't expect you to inform me as to the exact number," said Churnley; "I only ask for an approximation. Speaking so confidently as you have done of the large traffic to be derived from that source, you must of course have formed an estimate."

"Indeed, Sir, I have formed naething of the kind," said Davie. "I am a surveyor by trade, and not a traffic-taker."

"Then, sir, will you state for the satisfaction of the committee, the grounds upon which you rest so very confident an opinion?"

"I'll do that, sir," replied Davie, with the best good-will in the world. "Ye see, sirs," said he, addressing himself to the committee, "that if it were a question whether London would afford sufficient traffic to maintain a line, it would be a clean waste of time to inquire how many souls dwelt within the city. Ae glance at the streets wad satisfy ony reasonable man, without condescending on particulars. Now, if you were in that district about which I was speaking, in the spring-time, you could hardly hear yourselves speak for the crying of the ewes and the bleating of the lambs, that are as thick on the hill-sides amaist as are the gowans. Nae man can count them. Ye might as weel try to count the bees that are humming by, or the butterflies that are flaunting past, or the trouts in the water, or the crows that are clavering in the wood. And what ye see for twenty lang miles on either side of the road is but a sma' portion of the stock that is bred up in the glens and high farms. This gentleman is very good at speering, but I'se wager he canna tell me how mony cab-horses there are in London, ony mair than he can specify how mony hairs there are in his wig!"

"Then, sir, you admit you have been speaking at random?" said Mr. Churnley.

"I admit naething of the kind. I never made even a rough guess at the numbers, which indeed would be a kittle job; for what wi' hogge and gimmers——"

"Aha, my friend! have I caught you trippiog? Confine yourself to the question of sheep, and not of other animals."

"Weel — that's just what I'm doing."

"Not at all, sir! Take care what you are about. You were beginning to estimate the number of pigs in the district."

"Troth, sir, ye maun be dull o' hearing. Fient a word have I said about pigs this day."

"Will you have the audacity to deny, sir, that you particularly mentioned hogs?"

"Lord save us!" cried Davie, "here's a man that disna ken a hogg frae a sow!"

This caused another shout of laughter, which was not allayed by a malicious suggestion made by the counsel for the promoters of the bill,

who expressed his regret that before handling so technical a subject, his learned brother had not taken the pains to consult the well-known tractate of the Ettrick Shepherd, *Hogg upon Sheep*. It cost the chairman of the committee, who evidently was conversant with agricultural affairs, no little pains to persuade the discomfited and fuming Churnley that, in Scotland, a sheep of a year old was technically termed a hogg. That legal luminary seemed inclined to maintain an argument upon the interpretation given in Johnson's Dictionary, and rather imprudently indulged in some derogatory remarks on the barbarous customs and jargon of the north, whereupon the junior counsel on the opposite side, a fiery young advocate from the Scottish bar, started to his feet, and made a stinging rejoinder, noways complimentary to the called of Lincoln's Inn.

This fracas being over, Mr. Churnley, who now appeared to suspect that he had caught a Tartar in the person of the redoubted Davie, continued his examination more cautiously and less offensively than before. He now shifted to another topic.

"On referring to my notes, Mr. Osett," he said, "I find you state that you expect a considerable traffic in wood and timber. That, I think, was the purport of your evidence in chief."

"That is what I said, undoubtedly."

"Sheep you consider to be one of the staples of the district?"

"That I stand by."

"And wood also is a commodity which in your opinion, will be conveyed along the line?"

"That also is my opinion."

"Then, Mr. Osett, will you inform the committee whether, in that district, there is any tract of planted land which can with propriety be called a forest?"

"As to propriety I cannot weel say; but the whole district is known, and has been known for hundreds of years, by the name of The Forest."

"Then am I to understand you to say that there is much valuable timber growing in the neighbourhood?"

"That ye never heard me say. There might be natural wood enough, if the sheep didna eat it down; but beyond auld thorn-trees, and a wheen elms, and birks, and rowans that are gey and plenty in the cleughs, and some young larch plantations, I can hardly say that you will find muckle standing timber."

"Enough to make sleepers for the railway—eh Mr. Osett?"

"Indeed no, sir. There is barely enough to shelter the gowks and cushie-doos."

"And I presume there is not much extent of the other kinds of wood you have specified. An American, no doubt, would consider that the country was very well cleared?"

"I'm thinking that would be his views," replied Davie.

"Then, sir, answer me distinctly—how do you reconcile these admissions with the statement that you expect a traffic in timber?" And Mr. Churnley rested his hands on his hips, and glared on his victim.

"How do I reconcile it?" said Davie. "Why, of course, on the principles of political economy."

"Oho! I have brought you to that, have I? Well Mr. Scot, expound your theory. I am curious to learn how you will contrive to conjure a trade out of nothing."

"It's not to be supposed," said Davie, "that a gentleman like you can be ignorant of the leading doctrine, propounded by Adam Smith, and supported by other able writers, of demand and supply."

"Come, come, Mr. Osett! you are following the disreputable practice of your countrymen, who, whenever they find it inconvenient to answer a plain question, skulk into a thicket of metaphysics. You admit that there is no timber, or next to none, in the district—how then can you expect a traffic in that commodity?"

"Just because, as we grow no timber ourselves, we must get it from elsewhere. Can ye no see that a railway must thrive by the wants as weel as the produce of a district? Is there ony cotton grown in Manchester? and yet what keeps that wealthy city afloat, and gives good dividends to the railway company, but the transmission of American bales? In the Forest, though it may be a contradiction of terms, we want

timber, and must have it for many purposes, building and agricultural, and this railway will bring it to our doors far cheaper than by ony other conveyance. If you want to examine me further, Mr. Churnley, since that's your name, ye may go on as long as ye like, but I warn you it's no in your power, clever as ye may be, to catch me in ony contradiction."

The ringing of the bell, as an intimation that the Speaker had gone to prayers, broke up the sitting of the committee; and on the following day Mr. Churnley declined to proceed further with the examination of the acute surveyor.

Such fencing-matches as that which I have just described were very common; but beyond relieving the monotony of details as to gradients and sections, and affording some amusement to the audience, they were of little use. The fact is, that members of committees, being for the most part strangers to the districts through which it was proposed to carry the lines, were very much influenced by the opinions, of course cautiously expressed, of other members of Parliament who were intimately connected with the localities. As it frequently was the case that the latter had a direct pecuniary interest in the success of these enterprises, they were not scrupulous as to the means they employed for advancing them; and a good deal of delicate negotiation and private earwigging was practised, which hardly would have stood the test of a rigid investigation before a court of honour.

In the course of those visits to Westminster I occasionally fell in with Mr. Ewins, who had scraped acquaintance with some radical M.P.'s, whose exquisite good taste led them to prefer American institutions to our own. My Yankee friend, however, gave me to understand that he had no very great admiration for those gentlemen.

"They ain't no good," he said "They ain't sound on the goose. They're a low set, and as greedy as snapping-turtles in a bayou. It's a mean thing for a man to run down his own country, as I heerd those critters do; and that out of sheer envy, because folk's won't allow that they are as big bugs as the aristocracy. And ain't they darned hypocrites! I could laugh fit to burst to see them turning up the whites of their eyes at basket meetings, and hollering about the Nigger question, when every one of them has made his pile by caving up white gals in their factories like birds in a pigeon-roost, and if they don't work double tides, treating them to a touch of the billy-roller. We manage such matters very differently in the States, I can tell you. You should see the young ladies at Lowell works, each of them as straight as a loon's leg, and as smiling as a basket of chips, sweet as sugar apples, and winking at you like a star in the firmament. I swamp it, if they don't cap all! But them Manchester chaps have no bowels for their own flesh and blood. They go for nothing but dimes; and if you hint to them that their poor helps are worse off than the niggers, who never want hog and hominy, don't they go thrashing round like short-tailed bulls in fly-time?"

But Mr. Ewins had other acquaintances; for I more than once observed him in company with Speedwell the Jew, engaged as it appeared to me, in very earnest colloquy. Now, as my opinion of the flashy Hebrew was very low indeed, and as I meant, if possible, to keep an eye on his motions, believing that he was intimately bound up with the fate of the unfortunate Littlewoo, of whom I had seen nothing for a long time, I resolved to ascertain whether my Yankee friend could throw any light upon his avocations and pursuits. I knew, of course, that Ewins was not usually communicative; still he had a sort of liking for me, probably because I was amused with his talk, and was a patient listener, and I did not despair of extracting from him some kind of information.

Accordingly, one evening I had the descendant of the Maormors at my rooms, supplied him copiously with fluids and cigars, allowed him the monopoly of the sofa, and led the conversation to the all-engrossing topic of railway shares.

"It's a pity, Squire Sinclair," said Ewins, knocking the ash from his third cigar—"it's a pity you won't take a hand in the grand game that is going on. I swear it's like hitting

fortune a slap on the face; and fortune does not come every day knocking at the door, I can tell you. I happen to know a thing or two that would suit you—sure cards as any in the pack — and if you only say the word and go in for it, I'll insure you an almighty heap of dollars."

"The fact is, Mr. Ewins, that I am not of a speculative turn, and therefore am not fitted to enter into such transactions. I fear that success at the beginning would turn my head, and prompt me to increase my stake rashly, without calculating the chances. Liquor tells more powerfully upon a man who is unaccustomed to it than on a habitual toper; and I suspect the same remark applies to all kinds of speculation."

"But, Squire, what if you had a sure card offered you?" said Ewins— "a card you could play down with pefect certainty of winning? I guess that's a pretty considerable advantage."

"Are there such cards?" said I. "I was under the impression that certainty, at least, was excluded from any such dealings."

"That's all you know!" replied Ewins. "Now, Squire Sinclair, sir, I feel a push to tell you something that I wouldn't tell to any one else in this darned city. I've a kinder respect for you, sir, because you've kept your head above water when other men would have gone down among the snags, and I call that good swimming, and no mistake. Besides, there ain't a man here that I can talk to freely except yourself. I've got to deal, I notion, with a sort of sinners as hard as hiccory-nuts. It's skin hunter or skin bear with them; and I don't feel quite as sure of my feet as if they were planted on the Broadway. I'll tell you what, Squire — we're up to a dodge or two in the States, and ain't mighty particular; but I've tumbled in with men here that make me feel vartuous in comparison."

As I did not feel myself called on to insinuate that Mr. Ewins might, through an excess of modesty, be doing injustice to himself, I kept silence, and the American proceeded.

"Yes, Squire; it's been my way hitherto to go on my own hook, and to hitch horses with nobody. But, somehow or other, in a strange place one gets out of his reckoning; so I've been among the curb-stone brokers, and it's my belief that if the devil himself were in the market, they'd somehow manage to circumvent him. You see, Squire, I wanted to do a bit of cornering, and that's a kind of transaction that a man can't take on hand himself — it requires a squad to do it. So, the other day, I went down to the city to cast about for a likely chap with the grit in him, to put on the rubber. I dad! didn't I fall in with a thoroughbred honey-fogler, a real plug-ugly as ever gave a turn to the screws! I ain't scrumptious, Squire; but, darn me if I wasn't well-nigh skeared to go into the water with such a right ravenous alligator!"

"But surely, Mr. Ewins, if you conceived so bad an opinion of the man, you did not prosecute his acquaintance?"

"It's a rum world!" replied the Ewins, sententiously. "It's like the grog-tub the traders use for making Injun-liquor! There may be in it about a bucketful of right good Monongahela whisky, such as a Christian might take for a leg-stretcher, but there's four times that quantity of rain-water, stiffened up with dog-leg tobacco, red pepper, and hot root; and when the stuff's mixed you can't separate it nohow. I guess it's no use being particular when you want to make a deal. And it's my notion that some of them sanctified chaps that wear white chokers, and have prayer meetings before going to business, are just as likely to land you in a hole as any regular Sucker or Roper that ever played the Patent Safe Game of Operation. But, for all that, I allow that this Jewish chap is as black a scallawag as ever whipped the devil round a stump!"

"So then," said I, "your friend is of the Hebrew persuasion?"

"I guess you're right. Speedwell's his name; and an owdacious customer he is."

"And you have had dealings with this very unscrupulous person?"

"Wall—I own to one or two, and they didn't turn out bad, neither; though I had to keep my eye on

the shunk, otherwise he'd have overjewed me. But I ain't a baby in business, 'specially when I'm in team with a vicious sinner like that."

"Well; but, Mr. Ewins, you were about to tell me something relative to a proposed speculation—at least so I understood. Was that in any way connected with this man Speedwell?"

"Hark ye, Squire!" said Ewins, lowering his voice. "There's a lot o' things et don't do to be hollering about; and this is one of them. I tell it you as a dead secret, and I ain't jest sartain I would have mentioned it at all if I had any way made up my mind to go through with it. I am not particular, I allow. I began life as a poor man; and I had to bushwhack my way through a pretty stiff cane-brake before I came to a clearing. The worst of that kind of bringing up is, that a man loses the knack of looking straight before him. He gets a kinder squint in his mind, and don't very well see the difference between what's right and what's wrong, or how far he may stretch out handsomely without walking into a regular quagmire. I don't want to do anything that's downright wicked; and if you think this dodge is one that no honest man should tie to, I'll drop the ticket and be done with it."

I assured Mr. Ewins of my entire readiness to give a candid opinion after being made acquainted with the nature and merits of the scheme.

"I daresay you've heerd," said Mr. Ewins, "that the British Government is going to do something by way of stopping this run of speculation. I guess it would be as sensible to try to put a dam across the Mississippi. Wall; there's to be a select board, and all new railway projects are to be referred to it; and according as the board reports, the lines will be allowed to go on, or be sent to eternal smash."

"I have heard a rumour to that effect; and have reason to believe that something of the kind will be attempted."

"Now, Squire, don't you see that the members of that board will have a pesky hold of the share-market? They have only to make up their minds as to which line shall go ahead, and then step down to their brokers. My! what would I not give for such a chance! I guess I'd make prices dance like the barometer mercury in a tornado!"

"You seem to forget, Mr. Ewins, that such a duty will be imposed only on men of the highest character and probity, who would scorn to betray their trust, or do anything that might be deemed dishonourable."

"Wall: I allow that may be true," replied Ewins. "The chaps of the upper crust here do stand stiff on their honour, that's a fact. But it's an almighty temptation! We could nohow venture on such an experiment in the States."

"I can assure you, Mr. Ewins," said I, "that you are utterly mistaken if you suppose that there is the slightest chance of procuring a hint as to the resolutions of the board, before these are announced to the public. That, I think, is the mark at which you aim."

Ewins gave vent to a low, dry, chuckling, and somewhat sinister laugh.

"Don't wake up your dander, Squire, if I hint that you ain't quite as 'cute as a beaver. Look ye here now. When a London cracksman wants to know the whereabouts of the plate-chest in a gentleman's house, and what kind of shutters there are to the windows, he doesn't ring the bell and ask the master for information. He slips quietly down the airey-stair, makes love to the housemaid, and soft-sawders the critter so that she can deny him nothing. In that way he worms out of her all that he wants, as you'd pick a grub out of a sugar-tree. Now, in all public offices there are a lot of chaps loafing about, pretending to be mending pens, and bringing in letters, and looking for books, and what not; but all the while they keep their ears cocked like a rifle, and it's curious if they don't get an inkling of what the bigwigs are after. There are more uses for a key-hole than one, I can tell you; and a clever fellow has found out a secret before now, by taking a good squint at the blotting-paper."

"I perceive your meaning now, Mr. Ewins. You think that the subordinates may be bribed."

"I won't say that that same is beyond the horizon of possibility," replied Mr. Ewins. "Few things there are that one can't buy for hard cash, specially from lads who find it difficult enough to keep decent clothes on their backs, and fill their bellies. Money is an awful temptation to a young man in a place like this, where there is no end of theatres, and gardens, and cider-cellars, and casinos filled with bouncing young sluts, all sweet sap, and as pert as rice-buntings in May. Many a chap can no more steer clear of them, than a moth can keep away from a candle."

"And I tell you, most confidently, from what I know of men in such situations, that if you were to offer them money to divulge a secret, they would dash it in your face with scorn."

"I ain't going to try the experiment, Squire, so you needn't fly off the handle. Mind you, I am only putting a case in which I have no consarn; and it's time enough for you to look rumbustious when I ask you to put a finger in the pie."

I deemed it the correct thing to make apology for my warmth.

"Oh, darn apologies!" said the Yankee. "They're as useless as rice-paper bank-notes. I respect you, Squire Sinclair, I do, because you stick up for your countrymen; and I believe you are partly right, though it's a grand tree on which there is no rotten fruit. But it's not a question of bribing. It would seem that this gallows-bird Speedwell has got the heads of one or two young fellows connected with the public offices under his arm. They've been borrowing money from him, and he holds their bills; and from what I could gather—for he's clean too wide-awake to speak out—he can do with them exactly what he pleases. One of these chaps is in the Board of Trade, where this investigation is likely to take place; and as he is a weak goney, Speedwell thinks he can make him scout after everything that is going on."

I saw at once how the land lay. Poor wretched Littlewoo was now fairly in the fangs of this detestable Jewish miscreant. Already beggared in purse, he was to be stripped of the last rag of character, compelled to become a criminal, and perhaps doomed to undergo a felon's shame and punishment. And this was to be the fate of the innocent lad I had known in Edinburgh—the darling of his fond old mother! God forgive those, thought I, who sent out so silly a sheep into the wilderness, where the wolf was certain to devour him!

"And what think you, Squire, of this neat little project of Speedwell's?" said Mr. Ewins. "It ain't ill devised, I reckon, though it looks rayther ugly. When I hinted to him that the commissioners might take the liberty of locking their desks, he sniggered, and said something about double keys, which don't mend the matter nohow, in my apprehension."

"My opinion, Mr. Ewins, can be very shortly expressed. A more nefarious proposal was never made by one man to another; and I am only surprised that you did not knock the scoundrel down!"

"Why, Squire; you see it was not altogether a proposal, but jest a kind of feeler like. Speedwell ain't the man to commit himself outright, though he did show a foot as cloven as a moose's. As to knockin' down, that's not my way. It's trying to the temper, and bad for the knuckles; and I somehow think that it's better to hear a chap out and say nothing, than to flare up as savage as a meat axe. I've contrived, don't you see, to make him show me his hand, which I calculate he wouldn't have done had I begun to holler like a bull-bat."

"Well, Mr. Ewins; it is a happy thing to be able to control your temper. I presume, after this, you will give Mr. Speedwell a wide berth?"

"Quite the other way," said the Yankee; "I'll stick to him close, and ride him savagely whenever I can. He does understand the market right well, that's a fact; and now that he has given me a kind of hank over him, I'm not soft enough to let him go. I guess he'd be but too glad if I allowed him to slope. I've a kinder notion he was like to bite his tongue off when he thought over our talk; but I led him on the ice so cleverly, that he did not know where he was till he heerd it crack

under him. I've got my lasso over that mustang, and it's a pity if I don't make him snort before I slip the leather!"

So saying, the virtuous speculator finished his tumbler, and took his leave.

I own that I was less astonished at the villany which the American's narrative disclosed, than concerned for the fate of that unhappy Littlewoo. It was quite evident that he had not found courage to write to Mr. Shearaway with a full confession of his folly, as I suggested, and as he had promised to do. He was still in the hands of the Jew, probably more deeply implicated than before; and, knowing as I did the extreme weakness of his character, I saw how easily he might be led, under the threat of ruin and exposure, to become an active accomplice of the villain by whom he was entangled. The danger appeared to me so imminent that I determined at once to sit down, and explain to Mr. Shearaway what I knew of Littlewoo's embarrassments, making no allusion, of course, to anything beyond the pecuniary difficulty.

I was the more moved to this step, because my conscience smote me for having so long neglected the friends of my youth. I cannot reproach myself with any real lack of warmth of feelings, and can truly say that the lapse of years makes no change in my affection towards those from whom I have long been separated; but I never was, and I fear I never shall be, a regular or diligent correspondent. I suspect that is the way with most men who write much professionally. Correspondence often bores them, or interferes with more serious labour; and being in the habit of addressing themselves to the public, they reserve little for private confidants. At times, however, I have felt an irrepressible yearning to take up the pen, and tell some early friend, perhaps in New Zealand or India, of my progress in life, my hopes, joys, cares, and sorrows, with all the unrestricted freedom of former intercourse. That is, in some measure, a renewal of the old pledge of friendship and of love; a token that the silver cord is yet unloosed, and the golden bowl unbroken.

It was with such a feeling as that, that I began to write to Mr. Shearaway; for after having said all that was needful regarding the main subject of my letter, I gave my old friend and master a full account—I suspect, at unmerciful length—of what I had seen and done, and of my present prospects. I certainly had no expectation of receiving a reply in a corresponding strain; for a Writer to the Signet in large practice has daily to indite so many epistles for the modest remuneration of three-and-fourpence and six-and-eightpence each, that he may well stand excused if he declines to imitate the example of Horace Walpole, and waives the chance of posthumous fame accruing from the smartness of his letters. However, I was wrong. Mr. Shearaway, who, as I have stated throughout, was a first-rate fellow—as kind a soul indeed as ever graced an honourable profession—seemed for once to have pitched aside his papers, and covered more than four sides of cream-laid quarto with the well-known characters which, many a time, I had transcribed into the letter-book. It is strange how old associations continue to effect us. The time had been when a letter addressed by Mr. Shearaway to myself would have been opened with some awe and solicitude; and when I found upon my table a letter with the well-remembered superscription, something of the same feeling came over me, notwithstanding the change in our relationship. But as Mr. Shearaway's communication had an important effect upon my fortunes, I must take the liberty of postponing it for the initiative of another chapter.

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SEEING IS BELIEVING.

THERE is no popular adage less understood than this. With an ill-suppressed irritation at any expression of scepticism respecting things said to have been seen, a narrator asks whether or not he may believe the evidence of his own senses? That argument seems to him final; and it often happens that his opponent, evading, instead of meeting it, retorts: "No, the evidence of the senses is not to be trusted, when they report any thing so absurd as that. I would not believe such a thing if I were to see it—the absurdity is too glaring."

Both are wrong. Seeing *is* believing; and he that distrusts the evidence of his own sight, will find a difficulty in bringing forward evidence more convincing. The fallacy lies in confounding vision with inference,—in supposing that facts are seen which are only inferred. There can be no mistake in trusting to the evidence of sense, as far as that goes. The mistake is in supposing it to go much further than it does. It is one thing to believe *what* you have seen, and another to believe that you have seen *all* there was to be seen.

The fallacy is widely spread and very injurious; so injurious and so unsuspected by the mass of mankind, that we are tempted to consider its operation in the formation of opinions, and especially in the acceptance of that ignoble and debasing superstition which, under the names of "Spiritualism," "Spirit-Rapping," and "Table-Turning," disgraces Europe of the present day.

In vain have charlatans been exposed, and dupes ridiculed; in vain have science and common sense argued against a credulity pardonable only in a savage—deplorable in a cultivated intellect. So strong is the fascination, and so delusive the fallacy, that scheming Americans and cunning girls are able to find fresh converts every day. Argument and ridicule never reach these converts. They are prepared for both. They know their statements are strange—stranger than fiction; but they also know their own sincerity, and remember that they too were once incredulous. The fallibility of the human intellect is so notorious, that they may be excused if they decline to accept its verdict against the evidence of their own senses. They are certain that they have *seen* what they relate; and no argument can make them swerve from their position. If argument prove the phenomenon to be "impossible," then they have seen the impossible. They prefer their senses to your arguments.

Here, then, is the stronghold of honest conviction. Setting aside many of the concurrent causes which help to spread the belief in Spiritualism, such as painful feebleness of mind, a timorous curiosity about the unseen, and a delight in the marvellous, we will consider the one cause which most decisively operates with candid minds—namely, the irresistible evidence of the senses.

It was a pleasant artifice of the poet, when he exclaimed:

"Se tu se 'or, lettore, a creder lento,
Ciò ch' io dirò, non sarà maraviglia,
Che io, che 'lvidi, appena il mi consento."

But when Treviranus said the same to Coleridge ("I have seen what I would not have believed on your testimony, and what I cannot therefore expect you to believe upon mine"), not as a pleasant turn, but as a trial of credulity, Coleridge should have answered: "And pray, sir, *what* did you *see?* Let me hear all the facts which came under your immediate observation, and I shall throw no doubt on them; but if you mingle inferences respecting facts *not* directly observed, you must allow me to exercise due caution before admitting them. I am not in the least disposed to doubt what you *saw;* but only to doubt your *interpretation* of what you saw."

It is one of the commonest mistakes to suppose, and assert, that some fact has been *seen*, which was not seen at all, and often could not have been seen; the fact being simply *inferred*. This is the meaning of Cullen's epigram: "There are more false facts than false theories current." A witness may swear that he saw defendant knock the plaintiff down; it is a fact which admits of being seen, and may be testified to completely. But should the fact, sworn to, be only a little more complicated, and some of its constituent elements lie beyond the field of vision, the testimony becomes proportionately fallible. For example, we cannot accept the evidence that witness saw defendant *going* to knock the plaintiff down; that is pure inference; it may be the natural interpretation every man would put upon what was seen, but it may nevertheless be wholly erroneous, no such intention having existed in the defendant's mind.

In like manner, when a man avers that he has "seen a ghost," he is passing far beyond the limits of visible fact, into that of inference. He saw *something* which he *supposed* to be a ghost. But we have a right to ask him if he knows *what* a ghost is, that he can thus readily recognise one?—and what proof does he offer that what he saw was not something else? If he were to assert that he had seen an aërolite, we should ask him for all the details of the thing seen, and why from these he inferred it to be an aërolite. We cannot be less circumspect when he pretends to have seen a ghost.

The facts *seen* in table-turning are credible enough. It is a mistake to suppose that our doubts fall on them; our doubts fall on the facts *not* seen, but inferred; because it is these, and these alone, which make spirit-rapping and table-turning mysterious. What an honest man tells me he saw, I will believe he saw, if it comes within the possibilities of vision; my scepticism begins when he ceases to narrate what he actually saw, and substitutes his *interpretation* of it. Thus the table moves, and raps are heard, without any agency *visible* to the spectator. This fact is by no means incredible. There are many phenomena witnessed, of which the causes are completely hidden from us; and little as we may be able to explain how a table can rock, or run about the room, when we cannot detect the agency by which it is moved, this is no ground for denying the fact. But spiritualists make an enormous mistake: they suppose that because they can detect no person present moving the table, or producing the raps, it is thereby proved that no person did these things; because they are wholly unable to explain how the things were produced, "it is evident that no physical causes could have produced them." This childish logic is paraded by men of talent and culture, who appeal to the respectability of the witnesses they call to testify to the facts! They do not understand that the facts which they have witnessed are

very simple, very credible, and would be intelligible to a child, if other facts which are now concealed were once made visible. Nothing is more inexplicable than a good conjuring trick; nothing is more intelligible when the trick is explained. There is some one detail which we do not observe, either because the conjuror has successfully diverted our attention, or because he has been quick enough to baffle us; and this one detail makes the whole mysterious. If we are to accept the narratives of respectable witnesses as guarantees of the truth of Spiritualism — or if we are to trust the evidence of our own senses as irresistible proofs of the truth of any inferences we may make respecting them, there will be no limit to credulity; Robert Houdin and Bosco will be high priests, with supernatural powers.

Not long ago the following marvellous phenomena were witnessed by hundreds of respectable people. In the centre of a public garden there was a large boat with globular silken sails. Into this boat four persons were invited. At a given signal this boat, with the four sitters, *rose from the ground, nobody hoisting it, nobody touching it;* upwards it rose, above the house tops, and finally sailed through the air towards the coast of France. Beside this, the narratives of rocking tables are trifles. Yet this was *seen* in open daylight by hundreds of spectators. If the spiritualist logic is to be followed, we may prove that this boat was raised in the air by spiritual agency, because "no physical means could have raised it, no one touched the boat, no one could have touched it;" long after the boat was beyond human reach, it continued to rise higher and higher. To those who are acquainted with balloons, this phenomenon is no marvel; to those who understand why the lighter gas, contained within the silken sails, must be pushed upwards by the heavier air, and in pushing upwards must drag the boat after it, the phenomenon is intelligible. But supposing the spectators all ignorant of these things, they would of course omit all mention of them in their narrative, and thereby the narrative would assume a marvellous air. They would narrate truly all that they saw; but they would not truly narrate all that was to be seen.

We may thus understand how an honest witness may narrate truly all the facts which came under his observation in a spiritual *séance*, and may omit other facts, which, had he observed them, would explain the whole mystery. When we hear marvels narrated which contradict universal experience, and physical laws, we may be certain that the narrator omits something which would remove the contradiction. His mistake lies in supposing that because he could see no more than he relates, there was no more to be seen. Every *séance* at a juggler's should warn him against such a mistake.

There is probably not a single convert who does not assure his listeners that he began by being incredulous of the facts narrated by spiritualists. Like other people he thought "the whole thing a transparent humbug." He derided the credulity of believers; but, sceptical though he was, he had enough candour to admit the facts if they could be proved. He went as a scoffer, and returned a convert: facts vanquished him: he could not distrust the evidence of his senses. This is what we read in every book, pamphlet, and article; and, reading it, we are forced to infer that the scepticism was as childish and irrational as the credulity; since the scepticism and the credulity both confounded visible fact with what was mere inference. This is the weak point of the cuirass. A man is asked to witness "facts," which he already classes in his mind as "fictions." He joins an assembly of friends and respectable people, and finds them all grave and calmly convinced. The tone of conversation is so serious, that he has misgivings respecting his original hypothesis of the "whole thing being humbug." He hears marvels related with intense sincerity. He is induced to join the circle. All seems fair and unsuspicious (it would be an absurd trick which *looked* suspicious), and even the darkness of the room (when darkness is needed) is so plausibly accounted for, that misgivings dis-

appear. The raps are heard — the table rocks; he looks in vain for the agency. Again the table rocks; again he is totally at a loss to understand how any one present could cause it to rock. He is so completely thrown off his balance by this unexpected refutation of his original doubts, that he willingly acquiesces in the remark. "You see it moves, and that *no one* moves it." His conversion is complete. He is willing publicly to testify to the "facts" he has seen.

Now, if we scrutinise this evidence, it will appear that his senses told him simply that the table moved, and raps were heard. They could not tell him that no one moved the table—no one rapped the raps: they could only testify to the facts directly observed. The inference that no one did, or could, move the table, and the further inference that spirits moved it, cannot be ranged under the head of *observed facts*. These inferences may be correct, or incorrect; but they are assuredly not facts which can be testified by the evidence of the senses.

We were once witnesses of a "fact" quite as marvellous as any of the table-turnings. In a friendly gathering, a gentleman, well known to us all, produced a little skeleton cut out of card-board, which he undertook should dance on the ground as long as he whistled. He seated himself in the centre of the room, balanced the skeleton a moment on its feet, and then began to whistle. To our great astonishment and amusement we saw the skeleton, completely unsupported, standing upright and dancing with ludicrous energy. Inasmuch as no one imagined this to be produced by a spirit, every one was eager to explain how the skeleton moved. Nothing could be more evident than that the skeleton was not *touched* by the whistler. Perhaps it was sustained by a magnet? No. Perhaps an invisible horse-hair was attached to the skeleton, and held between the teeth of the whistler? To ascertain this, several of us passed our hands between the skeleton and the gentleman; but there was nothing there. In short, all our ingenuity failed to discover how the trick was performed; and if we had been placed in a witness-box, we might have sworn that we saw a cardboard skeleton, totally unsupported, stand on the carpet, and dance while a gentleman whistled to it. But we should not have sworn that *no* physical agencies could have effected this; that would have been rather more than our evidence warranted; the utmost we could have sworn to was that we neither *detected* the agency, nor *conceived* how the skeleton was moved.

Had the writer of a paper, which recently appeared in the pages of a contemporary, known how to discriminate between fact and inference, he would have paused ere he committed himself by the statements there offered respecting his "experiences." Stranger than fiction his narrative assuredly is; but the strangeness arises from his method of narration. How radically unfit his mind must be for the investigation of evidence, may be concluded from one or two sentences. For example, he says: "There was nobody in the apartment capable of practising a deception, and no conceivable object to gain by it." Considering the immense importance of the truth of this statement,—as a postulate in future inquiry removing the whole "experience" from the reach of the most obvious explanation, and excluding the possibility of deception,—we cannot but admire the simplicity with which the statement is made. It is loose after-dinner language, which under cross-examination speedily becomes modified into this very different statement: "There was, *according to the best of my belief*, nobody present who would stoop to practise a deception; *nor can I conceive* what object would have been gained by deceit." We then require to know what the "best of his belief" may be in this case. What does he *know* of the persons? Is his knowledge of them more extensive than that gained in dining with them, talking with them, finding them to hold unexceptionable opinions on religion, morals, and politics, and finding in general that they conduct themselves respectably? Has he had money

transactions with them all? Has he seen them under trying and delicate circumstances? He does not say. But all who know how completely we may be in the dark as to the perfect integrity of friends and relatives, should be slow to assert that no one among them is capable of practising a deception, when vanity or other motive impels. And to suppose that, because a *séance* takes place in the house of an honourable man, amid several honourable people, no one has been brought there capable of jugglery, either to gain money or notoriety, is to display a radical unfitness for the investigation of evidence. After this we read with less surprise that, "during the whole time when these communications are going forward, every person's hands are displayed on the surface of the table, *so* that no manipulation can take place beneath." This is the logic which convinces spiritualists. It makes other people smile. There are other means of producing raps besides hands; and before attributing the raps to spirits, we should like to have it proved that all other means were impossible. To jump to the conclusion that *no* physical agency produced these raps, because they were not produced by hands, is a wide leap.

"It is not to be expected," says this writer, after relating an exhibition of moving tables, "that any person who is a stranger to these phenomena should read such a story as this with complacency. It would be irrational to expect a patient hearing for a traveller who should tell you that he was once addressed in good English by an oak-tree; and talking trees are not a whit more improbable than moving tables." Very true; but so far from being staggered by this improbability, he glories in it, as illustrating the weakness of the human mind. And to be candid, it *does* illustrate the weakness of some minds. Having stated the improbability, he triumphantly adds: "Yet here is a fact which undoubtedly took place, and which cannot be referred to any known physical or mechanical causes." We beg distinctly to state that he only narrates a *part* of "the fact which undoubtedly took place;" and that even this part, incomplete as it is, *can* be referred to known physical causes; and if he were to narrate the whole of the facts, the explanation would be given in that narration. If the traveller were simply to tell us that he heard himself addressed in good English while standing near an oak-tree, and that his efforts to discover a human being near or on the tree were fruitless, we should listen with perfect patience. If, however, he asserted that it was the oak-tree which spoke, we should demand evidence a little more rigorous than that of his inability to *see* any human being. Virgil and Tennyson have given us talking oaks, without greatly disturbing our philosophy; we can accept the moving-tables only on a similar licence. There is no improbability at all in the fact of moving-tables; none in the fact that the narrator cannot understand how the tables were moved; the improbability lies simply in the *inference* that the tables were moved by spirits: an inference confessedly based on ignorance of the means which *were* employed.

We have made no inconsiderable advance towards a philosophic appreciation of Spiritualism, when we have learned to withdraw our scepticism from the *facts* narrated, and to let it fall solely on the *inferences* which the spectators mingle with the facts. Respecting the inference that spiritual agency causes the movements and the raps, we shall perhaps soon come to a decision, if we treat it purely as a question of inference. We must ask, what are the evidences for the existence of spirits in general? And having made out some show of reason for this belief, we may then proceed to examine the evidence for the actual presence and agency of spirits in the rapping and table-turning.

It is in the dim perception of some such necessity as this, that Mr. Robert Dale Owen, son of the once celebrated socialist, has collected the evidence in favour of spiritual communications, in a work, republished from the tenth American edition, entitled, *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World.* His book is a

curious farrago, but it is less foolish than the majority of the writings we have read on this subject, and its great success in America justifies us in selecting it for notice. Mr. Owen seems perfectly in earnest, and imagines that there is strict philosophical evidence for the truth of his opinions. Whatever may be thought of his logic or his sagacity, we cannot deny that his tone is temperate, candid, and free from all charlatanism. He has made a collection of stories respecting dreams, apparitions and haunted houses, which of itself gives interest to the work, and makes it a valuable record.

Mr. Owen begins by claiming the abstract right to investigate "the reality of ultra-mundane interference." We concede the right to the utmost; and ask, with him: "What scientific hypothesis do men at the present day scruple to examine? And, if scientific, why not spiritual also? Are we prepared to trust our reason in the one case and not in the other?" If the believers in Spiritualism were really anxious to have their hypothesis investigated according to strict scientific methods, there would soon cease to be much difference of opinion; unhappily, while they all claim the right to scientific inquiry, invoke scientific freedom, and scatter scientific formulæ over their statements, they all *resist* or *evade* scientific inquiry; some from conscious scoundrelism, others from that impatience of dissent which is common to strong convictions that have not been rationally formed. The impostors, of course, resist every means of disclosing the imposture. The honest believers (and we have not the slightest doubt of the integrity of the mass of believers) are so unacquainted with the principles of evidence and the ordinary methods of verification, that they willingly listen to the impudent excuses by which the impostors resist and evade inquiry. It is one of the damning evidences against the "Medium" that he, or she, will not permit a sceptic to determine any of the simplest conditions of the experiment. No sooner is the presence of a sceptic confessed, or betrayed by his desire to *ascertain* all the conditions, than the excuse is put forward of there being "a disturbing influence"—and we are told that the Spirits refuse to appear while that "influence" remains. This is dexterous impudence. It is dexterous, because the assembly, not being acquainted with Spirits, cannot deny that scepticism may be offensive to them. It is impudent, because the Medium thereby pretends that he *is* acquainted with the feelings of the Spirits, who have distinctly told him they were offended by scepticism; and the baseness of this pretence is easily exposed, for the sceptic need only withhold every expression of incredulity, and if he is a sufficiently good actor to deceive the Medium, he will find the Spirits are *not* in the least disturbed by his presence. This has been the plan we have uniformly adopted. Suspecting the integrity of the exhibitors, we pretended to be dupes in order to throw them off their guard. This succeeded so well, that not only were the Spirits totally unaware of any disturbing influence, but on one occasion the Medium boasted to other people of our complete conversion. It may be said that we were only dealing with impostors, and that Spiritualism is not to be held accountable for all that charlatans may do in its name. This is true. But we are justified in drawing this conclusion: Among the persons who profess to be "Mediums," there are some impostors; and one *test* of imposture is in the power of every one having sufficient command over his muscles not to betray scepticism.

Let us, however, assume that it is the mere excuse of conscious charlatanry when scepticism is said to act as a disturbing influence on the spiritual manifestations, and that all genuine spiritualists really desire to have the phenomena investigated properly. If there be truth at bottom, it can only become more patent by rigorous examination. Now, every scientific investigator is painfully aware of the extreme difficulty in keeping before the mind *all* the facts, all the conditions of an experiment; some unobserved condition, or one seemingly so trivial that it is neglected, will often vitiate the result,

as the omission of a cipher will vitiate the solution of an arithmetical problem. Incessant caution, and incessant *control* by counter-experiment, are necessary before the smallest discovery in physical science can be accepted; yet men require us to accept a discovery so startling and momentous as that of communication with the spiritual world in the form of dancing-tables, on the evidence of facts hastily collected in drawing-rooms, and interpreted without experimental control by persons wholly unused to the investigation of evidence. In the laboratory we test every fact—we rigidly question every circumstance. In the drawing-room we are restrained by politeness from taking the most ordinary precautions. We can put an acid to the test at once, and see whether it is really what we suppose it to be; but we cannot in a drawing-room, full of well-dressed people, turn to a spiritual American and say, "Perhaps, sir, you are an impostor; let us test *you*;"—we cannot address a young lady with our suspicions that she is yielding to the temptation of love of notoriety, or that wantonness of deceit which are known to move girls to practise persistent and ingenious deceptions. Thus, while Imposture has every facility, none is allowed to Investigation. In crowded rooms and darkened rooms many things may happen which the most sagacious sceptic may be wholly unable to explain, and which, because he cannot explain them, will be accepted as marvellous by others. But if there is any Medium who wishes to clear his character of the suspicion of imposture which must inevitably cling to it in the minds of all but believers, or if there is any sincere believer truly desirous to have the phenomena *tested*—we will not say with the rigour demanded by a scientific experiment, but simply with that degree of circumspection in the reception of evidence demanded by a court of law—he will insist on every sceptic present at a *séance* having the right to ascertain every minute detail—to control the experiment in any way he may devise—and to cross-examine the evidence. We shall be told that this has been done: the believers were all sceptics at first. Perhaps so; but mere disbelief is not sufficient: a scientific inquiry demands something more than that, and the unfitness of most believers for examining any complicated question of evidence is but too apparent in their statement of "facts." Disbelief there has been in abundance—cross-examination has not been permitted.

Mr. Dale Owen conceives that, inasmuch as spiritual communications have been believed in from the earliest times, and that thousands of witnesses testify to the truth of apparitions, haunted houses, dreams, &c., we are justified in concluding table-turning and rapping to be phenomena of the same class. Philosophy may smile at a belief in Ghosts and Haunted Houses; but that, Mr. Owen thinks, is owing to the limitations of philosophy; a calmer, broader wisdom will see that these beliefs must rest upon solid fact. "If we find, for instance," he says, "at different periods of the world, and in various nations, examples constantly recurring of men testifying to certain phenomena of the same or similar character, then, though these alleged phenomena may seem to us highly improbable, we are not justified in ascribing the concurrence of such testimony to chance." And pray who ever thought of ascribing it to chance? It has generally been ascribed to cerebral excitement or imperfect logic; but whether or not it was to be explained on psychological laws, no one ever imagined it could be due to chance. Mr. Dale Owen, not discriminating between *fact* and *inference*, naturally concludes that the testimonies of ghost-seers must be valid evidence of the existence of ghosts. "It seems a very easy matter," he says, "to find witnesses of such moderate veracity and intelligence, that we are justified in declaring it to be more probable that their testimony shall be true than that it shall be false." Yes; but what *is* their testimony? It may be true that they saw something which they inferred to be a ghost; but this is no evidence that their inference was true. Not recognising this difficulty in testimony, Mr. Owen

proceeds: "As to wilful falsehood, the matter is beyond a doubt. Let cynicism pourtray the world as it will, there is far more of truth than of falsehood in it. But as to freedom from self-deception, that is a condition much more difficult to obtain." True; but the self-deception is entirely in the inferences. Mr. Owen thinks:

"It depends, to a great extent, upon the nature of the event witnessed or the phenomenon observed. An extreme case may assure us of this. If two independent witnesses of good character depose to having seen a market-woman count out six dozen eggs from a basket which was evidently of capacity sufficient to contain them, we deem the fact sufficiently proved. But if two thousand witnesses of equal good character testify that they saw Signor Blitz or Robert Houdin take that number of eggs out of an ordinary-sized hat, they fail to convince us that the hat really contained them. We conclude that they were deceived by slight-of-hand."

It is somewhat surprising to find Mr. Owen thus clear-sighted respecting Houdin's magical hat, and so credulous respecting far more astounding phenomena. Two thousand witnesses would not prevent his concluding that the eggs were produced from the hat by slight-of-hand, although the witnesses would swear that "they saw the eggs taken from the hat, and there was no other place where they could have come from." Why does he dismiss their testimony? Because the hat "could not" contain the eggs. But they aver that they *saw* it with their own eyes. He tells them that they were deceived. The reader will agree in rejecting the testimony of the two thousand, without impugning their veracity; but will he accept, as more credible, the following testimony?

"In the dining-room of a French nobleman, the Count d'Ourches, residing near Paris, I saw, on the first day of October 1858, in broad daylight, at the close of a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, a dinner-table seating seven persons, with fruit and wine on it, rise and settle down, as already described, while all the guests were standing around it, *and not one of them touching it at all.* All present saw the same thing. Mr. Kyd, son of the late General Kyd, of the British army, and his lady, told me (in Paris, in April 1859) that in December of the year 1857, during an evening visit to a friend, who resided at No. 28 Rue de la Ferme des Mathurins at Paris, Mrs. Kyd, seated in an arm-chair, suddenly felt it move, as if some one had laid hold of it from beneath. Then slowly and gradually it rose into the air, and remained there suspended for the space of about thirty seconds, the lady's feet being four or five feet from the ground; then it settled down gently and gradually, so that there was no shock when it reached the carpet. No one was touching the chair when it rose, nor did any one approach it while in the air, except Mr. Kyd, who, fearing an accident, advanced and touched Mrs. Kyd."

We need not object to a single statement here; everything *may* have been seen by the company precisely as it is here described; the question for us is not as to the veracity of the witness, but solely as to the correctness of their inferences. They may have *seen* what they describe, as Houdin's visitors *saw* him produce the eggs from the hat. They cannot "understand" how the arm-chair could rise in the air, when nobody touched it; but neither can they understand how an ordinary-sized hat could possibly hold so many eggs. If they rush to the conclusion that the Spirits must have moved the chair, why not rush to the conclusion that the hat was magical? Surely there is the same amount of evidence for the one as for the other—the evidence of sense?

"I make no assertion that tables are raised by spiritual agency. But suppose Mr. Faraday, by disproving every other hypothesis should drive one to this: it would be much more philosophical to adopt it than to reject the clear and palpable evidence of sense."

From which we learn that the plain and palpable evidence of sense is supposed to be rejected when the phenomena of Spiritualism are rejected. But the contrary is the truth. We do not in least doubt that people saw what they say they saw; but we doubt their having seen what was impossible to be *seen*, and could only be *inferred*. That they saw—or seemed to see—the eggs taken from the hat is credible; but because they could *not* see any other place where the eggs might be hidden, they are not justified in saying "they saw" there

was *no* other place; and because they cannot understand how Houdin could have performed the trick, they are not entitled to say the hat was magical.

Bearing this in mind, we read with great impartiality all the marvellous narratives of the most respectable witnesses, and our scepticism falls on the things the witnesses did not see. Thus—

"The Mayor of Cideville deposes to the fact that, being in the parsonage, he saw the tongs leap from the fire-place into the room. Then the shovel did the same thing. The mayor said to one of the children, 'How, Gustave! what is that?' The child replied, 'I did not touch it.' The tongs and shovel were then replaced, and a second time they leaped forward into the room. This time, as the mayor testified, he had his eyes fixed upon them, so as to detect the trick, in case any one pushed them; *but nothing was to be seen.* M. Leroux, curate of Saussay, deposes that, being at the parsonage, he witnessed things that were inexplicable to him. He saw a hammer fly, impelled by an invisible force, from the spot where it lay, and fall on the floor of the room without more noise than if a hand had lightly placed it there. He also saw a piece of bread that was lying on the table move of itself and fall below the table. He was so placed that it was impossible that any one could have thrown these things without his seeing him do it."

This evidence is startling and convincing to minds untrained in habits of investigation; but a closer inspection discloses that it amounts to nothing more than a confession of ignorance on the part of the witnesses who "did not see" how the thing was done.

Let the candid believer consider for a few minutes what the evidence on which he founds his belief amounts to. Certain startling phenomena are witnessed by him; he sees a table rock up and down, or a chair rise in the air, when no one seemed to move them. He cannot understand how these things were effected. When called upon to explain them, he is forced to confess complete ignorance. Instead, however, of keeping this fact of his complete ignorance steadily before his mind, and remembering that any guesses he may make as to the means by which the phenomena were produced, are only guesses, and require to be tested and confirmed before being accepted as even probable hypothesis, he rushes to the conclusion that the phenomena must have been produced by spiritual agency. Now, what evidence has he for this hypothesis? Simply his inability to conceive what physical agency was at work. He has no knowledge of spirits, or their methods of procedure, which could enable him to recognise their presence. He is therefore totally without evidence on the subject; and if he rushes to the conclusion that the table was moved by spirits, it is solely because he cannot otherwise explain the movement. He had much better leave it unexplained. He does not attempt to explain a conjuror's tricks.

Reduced to a mere question of inference, in the absence of positive knowledge, it is surely more probable that the tables were moved by human agency—conscious or unconscious—than by spiritual agency? We know that human ingenuity can devise methods which will escape the imperfect examination of an audience; we know also that people may unconsciously push the table round; but we know nothing of spirits which could warrant us in attributing the phenomena to them. To warrant such a belief, very cogent evidence would be necessary; and we need scarcely say that the evidence hitherto afforded has been such as could only satisfy an extremely uncritical, incautious mind. The communications by means of raps have been numerous enough; but although much childish nonsense, and much actual falsehood, have been communicated by these means, no one of the many thousand "revelations" has carried with it the evidence of supra-mundane intelligence. The spirits of poets and philosophers have communicated silly poems and sentences; the spirits of departed relatives have given vague indications of their happiness; and the spirits of murdered pedlars have vaguely accused their murderers, but never with sufficient accuracy to be of the slightest service in detecting the criminals. The spirit of Shakespeare declared to us that he was the author of an article in the last *Quarterly;* and Clytemnestra de-

clared that she died in the Jewish persuasion. But although these things, and others equally trivial and foolish, have been communicated, there has been an utter absence of supramundane wisdom, or even of ordinary sagacity in decisive cases, such as the indication of a murderer. Clairvoyants have likewise made many "revelations," which have greatly startled credulous people; they have read sealed letters, and seen into diseased lungs, and seen distant events; but, although they can read sealed letters, they have been unable to read the number of a banknote enclosed in a sealed envelope when to have read it would have gained them the note; although they can see through clothes and flesh into the lungs, and read the state of your lungs, they cannot, one minute afterwards, see what you have in your waistcoat pocket (this we have tried); and although they can describe what is going on in India, they cannot describe what is going on next door. It is thus also with the rapping Mediums; they are profuse in communications, but are unable to make any one simple communication which could be accepted as decisive of the spiritual hypothesis.

A spiritualist gravely proposed the other day, in a morning newspaper, that a Medium should be employed to discover the murderer of Mr. Kent's child, at Road ; and there are several reasons why any Medium, who is honest, should accept the proposition, and why earnest believers should insist on his accepting it. In the first place, he exhibits his powers for money; and the reward offered for the discovery of the murderer is large enough to pay for a hundred ordinary *séances*. The effect of his success, if he were successful, would be to make his fortune, and convert Europe to Spiritualism: two results which could not be otherwise than gratifying to a man who gains his living by spiritualism, and who knows what is the opinion of his integrity held by all but believers. Yet it is not venturesome in us to pronounce that no Medium will seize this brilliant opportunity of clearing his character, making his fortune, and convincing Europe. He will avoid any such decisive test. He will prefer to summon the spirits of murdered pedlars, the spirits of statesmen, poets, philosophers, and children, whose communications are not so valuable, nor so easily confronted with fact. Like the clairvoyante reading the sealed letter, but never attempting to read the number of the bank-note, he will continue to be medium of communications wholly useless, or beyond verification, but will not help us to clear up this Road mystery, in spite of the advantages to himself and to society which would accrue.

In the celebrated Hydesville case, the spirit of a pedlar supposed to have been murdered, did give information as to himself, his family, and his murderer. All inquiry, however, failed to ascertain that such a person had ever existed. His five children, said to be in a particular district, had never been heard of there, and the implied murderer (the spirit did not venture to *accuse* him) was not even cross-examined. That the information turned out false, does not, however, in the least disturb the spiritualists. Nay, Mr. Dale Owen quotes the following:—

"It is proper also to state, in this connection, that, a few months afterwards —to wit, in July or August, 1848—a circumstance occurred at Rochester New York, somewhat analogous in character, and indicating the danger of indulging, without corroborating evidence, in suspicions aroused by alleged spiritual information. A young pedlar, with a waggon and two horses, and known to be possessed of several hundred dollars, having put up at a tavern in that city, suddenly disappeared. Public opinion settled down to the belief that he was murdered. An enthusiastic spiritualist had the surmise confirmed by the raps. Through the same medium the credulous inquirer was informed that the body lay in the canal, several spots being successively indicated where it could be found. These were anxiously dragged, but to no purpose. Finally, the dupe's wife was required to go into the canal at a designated point, where she would certainly discover the corpse; in obeying which injunction she nearly lost her life. Some months afterwards, the alleged victim reappeared; he had departed secretly for Canada, to avoid the importunities of his creditors."

The facility with which the spiritualists evade all the consequences of failures, is seen in the note which Mr. Owen affixes to this narrative:—

"If we concede the reality of the spirit-rap, and if we assume to judge of ultra-mundane intentions, we may imagine that the purpose was by so early and so marked a lesson, to warn men, even from the commencement, against putting implicit faith in spiritual communications."

When the "devils of Loudun" were convicted of having communicated demonstrable falsehoods, it was said to be in order "to confirm the incredulous in their doubts." In like manner the spirits of our day, although very anxious to have their communications listened to, are wont to make false statements for fear we should trust in them too implicitly!

The credulity which spiritualists display in the absence of evidence, is not more surprising than their credulity in presence of adverse evidence. Here is a specimen. Mr. Owen quotes the following:—

"On the 5th of December, 1838, the inmates of the farm-house of Baldarroch, in the district of Banchory, Aberdeenshire, were alarmed by observing a great number of sticks, pebble-stones, and clods of earth flying about their yard and premises. They endeavoured, but in vain, to discover who was the delinquent, and, the shower of stones continuing for five days in succession, they came at last to the conclusion that the devil and his imps were alone the cause of it. The rumour soon spread all over that part of the country, and hundreds of persons came from far and near to witness the antics of the devils of Baldarroch. After the fifth day, the showers of clods and stones ceased on the outside of the premises, and the scene shifted to the interior. Spoons, knives, plates, mustard-pots, rolling-pins, and flat-irons appeared suddenly endued with the power of self-motion, and were whirled from room to room, and rattled down the chimneys, in a manner nobody could account for. The lid of a mustard-pot was put into a cupboard by a servant-girl, in the presence of scores of people, and in a few minutes afterwards came bouncing down the chimney, to the consternation of everybody. There was also a tremendous knocking at the doors and on the roof, and pieces of stick and pebble-stones rattled against the windows and broke them. The whole neighbourhood was a scene of alarm; and not only the vulgar, but persons of education, respectable farmers within a circle of twenty miles, expressed their belief in the supernatural character of these events.'

"The excitement, Mackay goes on to state, spread, within a week, over the parishes of Banchory-Ternan, Drumoak, Durris, Kincardine O'Neil, and all the adjacent district of Mearns and Aberdeenshire. It was affirmed and believed that all horses and dogs that approached the farm-house were immediately affected. The mistress of the house and the servant-girls said that whenever they went to bed they were pelted with pebbles and other missiles. The farmer himself travelled a distance of forty miles to an old conjuror, named Willie Foreman, to induce him, for a handsome fee, to remove the enchantment from his property. The heritor, the minister, and all the elders of the kirk instituted an investigation, which, however, does not appear to have had any result.

"'After a fortnight's continuance of the noises,' says Mackay, 'the whole trick was discovered. The two servant-lasses were strictly examined, and then committed to prison. It appeared that they were alone at the bottom of the whole affair, and that the extraordinary alarm and credulity of their master and mistress in the first instance, and of the neighbours and country people afterwards, made their task comparatively easy. A little common dexterity was all they had used; and, being themselves unsuspected, they swelled the alarm by the wonderful stories they invented. It was they who loosened the bricks in the chimneys, and placed the dishes in such a manner on the shelves that they fell on the slight motion.'"

Instead of treating this story as one of the many exposed tricks, Mr. Owen insists that it was no trick. "The proof that the girls were the authors of the mischief," he says, "*appears* to have rested on the fact that no sooner were they secured in the county gaol than the noises ceased." To any but a spiritualist we should say the proof would appear to be quite other. Magistrates in England are not in the habit of committing suspected persons to county gaols, without other proof than what will take place after commitment; and unless cross-examination had elicited confession from the girls, they would never have been imprisoned. But even their confes-

sion would not disturb Mr. Owen's belief; the idea of these two girls having performed such a trick undetected, is to him far more incredible than that spirits should have been at work.

"For five days a shower of sticks, stones, and clods of earth are seen flying about the yard, and are thrown against the windows. Hundreds of persons come to witness the phenomenon, and *none of them can account for it.* Is it *credible*, is it *conceivable*, that two girls, employed all day in menial duties under the eye of their mistress, should, by 'a little common dexterity,' have continued such a practical joke for five *hours*—to say nothing of five days—*without being inevitably detected?* Then various utensils in the house not only move, as if self-impelled, about the room, but are whirled from one room to another, or dropped down the chimney, in presence of crowds of witnesses. There is a tremendous knocking at the doors and on the roof, and the windows are broken by sticks and pebble-stones that rattle against them. This farce is kept up *for ten days more*, making the whole neighbourhood a scene of alarm, *baffling the ingenuity of heritor, minister, and elders;* and we are asked to believe that it was all a mere prank of two-servant-girls, effected by loosening a few bricks in the chimney, and placing the crockery so that it fell on slight motion! A notable specimen, surely, of the credulousness of incredulity!"

After the specimens we have given of Mr. Dale Owen's credulity, and utter inability to discriminate evidence, no surprise will be felt at his having made a collection of stories relating to dreams, haunted houses, and apparitions, as proofs of spiritual communications. The stories of apparitions are curious, and might make a convert of every one who is weak enough to conclude that whatever is not understood must needs be supernatural. These stories often wear a most deceptive air of precision. Names and dates are given with scrupulous exactness; and the stories themselves are certainly such as baffle explanation. Here is one:—

"In the month of October 1833, Mr. C——, a gentleman, several members of whose family have since become well and favourably known in the literary world, was residing in a country house, in Hamilton County, Ohio. He had just completed a new residence, about seventy or eighty yards from that in which he was then living, intending to move into it in a few days. The new house was in plain sight of the old, no tree or shrub intervening; but they were separated, about half way, by a small, somewhat abrupt ravine. A garden stretched from the old house to the hither edge of this ravine, and the further extremity of this garden was about forty yards from the newly erected building. Both buildings fronted west, towards a public road, the south side of the old dwelling being directly opposite to the north side of the new. Attached to the rear of the new dwelling was a spacious kitchen, of which a door opened to the north.

"The family, at that time, consisted of father, mother, uncle, and nine children. One of the elder daughters, then between fifteen and sixteen years old, was named Rhoda; and another, the youngest but one, Lucy, was between three and four years of age.

"One afternoon in that month of October, after a heavy rain, the weather had cleared up; and between four and five o'clock the sun shone out. About five o'clock Mrs. C—— stepped out into a yard on the south side of the dwelling they were occupying, whence, in the evening sun, the new house, including the kitchen already referred to, was distinctly visible. Suddenly she called a daughter, A——, saying to her, 'What can Rhoda possibly be doing there, with the child in her arms? She ought to know better, this damp weather.' A——, looking in the direction in which her mother pointed, saw, plainly and unmistakably, seated in a rocking-chair, just within the kitchen-door of the new residence, Rhoda, with Lucy in her arms. 'What a strange thing!' she exclaimed; 'it is but a few minutes since I left them up-stairs. And, with that, going in search of them, she found both in one of the upper rooms, and brought them down. Mr. C—— and other members of the family soon joined them. Their amazement, that of Rhoda especially, may be imagined. The figures seated at the hall-door, and the two children now actually in their midst, were absolutely identical in appearance, *even to each minute particular of dress.*

"Five minutes more elapsed, in breathless expectation, and there still sat the figures; that of Rhoda appearing to rock with the motion of the chair on which it seemed seated. All the family congregated, and every member of it—therefore twelve persons in all—saw the figures, noticed the rocking motion; and became convinced, past all possible

doubt, that it *was* the appearance of Rhoda and Lucy.

"Then the father, Mr. C——, resolved to cross over and endeavour to obtain some solution of the mystery; but, having lost sight of the figures in descending the ravine when he ascended the opposite bank they were gone.

"Meanwhile the daughter A—— had walked down to the lower end of the garden, so as to get a closer view; and the rest remained gazing from the spot whence they had first witnessed this unaccountable phenomenon.

"Soon after Mr. C—— had left the house, they all saw the appearance of Rhoda rise from the chair, with the child in its arms; then lie down across the threshold of the kitchen-door; and after it had remained in that recumbent position for a minute or two, still embracing the child, the figures were seen gradually to sink down, out of sight.

"When Mr C—— reached the entrance, there was not a trace nor appearance of a human being. The rocking-chair, which had been conveyed across to the kitchen some time before, still stood there, just inside the door, but it was empty. He searched the house carefully, from garret to cellar; but nothing whatever was to be seen. He inspected the clay, soft from the rain, at the rear exit of the kitchen, and all around the house, but not a footstep could he discover. There was not a tree or bush anywhere near, behind which any one could secrete himself, the dwelling being erected on a bare hill-side.

"The father returned from his fruitless search, to learn, with a shudder, what the family meanwhile had witnessed. The circumstance, as may be supposed, made upon them a profound impression; stamping itself in indelible characters on the minds of all."

Singular enough. Yet Mr. Owen seems to forget that inasmuch as the two children seen in the vision were themselves alive and present in the house, the vision could not have been one of spirits appearing—unless we are to suppose that spirits can be in two places at one and the same time. And without pretending to explain this vision, especially on the narrative before us, we are justified in assuming that it was in some way analogous to that of the Brocken spirit:—

"In the *Philosophical Magazine*, (vol. i. p. 232) will be found a record of the observations which finally explained to the scientific world the nature of the gigantic appearance which, from the summit of the Brocken (one of the Hartz Mountains), for long years excited the wondering credulity of the inhabitants and the astonishment of the passing traveller. A Mr. Haue devoted some time to this subject. One day, while he was contemplating the giant, a violent puff of wind was on the point of carrying off his hat. Suddenly clapping his hand upon it the giant did the same. Mr. Haue bowed to him, and the salute was returned. He then called the proprietor of the neighbouring inn and imparted to him his discovery. The experiments were renewed with the same effect. It became evident that the appearance was but an optical effect produced by a strongly illuminated body placed amid light clouds, reflected from a considerable distance, and magnified till it appeared five or six hundred feet in height.

"In Westmoreland and other mountainous countries the peasants often imagine that they see in the clouds troops of cavalry and armies on the march—when in point of fact, it is but the reflection of horses pasturing on a hill side, and peaceful travellers or labourers passing over the landscape."

The desire to explain the narratives we hear and the marvels we witness, often leads to rash statements and suppositions, the effect of which is only to confirm the credulity of the credulous. It is better to abstain from explanation. When you hear of tables rising in the air, no one touching them, content yourself with regarding these things as you regard Houdin's conjuring tricks. Fall back upon the simple confession that you don't know how the things are done, and don't care to know. You have ample evidence that the thing is a trick. You have ample evidence that some Mediums are impostors; what evidence have you that all are not?

A delusion so gross, a doctrine so absurd, and a practice so base and debasing, only deserves serious notice because of the light it concentrates upon that want of a right appreciation of evidence which is common among mankind. In this respect it may have been of service. "Il ne suffit pas de dire que l'esprit est faible," said Malebranche, "il faut lui faire sentir ses faiblesses." It is not enough to say that human testimony is fallible; we must point out the origin of its weakness—its tendency to err.

If we seek for one distinguishing mark of philosophic advancement in a nation or an individual, we shall find it in the keen perception of what constitutes evidence. There may be, and there often is, enormous intellectual activity and brilliant faculty conjoined with a very imperfect sense of evidence; so that splendid creations of art and daring systems of philosophy often issue from minds which very faintly discriminate the elements of a demonstration. Sometimes this is congenital weakness; sometimes it is due to imperfect culture; men rely on incomplete evidence, because they have not learned what complete evidence is. The latter condition is noticeable in the speculations of early philosophers who uniformly accepted verbal distinctions for valid proofs, simply because they had not learned to discriminate the illusory nature of verbal distinctions. In Aristotle, for example, we constantly find a reference to what has been *said* on a subject. "The usual point from which he starts in his inquiries," to quote Dr Whewell's account, "is that *we say* thus or thus in common language. Thus when he discusses the question whether there be in any part of the universe, a void, or space in which there is nothing, he inquires first in how many senses we say that one thing is *in* another. He enumerates many of these; we say the part is in the whole, as the finger is *in* the hand; again we say the species is in the genus as man is included *in* animal; again the government of Greece is *in* the King; and various other senses are described and exemplified, but of all these *the most proper* is when we say a thing is *in* a vessel, and generally *in place*."*

It is to a better apprehension of the nature of Evidence that the decline of superstition is due. The figments of the imagination vanish before the realities of science; and science itself becomes rapid in its growth only because men have learned the necessity of *testing* their conclusions, and cross-examining the evidence. Subject to the fears and phantasies of an imagination which is stimulated by the marvels encompassing him, man is incessantly creating bugbears and obstacles out of unusual phenomena. He is credulous from his very impatience to get the truth, and his inexperience of the ways in which truth can be sought. Fearful curiosity is the origin of superstitions; solemn curiosity is the origin of philosophies.

The grossness and universality of the superstitions which have alarmed and subdued mankind, have often been made the subject of declamation; but it would perhaps have mitigated the contempt of some declaimers, could they have known that the credulity they are pitying had often as rational a basis as the lofty speculations of a Pythagoras, a Plato, or a Hegel. Surrounded as we are by mysteries, and helpless as we find ourselves amid them, we are irresistibly prompted to seek an *explanation* of them. So strong is this desire, that, in all but very acute, or very cultivated minds, any explanation which does not contradict previous conceptions is eagerly received. In the presence of moving tables, the cause of the movement not being apparent, men cannot acquiesce in simple ignorance; they demand an explanation; and the mere suggestion that spirits moved the table is readily welcomed. And others who reject with scorn the suggestions of spirits, accept, on no better evidence, the suggestion of "electricity."

Supreme disregard to the accuracy of the facts on which its conclusions are based, is one of the marks of an uncultivated intellect. It is a part of the credulousness continued from childhood; and is seen in the acceptance, without misgiving, of any *statement* of facts which is made confidently, and without obvious motive for deceit. Not only in matters of science, but in matters of daily life, is this credulity observed. You cannot step into an omnibus, or chat with an acquaintance at the club, without hearing distinct, positive, and important statements respecting the *intentions* of public men,—statements involving their personal honour, perhaps the national safety, and uttered with an air of conviction

*Whewell: *History of the Inductive Sciences*, Chap. I.

which would be ludicrous were it not so sad; yet if you happen to ask on what *evidence* the speaker relies, you find perhaps that there is nothing better than the surmise or gossip of Our Own Correspondent, or of some "ignorant ape walking about in breeches," who undertakes to supply a newspaper with his interpretation of the motives of persons he has never seen, and whose characters he cannot know. The other day we heard a lady speak with sorrowing severity of a popular author being "such a dreadful liar." Surprised at the charge, we asked on what evidence it was asserted. She was completely taken aback at the idea of evidence being requisite; but quickly returning to her position, she confidently replied, "Oh! it is known." By whom known, and how known, remained a mystery. She had heard this said; had believed it without misgiving, and repeated it with conviction.

The object of the foregoing remarks has been to show how easily an inference may be mistaken for a fact, and how habitually men declare they have seen what they have only inferred. Seeing is, in all cases, believing; but in all cases we must assure ourselves of *what* we have seen, carefully discriminating it from what we have not seen but only imagined, and carefully ascertaining whether the facts seen by us are all the facts then present. It is by no means easy to see accurately any series of events; nor, when under any strong emotion, is it easy to prevent the imagination from usurping the place of vision. "Many individuals," says Liebig, "overlook half the event through carelessness; another adds to what he observes the creation of his own imagination; whilst a third, who sees sufficiently distinctly the different parts of the whole, confounds together things which ought to be kept separate. In the Gorlitz trial, in Darmstadt, the female attendants who washed and clothed the body, observed on it neither arms nor head; another witness saw one arm, and a head the size of a man's fist; a third, a physician, saw both arms and head of the usual size."*

The scientific intellect is alert and inquisitive as to proof. It is not contented with observing all the links in the chain are united, unless each link is of firm iron. The logical sequence may be perfect, yet the premises all wrong. In the early days of science important conclusions were formed upon evidence which no one thought of testing. Explanations were abundant; theories cost little; but actual knowledge was small. Centuries of such philosophy produced little result; two centuries of philosophy, since men began to be rigorous as to evidence, have produced the splendid results we know.

Yet although the necessity of testing evidence is fully recognised in theory, it is still frequently neglected in practice even by men of science. On all hands we see men speculating without undergoing the tedious but indispensable process of verification. They take too much for granted. They fail to distinguish between probability and proof; between hypothesis and fact. If this laxity is noticeable in science, no one will wonder at its existence in morals and politics: there, men who demand evidence are considered "troublesome." Nevertheless there, as in science, we must guard against the tendency to believe without evidence, and to mistake an inference for a fact: there, as in science, we must be very cautious in admitting the statement of a respectable witness to be a *complete expression* of the facts, merely because his character guarantees the veracity of the statement as to what he saw. We do not impugn his veracity in declaring that no character can be a guarantee for the accuracy and completeness of a description; because the description can only be of the facts seen by him, the facts unseen are beyond his testimony.

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* Liebig: *Letters on Chemistry*, p. 28. On the opening of the Great Exhibition in 1851, the reporters in the newspapers differed almost as widely. One declaring the weather to have been perfect—"not a drop of rain fell;" another declared it "showery;" a third described the *four grey* horses which drew the Queen's carriage; a fourth called them *four bays;* a gentleman whom we interrogated said the horses were *two* bays.

THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.

A LITTLE time ago we were all reading with avidity the sparkling, witty, and intelligent work of M. About on the *Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope*. M. About is a writer who, like our own late Sydney Smith, mingles so much wit and pleasantry with his pungent remarks and his grave condemnatory facts, that many readers are apt to think that they have been amused rather than instructed by him — enlivened more than enlightened. To such readers the confirmatory evidence of a sedate Englishman and a pious Catholic, who has been long residing in Rome, may be acceptable. We have to introduce to them a work of a quite different stamp from M. About's—a grave, conscientious, serious work, that aims at no wit, that sometimes dallies with the poetical aspect of things, that displays, wherever fit occasion presents, a gentle and not intolerant spirit of piety, but which never seeks to raise a smile. His unwilling testimony, extorted by experience or personal observation, to the weakness and defects inherent in the Papal Government, may be of value to those who still need to be convinced that the two characters of Catholic priest and civil magistrate ought not to be combined in the same person.

It is an unwilling or reluctant witness that we have before us. Charles Hemans, the author of this book, son of the poetess who has made his name celebrated in England, is one of that small and most curious group of English laymen who, in these later days, from an exuberance of piety or learning, have deserted the too tame and scanty creed of Protestantism for that fulness of religious faith which they find in Catholicism. What was the peculiar line of cogent reasoning which induced an intelligent Englishman — not himself a priest, or solicitous to share in the honour or mysterious power of the priesthood—to break with his earlier creed, the creed of his home and of his country, in order to submit himself to a foreign church, which, more than any other church or priesthood that ever existed, labours to repress all free intellectual movement—we do not know, and do not seek to know. This is matter of personal and private history. We have merely to observe that one who took up his residence in Rome, to be close to the very source and fountain-head of religious truth, and to be participant in the purest and most perfect religious worship, could not readily or without much provocation, have come forward as an evidence against the temporal government of the sovereign under whose spiritual government he had been so solicitous to place himself.

Mr. Hemans's work, as its title will show, is of an ambitious order, and the present volume is to be regarded only as a portion or instalment of it. *Catholic Italy and its Institutions*, is a title, indeed, that opens a wide and indefinite prospect. But as we are concerned with that part only of the present volume which treats of the Pope's civil government, it is not incumbent on us to pass any judgment on the general design of the work, or to say how far this volume has carried out its accomplishment. Partly owing to the negligence of a foreign printer, the book wears a somewhat uninviting aspect. Authors, we know, are abundantly repaid by the pleasant occupation their own work supplies to them; but if it were not for this reflection, some feeling of melancholy and regret would have stolen over us as we perused this volume. There is evidence throughout of much industry, much observation, much reading, and an earnest conscientious spirit; yet all, we fear, will fail of accomplishing any definite result. A precise definite object hardly seems to have been aimed at. His materials, excellent in themselves, are brought

Catholic Italy: its Institutions and Sanctuaries. Part I. Rome and the Papal States. By CHARLES HEMANS.

confusedly before us; his combination of purely historical matter with contemporary events and matter of personal observation, is not skilfully contrived. We seem sometimes to be reading a book of travels, sometimes a dry historical summary. There is a want of that ordinary literary skill, of that tact and judgment to select and combine, which may be seen in many a work not evincing half the industry or thought given to the production of these pages.

Mr. Hemans does not parade his theology, or give to it any disagreeable prominence. To judge by the volume before us, the æsthetic side of the Catholic worship—the poetry and art which naturally unite with its symbolic ritual—has made more impression on him than its peculiar dogmas of theology. After describing the mental stupor and degrading poverty into which a certain Italian town is sunk, he brings through its long straggling streets some gay and imposing procession, and in the pleasure which this spectacle gives to him and to the populace, he seems for a moment to forgive or forget all that he has been telling us. A pious and charitable priesthood distributes alms indiscriminately, and thereby cultivates sloth and pauperism; a pious and dogmatic priesthood distributes another kind of alms—its miserable dole of religious knowledge—and cultivates here also a mental sloth and pauperism. Mr Hemans can perceive this. But the cathedral of the town, "transformed into one great pavilion of silk and damask hangings"—but the triumphal arch, "constructed with admirable skill, with columns, attic, entablature, reliefs, and statuary, all of fragile material, yet perfect in illusion"—but the statues of "the Saviour, and St. Sebastian, and St. Roch, rising in colossal forms, prepared by means of plaster for the heads, hands, or other parts exposed, and linen draperies soaked in lime-water for the rest,"—these steal away his heart, and, for a time, console his spirit. These cannot be surrendered, though surrendered they must assuredly be, if the multitude are not for ever to remain children. "Protestantism," he writes, "has done away with such celebrations as the above described; but are its followers, therefore, the better? are the laborious classes in its cities (socially on a par with the majority of towns amongst the mountains) the happier in the routine of their monotonous existence? All this splendour and preparation for the Frascati centenary, involving expenses considerable to a place of the description, connecting itself with no object tangible or material, bore witness to an immortal interest, a spiritual reality; and, remembering it, I cannot but echo the exclamation of Madame de Stael, 'que j'aime l'inutile!'"

But what he and we should described as *l'inutile*, is a most serious business with this populace, whom we would benefit, not exactly by taking away *this*, but by giving something better, of which it fills the place. It occupies precisely that place which each of us fills with the most earnest and solemn thought he is capable of. It could not be retained the moment it was recognised as *l'inutile*. But we do not quote this passage for the sake of entering into controversy with the author—his gentle, grave and gracious temper does not provoke to controversy—but it may serve to show that it is no iconoclast we have before us, and that it is a very mild note of reprobation we are to expect.

We pass over the first chapter, which is of an historical character, and open the book at the second, which bears the title, *The Papal Court and Government*. Mr. Hemans was in Rome at the time of the election of Pius IX. He stood with the crowd before the Papal palace, saw the cardinals come forth upon the balcony, and heard one of them pronounce the glad tidings—"*Annuncio vobis gaudium magnum, habemus Papam!*"

"A tempest of jubilant sounds followed, formed by the chorus of *vivas* with exulting military music, broken on at intervals by the deep booming of cannon from a distance. Still were eyes fixed on that balcony, where another group soon appeared, all the cardinals now standing before its balustrade, and waving handkerchiefs in response to the salutes of the people, till amidst them was

brought forward one different in costume, and still more in expression, distinguished by a white cassock and rochet, a crimson silk mantle covering the shoulders, a gold embroidered stole, and white silk skullcap. Placed in the centre of the stately group, this personage was greeted with a tumult of applause and martial music, ordnance from the fortress, and pealing of bells from the churches. He raised his hand, went mutely through the action of blessing, and then, supporting his head on both hands as he leaned over the balustrade, gave way to his emotion in a flood of tears."

On the evening of the same day that he witnessed this military greeting returned by apostolic blessing, our author is on the bridge of St. Angelo, and meets "a cortège of chariots, in the most sumptuous of which sat the new Pontiff, looking flushed with excitement, but perfectly self-possessed, an amiable smile on his benignant placid countenance, as he gave the blessing with uplifted hand, turning to the right and the left, that all might receive it and see him. *Oh quanto è bello!* was the comment I heard on his appearance."

Then came the solemnities of the coronation, amongst which our poetical catholic and lover of symbols does not fail to mention the smoking flax, "thrice displayed and thrice consumed, at the end of a wand carried in the procession before the enthroned Pontiff, with the loudly chanted admonition: *Pater sancte, sic transit gloria mundi!*"

Alas! the *gloria mundi* does not even wait for death to extinguish it. It dies down very rapidly—dies down in the interior of that palace to which the crowned Pope retires. It is gone long before the Cardinal Camerlingo (in the performance of another symbolic rite which our author mentions) enters the silent chamber and strikes three times on the brow of the mute pope, and, receiving no answer, proclaims that the Papal throne is vacant, and that a vicar of Christ has again to be elected. It is at best a weary, anxious, unsocial existence to which a Pope is now elected. Looking at it from a worldly point of view, it presents nothing enviable. This Pius IX., formerly Cardinal Mastai, was, it is said, most unexpectedly elevated to the Papal throne. He had not even a residence in Rome, and, coming hastily from his bishopric of Imala, we are told that he went to the conclave in a carriage borrowed from another cardinal; and that when, on the evening of the second day, the scrutiny of the votes declared that the election had fallen upon him, "he almost fainted from emotion; and it was with difficulty the cardinals could support him to assume his new robes behind the altar, and receive in that gorgeous chapel at the Quirinal, the inaugural act of homage from the Sacred College called *la prima adorazione.*" The emotion was no doubt genuine, and all the exultant shouts of the multitude were as genuine as such shouting ever is, and there is some genuine significance, we suppose, in the "adoration," and the pompous coronation, and the *Accipe tiaram tribus coronis ornatam, et scias te esse patrem principum et regum, rectorem orbis, in terra vicarium Salvatoris nostri Jesus Christi, cui est honor et gloria in secula seculorum.* But after all is over the Pope retires behind the scenes to an existence which seems divided between a monotonous routine and very perplexing negotiations. "Little, indeed," says our author, "is the Papal throne to be coveted for the sake of the splendour or unlimited indulgences allowed to temporal princes. The Pope lives without liberty, shut up in the circle of prescribed duties, bound by the same obligations of penitence, fasting, and confession as the humblest ecclesiastic. None of the distractions or festivities of other courts are allowed to his; every meal is taken by him alone; and he is truly (as Gerbet observes) 'imprisoned in the sanctity of his character, finding that to him the Papal throne becomes the column of a stylite.'"

Some of our readers may like to know a little more of the interior of a Papal palace. Those who have derived the idea of it from the luxurious reign of Leo X. may learn how staid, demure, and methodical a functionary a modern pope is expected to be.

"His court, though externally splendid, is austerely regulated, and his privy purse is estimated at not more than 4260

Roman dollars per annum, though offerings from the faithful in various countries have (especially in the case of his present Holiness) brought occasional augmentation to these narrow means. Among the thousand chambers of the Vatican, few, and those not the largest, are reserved for his residence. In the Quirinal palace he has a more magnificent suite; but his villa on the lake of Albano, and that lately purchased at Porto d'Anzio, are surpassed in scale and grandeur by many country seats of gentlemen and noblemen in England. Though always appearing abroad with a cortège of chariots and mounted guards, in private his habits are simple, his dress entirely white, with a gold embroidered cross on the slipper, which is kissed in the act of that homage he usually dispenses with from non-Catholics at presentation, and of which he himself sets the example, so far as Christian humility is implied, by kissing the feet of priests (who are generally poor and strangers) during the solemnity of Holy Thursday. He holds no levees, but access to him is easy, through application to proper officials, for persons of almost every rank, with no other requirement as to etiquette of costume than black evening dress without gloves, and the veil for females. . . . I may add, as to the private life of Pius IX., that he daily celebrates mass in his private chapel, and attends another mass said by a chaplain; dedicates the entire morning, till an early dinner, to his duties; then drives out, and (when beyond the city walls) usually walks; returns again to occupy his hours, till a rather late supper, in that routine of endless and ever-prescribed engagements that render the life of a Pope little else than a magnificent slavery. Among these engagements, audiences, official and private, are not the least prominent or wearisome; and I have heard of his present Holiness having literally to spend the day till 7 P.M., in one series of receptions.

"Most of the ecclesiastics enrolled in the Papal Court rank as prelates; and this household is at present composed of the Cardinal, Secretary of State, 'Prefect of the Apostolical Palaces,' a major domo, a mæstro di camera, an auditor, the maestro of the sacred palaces (who is always a Dominican and head of the censorship over the press), 10 private chamberlains, 102 private supernumerary chamberlains, all, like the former, of prelatic rank," &c. &c.

The title of Prelate, it is hardly necessary to say, is not synonymous, as it is in England, with that of Bishop. It is an honorary title conferred by the Pope, and the bearer of it may be a priest or layman. He has the tonsure, is called *Monsignor*, and wears violet stockings. If he has any chance of exchanging his violet for the scarlet stockings of a cardinal, or any hope of valuable preferment, he probably, in course of his career, becomes full priest; if the prospect of promotion no longer tempts him along the ecclesiastical career, he retires and becomes decided layman. "He marries," so M. About says, "for one takes a wife here on the day of one's despair. An ambitious man who is disappointed kills himself at Paris — at Rome he marries."

Much has been said and written about the admission of laics into the civil government of Rome, and Mr. Hemans gives us a long list to show how large a proportion of offices are held by laymen; but he has the candour to acknowledge that these statistics, on which Mr. Maguire and others have laid so much stress, "convey no proof that the directing principle — the *animus* of this system — is not exclusively ecclesiastical." They certainly prove no such thing. If the higher offices and all the patronage are in the hands of the Church, the lay official is sure to be the mere tool and instrument of the Church. These prelates of whom we have been speaking are not, in general, priests, but they cannot fail to be priestly in their ideas and policy; they expect everything from the Pope. One wonders that certain reasoners have not discovered that the present government is decidedly laic, since the prime minister is a cardinal-deacon. Why, even the lowest functionaries that serve this clerical monarchy must be imbued with the clerical spirit! We see here in England that the parish beadle, though unquestionably a layman, has the ecclesiastical spirit in him as strong as the rector—probably much stronger.

An amusing use is made of this circumstance that some of the highest ministers of the Pope are not, strictly speaking, priests. Of the cardinals, some are cardinal-

bishops, some cardinal-priests, some cardinal-deacons. Cardinal Antonelli is of the last order, and if he serves the Church in a somewhat worldly fashion, and more after the manner of the serpent than the dove, the Church itself can receive no taint, and he himself is not so very blamable, since he is not a priest! "Les bonnes âmes," says M. About, "qui veulent absolument que tout soit bien à Rome, font sonner bien haut l'avantage qu'il a de n'être pas prêtre. Si on l'accuse d'être trop riche: d'accord, répondent ces Chrétiens indulgents, mais souvenez-vous qu'il n'est pas prêtre! Si l'on trouve qu'il a lu Machiavel avec profit, il n'est pas prêtre! Si le public cite un peu souvent ses bonnes fortunes, il n'est pas prêtre! Je ne savais pas que les diacres eussent le privilège de tout faire impunément. A ce prix, que ne nous permettra-t-on point, à nous que ne sommes pas même tonsurés?"

Mr. Hemans is desirous of conveying to the English mind a just idea of the private life of cardinals, as well as of the Pope. He has, no doubt, obtained accurate information, and we are quite prepared to believe that, as a class, notwithstanding their greater pomp, they are much the same description of people as may be found amongst the clergy in any cathedral town of England. He tells us—

"It would be erroneous to infer from the outward splendour and cumbrous ceremonial attached to this rank, that the private existence of the cardinals is all gilded with pomp and steeped in luxury. Much is required for the external—little left to private purposes. The income of a cardinal, simply as such, who resides in the Papal States, is 4000 scudi a-year; though, if he hold a bishopric, abbacy, or other benefice, or office of government, the revenue attached to such, of course, brings augmentation to his means. With the state they must keep up (as two carriages, livery servants, chaplain, secretary, &c.), many of the Sacred College have little at their disposal: some have died so poor that it it has been found necessary to defray their funeral expenses out of the treasury, or the privy purse of the sovereign. Even the seven cardinals of the order of bishops, suffragans of Rome, have not (abatement being made of obligatory and official expense) any great superfluity; and I am assured, on creditable authority, that about 500 scudi a-year is all that remains in the private purse even of the most exalted among these ecclesiastical princes! Nor need we be surprised at such exemplification of the principle of Catholicism, whose aim is to surround with lustre the spiritual *idea* attached to the office—not to aggrandise the individual, or administer to the pride of family."

Mr. Hemans delights in tracing a symbolic meaning in everything about him. The princes of the Church shall enjoy, if he pleases, merely a symbolic wealth. We know there is one instance in which they display very ingeniously a symbolic poverty. If a cardinal, as member of some religious fraternity, has taken the vow of poverty, he records or fulfils the vow—by driving in a brown chariot instead of a scarlet one!

We are quite ready to believe that both Pope and cardinals in this present century lead most respectable lives, and are, in general, admirable specimens of the ecclesiastical character. We have our own archbishops and bishops, who, probably, in mere domestic or personal luxury, are far in advance of these princes of the Church; we have no difficulty, therefore, in picturing to ourselves a number of quiet, respectable, intelligent, and learned men, wearing red stockings and driving about in gilded coaches. But if we were to take our excellent Archbishop of Canterbury and put a crown upon his head, and give him for secretaries of state the able Bishops of London, Oxford, and Exeter—should we, out of these worthy prelates, form a very admirable civil government for England? We should probably say that, just in proportion as they were zealous churchmen would they prove defective as king and ministers. The Pope and cardinals may be very excellent ecclesiastics—they have proved themselves bad governors, bad legislators, bad administrators of justice. Municipal government is for earthly objects, the administration of justice, the promotion of industry, and the like, and these require the undivided care of the eminent men to whom they are committed. A good priest subordinates every earthly interest to the

piety of his flock, or the prosperity of his church. To him a great criminal, who is a sound Catholic, is not half so detestable as a good citizen who is a bad believer. What is earthly prosperity itself? Adversity and Christian resignation are much better. We rise easily above the pleasures of others; and can willingly stand sponsors for any poor child that it shall renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. And if all ecclesiastics are not pietists, they rarely fail of being good churchmen; so that no object of civil government will be carried forward beyond the point where it is quite compatible with the wealth and dignity of the Church, and the mental submission of the laity.

The Papal Government is a despotism — the short-lived constitution given by Pius IX. may be regarded as a nullity—and it must share in all the evils of that unchecked form of government. The despotism, it is true, is in the hands of a man not likely to use his power in wanton acts of cruelty, but it is also in the hands of one who, in the great interests of his hierarchy, would feel himself justified in any arbitrary act. Moreover, there are certain defects which follow directly on the *spiritual* nature of the government, as that indiscriminate charity which produces the very poverty it vainly attempts to overtake, and that mischievous lenity towards criminals, which it balances by a severity equally mischievous against all who venture to think for themselves.

"That discontent prevails at Rome," writes Mr. Hemans, "against all authorities, political, municipal, and religious, is apparent to the most superficial observer; and, allowing for exaggerations or causeless ill humours, the constant expression of that feeling must be admitted to represent a moral fact, though few may be qualified fully to account for its origin or intensity. Those who live under a government must, generally speaking, be better able to appreciate than theorisers at a distance. Most severely has the judicial system of this country been criticised both at home and abroad; and one of its aspects too prominent at Rome cannot be defended, in the arbitrary principle manifest in such abuses as arrests on mere suspicion, indefinite delay of trials, prolonged imprisonments before sentence or even investigation has ensued."

And, finally, after reviewing some of the judicial anomalies that spring from a government which punishes sin more than crime, and disbelief as the greatest of sins, our author concludes by giving in his adhesion to the opinion that the Catholic religion would be greatly strengthened if the Papacy could limit itself to a spiritual dominion.

"In many minds," he says, "and almost universally in this country, the idea now obtains that the highest credit of the Papacy can only be restored by separation from the temporal sovereignty, or at least such modification of that sovereignty as to reduce it simply to a guarantee for independence, political and financial."

In other European Governments the ecclesiastical and civil powers criticise and check each other. Both need this sort of criticism. A religious corporation is of admirable service as a censor to the state and the people; but if there is no power in the nation to overlook and pass judgment on the religious corporation, it will run riot or become corrupted. A religious corporation made despotic becomes the most despotic of all governments, for it is despotic over mind, body, and estate.

Again, there are needful and imperative functions of the state which are altogether inappropriate to the hands of the clergy. How can a genuine Christian priest keep alive the military spirit of his subjects? The sword should be placed in other hands. Even the sword of justice he cannot wield with the necessary energy and promptitude. The judge here in England sentences a criminal to be executed, and forthwith pious clergymen come round him and do their utmost, in the interval between the sentence and the execution, to prepare the murderer for his advent into another world. This is as it should be. The objection that some have made, that this dismissal to happier regions of the penitent criminal detracts from the terror in the punishment, and, therefore, from its salutary effect upon society, is one

of those objections which seem to have validity till we look closer into the matter; for, in fact, this concern manifested for the safety of the soul makes death itself more terrible, and, upon the whole, augments the horror that hangs over capital punishment. But what if we allowed the visiting clergy, or the pious home missionary, to delay the execution till he was satisfied that the soul of the criminal was saved? The certainty and promptitude of the punishment, on which all its efficacy depends, would be at an end. Yet this is what is done in Rome. A Catholic priest does not think the soul saved unless the criminal has received absolution, and he cannot receive absolution until he has confessed his sins. If a crime has really been committed, there is a confession of it to be made, and till this confesion has been extracted the priest is reluctant to sign the warrant for his execution. Thus assassins and banditti — men who have made robbery and murder their trade — have been kept in prison till it has been felt that it was too late to punish them! the populace had forgotten their crimes, and would look only with compassion on their death. The right of asylum is still retained in the Roman States, It keeps up the sacredness of churches and churchmen. Even murderers must acknowledge there is some good in religion, if it shelters them from the pursuit of justice.

All temporal interests are subordinated or postponed to a fictitious piety — a piety divorced from its rational connection with human well-being. Much of the land is held in mortmain — what can it better do than support pious souls who pray for others? You talk in vain of improvements, of long leases, of better modes of communication, roads and railways—these pious souls must not be disturbed; and what else can be demanded of them than to transmit to others the same immunity from all mundane cares which, for the profit of mankind in general, they have submitted to enjoy? Even the most beautiful and beneficent of human feelings—that charity which interests us in the welfare of others, and without which a human society must become stagnant and corrupt — is made a mischief and a calamity by being converted into an arbitrary rule of this fictitious piety. It is enough that the man *gives*—as if all charity consisted in giving — as if it were not incumbent to help also by prompting to self-help—as if it were not a matter of duty to reflect on the ultimate result of our giving. Is the mere self-sacrifice on the part of the giver of so much coin, to satisfy the duty of Christian and rational charity? Yet the Papal Government itself, and every monastic institution, and every individual whose conscience is under the tutelage of the priest, merely gives, and gives—and a frightful amount of poverty is the inevitable result.

In thought as well as in action there can be no advancement under this government. The church of the middle ages is to assert its authority over the minds of a more enlightened and civilised era. It is bad enough when this end is to be accomplished through the assistance of a monarchical power, with whom the hierarchy has made alliance—what must it be when the hierarchy can act for itself, without the intervention of an ally who has his own objects and his own interests to consult? The press is put under a rigid censorship: the education of the people is put under the supervision of the priesthood. All philosophy, all history, all science, is limited or falsified to just that teaching which will accord with its religious dogmas. A grown-up man cannot read a heretical book, even for the sake of controverting it, without the written licence of a priest; and this written licence will contain express exceptions. Mr. Hemans gives us one in which the whole works of Bentham are excepted. The dry laborious works of our reforming jurist were not to be read, even for the sake of controverting them. Some may think less of this intellectual slavery than of civil or municipal abuses; but they think very erroneously: it lies at the root of the matter. How can any *practices* of such a government be reformed, if the *doctrines* from which they flow, or the spiritual

authority by which they are maintained, may not be questioned?

We avoid mentioning many of the harsh and *spiteful* acts with which the present government is charged, because we desire to keep distinct those evils which may be traced to the individual pope or minister, from those which are inherent in the system itself—a system which unites in the same person a spiritual and temporal despotism. There is no care in this government—there is no faith in human progress. It has only to preserve, to enjoy, to give its subjects paradise and purgatory. There is no earthly progress for the people worth a thought. The old and detestable plan of monopolies holds its place in Rome—monopolies of tobacco, salt, sugar—we know not what—are given or sold by the government. What motive has it for securing to human industry greater scope and more equitable treatment? You would say that so vicious and demoralising a method of raising money as the lottery, would at least be abandoned by a government so moral in its pretensions that it prudishly interferes with the anatomical studies of the schools of surgery; but no, it holds its place.

"Though not to the same degree a *furore* here as at Naples, and though the public extraction at Rome is only bimestral, not weekly, as at the former city, the effects are scarcely less ruinous in one than the other State. On Saturday, twice in the month, it is that a large and excited multitude assemble in the piazza in one of Rome's older quarters, before the stately palace called 'Madama' from its foundress Catherine de Medici, now appropriated to offices of government. At a balcony high on the front appears a group of authorities, with a chaplain and a theatrically-dressed little boy standing before a cylindrical vessel in a frame. When all is ready, after this receptacle has been made to turn rapidly on a pivot, the little chief actor (whose innocence is used to impose upon the crowd in the equivocal transaction) draws slowly out from the vessel the winning numbers, each of which is loudly proclaimed to the people. . . . If the glittering 'gin-palaces' in London streets be a reproach, not less so is the nightly illuminated lottery-office in Rome—open later than all other establishments, and under no obligation of closing for any festival. Poor families in this city lay by their little earnings weekly, to the privation of parents and children, for buying numbers to play; and when one observes the degrading superstition among other results, astonishment is increased at the support, by ecclesiastical government, of a system so odious. Divining, dream-interpretations, charms, are among the train of attendant evils, despite their being condemned dogmatically by the Church. *Il vero libro dei Sogni* is a vile publication, sold at almost every stall in Rome (without impediment from the rigorous censorship that has not spared Gioberti or Rosmini), a snare for ignorance, that professes to give the corresponding 'lucky number' for every object that can be thought or dreamt of!—even the name 'Papa' admitted, with its appropriate divination in three numbers; and *prete, cardinale, cardinalato*, each with its number for gambling on—besides other terms grossly indecent! More deplorable is it that such superstition should be supported by any minister of religion; but the belief widely prevails, and is to a degree encouraged by those who should labor to uproot it, that certain of the mendicant friars have gifts of divination for the lottery. I was visited once by a friar, an entire stranger, who mysteriously intimated that if I were a lottery-gambler he could tell me something worth knowing—for which I thanked him."

For all apology you are told that the people of Rome would gamble in the lotteries of other States, if they had not one of their own. One would think that here, if anywhere, the Papal Government would set a good example to its neighbours; but it seems to argue as Cowper's school-boy, "If the orchard *must* be robbed, I may as well go shares." M. About suggests that the Court of Rome may not altogether disapprove of the sort of education a lottery assists in giving. It is true that there may be some advantage, he says, in teaching people to depend on their industry rather than on their luck. But then, in the Roman States, where industry leads to little, the lottery is a consolation for the poor. One can always hope, and the Church teaches us to live on hope; and it is a bad habit of the mind to rely upon ourselves. Better rely on providence, on miracle, and pray to the saints for a good

number, and consult the Capuchin, who is good authority on this as on other subjects, and live as much as possible by faith.

It is hardly possible to make the mere temporal interests of the people a matter of conscience with this priestly government. What can industry do but make the world more pleasant and seductive? And science is a known enemy to implicit belief. It is said that there is no country in Christendom where education is so little advanced as this, which lies under the immediate care of the Vicar of Christ.

Such is the government that is now upheld by the foreign troops of France, against the wishes of the inhabitants of Rome. Such is the government which is again threatened with overthrow by the new movement, headed by Garibaldi and the King of Sardinia. Will the Emperor of France, or any other emperor, continue to support it? And what will be the results on Catholic Europe, if the temporal sovereignty of the Pope should really come to an end? These are questions which we cannot help asking ourselves, though it is only a very imperfect answer we can give to them.

When the present Emperor of France undertook the restoration of the Pope to his civil power, it was a small *republic*, of most uncertain existence, that he assailed and destroyed. And the policy which determined him is very intelligible. He thereby represented himself to all Europe as the champion of order, he gained the support of his own clergy, and he set his foot on this rising flame of republicanism, which, as matters stood, seemed to bode no good to Italy, or to neighbouring nations. But the scene has very rapidly changed. The new movement is one for *national unity*,—the formation of one great Italian monarchy. Will the Emperor of France oppose this movement, openly or covertly? Or will it be strong enough to accomplish its ends, despite of all foreign opposition? Here we can express no confident opinion. We can only hope that the grandest political scheme which has agitated the minds of men in our day may be fulfilled. It looks, as we are accustomed to say, "too good to be true,"—too grand a project to be actually accomplished.

All Italy formed into one compact monarchy!—or say all Italy, with the exception of that part which has been left under the dominion of Austria—the design is one which must kindle the imagination of the coldest politician. A kingdom of Italy that would soon complete in population, in wealth, in intelligence, with the kingdom of France—what an accession to the great family of European nations! Not an acre of land, nor a single human soul, would be added to Europe, and still there would be a new *creation*,—a new people, with renewed energies. France, England, and Germany have long represented the growth and progress of the world; they have been the foremost and advancing nations of Europe; now a fourth would come amongst them, who, in every career, whether of art, science, industry, or war, would be second to none. Every one feels directly that Italy would be a new power; that the intellect of the nation would spring up as from a sleep. Commerce and industry would revive, new schools of art would appear, and, above all, new universities, or universities that will teach science and history in quite a new spirit. Hitherto the youth of Italy, the youth of the middle classes, on whom the vigour and energy of each coming age depends, has been cruelly maltreated, "cabined, cribbed, confined," and then pronounced to be capable of nothing better than a theatrical and coffee-house existence. Let us hope that France will not be impelled, by some feeling of distrust and jealousy, to oppose and thwart this great regeneration of a people who, in the arts of peace, in the prosecution of science and philosophy,—if not in material wealth and power,—may soon be its distinguished rival.

We can but hope success to this great effort for a united Italian people. We know the difficulties that must be encountered, the opposition from without and within, the open or concealed hostility of foreign powers, the ceaseless, pertinacious, unwearied, and unscrupulous resistance of the great body of the priest-

hood, the alternating sloth and passion of the populace, and the timidity and repugnance to change which the wealthy classes in all nations are sure to display. We can but hope. But if it should succeed there are some of the results to follow from it on which we should speak with much less hesitation, which we should venture, indeed, very confidently to predict.

Why is it that we feel convinced that the construction, by the Italians themselves, of a new kingdom of Italy, must be accompanied by a re-invigoration of all the powers and energies of the people? Because we know that this great political design cannot possibly be accomplished without such an awakening of the mind and heart of the country as must inevitably display itself in very many directions. In one direction the very contest will call it forth. It is not the Austrian alone that has driven the several portions of Italy into this union—it is not the Austrian alone that would oppose it—there is a power of the one Church which the scattered civilians of Italy are incapable of competing with—there is a subtle opponent in their own territory which must, in one shape or other, be done battle with. The programme of national unity necessarily implies two things—freedom from foreign domination, and a due subordination of the ecclesiastical to the civil power, or an equitable alliance between them. The Austrian, limited to a corner of Italy, and left unassailed there, might not provoke an open war, but the open war of speech, of denunciation, of every priestly weapon, there is no possible escape from. It is in vain that leaders of this great political movement strive to limit it to politics; it will be a religious as well as civil contest. They do not now assail the Church, but the Church will assail them, and they must combat or submit.

It is impossible to exclude Rome from the programme of an Italian kingdom. Rome must be the capital of the new Italy. The existence of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope though he should consent to restrict it within the walls of the city of Rome, is utterly incompatible with the foundation of a stable Italian monarchy. The Pope, or the Bishop of Rome, must become, in temporal matters, a citizen of Rome, a subject of the Italian monarchy.

Of course the priesthood, and those who feel with the priesthood, will be indignant at the thought,—will do everything in their power to prevent this degradation, as they will esteem it, of the head of the Universal Church. They will set in motion every engine of diplomacy; they will rouse every superstition of the people. There are no traitors, no calumniators, that can rival an angry priesthood. There is no peace to be made with them. It is not a question of peace or war; there must be war or submission.

We confess we tremble for the fate of Italy, when we reflect on the vast power of the clergy over a most superstitious people, and call to mind that the anger of that clergy will inevitably be roused to the utmost. There are princes, too, as superstitious as the populace, or, what is worse, who seek to govern by its superstition. An Emperor who could enter into a *concordat* with a pope in order to improve the piety and morality of his own subjects, may commit any folly or any treachery on earth. He is not to be trusted for a moment. He has stamped himself indelibly as perfect child or perfect hypocrite. Or who can say what a confessor may do with the conscience of a queen of Spain, or a Dominican friar with the populace of Castile and Madrid? Who knows what disturbance in every Catholic country the emissaries of Rome may excite? We know this, that there is no war so cruel that a Catholic priesthood would not bring upon its own country in the defence of its Church.

We tremble for the issue of the contest, but we repeat that it is because the contest must be of this twofold description—because an internal domination, as well as an external one, must be overthrown, if success is to be achieved—that we prognosticate such good results from a politically united Italy. Let us permit ourselves to imagine that,

in spite of all opposition, success has been attained—that a great Italian monarchy has been formed, embracing the Roman States—what would be the effect on the Papacy?

We have in Mr. Hemans one of those Catholics who can look without dismay, or even with approbation, on the suppression of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. He thinks Catholicism will reap benefit from the change, arise purer and stronger. If for Catholicism we might substitute Christianity, or if the Papacy can be distinguished from Catholicism, we should acquiesce in his opinion. But if the present ecclesiastical system, the present government of the Church, be included in the idea of Catholicism—if Catholicism is rightly described by Le Maistre in his celebrated book *Le Pape*—then we pronounce that it cannot long survive the blow it would receive by the subjection of the Pope or Bishop of Rome to the King of Italy.

It is very likely that immediately after any adversity should befall the Pope, whether humiliation or exile, the fervent devotion of Catholics would increase. For a time he might exercise a greater influence than ever over the pious throughout all Europe. It is very likely too, that, for centuries to come, some dreamy doctrine of the "infallibility of the Pope" would haunt the minds of scattered sectaries, who would look with contempt on all the national churches which, in the course of those centuries, had sprung up. Do not the Parsees hold their ground to this very day? Does not some traveller tell us of three wise men who met in the ruins of Baalbec to kindle a sacred fire, and perform some annual rite? These wise men were persuaded that, if this fire were not annually kindled, the world would cease to exist. What we venture with confidence to predict is this, that if the Pope is the subject of the King of Italy, he will not long be the head of the Church of France. France, and other Christian monarchies, will acknowledge no higher ecclesiastical functionary than their own bishop or archbishop. If the Pope should emigrate into France, other governments would be equally slow to receive him as the head of their own ecclesiastical establishment. It is not necessary to argue this point. The mere statement of the case must bring conviction, we think, to every man who is at all accustomed to reflect on the springs of human action. If two European nations are rivals of each other in power, and wealth, and knowledge, —in everything that constitutes national greatness,—neither would accept the high-priest of the other as the head of its own clergy.

This division of the universal church into so many national churches, does not imply necessarily the advance of Protestantism, but it inevitably entails a diminution of the ecclesiastical power. It will permit the religious establishments of each country more freely to conform themselves to the growing intelligence of each country. At present, a refractory clergy gains a support from without. Say that six nations, independent in their civil government, were linked together by one common ecclesiastical institution, no reform of a religious nature could be effected by either, till it had obtained in its favour a majority of the six. The clergy of every nation would be supported, or would be *restrained* (if they themselves should be liberally disposed) by the general spirit pervading the whole clergy. And this general spirit would find its representative and executive in the permanent head of the united hierarchy. If an archbishop of Cologne rebels against the municipal regulations of his country, he appeals to a foreign priesthood for sympathy and support. If an Emperor of Austria wishes to repress the little philosophy that appears in his states, and, under the plea of fostering piety and morality, to keep the people from the least freedom of religious inquiry, he enters into an agreement with the Pope, and the Pope grants fresh powers to his bishops. If in France a spirit of concession should arise amongst the clergy themselves, the reaction takes the form of an ultramontane faction. To all this there will be an end. In every country the clergy will feel themselves essentially national, and their teachings will more

readily be modified according to the advancing intelligence of the nation.

The formation of a great Italian monarchy will be the downfall of the present ecclesiastical system, and no country will reap so much benefit from the change as Italy itself. We are not pretending to prophesy that Italy or other Catholic countries will become Protestant, though it is very natural for an Englishman to arrive at such a conclusion. What we see before us, in the event of the success of this great political movement for a national unity, is the downfall of an ecclesiastical system. The new Italy cannot relinquish her Rome; Rome cannot submit to be handed over to an ecclesiastical *caste*, who are to continue to govern it without one generous sympathy in all that constitutes a national life—a *caste* of celibates, who must either rule in the spirit of monks, or of profligate men, reckless of domestic virtues as of national greatness. The spectacle of a city coerced perpetually by a military force to live under a monastic government, could not be endured; and if Rome is to be the capital of the new Italy, it can no longer give a pope to France. The government that has its seat at Paris could not consent to this. The spirit of rivalry that must arise between the two nations would utterly forbid it. Thus the great ecclesiastical system, which *nets* the several Catholic nations together, would be broken up. To this extent we venture to prophesy, but no further.

We have forsaken Mr. Hemans's book to take a single glance at Italian politics. It shall be no more than a single glance. Of the immediate result of the noble enterprise of Garibaldi it is in vain to speculate. Before our speculations will be printed, events themselves may have rendered all speculation idle and superfluous. Nor can a foreigner form any conclusions satisfactory to himself of the state of public opinion in Italy. How can he distinguish between a temporary effervescence and a well-grounded permanent sentiment — between the overflowing of the stream and the steadfast current of the river? That Italy has its full proportion of noble souls, — of heroic men,—we do not doubt a moment; and nature has done all she can for this people, whether we talk of *race* or of *climate*. The impression which every one must receive who reads its annals or visits the country, is of the *power* that resides in this people for good or for evil. Once on the right track, none is so likely to take the lead in Europe. But how a superstitious, passionate populace will comport itself in the ensuing struggle, who shall venture to predict?

We regret that the work of Mr. Hemans (which bears Florence on its title-page) is not printed or published in a form more likely to insure for it a fair trial. In spite of that want of literary skill which we have noticed, and which probably is due to a prolonged residence abroad, and the habit of reading and speaking in a foreign language, we have perused it with interest. Much of the information he gives is such as could be only gleaned by a residence in Rome; we accompany him with pleasure throughout all his descriptions of the various ceremonies or festivals of the Church; as a lover of art he produces them in their most attractive aspect, as a good Catholic he enlightens us upon their symbolic significance. We learn here the hidden meaning of the *albˆ*, the *maniple*, the *chasuble*, and all other ecclesiastical robes. Nor is the information curious only, but useful. We have a fuller account than is easily to be met with elsewhere of the machinery of the Papal Government, of the several *Congregations*, or, as we might call them, the several *Boards*, or *Councils*, by which it conducts its charitable and missionary schemes, and other multifarious objects of its civil and spiritual jurisdiction. There is an account, also, drawn up very carefully, of the several religious fraternities, monks and friars, which, to the Protestant reader at least, will point out some distinctions of which he was not aware. He will become acquainted, perhaps, with some monastic orders of which he had not heard before. The whole book is really replete with either interesting or useful material, though it may not be presented in the most attractive style, or with the most judicious arrangement.

TICKLER II. AMONG THE THIEVES!

TICKLER II.'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

I WAS lying on the sofa, late in the afternoon, trying to get a nap, by the aid of a Blue-book, but which was very near giving me a nightmare in the daytime; so heavy was the pressure on my chest, where it rested, of that ponderous mass of expensive, unintelligible, and worthless statistics, which had been obtained at an expense to the country of £856 by a certain M.P.: who, having no other means of indicating to his constituents that he was in Parliament, had worried the Under-Secretary of the Treasury into consenting to his request, under a threat that, by-and-by, a vote might be more easily asked for than got! The nightmare aforesaid would probably have completed itself in all its horrors; but my daughter, who was standing at the window, suddenly exclaimed—"Oh, papa! papa! Here it is, I do believe! Something is coming!" Up I jumped; and, as I gained the window, to be sure the cause of the girl's excitement was apparent, and produced the same in me. 'Twas a van, with "GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY" painted on it; and it drew up at our door. There was no mistaking one of the three occupants of the seat—'twas a dog; a dark pepper-and-salt Skye, sitting modestly between two men, one of whom jumped down and knocked at the door, returning to get the dog, who had a little metal chain attached to his neck.

"Come, my little man!" quoth the former; "here you are, all right," and he lifted the dog kindly down, "Is this —— ——'s?" he inquired of myself, mentioning my name, who had hurried round to open the door. I said, "I am ——;" and, examining the parchment label attached to the chain, recognised the handwriting of the kind donor of the dog. There was only a shilling to pay, and yet the little creature had travelled all the way from Skye!

"He's a 'ansome little dog, sir, isn't he?" quoth the man.

"Bless him!" (the dog I mean, not the man, though he seemed a decent enough fellow) and he did look handsome! He trembled silently as I carried him inwards, and placed him on the sofa—and a picture he was! I never beheld such a pair of eyes in a dog's head before: seen through his long hair, how large, full, gentle, and sad they looked! Here, by the way, is what had been said of him by the donor, in a letter received that very morning:—

E——.

"I hope you will receive, in the course of the day on which you get this note, my promised Skye terrier. I can tell you that it is far away the finest specimen, to my thinking, that ever left these parts, and you may rely on its being of the very purest breed. I hardly knew how to look in the face the dear good girl whom I had persuaded to give it up to you; but when I told her for whom I wanted it, I must own she surrendered it very charmingly. I hope you will keep a precious sharp look-out after the little gentleman; for the moment he is seen by one of the fraternity of London dog-stealers, I would not give much for your chances of keeping Tickler II., as I hope you will call him. He's a most affectionate, intelligent little thing, and only about nine months old. Yours ever sincerely,

——.

P.S.—Don't give him all sorts of things directly you get him. Recollect he will have come off a long journey, by boat and rail. I wish you had some oat-cake, or something of that sort, to which he is accustomed."

We thought of this letter, as we looked at the little New Arrival; and after a world of petting and putting aside his glossy hair, so that his dark beaming eyes, looking at us as if he were saying "use me kindly," might be seen more distinctly, we commenced our good offices by setting him free from his chain, and directing his attention to a basin of

dazzlingly-clear spring water which I had sent for.

How he lapped it! It seemed to tell of a twenty or thirty hours' thirst being slaked! When he had finished, he stood modestly licking his lips, looking up the while timidly to us, and then stole gently under the sofa. I was obliged to impose on Madame and Mademoiselle the full weight of my authority, or they would have had him out again, to fondle and tease with overflowing admiration, and forgetfulness of the fatigue of the little fellow's long journey. Having secured him a brief repose, — "Well, he's uncommonly like Tickler I.," said I.

"I think he's far handsomer," said my daughter.

"Nothing of the kind," quoth Madame, kindly, with a sigh,—"there never was such a dog as poor Tickler. I hate such heartlessness! Out of sight, out of mind."

But, by the way, before proceeding further in the matter of Tickler II., surely we may with propriety devote a very short space to Tickler I.!

WHAT BECAME OF TICKLER I.

What became of him, indeed! Why, it was in this wise. How he got "Among the Thieves," and what happened to him among the wretches, I told in the first case, and he in the second; witness the pages of Maga, of just four years ago![*]

Really, 'tis a sad business, and the shorter work I make of it the better.

We all loved Tickler I., dearly, and cherished him with the utmost tenderness and vigilance, to make up for his past troubles, and guard against their returning. I cannot give a better proof hereof than the fact that I looked out for a snug, breezy, picturesque, little farmhouse, in the Isle of Wight, near the Needles, in the autumn of that year, where Tickler might snuff the sea air refreshingly, and reinvigorate himself by scampering over the Downs, to see that the sheep got into no mischief, and also thread the thorny sinuosities of a rabbit-warren, to look after the little creatures that flitted like shadows before his eyes, only in order that so they might disappear! At the same time it occurred to me to avail myself of the opportunity of sending my wife, daughter, and two sons to keep him company. And a merry time they had on't, devoting themselves heartily to watching poor Tickler. After he returned, he seemed in excellent spirits, and showed great pleasure in looking up his old quarters. Within a few weeks' time, however, it became painfully plain that he was no longer the dog he had been. In addition to the shock his nervous system had undergone, it was in vain to disguise from ourselves that certain of the infirmities of advanced age (he was in his fourteenth year) were making their unwelcome appearance. Though his agility was nearly as great as ever, yet, if you looked at him eating, you saw the great difficulty he encountered by reason of his decayed teeth: besides which, if you peered into his eyes, you beheld a sort of bluish opacity, which accounted for his running into all sorts of danger while walking the streets—getting, as if of set purpose, among horses' feet, and coach and cart wheels — a source of constant fear and agony to those who took him out. Moreover, he had begun to pay little or no attention to what was said to him, however loudly he might be called: the solution of which we soon referred, not to disobedience, but, poor little soul! to deafness. Nor were fast-approaching blindness and deafness the only infirmities which age was bringing in its train.

. . . . . .

"Have you ever had anything to do with dogs?" said I, rather faintly, one morning, to a man who attended on me at the cold bath which I took every morning, at a little distance from my own house.

"Why, I can't say much, but still I know something about them, like."

"You've seen my little dog Tickler, haven't you?"

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[*] "Tickler among the Thieves," No. CCCCLXXXIV., February 1856; and No. CCCCXC., August 1856.

"Oh yes, sir, hundreds of times—he's one of the prettiest little lively dogs I ever——"

"Ah—but" (I was afraid to let him go on) "you've no idea how old he is—he's in his fourteenth year."

"He doesn't show it, sir, for it's only yesterday I noticed how he skipped about after your good lady as she passed the baths——"

"It's all well enough in a quiet street like this, but he's growing so blind and deaf that he's always getting into danger, and some fine day he'll be crushed or kicked to death; and besides this, poor little thing, almost all his teeth are gone, it's quite sad to see him mumble over a bone or a crust——"

"It ain't like as if you lived in the country, sir, is it?"

"No, certainly; that makes all the difference, I must say." Here I paused . . . . "his life has become a burthen to him *here*, and a great trouble to us all, I assure you. I am really almost — afraid—I sometimes think it would be a mercy to the little thing itself——"

"Oh, when once a dog's got up to that sort of way, they're, as you might say, a burden to themselves—they are indeed. I see what you mean, sir, and I know a veterinary that . . . it will be the work of a moment, sir—a single drop, and no pain or struggle——"

. . . . .

"If 'twere done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." With reluctance and sorrow I gave the fatal order, which was promptly and efficiently obeyed — I need hardly add, not in my presence, and at a distance from my house: and by the early evening, poor little Tickler—Tickler I.—lay buried deep in the side of a secluded field, in the suburbs of London. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well:" and after passing through a sad series of sighs and tears, and feeling the house very lonely in the absence of our "faithful dog that bore us company" so long, we gradually became reconciled to the necessity for the sharp severance which had taken place, and returned to the active duties of life, as the best mode of assuaging our sufferings. Madame, however, protested vehemently that she would never have another dog—no, never as long as she breathed — she did not care how handsome it was—she could not bear the sight of one: it would only remind her of her poor murdered dog. And as for myself, she intimated, by not ambignous looks, and such faint words as she thought prudent towards her lord and master, that his lordship was, to the eye of feeling, if not in that of the law, poor Tickler's murderer. I must indeed own, that during all the rest of the day on which I had issued his death-warrant, I felt very unhappy and gloomy; and the chance sight of a Skye terrier much resembling poor Tickler, and frisking after its mistress, occasioned me sudden qualms, as I returned home to the house where Tickler was not.

WE RETURN TO TICKLER II.

"Oh, you little beauty!" exclaimed Mademoiselle, as Tickler II., in obedience to her repeated entreaties, at length gently crept towards her from under the sofa, and offered no resistance to being taken in her arms, and placed in her lap. "Now look, mamma! — isn't it a beautiful dog?"

"Oh—I daresay—very well in its way, no doubt; but it's not like my own poor Tickler——"

"Give him time, ma'am," quoth I —"it's early days yet; but I do think it's the most perfect specimen I ever saw."

"Ah, that's just what you said of the first poor Tickler when he came —it's like all you men: I shall never take to the thing, for my part; and by and by, when you get tired of *this*, as you did——"

"Papa! what's his name to be?" eagerly interposed Mademoiselle, who knew what was coming, if it were not stopped.

"His name is of course Tickler—Tickler II., and long life to him!" replied I, with all the dignity I could assume, and the authority that was in me.

That day we had a chicken for dinner, and lost no time in placing the bones, not picked too clean, on a plate before Tickler, who came to it

from under the sofa in the prettiest, meekest way in the world, and ate his little dinner somewhat quickly, but by no means ravenously; then he went to the basin, and—— .

"Poor old Tickler . . . how often I have seen you drinking there!" said Madame, eyeing the new-comer askance. Thereat, thinking that all this was carrying matters somewhat too far, I own I said rather tartly, pouring out a glass of as good old port as my means would allow, "Tickler the second! Here's health and long life to you!" His eyes looked up lovingly, and he gently wagged his tail. When bedtime came, he was carried up to our bedroom, and introduced to the little mat which had long been occupied by his little predecessor.

"Oh! but he was a beauty!" said, a few days afterwards, to Tickler, whom she was fondling on her lap, a lady; and who should this be (thinking herself alone the while) but—Madame!

"That's candid at any rate!" exclaimed I.

"Oh!" quoth she, with a start, "the dog's well enough in its way, no doubt, but it does not come up to poor old Tickler!"

"Excuse me, but—bah!" I could not help exclaiming; and then summoned the little successor of Tickler I. to the sofa, that I also might have a turn at fondling him. In short, he crept into the hearts of all of us, and lay ensconced there very pleasantly. The more we saw of him, the more we liked him; for he was in every sense of the word, thoroughbred. His coat was perfection, so gracefully was it parted from his eyebrows down to his tail, which of itself was a picture; so was his frill; while his eyes beamed with pensive intelligence and gentleness, partially concealed by long wavy locks; and his ears were faultless. As I lay looking at him stretched on the mat before the fire, he would so strongly resemble the old dog in all but age, that one might almost imagine it was he came back again! There were, in fact, many points of strong resemblance between them, "growing with his growth, and strengthening with his strength." *He* also liked, as did Tickler I., to stand at the window, thoughtfully eyeing the passers-by, and pricking up his ears when any of his own species passed. And as for cats, there seemed the same fierce antagonism between Tickler II. and them, as there had been between them and his predecessor; for the first time that I ever saw a spirited temper in Tickler II., indicated by sudden sharp barking, was when our powerful Tom, emboldened by the absence of his former tormentor, presumed to steal up from the lower regions one morning! Tom was in truth so disgusted, that up went his back, and he glared at Tickler, without making the slightest backward move! What would have happened, but for the presence of *Vis Major*, in the person of myself, I know not; but Tickler seemed uncommonly well pleased when I gave Tom marching orders downwards. There were two other points in which the new resembled the old Tickler strongly, not so much in doing, as in the manner of doing the same thing. First, you should have seen Tickler II. quietly get up from the hearth-rug to enjoy the luxury of stretching himself. How slowly, deliberately, systematically the little fellow stretched himself out, then extending one hinder foot, and afterwards the other; and finally heightening the sense of luxury by winding up with a lengthened yawn! his eyes looking askance at you the while, as if saying, "How nice this would be if it would only last five minutes!" and his fan-like tail wagging with gratitude for not having been interrupted in his enjoyment! Secondly, the retentive reader of a former chapter may recollect my having spoken of a habit of Tickler I. thus: "Turning himself round five or six times, as if desirous of circumventing himself, though for what precise purpose is to me a mystery, unless it were to settle himself into a perfectly comfortable position." I have observed Tickler II. engaged in this performance; and candour compels me to own, that perhaps other dogs, and of different kinds, may have been seen indulging the same humour; but Tickler II. appeared to me to perform these gyrations, though not on so many occasions; yet, when he

did take to them, he turned round oftener than his predecessor. This set me thinking what the cause might be; and I conceive it to depend on the youth and inexperience of the new, as contra-distinguished to the old dog; the latter having learnt to economise action, and never use more of it than was necessary to attain the end. But why should the thing be done at all? Aristotle afforded me no assistance; but while writing this instructive paper, my eye fell on the following question and answer in a recent publication.

"Q. 300. Why does a dog generally turn round three or four times before he goes to sleep?

"A. It is supposed that this singular and almost invariable practice is one of the dog's natural instincts, altered or modified to his domestic life, for when, in a wild state, he takes up his night quarters in a field of tall withered grass, or among reeds or rushes, thus wheeling round, he separates the vegetation in the spot where he is to lie, and forms a bed with overhanging curtains all around, for his protection and warmth."* Whether or not this be a fact in the case of the wild dog, and peculiar to it, or common to other animals, to whom it might be attended with equal convenience, I know not; but I leave the whole matter to the sagacious, observant, and inquiring reader, for I must proceed to matters of interest and importance, touching, not a wild, but a very tame one—to wit, our friend Tickler II.

TICKLER II. IN HIS NEW QUARTERS.

Possibly because our house was associated with such painful recollections of Tickler I. as even the presence of Tickler II. failed entirely to extinguish, we determined to quit it, and go to quite a different part of town—to wit, "——— Square, W.," to which we accompanied Tickler II. on last Christmas Eve. As he was of such patrician descent, taste, and habits, we felt it only due to him to take a house in a somewhat fashionable neighbourhood, and a house, too, much larger than the former one; and I rejoice to say that our choice and arrangements seemed quite to meet his views. We conducted him all over it, and nothing could exceed the satisfaction he evinced on seeing our earnest endeavours to consult his convenience. Nay, we went so far as to get a new collar for him, very elegant and simple; and whereas his former collar had had inscribed on it my own name and the number of our old house, the new collar bore the following, only:—

"TICKLER, No. 16 ——— Square, W."

And I am not sure whether we ought not to have made a corresponding entry in the Red and Blue Books, and the Court Guide. Now, though our new house was in a large square, and in a neighbourhood of such undeniable pretensions, we found out, as usual, but too late, that it had one uncomfortable drawback: the most aristocratic dogs were continually disappearing in a mysterious way, which was due to the dog-stealers being in great force during the season, when they, together with members of Parliament and other notabilities, took up their quarters at the West End, with a view to business. Whereupon I addressed all and singular the staff of attendants of Tickler II.—to wit, ourselves and servants—warning them of the matters aforesaid, and denouncing the severest penalties on any one except myself presuming to accompany Tickler II. in his airings, unless with a chain attached to his collar, and the other carefully held by his watchful attendant. Who could do more? I am sure I could not; and, animated by a high spirit of devotion to Tickler II., matters went on comfortably and vigilantly for several months, everybody admiring Tickler, and especially those who met him when my wife and daughter had the pleasure of accompanying him in his afternoon drives round the park. "Oh, what a beau-

* *The Reason Why—Natural History*, p. 95. Houlston & Wright, 65 Paternoster Row: 1860. This is one of a series of unpretending and pleasing volumes well worth obtaining.

tiful creature!"—"What lovely eyes!"—"What ears!" were expressions which Tickler often heard; and yet, such was the sweetness of his disposition, they never occasioned his giving himself airs.

THE DISAPPEARANCE.

On Friday the 28th June last, about 1.30 P.M., the little vehicle which we keep for the purpose of my wife and daughter accompanying, and attending to, Tickler, in his airings, drove up unexpectedly at my "place of business," and one (it does not here signify which) of these two ladies, alone, was inside. Sending up a message that she "wished to speak to me immediately," down I went almost fearing that something had happened to one of the two, but little prepared for what I was quickly doomed to hear.

"Tickler's lost!"

"Tickler lost!" I echoed, aghast—"why—who has lost him?"

She mentioned the name of the other of my two ladies, and who dared not come down to tell me!

"How was it lost?"

"She went out this morning to a shop in the neighbourhood about an hour and a half ago, and her attention was called away for an instant; she then turned round and called 'Tickler! Tickler!' but he was gone! She looked in every direction, so did the people in the shop, but he was gone!"

"Had she the chain?"

"No, certainly not—it was such a little distance," &c., &c., &c.—"We've had hand-bills stuck about already."

"Pho, pho!"

"And been to the Police-Office— "

"Bah! Why was not the chain on?"

"Oh, don't look so angry—she's in such distress."

"Well," said I, with a sigh of vexation, "there goes Tickler the Second! I'll never keep a third dog: the former one cost me nearly ten pounds, and I'm sick of all this worry and anxiety. I'll offer no reward—not a farthing; and you may go home and say so," adding spitefully (I must own), "with my compliments!" So we parted; and as soon as I had recovered a little of my usual serenity, I hit upon the following masterly device for at all events enhancing the difficulty of the dog-stealers disposing of their prey. In the next day's *Times*, in the appropriate and well-known place adjoining the "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," appeared, and still appears, this advertisement, in the words, letters, and figures following, that is to say, "Caution! The public is respectfully cautioned against buying a Skye terrier, pepper-and-salt colour, answering to the name of TICKLER, it having been stolen this morning (Thursday) near —— Street, Oxford Street, with a Collar on, inscribed, 'Tickler, No. 16 —— Square, W.,' where, or at the Police Office, —— ——, any information will be received with thanks. June 28, 1860."

Having thus shot my bolt, I sternly made up my mind to the worst, and regarded Tickler II. as henceforth—so far as concerned myself—one of the things that were, or, in the significant language of our transatlantic cousins, a gone 'coon! I had lost my dog; and the King of Naples, *annuentibus porcellis*, was about to lose his crown. * I had, I conceived, done nothing to deserve my misfortune—be everything to induce his; but I supposed that everything served everybody right, and thus all things were made even.

Good-bye, therefore, to Tickler II., and never shall there be Tickler III.

We ran the gauntlet of our friends' condolences, with such composure and fortitude as we might.

"What! Tickler gone! that's the second, I believe!—How very unfortunate!"

"I just called to say I've heard that you have lost that lovely dog of yours! Well, I always had my fears!"

"Shall you offer a reward?"

"Have you been to the Police-Office?"

"Of course you'll go to Mr. ——'s in —— Street, he knows where every dog is that is missing——"

* He has lost it (thanks be to Heaven), as I learn by this day's post, 11th September 1860, and has become indeed a gone 'coon!

"It was only the other day we were remarking what an affectionate little thing," &c.

"Is it true that it attracted the Queen's notice the other day in the Park?"

"You'll be sure to get it by and by——"

"I'm afraid you'll hear no more of it; there's a rage at present for these dogs in Belgium; and there's a regular depôt of stolen Skyes on their way to Brussels, in —— market! I'm afraid poor dear Tickler's already on his way there——"

We bore all this as long as we could, and tried to keep up our spirits by going into society, and giving a few modest entertainments at home. We also consoled ourselves with reflecting that we should no longer have to pay the dog-tax; and that we were relieved from the constant "worry" of looking after Tickler, and baiting those who took him out without his chain. But patience and fortitude have their bounds; and at length, hearing nothing whatever about Tickler, and the house getting more and more lonely in his absence—(I must own, too, that, as we approached the end of the dog-days,* with which we felt no longer any concern, almost every house in the square was shut up, and vans with furniture from them wending their way to various railway-stations)—we set to work dismantling our house; and on Wednesday the 15th August quitted it for our present pretty residence at a suitable—that is, a very considerable—distance from the great Babylon—that den of dog-stealers. I must observe in passing that we did this kind of thing about the same time last year, but then Tickler II. accompanied us!

GLIMPSE OF FORMER QUARTERS!

Our place, then and there, was very beautiful. There was a sort of solemn wildness, or wild solemnity, about those vast rocks, rents, and fissures: their lengthened slopes, more or less steep, being feathered from top to bottom with oak and other trees, amidst which every now and then you could see a *châlet*, which appeared, as in Switzerland, utterly inaccessible to any one! In fact, this place (I have reasons of my own for not identifying it) seemed to me to combine the attraction and magnificence of Alpine and ocean scenery brought together! Tickler enjoyed himself here prodigiously, as if it had reminded him of his native regions in Skye. I shall not soon forget the morning of our quitting that same place. As we enjoyed the luxurious inconveniences of some twenty miles' distance from one of those centres of interruption to sylvan scenery and seclusion, a railway-station, we had to start at four o'clock on the morning of the — October—our luggage having preceded us in a little van two hours before. In fact, we hardly went to bed, and breakfasted, after a fashion, at half-past three o'clock. This hasty meal over, I, Madame, and Mademoiselle, started off for a last promenade among the slopes at the back of my charming *châlet*, stretching, as they did, after the fashion of those at Windsor, right up to the horizon. That starlight promenade, shall I ever forget? We seemed to have at length got up into the silent heavens,—oh, how coldly clear, how profoundly blue, was all above—how solemnly bright and mysterious seemed the constellations! The only sound was that of Tickler—now near, now far off—taking his last wild romp among the slopes; and at length even that sound died away. I stood at the very summit of my territory, which I was to abdicate in five minutes' time, like the King of Naples, and surveyed the scene above, around, below, with rapt feelings of mingled awe and sympathy. Many hundred feet beneath me, to the left, lay the sea in profound repose; opposite were lofty cliffs and downs, on which, together with the dark-green slopes of a vast ravine on my left, lay rich moonlight..... .Here was silence! here solitude! here beauty! here magnificence.....

* Last day, 12th August in England—what it is in Scotland I know not.

"Have you got Tickler, papa?" quoth Mademoiselle, rushing towards me, breathless.

"No—haven't you?"

"Mamma and I and the servants have been everywhere, and can't see or hear anything of him! The fly is at the door, and the man says we have not one minute to lose!" Whereupon, "Tickler! Tickler! Tickler!" echoed far and wide, but met with no response. "One—two—three—four!" exclaimed the tiny tongue of the church which was perched among the trees to our left; but Tickler made no response. Again we called out his name, and ran to and fro in quest of the little wanderer—in vain. There seemed really no help for it,—and that we must leave without him, trusting to the worthy parson of the parish, whom we quitted with great regret, to give tidings of him, and send him up, if ever discovered, to town. But lo! he stopped a torrent of gentle objurgation—("You horrid little thing!—you tiresome creature! —You deserve a thorough good whipping!")—by presenting himself quietly at the very door of the fly, just as we were about to enter it and drive off without him! He read our anger in our eyes, and heard it in our voices; but he looked so penitent, and his large brown eyes so beseeching, that all was forgotten and forgiven!

OUR PRESENT QUARTERS.

Had we been able to accompany Tickler II. on a second autumnal visit, our party would have been eight in number. As it was, we were seven; and by reason of the polite consideration of the directors of the —— Railway Company, to whom I present my compliments and all acknowledgments in that behalf, we had the advantage of family tickets,* which brought us, after one day's easy travelling through a pleasant country, economically enough, to the very pleasant spot, on a certain coast of England, where I am now writing. Under the bereavement we had suffered, it was only natural that we should wish to live in retirement: wherefore we selected this spot, with which we are well pleased. Our only visitor is our vicar, a scholar and a gentleman, as well as an active and exemplary parish priest. By his taste and energy he has secured not only for himself, but his successors, one of the most charming little sea-coast residences I ever saw—duly secluded, yet perfectly accessible to his parishioners, and placed most picturesquely. I could have supposed myself in a villa on the shores of the bay of Naples. Just as we quitted the grounds, behold! he, too, rejoiced in the possession of a Skye! A sweet little thing, no doubt; but "comparisons are odoriferous"—and I say nothing.

OUR FIRST LETTER FROM TOWN—SUPPOSED TIDINGS OF TICKLER.

Our primitive postman here is a woman, and as cheerful and civil a person as ever carried letters, let the weather and distance be what they may. On the very first visit she paid us, which was on the morning after our arrival, she brought us this letter,† addressed to Madame by the decent woman left with her husband in charge of our desolate quarters in town:—

"16 ——— Square,
"*August* 16, 1840.

"Madam,—There was a man called here this afternoon about a dog, which he says he feels certain is *yours*. He left his address, which I will enclose.‡ He said he had not got the dog, but he knew the party that had, and that they had been offering it for sale for £3; but if you wished to have it, he would let you know where it was, and also endeavour to get it for you, if you wished. I told him you were out of town for a short time, but that I would write immediately. . . .

* I shall not disguise from the reader that I have some reason to believe these courtesies have been offered to others of the Queen's lieges.

† This and the following letters are given exactly as received, only slight alterations being made in the orthography.

‡ It proved to be a small house near Cremorne Gardens.

I thought it best to know yours and master's wishes respecting it. If you wish, my husband will go and see after it; he says he is certain he shall know it." κ. τ. λ.

This letter, having been read, was ordered to lie on the table, and we called a committee of the whole house. Opinions were divided as to whether the letter did or did not hold out real hopes of recovering Tickler II.; but, I being chairman of the committee, and also chancellor of the exchequer, after due deliberation, wrote to town by that day's post, authorising the good woman's husband, who was a gentleman's coachman, and not absolutely ignorant of the London world, to go to the address left at our house, accompanied by our man of business, who also knew Tickler II. by sight; and if they felt certain as to the identity of the royal missing one, they were authorised to offer £2 for it; with the peremptory intimation that nothing would induce me to give one penny more; for that a former dog (Tickler I.) had cost me £10, and sickened me of rewards of that nature. By the next post, my fair correspondent informed me that her husband and the man of business had thought the best thing they could do would be to go to the Police-Office, which they did; but were there informed "that they could not do anything in it, as the man that came merely said he knew where the dog was; and if they sent a detective" (this had been one of my suggestions) "most likely the dog would never be found; and as they were pretty sharp on the look-out, it would be best to go to the man's house"—so they did.

But why should I not "condescend upon particulars," and give you the good woman's own story *verbatim*?*

A DOG HUNT!

"18, ——— SQUARE,
"*August* 18, 1860.

* * * "Concerning Tickler, I will explain as well as I can. Robert" (her husband) "and Mr. M." (the man of business aforesaid) "started together yesterday morning at nine o'clock. When they told the police people the name and place of the man that had called here, they said he was well known to them, as he had been in the police force fourteen years, and serjeant in the —— division (!). Therefore they told them he was well acquainted with all the police's ways and movements, and that it would be useless to send a detective with them. So they started to this K——'s, and rang the bell, which was answered by a female. My husband said they wished to see Mr. K——, so the door was shut, and the girl in a few minutes looked up the area and asked his name, and my husband said (knowing Mr. K—— did not know him by name), 'Never mind my name, I only want to see Mr. K—— for a few minutes.' 'Oh,' the girl says, 'you must say a name, or Mr. K—— will not see you.' So then Robert said, 'Well, say I come from ——'s, —— Square, concerning a dog he called there about.' The door was then opened, and they were shown in the parlour, and Mr. K—— made his appearance, but very much doubted Mr. M——'s belonging to the police; but at last they assured him he did not. M—— showed his hands, and asked him if he ever saw a policeman with such hands as these? 'Oh yes,' says K——, 'I have done the same myself.' He then proposed meeting them at seven o'clock in the evening at Hyde Park Corner, but told them not to bring any police or detective with them, as, if they did, he should not accompany them. However, they said it was very wet, and that you wished to know the result of the finding the dog the next morning" [by post], "and it would greatly oblige all if he would go there. So at last K—— said, 'Very well;' and so they all three started across Hyde Park into the neighbourhood of St. Giles. 'First,' says Robert, 'he took us into the Crystal Stores public-house, in Endell Street; there he desired us to wait, which we did for some time. Then he came back and took us to Castle Street, to a beer-shop, where he again desired us to wait, with the pretext of trying to

* I had told her to give me as full an account of their proceedings as she could.

find the man who had got the dog, and so he continued, going from place to place, into Short's Gardens, and Neale's Court, to about twenty different places, each time leaving them for a time. They were all horrid low dirty places, and it being so wet, we did not take so much notice as we otherwise would have done. We complained, and asked him how many more places we had to go to? He said, 'It is as bad for me as you; and if you want to find the dog, you must find the man that has got it.' Then we went towards Bedford Square, and Mr. M—— said, if they were going much farther he would go and get his dinner. Mr. K—— said he was going into Tottenham Court Road, and very likely we should have to go to King's Cross, as he believed the dog was there, unless the man that had him would bring him to us. He then took us to No. 2 Pancras Street, a very small dirty place. The street is chiefly" [occupied by] "marine store dealers. The house we were taken into was dark: and we were taken from one room into another, and we were told to sit down. Presently in came the dog, and was put upon the table by some of the men that were in the room; and two tall powerful-looking men put their backs against the door. 'There,' they said, 'is not that your dog?' But Tickler looking so thin, and losing his ornamental hair, I said I did not think it was my master's dog, and I wished to see it by daylight; so I tried to get out. But the men at the door said, 'No, that is your master's dog, and take it;' but I said, 'No, it is more than my place is worth to take home the wrong dog.' So I managed to get out; but the dog was gone, I knew not where, nor whom it was taken away by; it went as by magic.* Some of them came out to us, and said —'If you stand here for a month you will not get the dog; if you want it you must go inside, and it will be brought to you.' So we went in again, and the dog again made its appearance, but where it came from we neither of us knew. One thing I omitted saying. The second beer-shop they went into in St. Giles's there was a man came up to K——, apparently quite a stranger, and asked him if he would purchase a brace of grouse; and when they got into the said public-house in Pancras Street, the same man made his appearance, and asked my husband if he had the £2? and if he would pay it if they produced the dog; and he said, 'Yes, of course he would' (and he and M—— thought, and said afterwards, they should be truly glad to get out of their company). Robert then asked about the collar; and they said, it was very foolish of him to think they should find him the collar, but, if they could find it, they would send it by parcels delivery (but it has never come yet). After they had seen the dog, this K—— had nothing to say about the dog; but when they came out, he said, they might ask ——" [mentioning my name] "from him" [!!] "to please to think of him for his trouble; and that if ever they lost dogs, or cats, or anything (he was not particular what), if they applied to him, at No. 7 —— ——, he would endeavour to restore them. My husband and M—— were both convinced it was the dog, though he looked so much altered. So he paid them the £2, and brought him home a little before three o'clock; and they had been walking from before nine, and it rained nearly all the time. Mr. M—— then went to the police-station again, and told them they had got the dog, and also told them the different places they had been to. He saw the same detective you had seen when you went there;† and he said he well knew this K——, and he was thought the cleverest rogue in London. I will take the liberty of telling you a short tale this K—— told Robert and Mr. M——. He told them he called once at a gentleman's house in Grosvenor Street about a dog, and he was answered, as might be supposed, by the butler (*but K—— knew him to be a detective*); he had his shirt sleeves stripped up, and had some plate in his hand in the act of cleaning it. K—— said he had called respecting a dog. 'Oh,' said the butler, 'I will put on my coat and

* *Verb. et lit.*

† I had done so.

accompany you.' To this K—— said, 'How long have you been in your service?' 'Oh,' he said, 'some time now.' 'Well' (said to him this K——), 'it is strange to me if you were not in the police force a fortnight ago; therefore, I shall not accompany you. So good-morning; and if the gentleman wants his dog, you must find it for him.' So this will show you, sir, how well he knows and is known by different police, sir. Robert asked the men why they had cut the dog's hair off (which had made him doubt of his being your dog)—why they cut his ornamental hair off—as it spoiled his beauty; and they said they had cut none off: it was, that he had been shut up with other dogs, *and they had pulled it out* (!). Poor thing! when they got him here, he had *such* a search to find you, or some of the family; and when he could find no one, he set up *such* a howl. I am sure he well remembered the place again."

WAS THIS OUR DOG?

This last touch seemed to go a good way towards disposing of the point; still the letter disclosed elements of incertitude. The fair writer had not, I believe, seen the dog more than three or four times in her life; and neither of the two gentlemen of whom she writes had had, in our opinion, sufficient opportunities of becoming familiar with the dog's person or ways; and whereas, in my subtle and provident sagacity, I had given special injunctions to those who were to go in quest of the dog to notice the effect of its being addressed as "Tickler" before the two sovereigns destined to release him from captivity should have been parted with, not the slightest notice, so far as the letter is concerned, had been taken of the matter. Nevertheless, immediately on receiving the above communication, I sent up to town the most minute directions for the dog's being duly despatched forthwith to our rural abode. In the mean time, suppose the above letter related to, and my two sovereigns, and the two gentlemen's day's damp tramp, had been thrown away upon another and different dog than Tickler II.! Alike—but oh! how different!

THE ARRIVAL OF A DOG.

My letter was answered by another, dated the 20th August, informing me that on that day, Monday, "poor Tickler," as they still believed it to be, "Robert, after giving him a good breakfast, had taken to the station, paid the fare down, put in some biscuits for him to eat on the way, and got the guard to promise to take particular care of him." As we are five miles from the station, we despatched a lad who favours us with his services, in town as well as here, and who well knew the dog, to receive him at the station—the dog which had been sent down as "Tickler"—our Tickler—Tickler II. It so chanced that I expected four other arrivals by the same train—that is to say, a brace of sons, each with his dog, and both son and dog respectively representing the two eyes of England—Oxford and Cambridge; the "twa doggies" last mentioned being delicate-yellow and black-and-tan terriers, TOPSY (Oxford) and GYP (Cambridge), both of whom were perfect thoroughbred gentlemen, and intimate with Tickler II. None of the four, however, had the least idea that they were destined to be fellow-travellers, for many miles, of a dog whose identity was the subject of such sore doubt and anxiety.

THE POINT SETTLED!

Ay, the moment after the arrival of the train, the body of Tickler was demanded, by warrant under my sign-manual, when out came a dog who knew my little Mercury, and he the dog, while my two surprised sons knew both: 'twas Tickler II., and no mistake whatever! The little "'buss," accompanied by cheery horn, stopped at my gates; and within two minutes Tickler II., followed by my two sons (whom also, by the way, we were glad to see), ran up the avenue. . . . . The evening of his arrival was, strange to say, beautiful: the mellow sunlight fell charmingly on the sloping, "soft,

smooth-shaven lawn"—which is surrounded by drooping evergreens, myrtle, ivy, and laburnum—affording glimpses at almost every point of the blue bay and cliffs beyond, and dight with lustrous patches of rhododendrons, dahlias, drooping fuchsias, and red and white roses. How poor Tickler took to scampering over the emerald lawn, and darting about among the shrubs—rolling over and over, wildly jumping up against ourselves, and saying as plainly as dog could say, who had just travelled some hundred and fifty miles, chained up in a dark dog-box, "If this isn't Paradise after Purgatory, I am not Tickler II.!" We were, however, quickly reminded of the passage in the foregoing letter relating to the disfigurement which the thieves had inflicted upon him. What do you think the miscreants had done? Cut off the hair close, round each eye, as well as at the top of the head and sides of the mouth, leaving two long tufts at the end of the jaws; also cutting away the hair from his breast and the back of his neck: so that the first idea he suggested to us was, that they must have intended clipping him into a resemblance of a French poodle! the wretches! Imagine a Skye poodle! And it was pitiful to feel his ribs and backbone, so sharp were they, and well-defined! When, moreover, subjected to the test of suspension by his fore-paws, his lightness told heavily of six weeks scanty feeding!

The first moments of wild joyousness over, poor Tickler eyed me very solemnly, as I did him in turn; and in his eyes, looking mournfully out of his bald face, was plainly written —"Isn't it a shame?" Nevertheless, in due time, he gave a good account of some chicken bones, to which he afterwards added nearly half a tumbler of spring-water, and then lay down on the lawn, to contemplate the lovely scene before and around him, and contrast it with Pancras Street and St. Giles's!

The next morning beheld the important operation of his elaborate, thorough, and indispensable ablutions, as will appear when it is borne in mind that in all probability his last had taken place on the Saturday before his being spirited away. I happened to see him, through a back upper window, standing silent and unresisting in the midst of a goodly trough of soapsuds; and when, some two hours afterwards, my daughter herself had combed so much of his hair as was left, I will be bound that there was not a sweeter dog in Christendom. I know, while saying this, that Pil (the Vicar's Skye) is within a hundred yards, and not unworthy of commendation; but still he is not Tickler, and besides, let my reverend friend wait till Pil shall have been stolen, clipped, disfigured, and disguised, as Tickler has been! "Aha," said he to me when I said this to him, "but there are no dog-stealers in my parish!"

SYMPTOMS OF IMPROVEMENT.

Each succeeding day made a difference in Tickler for the better. Wholesome and select victuals (we are celebrated for our chicken and mutton bones in these parts), plenty of pure water, fresh air, and exercise, frequent sea-bathing, and a mind at ease (except perhaps when he reverts to the dismal past, or shudders as he asks himself, "Am I to be stolen again?"), are doing their work well, and telling their own tale. In fact, he was himself, a few days ago, under my own eye, made unpleasantly conscious of the fact that he was no longer the barebones he had come hither. We have a little ornamental iron gate, opening from the lawn on the carriage sweep; and the morning after he came, he squeezed himself with perfect ease under the open space between the gravel and the bottom of the gate. This feat, however, he performed with visible daily increasing difficulty, and at length fairly stuck fast! to his great alarm, manifest in his countenance; and it was only a desperate effort that got him through. I have not seen him make the attempt since!

WILL TICKLER II. RELATE HIS ADVENTURES?

Why not, since his predecessor did? I was naturally curious to hear some-

thing about the seventy days' captivity of Tickler II., and took occasion several times, when we were alone, to intimate my wishes. As he did not seem inclined to respond, I took for granted that he happened to be "not i' the vein;" so I resolved to seize what I conceived to be a highly favourable opportunity, and then ask him plump; and if he refused, learn the reason why.

Not far from where I am writing is a stupendous landslip, which has become in time, mantled as its uneven surface is with green-sward and luxuriant foliage, a scene picturesque and grand whichever way the eye turns. On a lovely morning, or rather early noon, in this pleasant month of September, I sallied forth to enjoy the sublime scenery, silence, and solitude afforded by this landslip. How unspeakably fresh, pure, and beautiful looked everything—above, around, below—earth, sea, sky! A powerful steadfast N.E. wind had fairly routed the black battalions of sullen rain-clouds which had so long chilled and oppressed the earth, and its distressed inhabitants, and driven them clean out of sight, even into the far west; while the sun, in his glory, shone in the cloudless sky, cheering the souls that had been so long deprived of his beams (*truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun*), and warming the earth into fruitful luxuriance. Before me stretched to the right the boundless blue waters; to the left they formed a charming bay, nothing visible on either but a tiny glistening sail or two. I sat on the summit of a grassy knoll, my book lying unheeded beside me, my chin leaning on my hand, and I gazing around me, with an occasional sigh of appreciation. No sound entered the ear save that of the sea—far, far, beneath, faint and soft, as it kissed the sands, or dashed in gentle dalliance against the base of the cliffs, which looked down upon them in awful silence. Tickler also seemed penetrated by a sense of the beauty of the scene, for he lay stretched at my feet, looking towards the sea, motionless, and once or twice sighing. He had had two hours' sport in chasing the rabbits (sole tenants of the land-slip), but which had flitted about before him only like little shadows or ghosts! for he never could get at them, or even near them.

"Isn't this lovely, Tickler?" said I, thinking it just the very nick of time to get him into talking humour. He looked up at me silently, with almost a human expression in his eye, and his tail wagged gently.

"Rather different this from St. Giles's—eh, Tickler?" He lay with his nose between his paws, and his eyes fixed on the ocean, his tail straight as an arrow. From a faint motion about his nostrils, I fancied him smiling, as if inwardly tickled by something or other.

"Tickler! Tickler!—Good dog, Tickler!" said I, coaxingly. He rose slowly, stretched himself after his usual fashion, with evidently an exquisite sense of enjoyment: suddenly his whole nature seemed roused, and he was off like a shot after a rabbit that had just caught his eye far beneath! Vain—in short, utterly vain—were all subsequent entreaties and blandishments; the little dog persisted in maintaining, in the strictest sense of the word, a dogged silence. Everything, however, turns out for the best, and so it did in the present case, as the reader will see; for I have now something to tell him very far exceeding in wonder and interest anything which I have hitherto communicated. I shall have to draw largely on his trust, but am not conscious of having done anything to cause my drafts to be dishonoured. If I am about to exhibit my much-loved dog in quite a new aspect, and disclose a startling interference with the laws regulating things visible and invisible, material and spiritual, I cannot help myself; for Truth is Truth, and never more so than when it necessarily involves complete contradiction, and absolute impossibility. I was once myself a confirmed unbeliever in the reality of what I am now as certain of as that I formerly disbelieved it.

TICKLER II. AND THE GREAT MEDIUM!

"It's all very easy to laugh, and say Pho! pho!" replied my friend; "but the Wonderful and the True

have always to encounter incredulity and ridicule as their appointed foes, over whom they always triumph!"

"Just consider for a moment——"

"I've already told you he's to be at Lady ——'s this evening, as a special favour. She is young and beautiful, and has become a believer, and has prevailed on the great man to show some of his prodigious doings, in order to try to overcome ——"

"But on a dog!—It's preposterous!"

"My good friend, everything human or animal yields to his astonishing and mysterious influence. A distinguished Parisian *savan* assured me personally that the operations on a poodle at St. Cloud the other day, overwhelmed and filled everybody with awe. The poodle rose slowly from the floor towards the ceiling, and, when midway, floated several times gracefully round the room, with a wrapt air, the white tuft at the tip of his tail softly brushing against the nose of an august spectator, who seemed transfixed with awe—the Medium majestically waved his hand towards the window, which noiselessly opened, and, in the presence of the august person referred to, three members of the Institute, the Archbishop of Paris, and the British Ambassador, the poodle floated through the window, the Medium informing us, in tones of dulcet melody, that it was gone to have an interview with the Dog of Montarjis!"

"Bless us!—Well, what has become of him?"

"Become of him? No one knows, except the Medium, who won't answer questions."

"But suppose my Tickler goes through the window after the poodle, and I never see him any more—what the wiser shall I be? and yet——. By the way, I forget I may learn from him, before he sets off, who and where the rascal is that took him on the 28th June last—that will be something. . . . But did the poodle at St. Cloud say anything before he started?"

"It's already," said my friend, looking at his watch impatiently, "half-past five o'clock, and the thing begins at nine. We have to dine, and Lady ——'s is at least six miles off. My carriage is in the lane; and if you like, you and Tickler may jump in, and we'll see what comes of it."

There was no withstanding my friend. So, after much misgiving, which the dog also appeared to share, we both jumped into the carriage, followed by my friend, and off we drove. I became very thoughtful as we went along; and resolved, with the Great Medium's permission, to ask Tickler, first, "Who had stolen him on the 28th June, and where the rascal now was?" secondly (in the interests of natural science), "Why does a dog generally turn round three or four times before he goes to sleep?" If he answer me both, or either, of these questions satisfactorily, I may become a believer, and perhaps, also, even a Medium myself.

* * *

Can it be? Are there any longer such things as Laws of Nature?—Oh, Tickler!

THE REPUTED TRACES OF PRIMEVAL MAN.

Geologists and Archæologists have recently somewhat startled the public, by announcing the discovery, in the north-east of France and the adjacent corner of England, of supposed indications of the existence of the Human Race in the remote age when these tracts were inhabited by the extinct Elephant, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, and other mammals, whose bones are preserved in the Diluvium, or great superficial deposit attributed to the last wide Geological inundation.

These indications are of the nature of rudely-chipped lumps of chalk-flint, fashioned to serve the functions of hatchets, knives, and other tools, and, it is conjectured, of instruments of war likewise. They occur in not inconsiderable numbers in the gravel-quarries or sand-pits of Abbeville and Amiens, and also at a few other spots bordering the wide valley of the River Somme, more sparsely on the Seine, at Paris, and at one locality in England—namely, Hoxne in Suffolk. It is estimated that the total number of these "worked flints," exhumed since their first detection by their eminent discoverer, M. Boucher de Perthes, of Abbeville, some twenty years ago, exceeds 1500, and may even approach 2000 specimens.

The first recognition of these interesting relics was not an affair of chance, but the result, as M. de Perthes assures us, of a systematic search for traces of antediluvian man, undertaken by him subsequently to the year 1838, at which date he published a learned work, entitled *De la Création*, in which he stated his conviction that sooner or later such traces would be found. For ten years he examined with scrupulous care and diligence every exposure and excavation in the so-called diluvium throughout the Departments of the Somme, the Seine, and the Lower Seine; and though he failed to discover any actual remains of man himself, he found many specimens of artificially-shaped flints, showing marks of a human origin. His first accounts of these were submitted to the Emulation Society of Abbeville, but he published a more elaborate description of them in 1847, in a remarkable work, *Antiquités Celtiques et Antediluviennes*, where their several forms are accurately delineated, and the situations under which they were found are carefully stated. Strange to say, his announcements awakened but little attention, notwithstanding their startling nature, and the characteristic alertness of his countrymen to advance in any freshly-opened track of research. He appealed with little success to the archæologists and geologists of France, for a recognition of his facts, until 1854, when M. Rigollot of Amiens, a Corresponding Member of the French Institute, a highly scientific antiquary, and a sceptic in regard to M. de Perthes's conclusions, undertook a scrupulously severe investigation of the phenomena. A prompt and frank recantation of his doubts by this learned archæologist, in a pamphlet entitled, *Mémoires sur des Instruments en Silex trouvés à Saint Acheul près Amiens, et considérés sous les Rapports Géologiques et Archéologiques*, drew the attention of the Institute at last to the subject. Soon afterwards several other skilled observers—M. Buteux of the Geological Society of France, and M. E. Hebert, a Parisian Professor of Geology, among them—visited the localities on the Somme, and confirmed the genuineness of M. Boucher de Perthes's discoveries. It is only within the last two or three years that the subject has attracted the notice of British scientific men. The indefatigable Dr. Falconer—at present so zealous an explorer of the kindred problem of the antiquity of the human remains lately found in some British and other caves—first pointed out to some of the members of the Geological Society of London, the high importance of M. Boucher de Perthes's researches. Thereupon, Mr. Joseph Prestwich, already well known for his successful examinations of the superficial deposits of

many parts of England, addressed himself to a scientific study of these French ones containing the "worked flints." This able geologist submitted a paper on the subject to the Royal Society of London in 1859 (see *Proc. Roy. Soc.* vol. x. no. 35, p. 51), in which, abstaining from theoretical considerations, he expressed his belief that the flint implements are the work of man—were found in undisturbed ground—and are associated with the remains of extinct mammalia; adding, as his opinion, that the period was a late geological one, but anterior to that at which the surface assumed some of its minor features.

Mr. Prestwich has re-examined the French localities several times, and lately presented another more amply illustrated memoir to the Royal Society of London, which is soon to appear in print. Other distinguished British geologists have corroborated the statements of M. de Perthes and Mr. Prestwich. One of the most interesting of these recent verifications of the authenticity of the flint-implements is a communication by J. W. Flower, Esq., to the Geological Society of London, read June 22, 1859, and printed in the Society's proceedings, vol. xvi. p. 190, and entitled, "on a FLINT IMPLEMENT recently discovered at the base of some beds of DRIFT GRAVEL and BRICK EARTH at St. Acheul, near Amiens." This paper is important in the history of the subject, for its authenticating the actual finding of a good specimen of a wrought flint, by a competent explorer (the author himself), who "found it lying at a depth of 16 feet from the surface, and about 18 inches from the face of the quarry, to which extent the gravel had been removed" by him. Annexed is a cut of the very specimen, on one half the scale of Mr. Flower's lithographed representation of it in the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*.

My own visit to the gravel-pits of Abbeville and Amiens, the results of which I propose to embody in this communication, was made in August last, under circumstances sufficiently propitious for gaining an insight into the conditions of this question of the true nature and import of the flint-implements, itself but a part of the still greater problem of Primeval Man.

M. Boucher de Perthes, with the liberality and frankness for which he is distinguished, not only opened his rich museum of specimens from the gravel-pits to my inspection and study, but generously placed in my possession nearly the whole literature of the subject, as well his own extensive works as numerous memoirs by his distinguished French colleagues. Besides examining other lesser collections of the "flints" and mammalian bones exhumed from the Diluvium, I gave my close attention, during several days, to the gravel-quarries themselves, whence these materials were procured, repeating my visits to them until my mind was assured of its ability to decipher their contents as a great physical record. I make these personal statements simply as my title to the can-

did reader's confidence in my care in pursuing this by no means simple investigation.

The imbedding stratum, or place of sepulture, of the worked flints, geologically regarded, is—for Abbeville, Amiens, and the other localities on the Somme—a rudely-deposited, irregularly strewn bed of somewhat fragmentary chalk-flint, containing some flint-sand, a little pulverised chalk, and occasional large blocks or boulders, of a hard quartzose Eocene sandstone.

This evidently diluvial matrix, the repository, also, of the bones of gigantic mammalian quadrupeds, rests directly on a somewhat uneven and eroded floor of chalk, out of the wreck of the upper beds of which stratum the nodules of flint forming the greater part of the gravel have been derived. It is overlaid in its turn by no less than three other strata, of aqueous origin, but all formed under dissimilar conditions.

First above the bone and hatchet entombing gravel lies a greyish white and brownish sand, imbedding several species of freshwater and terrestrial shells, identical with species now living in this part of the globe. Though fine-grained, these sands bear the marks of a rather brief process of deposition, for portions of them are unusually angular, or unworn in the grain, and their laminæ in many places bend and wave to conform to the greatly eroded and undulating floor of the gravel on which they repose. Solitary specimens of the worked flints are, on rare occasions, met with in the lower part of these sands, and also, as rarely, the bones of the fossil elephant.

Third, in ascending order above the chalk occurs a second gravel, composed exclusively of chalk-flints in a rolled and more or less fractured condition. This bed varying in thickness, at St. Acheul, near Amiens, from two to five feet, exhibits conspicuously at this locality the marks of having been deposited or pushed along in very turbulent waters; for its lower boundary, beheld in section at the gravel-pits, shows a succession of sharply-conical, and somewhat spiral, deep depressions in the upper surface of the sand beneath it, identical in every feature with the funnel-shaped pits bored by any strong, swiftly-eddying current in a yielding bottom of mud or sand.

Fourth, and uppermost in the series of loose beds, is a brown brick-earth, or ferruginous sandy clay or loam, interspersed with numerous small splinters of chalk-flint. At St. Acheul, and elsewhere near Amiens, where it is used extensively for conversion into bricks, this loam, which is but faintly laminated, is generally about three or four feet thick. Like the torrential gravel on which it rests, it is destitute not only of mammalian organic remains, but of the curious instruments in flint associated with them in the lowermost of the four superficial deposits. It does enclose some remains of another sort, which, when viewed in their relations to the vestiges of man beneath them, never fail greatly to impress the beholder by the contrasts they suggest in time, and the state of human art. These are numerous Roman graves, or rather regularly-shapen stone coffins of unquestioned Roman antiquity, oftentimes containing the skeletons of their inmates in a firm and well-conserved state. When the student of time, deciphering these four successive chapters in the physical history of our globe, drops his gaze from these tombs,—which descend but a small yard below the grass, yet take him back through almost one-third of the usually imagined lifetime of the world,—and lets his vision, pausing at intervals upon the monuments of alternate past ages of repose, and epochs of turbulent floods, rest at last, some twelve or sixteen feet lower in the earth, on a physical record, to him as expressive as the graves above, of the past existence, near the same spot, of a race of men unacquainted with the metals—what wonder, with his critical spirit prostrated before his imagination, that he should forget to scrutinise the evidence, and should quit the ground with a *sentiment* which he confounds with a *logical conviction* of the vastness of the ages covered by the record? His inquisitiveness keenly aroused by this impression, he interrogates afresh the pages of this stony register for other

and more palpable proofs of the human beings, and the extreme age indicated in the objects he has beheld; and, perplexed at the *total absence* of any traces of man himself —of even a single human tooth, or fragment of a human bone, where other teeth and other bones no better capable of preservation are of common occurrence — he withdraws a second time from the scene, cogitating many doubts, and at last, under the suggestions of a philosophical scepticism—the only right mood for analysing the apparently contradictory evidence before him — he asks himself the following questions: Are the flint-implements—these imputed products of man's skill—actually the work of human hands? Again, though they and the mammalian bones, held to be distinctive of the Diluvium, do lie entombed together, does this demonstrate that the once owners of each—the men who left the flints, and the animals who possessed the bones—also *lived* together in the same epoch?

Admitting that they were contemporary, how far does this fact of itself establish the great antiquity of the human race?

And, lastly, apart altogether from the proofs of age, deduced from the association of the human relics with the remains of the extinct quadrupeds, what is the geological evidence of the extreme agedness of both in the nature of the deposits of sand, gravel, and brick-earth placed above them—and in the intimations these give us of the time occupied in their formation?

Such are the more prominent queries suggested by the phenomena, and such, indeed, the actual questions asked every day of the scientific observer, by intelligent readers of the still very fragmentary literature relating to this new and strange archæologic problem.

It will be my object in this Essay to answer in a candid spirit—as far as the state of existing facts, gathered from a careful study of this literature, and from a recent visit to the French localities, and local, public, and private museums of the antiquities under discussion will enable me—these several questions, very much in the order in which they are here presented. As they cover the whole ground of opinion and inquiry opened by the late discoveries, I propose, before undertaking to consider them severally, to enunciate each of them at greater length.

On the threshold of this inquiry, then, the critical mind is confronted with the following doubts:—

Are these curious lumps of flint, called Antediluvian hatchets, &c.—so abnormal in shape and aspect—unequivocally the work of human hands; or may they not be products of physical agencies which have fractured the native flint nodules into the semblance of man's workmanship?

Granting them to have been shaped by the skill of men, were the men who fashioned them actually the contemporaries of the extinct gigantic quadrupeds whose bones lie entombed in the same gravel; or are we justified in supposing that the quadrupeds and the implements were buried at different epochs—the quadrupeds by an earlier incursion of waters, the flint tools by a later one which commingled them with the bones?

Again, granting that these flints testify truly to the existence of Man upon the earth at the epoch of their burial; and granting also that the rational beings who shaped them, and the extinct animals whose bones are associated with them, really lived in the same time upon our globe, what is the probable antiquity of the period when they thus coexisted? Would such a demonstration of their contemporaneity establish a past duration for the human race upon the earth, far transcending the commonly believed age of man; or may it not, under an admissible interpretation of the geological phenomena, be compatible, if not with the prevalent belief, with at least this conviction, that any remoter antiquity for the dawn of the human species remains still incapable of demonstration?

Independently of any attempt to establish a remote antiquity for the makers of the flint-implements, from the co-existence of these latter with the remains of extinct mammals in the diluvium or drift, may we not infer their extreme age from the simple

circumstance that they lie buried so many feet (twenty feet in some instances) beneath the soil, in a deposit evidently never, until now, turned over by human hands, and under three or four successively imposed strata, each one of which betokens a separate period of geologic time; or are we required, by known laws of sedimentary action, to adopt a different interpretation of the appearances, and infer these accumulations to have been possible within the period ordinarily assigned to the residence on earth of the human family?

Are the so-called flint-implements of human workmanship, or the results of physical agencies?

The fundamental question of the genuineness of the flint-hatchets as works of human art, naturally presents itself to all inquirers whose impressions are drawn from loose general descriptions, or who may have chanced to see only a few specimens; but doubt invariably gives way to a confident conviction of their having taken their form under the hands of man so soon as the observer examines any large assemblage of specimens, in the districts where they are found, and where he is enabled to contrast them with the various aspects assumed by the unwrought native flints from the midst of which they have been extracted. If the student of this dim page of early history is inclined to possess himself of its truths, he should go first of all to Abbeville. There, in the gravel-pits near the town, but especially in the ample private collection of M. Boucher de Perthes, the discoverer, twenty years ago, of the human origin of the wrought flints, and till lately their only interpreter, he will quickly learn to recognise their artificial characters. Inspecting them as the lie in classified arrangement, he will soon become acquainted with their several types, and will presently grow conscious of a new sense, as it were, in distinguishing the human workmanship in its different phases, from any of the forms impressed by mechanical impact and attrition upon the unwrought fragments in the quarries. I am warranted in asserting that the most sceptical visitor to M. de Perthes's museum will go away a convert to the opinion that the many hundred specimens there assembled bear the plainest traces of human skill, and are genuine vouchers of the existence of Man in the age of the fossil elephant and other gigantic animals entombed in the Diluvium of geologists. Upon this point we possess indeed the candid testimony of some of the most eminent geologists and archæologists of our times, who have acknowledged that entering the collection with scepticism, they left it completely convinced that these flints owe their distinctive shapes to the agency of man. Among the French savans, converts to his opinion of their origin, M. Boucher de Perthes cites Alexander Brongniart, Rigollot, Gaudry, Buteux, de Saulcy, and other well-known antiquaries and geologists; and among the English the highly authoritative names of Sir Charles Lyell, J. Prestwich, Godwin Austin, W. Milne, J. W. Flower, and J. Evans, nearly all of whom have either recorded their views or frankly discussed them in the meetings of the metropolitan scientific societies. For myself, I feel called upon — in justice to M. Boucher de Perthes's inadequately acknowledged discoveries, and in fealty to truth—to confess, that before I inspected his great collection, I had serious misgivings in regard to the origin of their shape, even although I had seen a few isolated specimens of the flint-knives and hatchets. I thought it not impossible that mechanical or molecular forces might have caused their contour by splintering and chipping the natural flint nodules while undergoing movements among each other or by sudden changes of temperature. But the consideration which most induced a sense of scepticism was one which, as it enters largely into the question of the validity of many kinds of evidence, especially the authenticity of facts observed with reference to preconceived hypotheses, I may pause a moment to notice. I allude to the trite subject of the influence of the imagination in perverting the perceptions of the senses, more particularly to that mode of its interference in which the visual impres-

sion of an object is often distorted into the semblance of some already established mental image, until it may be said, the *mind* it is which *sees*, while the *eye only suggests*. This tendency to illusion is notoriously strong in all observers of ardent imaginative temperaments. Indeed, the domination of the mental idea over the sensuous impression is a general law of the human mind, exemplified in the ease with which any person, child or sage, once set upon the search, will find profiles of animals and men in every passing cloud, or still more strikingly in the lamentable credulity of multitudes of otherwise sober-minded men and women who of late have *thought* they saw every *conceivable* impossibility, dignifying the self-deception by a name, and calling it Clairvoyance or Spirit-rapping, as if thus entitling it would make it rational. So treacherous, as well as so common, is the operation of this law, that I confess I had my misgivings, lest in searching among the beds of flints broken into all imaginable shapes, explorers with their attention *focussed* to one class of objects, and blind to every other class, might have been misled into collecting, as the products of human art, what only bore to such a more or less near likeness.

Alive to this liability of the mind, when pre-occupied with certain images, to find their counterparts in nature, and to look for and find types, by neglecting the transitional or aberrant forms which fill the intervals between these, and tend to dispel its preconceptions, a careful investigator will entertain a philosophical distrust of the distinctions between objects as they are represented in classified collections or museums, until he assures himself, by a study of the field from whence the objects have been drawn, that intermediate shapes and structures incompatible with the grouping adopted, do not exist. This is the test to which the truth-loving student of the genuineness of the worked flints should subject the phenomena. Let him acquaint himself familiarly, with the several forms and aspects of the stone implements in the only full collection extant, that of M. de Perthes, until he is confident he can recognise any type of them amid the promiscuous heaps of the newly-dug flint rubble in the quarries, and let him then repair to as many of these quarries of Abbeville and Amiens, whence the implements were taken, as he can visit, and in the midst of *all* the objects, natural and artificial, where no distrusts can disturb him about the tendencies of the mind unconsciously to garble the evidence, let him search for fragments in every stage intermediate between the worked specimens and the native unbroken nodules, but especially those which simulate most nearly the types recognised as human workmanship. I predict from personal experience that he will become after this—the only fair mode of sifting the physical statistics of the case—entirely reassured as to the essential distinction between the two classes of fragments. His now awakened eye will have convinced him that, while the accidentally or physically fractured flakes and splinters are indefinitely multifarious in pattern, size, and mode of chipping, and the artificially or designedly fashioned specimens of the museum are of a few specific types and of one unvarying style of fracture, there is between the two classes a distinction of *kind*, not of degree, each class possessing an unmistakable physiognomy or *facies* of its own—one the aspect of accident, the other the expression of intention or iteration of purpose.

This generic character of the wrought flints, whatever their specific pattern, may be best described as consisting in a certain unity of feature in the splintering by which the original nodule or fragment was reduced to the pattern we behold. If the specimen belong to that very common type which rudely resembles in form a spindle root or rather a much elongated pear, the flat conchoidal surfaces left by the successive flaking down of the mass are all manifestly so directed as to result in a single blunt point, and in a rudely hemispherical end for the hand to grasp. If, again, the specimen appertains to the group called *Hatchets* by M. Boucher

de Perthes—the normal shape of which is very nearly the solid which would be enclosed by the bowls of two equal and large table-spoons united at their margins—the chippings by which the lump has been trimmed down to this pattern concur, with remarkable accord, in producing an edge round the implement, which is generally beautifully straight when the specimen is looked at edgewise, but serrated, by the alternation of the chipping, into a very efficient saw. These have almost invariably a sharply oval and a bluntly oval end, as our resembling it to the bowl of a spoon when viewed flatwise intimates. One of the plainest indications of their having been fashioned by man, is their beautiful oval symmetry of outline; another is the balance of their two sides, or what a zoologist would call their bilateral symmetry. Surely it is not an admissible supposition that native nodules of flint, which, let it be remarked, do not affect a regular elliptical contour, could, to the number of hundreds, perhaps thousands, in a single gravel bank, acquire by mere mechanical abrasion or collision a shape so symmetrical, yet so out of that spherical pattern which promiscuous rubbing or splintering invariably tends to approach in a homogeneous substance like flint.

Does the mere association in the same deposit of the flint-implements, and the bones of extinct quadrupeds, prove that the artificers of the flint-tools, and the animals, co-existed in time?

Assuming it to be demonstrable that the flint-implements have been shaped by human hands, the interesting question immediately arises, how long ago lived the men who fashioned them, and who have left behind them no other as yet discovered traces of even their existence? As these antediluvian relics are unassociated with the faintest clue to historic human time, it is obviously impossible to assign to them a definite epoch in the scale of centuries. Geology is our sole guide to their age, and its chronology, be it remembered, does not in the present state of the science concern itself with measurable periods or positive dates, but only with *relative* ones; not with the *duration* of conditions and events in time, but rather with the *order* in which they have occurred. Even thus restricted, the inquiry, how long ago? in the sense, not of how many years or other fixed cycles, but in the sense of where in the ascertained succession of events lived that primeval race of men, is still replete with an enticing interest. Let us then give our attention to the geological aspects of the phenomena connected with the worked flints, and learn what answers, in *terms of relative time*, we can extort respecting the antiquity of these, and whether to the question of their antedating historic time, or the reported age of mankind, they can answer us at all. But before approaching this, the main point of my communication, it is needful to consider an objection respecting the genuineness of the introduction or imbedding of the "implements" within the stratum containing them, which is frequently offered by persons uninitiated in geology, and who have not examined the Diluvium and superficial gravels. They sceptically ask, may not the "wrought flints" belong to historic times, and have insinuated themselves downwards from the soil into the stratum which now entombs them, by mere force of incessantly acting gravity, either through chinks in the over-resting deposits, or between their fragments and particles? Preposterous as this question seems to the geologist or to the practical excavator of the subsoil, it is so often and so constantly advanced, that it demands an answer, and our reply is, that a few minutes' inspection of the beds containing and overlying the flint-implements of the Somme will assure any observer that they are entirely destitute of the imagined crevices, and are moreover altogether too compact and immovable to admit of any such insinuation or percolation of surface objects. The gravel is indeed so firm, that a *live mole*, with all his admirable appliances for burrowing, could not possibly enter it—so firmly imbedded, that the workmen use heavy iron picks to disintegrate the half-cemented materials.

Entering now on the question of the relative antiquity of these so-called antediluvian flint-implements, let us first discuss their original co-existence with the extinct Mammals, amid whose bones they lie. Did the race of savage men who made these rude flint hatchets roam the same forests, bathe in the same waters, and breathe the same air with the extinct mammoth or elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, bos, horse, and other primeval quadrupeds whose fossilised teeth and bones are held by geologists to have been entombed as long ago as the last great revolution of the surface, which overspread it with the Diluvium or drift; or did the men, notwithstanding the association of the "flints" and bones, live after the extinction of those large races, tenants of the same region with an altered surface, until *they*, *the men*, in their turn, were overtaken by an inundation, or a diluvium that obliterated that surface, and buried its most enduring objects within the stratum on which they rested? It was mainly with a view to interpret for myself whatever might relate to this question, that I recently examined all the more noted localities of the flint-implements on the Somme, and I therefore solicit the reader's patient attention to the geological facts which I there observed, and which I have outlined in the early part of this paper.

As the imputed great antiquity of the race of men indicated by the stone hatchets, rests not only upon the proved antiquity of the organic remains imbedded along with these implements, but upon the determination that the animals denoted by the fossils, and the men of the wrought flints, were contemporaries, it is clearly necessary to establish both of these points with all the precision of scientific demonstration. At the very outset of the investigation we encounter the latter of these inquiries. We must, therefore, before proceeding further, interrogate closely all the geological phenomena which promise a reply to it.

The reader will have noticed in the account already given of the deposit enclosing the worked flints and the bones, that the materials are described as presenting all the signs of having been irregularly strewn and rudely deposited — indeed, all the usually admitted indications of *turbulent diluvial action*. The upper beds of the chalk formation on which they rest, have been torn up and broken into a fragmentary mass or rubble, a mixture of rolled lumps of chalk and unabraded nodules of chalk flint. The surface of the chalk is uneven, with shallow troughs and basins hollowed in it, as by a passing erosive flood, moving with a strong eddying current. The diluvial deposit itself consists of coarse and fine gravel and sand, rolled flints, and subangular fragments of all sizes compatible with the material, and in well-laminated parallel beds, not *sorted*, as it inevitably would be had the watery current been a steady or equable one of moderate force and prolonged duration, but promiscuously intermixed, in imperfectly discernible, short, tapering, and abruptly truncated oblique layers, dipping and abutting at high angles among themselves, and inclining towards nearly all the points of the compass, and at angles as steep to the horizon as 30 or even 40 degrees—features all of them plainly implying a violent and transient surge. As if to offer us still more unequivocal proof of the energy of the transporting current, this wildly-tossed gravel contains scattered boulders, or masses of a ponderous compact sandstone, supposed to be of Eocene age, of dimensions varying from a foot in diameter to a superficies of 3 feet breadth with the same thickness, the larger ones weighing about half a ton. These blocks of sandstone are, moreover, all more or less abraded and rounded at their edges and corners, evincing how roughly they have been bouldered. In these conditions they are numerous around Amiens, especially at St. Acheul, St. Roque, and Montier. The upper surface of the gravel is still more undulating than the lower, even to the extent of exposing in profile some singularly sharp grooves and ridges; and what is of especial significance, the rude layers within the deposit follow imperfectly these undulations of the upper boundary. To all these marks

of diluvial action must be added those presented by the fossil bones and teeth, and by the flint-implements, very few of which latter are destitute of traces, more or less obvious, of attrition with the gravel, while many of them have been observed by M. de Perthes to be so much rubbed down as to retain but faintly the features of works of human art.

The argument which we would erect upon all these manifest indications of turbulent action in the waters which left this very promiscuous deposit, is, that by pointing to an agency—an incursion, we mean, of the by no means distant ocean—perfectly capable of invading the dry land within historic time, and mixing up its more recent surface objects with previously buried relics of an earlier or prehistoric epoch, we are debarred from assuming that the two classes of monuments were coeval, and that from the imputed age of the one we can infer the antiquity of the other. This is what those do who view all the surface drifts as but one formation, pointing to but one date, calling it the Diluvium. We pray the reader to observe, that it is far from our meaning here, that we can *disprove* the contemporaneousness of the flint-shaping men and the great antediluvian quadrupeds. We only assert—but assert confidently—that the phenomena utterly fail to *prove* it. The burden of the case is with those who, treating the Diluvium as one and indivisible in mode of formation and in date, accept the mere fact of present association in it as evidence of coexistence in time. If, therefore, it can be shown on an interpretation of the geology, in accordance with sound physical principles, that a redressing of the deposit *may* have taken place, the verdict must be that this coexistence in time is *not established*, and the antediluvian antiquity of man must be cast out of the high court of science with a verdict of *Not Proven*.

It has been stated that the flint-implements exhibit, in many instances, all the marks of a rubbing down of their artificial surfaces by attrition with the gravel in which they lie; but it is worthy of note, that the converse of this relation of the surfaces left by nature and art is to be witnessed in not a few specimens, the pebbles or fragments of the native flint nodules having manifestly been rolled and abraded *before* they were dressed into shape by the human hand. In the former case, the artificial chipping underlies the natural smoothing; in the latter, it overlies it. Now, the occurrence of this latter condition, long ago noticed by M. de Perthes, and lately remarked upon by J. W. Flower, Esq., (in his interesting communication to the Geological Society of London, in June, 1859), certainly justifies, to some extent, the induction arrived at above, of the possibility—to use no stronger term—of the human work having been buried long after the entombment of the bones of the lost pachyderms and other animals. We say to some extent, for undoubtedly a portion of the flint-gravel may have become water-worn and rounded by more than one translation of waters over it, during the Tertiary ages, before the last great disturbance or disturbances of the sea, which covered the surface so widely with diluvium, and exterminated so many of the larger mammalia.

What is the antiquity of the Mammalian bones with which the flint-implements are associated?

Admitting that, by an exhaustive survey or analysis of all the phenomena connected with the flint-implements and the Mammalian remains of the Diluvium (so-called), we can establish their contemporaneousness, another demonstration is still needed,—that of the *age of the bones* or diluvium enclosing them,—before the geological determination of the synchronism of the relics of the antediluvian men and the extinct mammals, can possess any high archæological importance. The problem we are aiming to settle is that of the antiquity of the human race; this, in the present investigation, is assumed to be indicated by that of the Diluvium, which has its date recorded by the bones which it entombs. But how do these organic remains denote a special antiquity? A *relative* epoch in the geological scale of time—in the succession of terrestrial

events—they do denote, but a definite date among the exactly measured and counted cycles of astronomical time is not even vaguely implied by them. Historic, or human time, has its starting-point or zero in the present; but a gulf of unknown span, not even dimly seen across, divides it wholly, so far at least as either the flint-implements or mammals of the Diluvium can bridge it, from the geologic ages which went before. These ages, cut off, at their termination, from even the traditions of mankind, and as yet undefined in their commencement, float loose or insulated, as it were, in the unbounded eternity of the past; and, as every effort hitherto made by the most sagacious geologists and archæologists to link on any part of them with modern time has ultimately failed, so, equally abortive have proved all attempts to measure the periods of the earlier by the cycles of the later. Indeed, dynamic geology is in its infancy. In other words, so inadequately supplied is this branch of the science with the data requisite for measuring the *rates of progress* of the changes, to record which is its special province, that judicious geologists deem it at present impracticable to translate the events of the one scale into the time of the other.

Let us admit that the wrought flints are truly contemporary with the animals whose bones lie side by side with them, and that the deposit embedding both is the general Diluvium or mammalian drift; do these facts, of themselves, determine the flints to have been fashioned in an age preceding the usually assigned date of the birth of man? Logically it must be conceded they do not; for, independent of the absence or presence of these or other vestiges of man in the Diluvium, *its* antiquity or relation to historic time, is obviously not ascertainable. Apart from human relics in, or over, or under, the drift, how can we link it on to human time at all? Before the discovery of the flint-implements in this superficial formation, or so long as the traces of man were known only in deposits *later* than the Diluvium, it was deemed to belong to an age antecedent to the creation of man, and had, therefore, a relatively high antiquity assigned to it; but now, granting that relics of men have been authenticated as buried in it, is it sound reasoning, we would ask, to infer for these relics the very antiquity which was only attributable to the Diluvium, because it was believed *destitute* of all such human vestiges? The Diluvium of geologists has, since the days of the illustrious Cuvier, been always looked upon as something very ancient, simply because he and his successors, finding it replete with the remains of huge land mammals no longer living, never succeeded in detecting in it a solitary bone or tooth of a human being, nor, indeed, anything indicative of man's existence; but now that things indicative of man have been found, it is surely illogical, and a begging of the very question itself, to impute an age incompatible with the fact of his then existing.

As matters now stand, is it not as rational to infer the relative recency of the extinct *Elephas primigenius* and the other mammals of the Diluvium, from the coexistence of the works of men with them, on the ground that the human is a living and modern race, as it is to deduce the antiquity of man from the once erroneously assumed greater age of those animals? I would repeat, then, that a specially remote age is not attributable to the flint-carving men of the Diluvium, simply because *it is* the Diluvium or Mammoth-embedding gravel which contains them. If their association with these extinct mammals *does* intimate a long prehistoric antiquity, the evidences of this are to be sought in some of the other attendant phenomena.

Let us proceed to inquire into the indications of a great antiquity in the Diluvium, from the nature of its organic remains.

Supposing, for the sake of the discussion, it can be satisfactorily shown that the fabricators of the flint-weapons or tools actually shared the soil with the gigantic extinct Pachyderms and Ruminants in the ages terminated by the strewing of the Diluvium, the interpretation of

the antiquity of that period from the affinities of those now lost races becomes a point of the highest interest. What, then, do the structures and relationships of those antediluvian animals, as they have been styled, imply? Though all of them of extinct *species*, their *generic* relationships assuredly betoken conditions in the physical geography and climate of the region widely dissimilar from those now prevailing. The *Rhinoceros* and *Hippopotamus* denote a winter temperature in the air and waters, strikingly in contrast with that which now obtains in Northern France, or indeed anywhere in its latitude upon the globe; nor do the other genera, the Elephant, Horse, Bos, and Cervus, contradict their testimony. I am aware that it has been proved (see Lyell's *Principles of Geology*) that this very elephant, the Siberian Mammoth, frequented colder latitudes than even Northern France, and was clad in fur as if to fit it to withstand a more frigid climate than any into which its congeners, the Asiatic or African elephant, ever enters in the wild state; and I am also awake to the wisdom of Sir Charles Lyell's objection to our assuming that a particular extinct species must have been suited to climatal conditions similar to those with which living species of the same genus are now in harmonious adjustment. Nevertheless, climate — signifying thereby more than mere temperature — is confessedly a most potent element in the geographical distribution of animal types, more particularly the higher ones, as exemplified in the range of the Simiadæ or Monkeys, and even in that of the living Pachydermata themselves.

But apart from any question of mere climate, the chief significance of a lost group of animals so marked in their characters and habitudes as those of the Diluvium, is in its pointing to features of physical geography now obliterated from the region they occupied. It is this consideration, and this principally, which, in a case like the present, implies antiquity in intimating extensive and thorough changes in the distribution of the dry lands and waters, the dominant winds, the vegetation, and indeed in all the physical conditions upon which depend the whole complex balance of organic life, changes which unfitting a country for its earlier denizens, slowly and even imperceptibly adapt it to a later fauna.

The real question, then, suggested by the organic remains, is this;— they imply a former physical geography, unlike that now distinctive of the region where they occur, but to what extent unlike, science does not instruct us; what lapse of ages has it demanded to convert this wide tract of the globe's surface from the one condition to the other, to modify it from a state especially suited to those extinct antediluvian races, into this which we now behold, where we think they cannot naturally subsist? Vague, most vague, is the reply which Geology, taking counsel of its associate sciences, Zoology and Physical Geography, can pretend to offer to this simple query. For anything approaching a definite answer, the data are altogether too indeterminate. As in every other attempt to interrogate Geology upon the subject of Time, her response is Sybilline. She has two classes of votaries, one entitled the *Uniformitarian* school, or *Quietists*, who, interpreting the past changes in the earth's surface by the natural forces, especially the gentler ones, now in operation, overlook the more energetic and promptly acting ones; and another, the school of the *Catastrophists*, perhaps more fitly defined the *Paroxysmists*, who, blind in the opposite eye, see only the most vehement energies of nature—the earthquake and the inundation—and take no account of the softer but unceasingly efficient agencies which gradually depress or lift the land, or silently erode and reconstruct it. By each of these, her answers as to Time are *differently interpreted:* the Quietist translates them in terms of gentle change, involving enormous time; whilst the Paroxysmist reads in them expressions of violent and sudden mutations, only compatible with altogether briefer periods. To recall a simile already employed, the judges

who pronounced a judgment of *Not Proven* on a previously tried part of this case—the question of contemporaneousness of the flint-implements and the bones found with them—now, upon the present count, reply that the Bench is not of one mind, but is equally divided.

To take a parallel from the history of an older science—the more numerically exact branch of knowledge, Chemistry—the analysis of geological time may be said to be only as yet in the qualitative stage, or that of classification, and not to have even entered the second, or quantitative period, or that of precise measurement.

These views bear particularly on the inquiry, *How far can we infer a great antiquity to these earliest records of mankind from the nature of the containing and overlying sedimentary deposits?* To this, the last of the queries I have assumed the reader to propose, let me now briefly ask his attention.

We are now on mental ground, altogether independent, it will be observed, of any decisions relating to the two preceding and only partially answered questions; for it matters not how the problem of the contemporaneousness of the worked flints and the antediluvian mammals may be settled, nor, again, how prolonged or how brief an interval of time we must assign to the changes of physical geography revealed by the changes in the mammalian associates of man, if we can infer the antiquity of the hand-wrought flints from the characters of the deposits which overlie them. If the patient reader will turn back to the descriptions I have given of these deposits, and, while reviewing their composition, will also revert to the reflections indulged in while upon the topic of geological time, and the rival interpretations of phenomena in respect to the rate of progress of formations, he will be sufficiently prepared, not only as to the facts, but as to the modes of reading them, to go along with me in cautiously discussing this the obscurest portion of the whole subject.

Thus premonished, let the reader imagine himself standing with me in the gravel-pits of some locality where the deposits exhibit their average thickness and fullest complexity. We will assume the place to be St. Acheul, near Amiens, and let us, as we survey each of the beds in ascending succession, turn alternately to our two geological interpreters, the Quietist and the Paroxysmist, both equally entitled to our respectful attention to their different readings of the phenomena. To our interrogations concerning the relative slowness or speediness of the accumulation of the materials forming the lower or Bone-and-Hatchet-Containing stratum, the Quietist or Uniformitarian geologist will probably answer, That it must have occupied a long period—how long, in terms of historic time, he will not venture to say; and in support of his opinion, he will point to its thickness, nowhere less than eight or ten feet, in some spots sixteen or seventeen feet—to the rolled or water-worn aspect of the gravel itself, implying a prolonged attrition in some estuary-tide or river-current—and to the indistinctly stratified structure of the whole mass, which here and there exhibits even a thin short layer of sand.

The Paroxysmist, giving *his* interpretation, answers, That *mere* thickness, without a knowledge of the rate or velocity of accumulation, or, in other words, the energy of the collecting agent, is of almost no significance as respects the time it has taken a particular deposit to form; that a bed of angular fragmentary matter will acquire as much of the rolled or water-worn appearance by a brief exposure to severe rubbing at a high velocity and under a heavy pressure of deep water and of the superincumbent parts of the mass itself, as by very prolonged but far gentler friction producible by tides or running streams; and that the stratified structure, especially when it is of this oblique, irregular, and unconformable character, is more characteristic of a rapidly-acting, tumultuous inundation, than of long-operating, more softly-moving waters. To lend validity to his own reading of this part of the record, he reminds us of the occasional blocks of sandstone of one, two, or three feet diameter found low in the deposit, or on the usual horizon of the flint-imple-

ments and fossil bones, and bids us reflect that they at least could not have been conveyed to where we see them by any known force of water short of that which it derives from the vehement internal heavings of the earth's crust. If the possibility is suggested of their having been transferred hither by the floating power of ice, he directs our regard triumphantly to the bones of Rhinoceros, Elephant, and Hippopotamus, with which the boulders are associated, as testifying to probably a warmer, certainly not a colder, climate than that now prevailing in France, where no such process takes place. He further asks our attention to the obvious marks presented by these blocks, of their having been roughly bouldered in contact with materials capable of extensively rubbing down all their corners, edges, and original surfaces; and, ever ready for a skirmish in support of his ideas, he throws down the gage of battle by demanding defiantly of the Quietist, by what processes of slow deposition, erosion, and elevation, he proposes to explain not only these phenomena, but the fact that the deposit is spread broadcast over all the valley of the Somme, from beneath the peaty meadows which bound the river, up the gently ascending slopes of this wide shallow trench in the land, to the summits of the plateaus which determine the existing drainage, distributed diffusedly, too, and not in terraces, such as might denote oscillations in the relative levels of land and sea.

When questioned as to the length of time occupied in its formation by the next stratum—the bed of white and brown sand, from 7 to 10 feet thick, lying immediately on the gravel—the advocate of gradual changes will respond, that assuredly here, at least, we witness the indications of a quiet and greatly protracted period. He will exclaim exultingly, Behold this very regular lamination, this firmness and evenness, and, for a portion of the bed, this water-worn smoothness of the granules; and take note especially of the delicacy of these numerous small, fragile, fresh-water shells, identical in species with some of the molluscs now inhabiting the region. What stronger proof could be required that an ancient river or long lake filled the broad valley of the Somme, if not after the entombing of the fossil bones and the hatchets, at least late in the period of the animals and men who owned them; and what more convincing monument could such a sheet of fresh water have left behind it of its having existed during an immense lapse of ages?

He of the Paroxysmist school, contemplating the same phenomena, and some others, perhaps naturally overlooked by his friendly opponent, the advocate of slow mutations, is willing to concede the fresh water, and consequently some important changes in the physical geography of the district since those days, but he resolutely dissents from the inference that the sand must have required a very long time to form, and insists on calling our attention to three facts—first, that a portion of the sand is very sharp and angular, indicating a rather transient movement; secondly, that its lamination is by no means either level or uniform, but in many localities is disturbed, undulating with the very undulating floor of gravel; and, thirdly, that the trenches, hollows, and ridges in this floor or upper surface of the gravel, of themselves imply that the current which first passed across it, that of course which overspread it with the sand, was something far swifter than a quiet inflow of silting water—was, in truth, endowed with that far from trivial velocity which confers the power of eroding and ploughing up already settled or impacted subangular matter, and of carrying part of it bodily away. Perhaps he will add that the thickness of the sand is no true measure of the time it has consumed in forming, inasmuch as under certain easily indicated favourable conditions, of retardation of a current bearing floating particles, as great a depth of sediment will accumulate in a few years, as would, under a normal state of things, consume many centuries in collecting. We, self-constituted umpires in this discussion, interpose our conviction that neither of these earnest interpreters of nature is competent, in the present state of science, to pronounce with any positiveness whether the formative pro-

cess was slow or rapid; for *how slowly* or *how rapidly* a given foot or fathom of silted sand has taken to stratify itself, no geologist of either school will venture soberly to calculate, especially when he reflects that neither school has hitherto succeeded in attaining that familiarity with all the modes of operation of that most marvellous agent, water, without acquiring which, it is in vain to hope for a quantitative measure of its rates of action, under apparently the most simple conditions.

Maintaining our station at the gravel-pits, with our two "representative men," our Quietist and Paroxysmist interpreters of the geology, we tire at the prospect of receiving somewhat similar explanations to those just heard, if we venture to ask what time it took to form the two remaining beds in the bank—the narrow wildly tossed layer of gravel, and the faintly-laminated brown sandy clay or brick-earth, which caps the series, nourishes the grass, and shelters the Roman graves. We therefore terminate our interrogations by demanding of the champion of each school his own explanation of the successive physical changes witnessed by this region of the Somme since the period of the gigantic mammals, that we may, by contrasting the two theoretical histories, the better appreciate what Geology has at present to say in relation to our leading inquiry—the probable antiquity of the primeval race of Men who left behind them the flint-implements of the Diluvium.

The Quietist, or student of nature's more tranquil moods and changes, will probably offer something like the following historic sketch. Starting with the formation of the gravel, which contains the mammalian bones and flint implements, he will conceive it to have been spread over the surface of the chalk by a broad river subject to inundations, filling the valley of the Somme, and submerging the carcasses, or at least the bones, of the animals pasturing near its borders. To explain the wide distribution laterally of the ossiferous gravel, and its altitude above the present bed of the valley, it will be necessary to suppose that this river, or mass of fresh water, commenced its formative functions at a higher level, or one nearer that of the plateau through which it now flows —running on or over the upland, and not below or within it, as it now does—and that the drainage has gradually excavated the valleys of the Somme and its tributaries to their present lower levels, collecting and strewing on their shifting beds and banks the flint-gravel, with its embedded bones and human relics. By assuming that this sinking of the river-bed was continuous, and attended probably by a continuous rising of the level of the land above the sea, and was not accompanied by any long pauses, or interrupted by counter-movements of subsidence, we can account for the total absence of traces of either sea-margins or river-terraces, and for the uniform manner in which the gravel clothes the eroded surface of the chalk, and conforms to all its slopes. The cutting out or trenching of the valleys is thus attributed to a fluviatile erosion, demanding an immense lapse of time for its accomplishment, and not to an invasion or successive invasions of the sea, carving and modelling the land for the reception and conveyance of the atmospheric waters. The suggestion of an antiquity for the human family so remote as is here implied, in the length of ages required by the gentle rivers and small streams of north-eastern France to erode its whole plain to the depths at which they now flow, acquires, it must be confessed, a fascinating grandeur, when, by similitude of feature and geology, we extend the hypothesis to the whole north-west frontier of the continent, and assume, that from the estuary of the Seine to the eastern shores of the Baltic, every external feature of valley, dale, and ravine—in short, the entire intaglio of the surface—has been moulded by running waters, since the advent of the human race.

Perhaps the geologist of the school disposed to recognise only the more gradual changes in the configuration of the surface, conscious of the grave difficulties which beset the present application of this hypo-

thesis, will adopt a different explanation, and set out with the conception that the great valleys of the land were already scooped before the strewing of the Diluvium or ossiferous gravel. His most natural assumption will then be, that the gravel was deposited in the bed and on the shores of a tidal estuary, frequented by the makers of the flint hatchets and by the extinct quadrupeds, and that the stratum was diffused *wider* and *higher* by a progressive sinking of the land, submerging successively fresh tracts, till all the district now capped by this particular Diluvium was overspread. This supposition involves a much less protracted period than the preceding, not more time, indeed, than, at the rate of elevation or subsidence of the earth's crust at present in progress on sundry coasts, would depress the district of the Somme perhaps one hundred feet. Certain indispensable evidence, of like nature in both cases, is wanting to lend countenance to either of these hypotheses. There are no independent proofs, in the form of fluviatile shells, of the long residence of the rivers within their existing valleys at materially higher levels than those they now occupy, to confirm the *former* view; nor any similar monuments of the long residence of the sea, or of estuary waters, in the shape of marine organic remains in the bed and on the lower slopes of the valley, to sustain the latter. Till such are found, both hypotheses may be received as suggestive speculations, but cannot be accepted as steps towards a sound theory of the origin of the flint-gravel of the Somme.

Ascending to the beds which overlie this "sepulchral earth" of the mammoth and his associates, our friend of the tranquil school will account for them, by appealing to processes very similar to those already invoked. He will show us, that the bed many feet thick of white and brown sand, with the fragile fresh-water shells, testifies unequivocally to some ancient river long and quietly resident above the gravel. But these fresh water sands cover the gravel almost as broadly and continuously as the gravel covers the chalk, and, what is especially puzzling, occur at all altitudes upon the gently ascending sides of the valley, from its bed to the table-lands which bound it. Here another complex process of shifting river sedimentation, with slow depression or elevation of the land, must be resorted to, demanding a lapse of time commensurate with, or even exceeding, that previously required. Thus, proceeding through the thinner rudely *eddied* gravel-bed which succeeds the river sand, and through the brick-earth, or ferruginous sandy clay with splinters of flint, which crowns the entire series, sustains the now existing life of the district, and entombs some of that which was of human mould almost two thousand years ago, he will, with like ingenuity, establish the probability of two other enormous epochs, making thus in all four vast revolutions of the geologic index on this immeasurable dial-plate, all between the embedding of the manipulated flints and extinct mammalians, and the sepulture of the Roman occupants of the country.

Let us now listen to the Paroxysmist, who desires to measure the earth's rates of progress, not only while she dallies with her tools, but when she puts forth her nearly resistless strength. By what agencies, and in what relative time, does *he* conceive these four superficial strata may have been produced?

Beginning, as before, with the gravel-bed at the base of the series, he will allege that this can have occupied no very long period in its formation: for, pointing to the sundry marks of diluvial or turbulent aqueous action which it betrays, he will remind us that the motion of the strewing current must have been rapid, and that time is ever in the inverse ratio of velocity. His notion of the order of events will probably be something like the following:—Assuming the pre-existing *relief*, or excavation rather, of the surface, to have approximated to that now prevailing, he will account for the gravel by supposing a sudden rocking movement of the land and the bottom of the sea of the nature of an earthquake, or a succession of them, to have launch-

ed a portion of the temporarily uplifted waters upon the surface of the land, the inundation penetrating further inland, rising to higher altitudes, and possessing more sweeping and destructive power, along the broad, gently-ascending, trumpet-mouthed valleys like the Seine and Somme, than on the unindented plain. To this inundation, or more strictly to a series of such—for these vehement disturbances of the earth's crust usually repeat their visits to the same district many times in an epoch of commotion—he will ascribe the ploughing up or washing up of the surface-beds of the chalk, the sorting out, as it were, and breaking, rolling, and rudely strewing of its embedded flint-nodules, and the entombing of the huge wallowing animals enticed by their instinctive wants to inhabit the tracts especially vulnerable to inundation. Reflecting on the insufficiency of the evidence which would make man the contemporary of the extinct Mammoth, he will encounter no difficulty in explaining how Man's remains may have become buried at a long subsequent epoch in the same Diluvium or Drift which had already received the bones of the colossal Elephant and his associates; for he will remind us that a second disturbance of the crust, similar to that which had already entombed the quadrupeds, would, if occurring within historic time, find the physical conditions even more suitable for an entombing inundation than the first. The same valleys and low plains would invite an invasion of the sea, only they would this time be smoothed over with the ossiferous gravel; and this bed for the waters would be torn up, drifted, and deposited afresh with whatsoever man may have left upon its surface, far more readily than was the well-impacted chalk by the previous great inundation.

Ascending to the next bed—the silicious sand with fresh-water shells—the Paroxysmist will account for this by requesting us to imagine a broad river pouring its steady current over the bed of the valley, its waters charged from time to time with more or less angular sand, washed out of the adjacent gravel then constituting the rising grounds on both sides. To explain how the sand has come to cover the gravel beyond the immediate borders of the valley, following that stratum to the upper slopes and apparently even to the general table-land of the country, he will ask us to note the fact, that while it is horizontally and evenly laminated in the less elevated localities, it displays in those of a higher level, for instance at St. Acheul, a lamination often much disturbed and oblique, and a very irregular lower and upper boundary; features, all of which plainly intimate that it may have been *swept suddenly* into these upper levels, by a paroxysmal movement of the earth's crust analogous to that which preceded it, and produced the ossiferous gravel beneath.

In confirmation of this view, the advocate of subterranean forces, as the primary agents in producing the superficial sediments, may point our attention to the conical pits or hollows in the surface of this bed of sand, already alluded to, and appeal to them in proof that a sheet of water in rapid and whirling motion must have swept over the land about the close of its deposition, the prelude, it would seem, of the precipitation of the upper gravel-bed on that which covers the sand, if not the very current itself which bore along the gravelly materials and laid them where they now repose.

That this third stratum—the second gravel—was thus deposited by a swift and eddying current, is so distinctly indicated, not merely by the feature now pointed out, but by its irregular and oblique or diluvial lamination—if proper lamination it can indeed be said to possess—that the Paroxysmist is here confident that he beholds a record of only a very brief period of time.

Reaching the fourth and uppermost bed of all—the brown ferruginous sandy clay or brick-earth with splinters of dispersed flint—the geologist familiar with the signs of both gentle and violent watery action will recognise the most quiet, and therefore the most time-representing sediment of the entire series. But even in this material, the average thickness of which is between three and

five feet, he will draw our attention to the abundance and occasional size of these fragments of flint, and may demand how they could have been introduced by water in very sluggish motion. He will probably abandon some of his scepticism upon this point, however, if we request him to observe the almost total absence of distinct lamination in the clay and the general fineness of its texture; the absence of lamination or internal stratification being one of his surest criteria of a perpendicular deposition, it may be slowly or it may be rapidly, in water either permanently or transiently at rest; the slowness or rapidity of the precipitation, again, being indicated mainly by the fineness or coarseness of the materials. So, looking at this uppermost deposit of all, the *minimum* age of which is proved to equal at least one-third of the commonly imputed age of the human race, by the presence within it of Gallo-Roman graves, and other remains historically identifiable, he hesitates to acknowledge that even it can have occupied any prolonged series of ages in its production.

The physical conditions under which it has been formed, he will not venture to speculate about; until so important a stratum, the floor of the now living creation, the outer covering of the tomb which enwraps the bones and dust of all the organisms which once lived in the region and now live no more, shall have received a far more critical and widely extended study than it has yet enlisted.

Thus will the two translators of this last chapter in the Physical History of the Earth differ in their reading of each successive page: the one interpreting the record only by the gentler forces of existing nature, and inferring an enormous age for man, far transcending that deduced by the chronologists, while the other, adopting a quicker rate of formation, confesses his uncertainty as to whether these deposits originated within the accepted period of human history or not.

Having discussed the leading topics mentioned in my programme as fully as explicitness demands, I take leave of my reader with a brief recapitulation of the conclusions I have arrived at.

1. To the question, Are the so-called flint-implements of human workmanship or the results of physical agencies? My reply is, They bear unmistakably the indications of having been shaped by the skill of man.

2. To the inquiry, Does the mere association in the same deposit of the flint-implements and the bones of extinct quadrupeds prove that the artificers of the flint-tools and the animals coexisted in time? I answer, That mere juxtaposition of itself is no evidence of contemporaneity, and that upon the testimony of the fossil bones the age of the human relics is *not proven*.

3. To the query, What is the antiquity of the Mammalian bones with which the flint-implements are associated? My answer is, That, apart from their mixture with the recently-discovered vestiges of an early race of men, these fossils exhibit no independent marks by which we can relate them to human time at all. The age of the Diluvium which embeds the remains of the extinct mammalian animals must now be viewed as doubly uncertain—doubtful from the uncertainty of its coincidence with the age of the flint-implements—and again doubtful, if even this coincidence were established, from the absence of any link of connection between those earliest traces of man and his historic ages.

Upon the special question involved in this general query, What time must it have required for the physical geography adapted to the Pachyderms of the antediluvian period to have altered into that now prevailing, suited to wholly different races? the geological world is divided between two schools of interpretation—the Tranquillists, who recognise chiefly Nature's gentler forces and slower mutations, and the Paroxysmists, who appeal to her violent subterranean energies and her more active surface-changes.

4. To the last interrogation, How far are we entitled to impute a high antiquity to these earliest physical records of mankind from the nature of the containing and overlying se-

dimentary deposits? My response again is, That as the two schools of geologists now named differ widely in their translation into geologic time of all phenomena of the kind here described, this question, like the preceding, does not admit, in the present state of the science, of a specific or quantitative answer.

In conclusion, then, of the whole inquiry, condensing into one expression my answer to the general question, Whether a remote prehistoric antiquity for the human race has been established from the recent discovery of specimens of man's handiwork in the so-called Diluvium, I maintain it is not proven, by no means asserting that it can be *disproved*, but insisting simply that it remains —*Not Proven*.

H. D. R.

THE ROMANCE OF AGOSTINI.

PART II.—CHAPTER VIII.

Francisco came in with a singular expression in his face and looks. The wonderful disclosure he had heard so lately affected him mightily, as might be imagined, and he was conscious that it had affected him. The result was that he looked round him with a watchful and jealous observation, as a man might do who felt himself slightly intoxicated, and defied anybody else to notice it. With this instinctive desire to conceal the thoughts which kept up a continual turmoil within him, he eyed the two women severely, and addressed them with an austerity and seriousness quite unnatural to the young man. He was afraid they should see how his veins swelled and throbbed—how his figure dilated in spite of himself—and how a perfect fairyland of hopes crowded upon him. So, as he was too proud to discover the extent of his emotion to his humble companions, he had no refuge but in an artificial reserve, which was much more remarkable, and by no means so pleasant, as the warm excitement and agitation which it was meant to conceal. He made his salutations to Teta very briefly, and then, instead of asking any questions, made a step out upon the balcony, and, leaning over the railing, looked down upon the deep little court below, with its little fountain tinkling and shining in the cool shade. An hour before, a pretty little figure, in a flutter of light muslin flounces—for it was a true St. Martin's summer that November —had been pensively flitting up and down with a book in its hand upon the loggia on the first floor; but it is to be doubted whether Francisco at that moment would have perceived even the Signorina Inglese. He stood leaning over Teta's balcony, turning round and round upon his finger a ring of somewhat questionable metal, set with a cameo-flora of small value, sometimes glancing up across the roofs at the green side of Pincio, with its carriages gleaming past in the sunshine, but oftener watching mechanically the flow of the pure bright water of the little fountain into its homely basin. The tinkle of that dropping satisfied his restlessness—it was a relief to him to string upon its monotonous cadence the broken beadroll of his own over-exciting thoughts.

The two women exchanged looks and telegraphic communications behind him. They managed a hurried consultation all in silence, while Teta continued busy with her table-linen. "Shall you speak to him?" asked Mariuccia with her eyes. "What do you think of him?—is it not strange he says nothing?"—"Patienza!" answered Teta, under her breath, casting watchful looks at him over the head of her companion. She went bustling about now, putting up her table-cloths and napkins—calling his attention without any words—saying nothing even to Mariuccia—only making demonstration of her presence by the sound of her firm lively footstep, and the

rustle of her dress. This unspoken call upon him recalled Francisco presently to himself. He came in from the balcony with an impatient step, hovered into the room, looking curiously, but without seeing, what Teta was about, and for a moment waiting in uneasy silence for some one else to begin the conversation. Teta, however, bustled about imperturbably putting up her linen. She gave him no assistance; and Mariuccia dealt only in wistful, pitiful, reverential glances, and did not speak.

"So, Sora Teta," said Francisco at last, in a little burst, "there is a story, it appears; and you have all known it, you good people, and only now, when it's dangerous, you tell it to me!"

This natural expression of petulance burst from him almost unawares, for by moments the young man did feel that to tell him this secret of his birth now, was in reality to do him an injury. What chance had he of overcoming all the difficulties before him, and establishing his position as Duke Agostini? and as Francisco the painter, what could he ever be again, but a discontented and repining man?

"Excellency," said Teta, suddenly facing round upon him with her armful of linen, "should Mariuccia have given you the news for a sweetmeat at Rocca, or put it in your Befana stocking at St. Michael's, instead of your little gun and sword? Was it not better for you a great deal to wait till you were a man, and could do something? For to be sure there will be much to do, Don Francisco; your Excellency's enemies are not to be despised."

Francisco's face reddened in spite of himself—something of reality grew into the marvellous tale when another voice repeated that astonishing title. A thrill of renewed but pleasant excitement ran through his frame; his good-humour came back to him. He no longer reminded himself of the dread possibility of falling back again into the rank and place with which he had been so very well content when the sun rose on this miraculous morning. He was twenty, and might be one of the most notable nobles of Rome. Teta's address threw a veil over the Piazza Trajano and Francisco the painter. For the moment it was the Duke Agostini, grand in his newly-acquired glories, who threw himself, splendid yet blushing, into that very grand, very shabby old rococo chair, which was one of the special features of Teta's room.

"My enemies! I had not an enemy in the world this morning," said Francisco, his excitement running over in a little tremulous laughter. "Who are they? I have not considered that side of the question."

"Ah, Madonna Santissima! that thou *shouldst* have enemies, my innocent child!" said Mariuccia, in a fervent whisper, "and they such as should be thy dearest friends!"

"Excellenza," said Teta, solemnly, standing with one arm thrust out from her side, and the other burdened with the last bundle of her linen; "first of all, there is the Duchessa."

Francisco's brow darkened; he did not say anything; he merely acknowledged her name with a slight, almost haughty gesture, half of shame, half of defiance.

"And after the Duchessa," continued Teta, with great unction and emphasis, "Donna Anna; and after Donna Anna, Don Angelo Lontoria, her husband, and all the friends they can make. You were well to be a man, Signore mio—you have enough of battles to fight."

As she stood there fronting him with her full figure, her bold head, her stately Roman bearing, Teta looked a buxom war-goddess, ready at least for any amount of battles which could be fought by word and gesture. Whatever the young hero's sentiments might be, Teta's spirit rose with the warmest impulse of pugnacity at thought of this contest. Donna Anna was somewhere near her own age, and had left reminiscences in the mind of Cenci's daughter, which did not dispose Teta to grieve over the heiress's possible downfall; and the Duchessa was the natural enemy of the high-spirited girl, who had been all but born in her service. On Francisco's behalf Teta would have exulted to confront both the ladies, and utter her

Roman mind freely in racy Italian, with an unlimited force of adjective; for Gaetano's gifts made his courier-ship a very independent personage; and Teta, when all her apartments were let, veiled her bonnet to nobody. She set her disengaged hand firmly on her waist, and thrust out her elbow like any English Bellona; —such natural and womanful sentiments being catholic, and beyond the narrow restraints of nationality. Francisco plucked his brown mustache and looked at her: he knew nothing of Donna Anna; he was calm, and destitute of that pleasant fervour of antagonism. With a vague sensation that to have such adversaries was the first splendid circumstance in his new fortune, he repeated their names composedly to himself.

"Donna Anna! Well," said Francisco, after a pause. "she is rich enough already—or her husband is; but I confess to you, my good Teta," he said, grandly, "that if the present possessors had, like myself, no other prospects, I should have hesitated to ruin another family for my own sole good."

"The blessed child!" cried Mariuccia, hastily snatching and kissing her nursling's hand.

"Don Francisco," said Teta, not without a little sarcasm, "your Excellency is too good to live. For my part, I am not so much concerned for Donna Anna: I know her, as it happens. Holy Santa Theresa, how well I know her! And as for the Duchessa——"

"Do me the pleasure to say nothing about the Duchessa," said Francisco, in a harsh, constrained voice.

Teta came to a dead stop, and considered whether she should be angry; but, looking at the young man, as he sat unconsciously plucking his mustache, with that cloud upon his face, Teta for the first time perceived, with a little awe and perturbation, a gleam of the Duchessa herself in that younger and more loveable countenance, which completely silenced her indignation. No one had ever seen the likeness before; but from that day, few looked at Francisco without more or less perceiving it. Nature still existed, though under those unnatural conditions. From the moment when he first knew of the relationship between them, it had been intolerable to the young man to hear the name of the woman who was his mother. She was his bitterest enemy, certain to stand out against his claims with the fiercest opposition. It was impossible that he could feel any tenderness for her: but he could not bear the mention of her name.

"Benissimo!" said Teta, drawing a long breath after an interval of silence, "I will do your Excellency that pleasure; but you must see my mother, if it is possible, and Madame Margherita. Madame Margherita is so much employed among the Forestieri, that it is hard to find her. See now, I will go and ask for her presently. You shall have a famous dish of maccaroni *con Sugo* for supper, Don Francisco. Return, if it please you, an hour after the Ave Maria, then there will be time to talk; and you can make an end of it, and know all that we women have to tell you. Unhappily, Signore mio, we are all women; for, to be sure, you were a baby, and fell into the hands of such; and we shall be all the less likely to trouble you when you gain your cause. Mariuccia is old; I have no children. We shall not tease you about all our people. I think, on the whole, Eccellenza, you will be fortunate with your witnesses. Blessed Santa Theresa! so many of us too!"

"Be sure I will remember my obligations to you all, Sora Teta," said Francisco, grandly, as he rose from his chair. Mariuccia could not restrain herself as he sauntered forth, superb in his young dignity. She was not affronted at the small notice he had taken of her. He was her own child and nursling, and to be pardoned seventy times seven offences. It was pride and exultation alone inspired her as she lost sight of him down the stairs.

"Madonna Santissima! Is not he a prince? There is not a beggar on the roadside but would know thee to be noble, bello mio!" cried Mariuccia. "Tell me, Teta, among all your rich Forestieri, have you ever seen so princely a man?"

"E Romano," said Teta, with careless pride; "he is a Roman." Then she closed her great cupboard, and locked it with an emphasis. "If it will amuse you, Mariuccia mia, you can look to the sugo while I seek Madame Margherita; for, believe me, I would not trust the supper for our young Don to the woman yonder in the kitchen. Ah," added Teta, with another long breath, "bella Duchessa, it will be hard work for thee to deny thine own face!"

CHAPTER IX.

It was drawing towards evening, and the Corso was thronged as usual, when Francisco descended the long stairs, and came out into the gay crowd. November—but the sky shining overhead with that deep steadfast imperturbable blue, which, further north, is the glory of summer days alone—and the passing carriages all brilliant with bright colours, the toilette of summer warmed with autumnal ribbons, and loose glories of unnecessary shawl and mantle. That idle current of life had left the sunny eminence of Pincio as the great arch of blue sky reddened over in magnificent circles of colour towards the west, for this final delight of Roman promenaders. Few scenes could have been supposed more unlike the solemn associations which unaccustomed travellers connect with the very name of the Eternal City. There is nothing eternal in the Rome of the Corso—in that narrow line of street full of bright shops, and houses let to the Forestieri, interrupted here and there by the stuccoed façade of a seventeenth-century church, or the blank front of a big palace: nothing solemn in the gay line of carriages, the pretty toilettes, nor in the preposterous children and red-jacketed nurses, who form an admiring chorus, and keep Roman flirtation in countenance. Neither is the crowd on foot of a seriously impressive character: these are not the graceful Italians of romance, with dark visionary countenance, lithe frame, and mysterious deportment; on the contrary, an unslender, unvisionary race, strong in nothing more than in gross flesh and blood, go gaily thronging along the pavement; peasant women among them with white handkerchiefs on their ample shoulders, carrying their heads like so many duchesses; Roman girls of full developed form, with their glossy uncovered locks gleaming to the light, and little inferior in point of bearing to the Contadini; Roman men with heads that might do for a Hadrian or an Antonine—bull-necked, bullet-headed, substantial figures, neither poetical nor imaginative, but strong, gross, and forcible, like the coarse forcible Romans of an elder age. Francisco strayed along the pavement through the midst of that vociferous throng. Last night he had entered into all the humours of the crowd with the fervour of true local feeling, knowing himself one of them. To-day everything was changed; he set his hat over his eyes, and answered very briefly the passing salutations of his acquaintance. His looks wandered rather to the stream of carriages than to the flood of passengers on foot. He was looking, not with the universal admiration of youth for pretty faces passing, but with a scrutiny, haughty and earnest, for one or two faces which were not pretty,—for the old Duchessa, who drove every day through that ancient scene of her triumphs, with an old *dame de compagnie* as unlovely as herself, and a couple of tiny spaniels lost in the heap of wrappings which encumbered the front seat of the carriage; and for the pale countenance of Donna Anna, dissatisfied and complaining, with her nurses and children, grudging always, in the midst of wealth, the postponement of her own personal hopes and inheritance. His mother and his sister! Francisco found little solace in these names of tenderness. He looked eagerly to see them, with a strange unexplainable curiosity, wondering whether the change which had passed upon herself would perhaps change the aspect of these faces, and whether that weird old Duchess appeared to a stranger's passing

glance with a different look from that which she would bear to the more penetrating gaze of *her son*. But he did not see either of the ladies as he pushed onward through the busy Corso. Then he went rapidly with the same purpose up the winding ascent of the Pincian Hill, and loitered about there, looking into all the carriages, like many another idle young Roman. Far in the distance, the sun, just at setting, was burning upon a line of sea, visible over the head of that old solemn city, which from this height, heaving up darkly on its foundation of hills against that broad hemisphere of colour in the west, looked more worthy of its name. There sat Rome, with her dark crowd of modern houses, hiding somewhere among them the tawny line of the Tiber, and dominated by the big dome of St. Peter's. Modern Rome—not that dumb heathen mother sitting voiceless on her Palatine—Rome astir with the tongues of strangers, the jests and din of her own holiday-making children. There lay that dark human problem, troublous puzzle of priests and men, in a doubtful precarious repose, like the old Albanian lake, with no Emissarium for its choke of rising waters, but with the tender country and quiet heights of hills beguiling the eye, beyond dark St. Peter yonder, into a gentle idyll of attendant nature, sweet Monte Mario and his brethren rising wistful against those celestial blushes of warm reflection wich glow over all that region of sky. Against that same flush of sunset the pines upon Pincio itself stand forth, all lined and traced in every delicate twig; and figures glide about with a noiseless motion, not because they are all impressed and quiet, but because the magic atmosphere has charmed the sound. Among these loiterers Francisco loitered in the new tumult of his fancies. The last carriage had lingered away out of this suddenly darkening, momentary, miraculous twilight. The Ave Maria had rung out from all the bells of Rome. Work was over everywhere, and the stir of amusement and relaxation quickened yonder in the hidden streets, though it was the quiet of night and rest that fell over that hill of Pleasure. The young painter lingered on the terraced road, playing with his own agitation and hopes, and slow to descend once more into discussion of that wonderful episode in his history that happened twenty years ago, when he was carried out of his princely birthplace under cover of Mariuccia's shawl. It suited him better to wander up and down, with the air blowing fresh in his face, mounting in imagination to the high topgallant of his sudden fortune. To do that by a leap; to glance into the ineffable future, gleaming grand with wealth and honours; to take imaginary possession of the Genzaro palace; to return, no longer a poor portrait-painter, but a Roman noble, to the Signorina Inglese, who had beguiled Francisco the painter out of his heart. It was more congenial to the young man's mind to walk about in the soft night-air, and see one by one these stars come gleaming over him, than to descend to the lighted Corso, with all its cafés open, and to climb Teta's long star, and over the sugo and salad listen to the women and their recollections, and ascertain how far he could depend upon the testimony of Madame Margherita. Francisco roused himself, however, as the first hour of night rang from the Roman churches. He took his way slowly to the needful consultation, in spite of himself, somewhat contemptuous of Teta's upper room, and the society of the faithful peasant and the English nurse. And it was only twelve hours old, this wonderful grandeur and elevation!—but such hours as these are years.

CHAPTER X.

When Francisco entered at Teta's great door and began dreamily to ascend the stair, an accident befell him which warmed the half disgust he felt at the consultation before him into warm and angry eagerness.

There was a carriage at the door, though the young man in his excitement had not observed it, and half-way up the first flight of steps, Francisco, hitherto engrossed and unobservant, came suddenly upon Teta's distinguished lodgers, the English Milord and his little granddaughter. Francisco, much abashed and embarrassed by the sudden encounter, took off his hat and stood aside in the corner of the wall, while that radiant little apparition swept past him. A lovely little fairy, with sweet English complexion, light hair, too pale to be called golden, but still with an occasional gleam among the curls—for curls were positively *worn* in those days—and a tiny light figure singularly unlike the substantial Roman order of beauty. The young painter stood entranced when she made him a slight curtsey of recognition, as she floated past in all that cloud of white, delicately tinted with ribbons and flowers and ornaments. He had never seen her before in anything but her simple morning-dress, and he thought her a beautiful fairy gliding with her noiseless step down these dingy stairs.

By the little lady's side was the Milord, a tall old Englishman, reserved and suspicious. Though the encounter was momentary and entirely accidental, Francisco felt his harsh, cold, suspicious glance, full of disdainful inquiry. "Who are you, you foreign fellow?" asked as plainly as words that haughty look; and the flush grew higher on the young man's cheek. They had scarcely passed before the old gentleman began to question his grandchild. Of course he spoke in that arrogant mincing English, with all the cold freedom which these English use, in full security that nobody understands them. Certainly Francisco did not understand him—but he went up the remaining three flights of stairs, two steps at a time, in fiery indignation and eagerness. The opinion of the Forestieri in respect to any friendship between young English ladies and young Roman painters is not at all equivocal, but at all times clearly to be understood.

Francisco accordingly sprang up the stair with a certain vengeful impulse in his mind. Oh how differently that old Milord would look upon Duke Agostini! And Francisco, with the quick vehemence of his race and age, indulged himself in a momentary anticipation of the pleasure of revenge — how Duke Agostini might retaliate even at his own expense, and though it involved the loss of the Signorina! But after all, that would be poor satisfaction—so he rushed up the last dark steps to Teta's door, and plucked at the bell with a vehemence which brought the hapless Maria, Teta's woman-of-all-work, in a fright to the door. Thus the young man came in, a young whirlwind among the three women, who, with many a gesture and exclamation, were consulting over his fortunes. The table was spread, and everything ready for supper. In the centre, a tall brass lamp with four lights shone down upon the crisp endive leaves, which appeared like winter blossoms of pale yellow among the green herbage of the salad, and on the vast flask of wine, and endless quantity of brown-complexioned *panetti*, which Teta had provided for her guests. The three women were seated round the table, Mariuccia rather silent and extinguished, while Madame Margherita kept up the conversation with the mistress of the house. The poor peasant-woman had nothing to talk about but her baby, whom she had carried off from Genzaro under her shawl, and with a certain respectful awe listened to her two companions, who had interests in common, and were discussing the letting of their "apartments;" how many each had, and what were the prospects of the season, and whether the Forestieri were arriving in sufficient number. There is nothing in the world which can make up for the want of these Forestieri, these barbarous people, to the thinking of modern Rome.

"They tell me that the Pope means to proclaim a holy year," said Madame Margherita, shrugging her vast shoulders as Francisco came in. "Good news for us, Sora Teta, among all our other troubles. I was speaking of it the other day to one of the Frati, a monk of the Santi Apostoli. I am a British subject, you understand; I

always speak my mind. I said, 'The Pope, bless him! will ruin us, father—what with the failure of the wine and the dearness of the oil, and nothin: to be had as it used to be, but we must needs have our pictures covered up, and our music stopped, and our theatres shut, and the Forestieri driven away!' 'Ah, Madama,' said the priest, 'but the spiritual good! You will come out of it in the same blessed condition that Adam was in before he fell.' 'Ah, capito!' I cried out; 'senza camicia? —I understand you, father—without a shirt?'"

At this joke, with the truest sympathetic feeling, Teta laughed long and loud, while Mariuccia, with a little forced giggle of complaisance, crossed herself secretly in pious horror. Then Madame Margherita, whose back, like the disc of a great ball, had been hitherto obscuring the group for Francisco, turned round on an exclamation from Teta of the young man's name. She could scarcely have been any rounder—she did not look much older than she had done twenty years ago. Unlike her Italian contemporaries, both lady and peasant, the little Irishwoman's brown hair, and white teeth, and lively eyes, had survived that dangerous interval. She had taken another husband the other day, a strapping Swiss of the Pope's guard, who was a highly economical lackey and most faithful attendant to Madame Margherita. She had let her principal apartment triumphantly before anybody else had more than a nibble, and altogether was in flourishing circumstances, and on good terms with all the world.

"It is the young Don," said Teta, exaggerating all the more her reverential tone because she could scarcely manage to be respectful enough in her own person to the youth whom she had known so familiarly—"and this is the English Madame Margherita, Eccellenza. She will tell you of the things we talked of this morning whilst I go to see after the macaroni. Accommodate yourself, Signore mio, in the great chair."

Francisco seated himself once more carelessly in Teta's big rococo chair, which was a kind of throne in the dim little room. Sitting there, he could see, just over Madame Margherita's head, the sky and the stars gleaming in through the uncovered window, which was a door as well, and opened, with Italian Spartan indifference to fitting, directly upon the loggia, where the air was rather chill this November night. Finding himself the object of Madame Margherita's gaze, the youth kept his embarrassed eyes upon this clear spot in his dim surroundings. Madame Margherita made her examination very quietly, and when she had quite concluded, said, with as calm a tone, "Signor Don Francisco, you are like your mother."

Francisco started, taken by surprise, and reddened once more to his hair. "Then you too confirm the story, and she *is* my mother?" he exclaimed, almost losing his breath.

"If you are the baby whom Mariuccia there took away from the Duchessa's room—if you are the little boy whom she had brought up at San Michele, then it is I who brought you into the world," said Madame Margherita; "and I am ready to swear a hundred times, if that would do any good, that the Duchessa Agostini, and nobody else, is your mother. Per Bacco! who do you suppose but a great lady, and a great beauty, would go for to desert her child! It is wonderful to me why she did not bundle you into the basket at San Spirito, like the other unfortunate babies, and have done with you. I will swear she would have done it had she not been at Genzaro instead of Rome."

Here the English nurse, whose professional horror of the Duchessa's unmotherliness, which she had never ventured to unburden herself of before, returned to her mind in full force, now that her mouth was opened, made a pause for a reply; but receiving none, Francisco being fully occupied in the exercise of self restraint, went on again with her personal sentiments.

"It was I who brought you into the world," said Madame Margherita; "and a great passion I was in when I knew why I had been called, and that it was a secret case, and the baby, after all my trouble, done up in swaddling-clothes, poor little

unfortunate soul! The Duchessa never took the least notice of you, Signore, no more than if you had been a little puppy dog; nor half as much, davvero! for I remember a filthy little spaniel that used to lie on her bed. Pah! do not speak to me of your great Italian ladies! who shut themselves up within doors and curtains, and have their babies in secret, and turn them off with scarce a look; not to say give the poor innocents over to be bound up in swaddling-clothes!"

"Madama! madama!" cried Mariuccia, who had been studying with dismay the changes of Francisco's countenance, and perceiving he was on the eve of an explosion, suffered her own natural indignation at this national censure to have its course. "You are mad, you Forestieri? you will hold with nothing but your own way. Do you suppose a woman of Rocca would dress a poor little child in your *modo Inglese*, which was never meant for our country? and where were there ever straighter limbs or an air noble like our young Don!"

"Mariuccia, my good woman, you know nothing about it," said Madame Margherita, "to think I should be called to such a case! I who have nothing to do, only with English ladies, as all Rome knows; and old Teta, Cenci's aunt, coming to seek me, the old hypocrite, with her Jesu Nazzarino! and not a word of what it was, till I was safe in Genzaro, and could not help myself; and then the Duchessa——"

"Do me the pleasure," said Francisco, interposing hastily with a shrill tone in his voice, "to say nothing more of the Duchessa."

Madame Margherita, suddenly interrupted in her rapid flow of talk, and brought to a stand-still in the fulness of her eloquence by so unexpected an interference, stopped short with sheer amazement, and gazed at the young speaker as if she could hardly believe in his presumption: but catching, as Teta had done before her, that look on the young man's passionate face, so entirely new to the handsome young features —that sudden subtle unexpected resemblance, which recalled the Duchessa in her best and haughtiest days, the quickwitted little Irishwoman came to herself. She changed colour with a momentary flush of resentment, then acknowledged to herself that he was right, and then solaced her dignity by getting up from her chair and making him a solemn and sarcastic courtesy. "Signor Don Francisco," said Madame Margherita, with cutting irony, "I have the honour to assure you again that you are very like your mother!"

At this moment, fortunately, Teta entered with her handmaiden behind her bearing the macaroni. The sugo had been elaborated under Mariuccia's anxious superintendence; —never before had she done such a feat of cookery;—and the rich brown gravy with its delicate flavour of tomatoes—or, more pleasant title, pomidori, apples of gold—lay tempting and savoury over the fantastic crimped ribbons of the macaroni in its lordly round dish. With the proud conviction that it was a dish for a prince, Teta stood imperatively by to see it placed upon the board; and as the whole party had dined about mid-day, and did not know what it was to indulge in intermediary libations of tea, the savour of the sugo penetrated, despite of excitement and passion, into their primitive sensations. Mariuccia, good woman, crossed herself with a murmured grace; even Francisco, with no ill-will, drew towards the table his rococo chair—other things could wait without harm, but delay would certainly spoil the macaroni: there was the truest philosophy in the thought.

CHAPTER XI.

It was still early when the young painter left the house of Teta; but he neither went to the theatre nor to his favourite café. His mind was rapt into another sphere, above dominoes, above gossip, even above the melodies of the opera. He strayed along through the Corso, where few

people now walked, but where all the cafés were thronged, and the rough pavement echoed to the stream of carriages, conveying beatific glimpses of buxom angels in full evening dress, across the vision of the passers-by. Then into the life, different, yet similar, which went on behind in the crooked Roman streets, in the genuine Roman quarters where there were no Forestieri. There, outside lights glared and flickered, and green boughs waved out from among the hams and cheeses of the Pizzicheria, and flat brown loaves ranged themselves by the baker's door; and dim lamps burned before undecipherable shrines, to which nobody vouchsafed a glance; and a loud and lively population, buying, joking, talking, smoking endless cigars, fluctuated among the narrow black windings of the streets between the two lines of high houses. The cafés in these erratic vicoli or lanes, as well as in the Corso, were all crowded to the door, and clouds of bearded Roman faces appeared over the narrow tables in a world of stormy talk, at strange contrast with the mild tipple in which they indulged themselves—stormy to the unaccustomed sight, but quite undangerous—the manner of the men. Francisco wandered through among them, scarcely seeing the passengers, on his way up to his little room, four stories high, in the Piazza of Trajan. When he had reached his lofty lodging he went out upon the little loggia, to which his room opened, and stood there leaning on the rails, letting his very cigar go out in the fullness of his thoughts. The moon was up and bright, whitely blazing upon the cold blue crowd of broken pillars far down in that historic area, and vainly attempting to silver over the dark shaft of that column where Trajan himself stood high into the night. This same morning, twelve hours ago, Francisco had smoked his cigar very cheerfully over these railings, looking down with amused and ready interest to see the country-people's carts, and the honest louts of contadini gazing in at the wonders of the iron-shops. In the dewy freshness and sweet sunshine of the morning, he had perhaps indulged in a momentary sentimental speculation and sigh over the hard fortune which had made the Signorina Inglese a great man's daughter, and put such a gulf between them; but, on the whole, had been very well pleased with his lodging and himself and things in general, philosophically leaving the morrow to provide for its own affairs. Now, what a change! Not more unlike was that white light, unreal and ghostly, which, catching a passing figure on the street, made it look so preternaturally distant and minute—that light which threw such portentous shadow on the other side of the way, and picked out every line of the two churches at the end of the square with a dead immovable illumination—not more unlike was that moonlight to the sunshine than the one Francisco was to the other. There he stood, with his cigar out, seeing nothing save a faint panorama of light and shade; seeing rather—now the gleaming front of the Genzaro palace, now Mariuccia's little house at Rocca, now the consultation in Teta's room; while through all his thoughts went gleaming, floating, that white fairy down the dark staircase, with the tender tints of half-visible colour about her, and the flowers in her pretty hair. If he had been slightly out of his wits that night it would not have been wonderful; and he inclined much more to muse outside there on the loggia, with no companions but the light and darkness, than to return to the little room where everything reminded him that his apartment was on the fourth piano in the Piazza of Trajan, and he himself only Francisco Spoleto the painter, on whom Milord frowned ominously, sternly disapproving of the Signorina's courtesy, and that momentary blush which reflected itself upon Francisco's face. Ah, you haughty Milord, if you but knew! if one could only some time hope to let you know that the Agostini Duke would disdain your alliance, if he did not love your daughter! But, alas! here we are, all untitled, and unendowed, with that half-finished portrait on the easel, and some copies unframed and disposable upon the wall, and unhappily nothing else to depend upon for daily bread, wine, minestra, and cigars! Not the Duke Agos-

tini at all, only that unhappy Francisco, who never more, if he lived a hundred years, could be again the contented Francisco the painter who slept last night under that quiet roof. Francisco tossed the cigar, which had been out for an hour, impatiently from his hand, and watched it descending those luminous depths of air, with a hasty exclamation. It was drawing towards midnight, and echoes of song were rising out of the streets, fumes of the opera, evaporating from the young Roman brains as they came out of the theatres. With another impatient exclamation Francisco, who did the same thing himself last night, plunged in through his window, and closed it before the singers came near. He had no toleration for the fools and their music—he who had to think! Ah, hard, unusual exercise! He knew no more how to set about it, than he would have known how to build another St. Peter's. He lighted two lights of his Roman lamp, turned the portrait with its face to the easel, and threw himself into the handiest chair. You suppose his mind busied itself about the ways and means of establishing his rights—how he should hire advocates and bring his cause before the legal courts, and first of all and most important, how he should get the money for these momentous uses? But, alas! Francisco understood nothing of the art of thinking! His fancy went wandering about that summer front of the Genzaro palace, about the English Signorina; about the Duchessa and Donna Anna with a darker fascination; and he pictured to himself Mariuccia's ride home through the olive woods, with himself a helpless unconscious bundle in her arms; and leaped forward from that scene in the past to the scene in the future, when all Rome, with acclamations, should hail the injured youth's restitution to his rights, and the English Milord should throw up his hands to heaven, in operatic delight, and place his pretty daughter in Francisco's arms. Under the influence of this last scene, the young man fell asleep, which was exactly the best thing he could have done under the circumstances. Thinking, had it lain in his way, would not have served him much in that emergency. He was only a gay young Roman, trained to no particular exercise of will or self-denial. His wild plan in the morning, of standing perpetually at his easel, painting impossible pictures, till he had earned enough for his suit, was as mad a notion as could have possessed any man, had it not been transitory as any other sudden flame. He was not of the race nor of the mettle to scorn delights and live laborious days.

CHAPTER XII.

It was with a beating heart that Francisco directed his steps next day towards Teta's house—not to see Teta this time, but to have his last sitting from the Signorina Inglese, who had so much complicated and bewildered the young man's thoughts. When he entered the little sitting-room where he had hitherto been received, Francisco found his fears fully confirmed. It was not the large form of Teta, nor the prim one of the English waiting-woman—safest of third parties, who knew no Italian—which presided over this sitting, but my lord himself, grand and cross, with the blackest of looks and haughtiest of salutations for the young painter. My lord was old, very attenuated, and without any genial appearances about him. He had a great wood-fire blazing in the little room, by the side of which he sat in an easy-chair, jealously on the watch, and not much more gracious to his grand-daughter than he was to Francisco. My lord had taken no notice hitherto of this portrait business; it was a private enterprise of Lucy's, for the gratification of some old governess at home—painter recommended by Madame Costini. "Very well, very well," said the fretful grandpapa, who was somewhat of an invalid, to do him justice, and over seventy, "I have no objection, so long as you don't trouble me." And they had not troubled him—nothing could be further from the

desires of these young people. They were neither of them in any special hurry to be done with the portrait—and perhaps the young lady liked the sitting almost as much as the artist did. It was such capital exercise, too, for her Italian!—for you see that good, faithful old maid of hers, who was the most comfortable of chaperones, knew no language in the world but her own; and it was of great importance for Lucy, if only for grandpapa's comfort, to increase her familiarity with "the language of the country." So, up to this time they had gone on very comfortably; but alas for Lucy's English honesty, and the sad explosion brought upon her by that unlucky courtsey on the stair!

In the first place, to Francisco's Spartan-Roman habits, the atmosphere of the room was stifling. A fire to him was no household institution, and scarcely at any time necessary to comfort. To-day, though it was November, the door-window of Teta's room, which was directly above this, stood open, and nothing in the shape of fire was in Teta's dominions, except the handful of glowing charcoal in the little kitchen, where the unhappy Maria stood cooking the minestra, and getting scolded; for, speak of the difference of climate as you may, there is no man who complains of cold, and feels it, like an Englishman, as there is, of course, no one so little disposed to endure, and so determined to make away with, the ill that troubles him. And, as if the fire had not been evil enough, there burned those suspicious eyes, out of the withered old countenance of my lord—eyes which pretended to read, but were vigilant to perceive every movement, nay, every look, of both the young victims before him. Lucy had been crying that morning, poor child. She was quite downcast, and sat with her eyes fixed on the ground—did not look up at all, indeed, till Francisco, taking courage, begged in desperation to remind her that her present attitude was quite unlike that of the portrait, and that it was perfectly necessary to alter her expression. Thus the sitting went dolefully on, a few faltering unfrequent words taking the place of the lively English-Italian with which Lucy's pretty lips were wont to overflow. My lord had the little picture submitted to him, and said "pshaw!" with delightful English ease and candour—for, of course, the foreign fellow could not tell what pshaw meant; and altogether, both painter and sitter were damped and out of heart, and the picture in a fair way to be irretrievably spoiled.

When, lo! suddenly and without warning, my lord was called out of the room to see some lofty personage, whom even he did not choose to send away. The old man gloomed round him with the ugliest displeasure. He called for Miss Lucy's maid, and left her in charge with plain spoken instructions. "Let the fellow leave as soon as possible; and remember this is the last sitting you give him, Lucy," said my lord, looking Francisco full in the face as he spoke; "and you, Reynolds, see that there's no more talking than is necessary—do you hear?" with which words he went reluctantly away. The fellow, of course, did not know English; but if he did, what did it matter? certainly nothing to my lord.

He left the room, and left behind him a crisis, much precipitated by his precautions—a *situation* and emergency, for which a young Roman of Francisco's breeding was much better prepared than for more work-a-day problems. Francisco did not dash down his brushes and fly to Lucy's feet, but he stopped short picturesquely, in the most eloquent attitude of delight, sudden relief, and unexpected hope. "I have a thousand things to say—there is not a moment to lose," said the young man's eyes; but with a natural strategic genius, he did not betray, by so much as a tone, anything which the frightened Reynolds could feel her conscience burdened with. He only changed his position slightly, "for the advantage of the light," and managed to turn his back to that guardian of the public peace.

"I am unfortunate, doubly unfortunate," said Francisco, plaintively. "My lord forbids your gracious kindness to the poor painter. I see my fate. Ah, gentillissima Signorina!

and I longed so much to tell you the extraordinary romance which I heard yesterday—only yesterday! so that I scarcely knew what I was doing, till I met you in the stair."

"A romance! oh, tell it to me still, Signore Francisco—grandpapa could have no objections," said Lucy eagerly, yet with trembling.

"Ah, Signorina! but my lord would have objections if he knew that I myself," said Francisco, with melancholy emphasis—"that I myself, who am not even to have leave to finish this picture——"

"Oh, do you know English? I am so sorry," said Lucy, in great dismay.

"I do not know English, but I know what means a voice—a tone; that I," resumed the young man, "am the hero of the romance I tell you of. Your grandpapa believes me a poor painter, Signorina, and so I am, painting your beautiful portrait for money; but would he believe, or would you believe, that there wants but a little more money to get justice, and put the poor painter at the head of one of the noblest houses in Rome?"

"Signore! do you mean that you are —that there is—that such a thing is possible?" said the English Lucy, colouring violently, and looking, doubtful and afraid, full in Francisco's face. Alas, this romantic story, instead of interesting, dismayed the English girl! Were not all foreign swindlers princes in disguise? She gave a little gasp of disgust and disappointment—for surely he was not a foreign swindler, this young Francisco; and yet, to hear such a story, what a laugh of mockery would come from the old lips of grandpapa!

"It is true," said Francisco, who had not the slightest clue to Lucy's feelings, and who rather imagined, if he thought on the subject at all, that the Forestieri were much addicted to social romances, and loved to hear of such—"it is true, though it does not look possible. When I came here last, I should have called it the most foolish fable! I was an orphan without any parents. I cared very little about it. I was a son of San Michele. Now, bella Signorina, everything is changed. Is it to my advantage, do you suppose? I was content—I am content no longer. My heart would have broken in silence when my lord's grand equipage carried you from Rome, for you were a star in the firmament, and I only a firefly among the bushes. Now it is different. I am noble as my lord. I may be as rich as my lord, and I must speak if I should die!"

Ah, my lord! what a foolish, crafty, old Englishman you were, to think that in such a dilemma, the young Roman would be at any loss! Very different from the dilemma of last night which Francisco fell asleep upon. Here he was master of the ground. His very tone, full of passion and eloquence to Lucy, did not excite anything beyond an uneasy consciousness that there was rather too much talk going on, in the mind of the troubled Reynolds. His very pantomime, as he went on with his work—painting, just as usual, Reynolds thought—to Lucy's eyes making agitated touches unawares, and most likely spoiling the picture—was eloquent. Lucy coloured to her very hair, tried hard to draw herself up and look dignified, and said in a very unsteady, faltering tone, "Signore Francisco, you must not speak so to me! grandpapa would be much displeased;" but in heart Lucy was very anxious and eager to hear his story. For, to be sure, Italy *was* an exceptional country. Things *did* happen there which happened nowhere else—and what if it should turn out true?

"If you should care to hear the story, Signorina," said Francisco, languidly, with a great stroke of art, "my faithful Teta will tell it you. Teta has been in the secret all along. She saw me leave the palace of my mother an unconscious child—she has kept her eye upon me ever since. It was but yesterday I knew. Forgive me, Signorina gentillissima! I am exhausted by my emotions. I rose up a nameless painter—I lay down an Agostini—Visconti Agostini once almost royal—and the only heir. Do you find it wonderful that I lost my self-possession when I met you in the stair?"

"There was no need for self-possession, Signore," said Lucy, with sweet youthful severity; "I should

not have concealed that I knew you had grandpapa been ever so angry. You have no apology to make to me."

Here the situation somewhat altered, and Francisco ceased to know his ground. He had gone astray in that last touch, but scarcely saw how, nor could divine that, in Lucy's insular morals, it was no harm in the world to know the poor young painter, but grievous harm to pretend not to know him. Francisco staggered before the clear eye and the clearer tone. He thought she must of necessity mean a hundred times more than she appeared to mean. This single expression of hers confounded him much more than the wrath of my lord. *That* he understood well enough, but this was dark and undecipherable. Did she mean to check his presumption? What did she mean?

"I have offended you, Signorina," said Francisco, in his most pathetic tone.

"Not at all," said the young lady; "only perhaps you do not quite understand: and I am very sorry," she continued, blushing with a little mortification and shame, "but grandpapa does not wish you to come again, Signore. Oh, I beg your pardon!—I cannot help it. I think the picture will do very nicely. I am sure my old friend will be quite pleased. But I thought it better not to leave grandpapa's message to Antonio. Please do not feel affronted—grandpapa is often so strange."

"I am not surprised," said Francisco, "I knew it very well; and were I my lord, I should say the same. Pardon, Signorina. I would not have but one happy painter admitted to your presence; and as for me, I shall see you again, when I may throw myself at your feet without reproof from my lord."

Lucy was considerably agitated—she did not know what to answer. She looked on with a little trembling while the young painter covered up his little picture. Then suddenly perceiving that he meant to take it with him, in spite of what she had said, interfered with a faltering voice—

"You will leave the picture, will not you?" said Lucy; "I am sure, except just that it is too *nice*, nobody could find any fault with it. You are surely not going to take it away."

"Ah, Signorina! do you suppose my memory is so faint? do you imagine I cannot complete the picture?" said Francisco, with great significance; then, bold in usage and custom, kissed her hand, and throwing all the eloquence of which they were capable into his eyes, took his leave all the more hastily that sounds approached as of the return of my lord. Francisco escaped that formidable encounter; but Lucy, all agitated, blushing, and distressed, had to bear the full brunt of it;—alas, not without many a misgiving in her own innocent mind the while! Was he one of the foreign swindlers who were always princes in disguise? or was he true, and a hero of romance? Lucy's mind inclined far more strongly to the last opinion than she could have believed it would; and the Signorina Inglese longed as earnestly for the first moment's leisure, when she could fly to Sora Teta and demand the story from her, as Francisco could have desired.

CHAPTER XIII.

But Francisco could not work even at that portrait when he got home; and as love and ambition, even at their highest flight, must still dine, he sprang up the long staircase only to deposit the little picture in safety, and as quickly descended again, and turned his steps towards the Trattoria, where, except when the funds were at miraculous ebb, it was his custom to eat his dinner. On the way he encountered the good-natured Gigi, Mariuccia's son. Gigi, or Luigi, which was his proper name, was loitering about the place where he had put up his horse, and stood close by his cart, on which, like a sail, a piece of canvass, stretched upon three sticks in the form of a triangle, was erected, with the inten-

tion of defending the driver from the sun. Close by was the dark arched doorway of an osteria or wine-shop—an osteria con cucina—where many a humble wayfarer had his dinner, and where Gigi meditated eating his. The honest fellow did not know what revelations had been made to Francisco; did not even know anything approaching to the full grandeur of the tale itself; and consequently addressed the young man with his usual familiar homely, half-fatherly kindness. It is impossible to describe how this salutation for the first moment jarred upon Francisco. He coloured, he drew back, he felt angry in spite of himself. He could not help suspecting that some intention of insult lay under Gigi's frank accost, so far already had the spell worked upon him.

"Something ails you, Chichino mio," said the good-humoured peasant. "Do matters go badly then with the arts? Dost thou not thrive at thy painting, my son? Patienza! the Forestieri who, they tell me, are coming in crowds this year, will make thee amends. Come and dine with thy old friend in the Osteria; they cook the polenta here almost as well as they do it over in Trastevere. Come! though thou wearest a better coat, and art of the belle arti, thou wert once little Chichino in Rocca, and hast a heart for thy old friends."

"And what, then, do you suppose I am now?" escaped from Francisco, rather angrily, in the first burst of his youthful annoyance.

"What thou art now? Per Bacco! a little out of temper, my youth!" cried Gigi, with an honest laugh; "but come, let us dine, for I must go for my mother, who is with Sora Teta in the Corso, another of thy old friends, at two hours after noon. She came into Rome upon some business of her own, the old mother. The mezzogiorno has sounded some time since, Francisco mio! let us get our dinner, we can talk over the minestra as well as here."

After a little pause Francisco followed, not without reluctance, and a feeling that he descended greatly from his dignity. The Osteria was a wild, dark, barn-like erection, with a lofty vaulted roof and earthen floor, stretching back with picturesque savagery into a gloom which would have almost been that of a cave, but for an odd little chance window in the distant wall, which sent a miraculous golden arrow of sunshine through the darkness. In that region, however, there was neither furniture nor inhabitation, but a vast row of wine-barrels, and litter of various sorts, saddles and harness, a wandering hen with her chickens, and an earthy and uninhabited smell. Nearer the door, the cucina resolved itself into a great fireplace, where cooking of various kinds went on merrily. Gigi, followed by Francisco, seated himself at a table close to the door, from which they could still see the street without. There was but one small high grated window to assist the light which came from the great open doorway; and as the Osteria opened into a narrow street, the light was very imperfect. There, however, they sat down, on the rudest of wooden benches, at the most unadorned of tables, and had their soup or minestra—Francisco, perhaps, rather comforting himself with the lack of light, lest he should be seen in such a place eating with a Contadino! But after all, in his romantic and extraordinary position, what did it matter how any one thought!

"You do not know, then," said Francisco, "why Mariuccia came to Rome."

"That is true, I do not know," said Gigi. "It is some fancy she has, however; it is not for diversion merely; though an old woman like my mother, who has lived virtuously, has a right to her pleasure. For myself, I always tell her so."

"And she trusts to you, I am sure, Gigi," said the young man, with a novel patronage in his tone. "Did not you go with the good Mariuccia the night she carried me to Rocca? Is it not so, Luigi mio?" continued the youth, growing conciliatory; "and stood by while she went into the palace, and are aware how she brought me out an unconscious child?"

"Nay, Signore, halt there," cried Gigi with a touch of suspicion; "if you wish to know something which she will not tell, you may tear me to

pieces sooner; and as for carrying you, to be sure, you were there in the house when I woke from my first sleep; but how you got there, whether by Maria sending you from Subiaco, or San Girolamo out of the desert, or the blessed Madonna herself from heaven, I cannot tell; there you were, certainly; but it is needless to ask such questions of me."

"Ah, so I perceive," said Francisco; "but Mariuccia, good soul, has told me all. Say, was not that a dismal ride through the olive woods?"

"You forget that I did not ride," said Gigi, laughing; "my mother had the poor old donkey, the poverina! Ah, what a good old creature that was! Many a time has she carried you up the mountain, Chichino mio, when you were scarcely big enough to cling to the bridle. I have three donkeys now, my son; but I will never have any like that dear old friend of my youth."

"Bah! what matter about your donkeys?" cried Francisco, almost with passion, "when I tell you that Mariuccia has told me *all*. Is that the only thing you have to say?"

Gigi scratched in perplexity his honest head. "Ah, stupido!" he ejaculated, smiting himself on the breast with ready pantomime. "I was always a thickheaded, Chichino mio; what is it I ought to say?"

"Do you know who I am?" asked Francisco, still more impatiently.

Gigi scratched his head again, but this time a smile awoke among the black tangles of his beard. "I know you came out of the palazzo, my son—at least my mother was there *that* night; and she carried something under her shawl, sicuro! and, to tell you the truth, it is spoken among the people that you belong somehow to the Agostini. That is all I know; and whether it will do thee any good, thou poor child—"

"Stay thy folly, Gigi, and understand me," said Francisco, loftily. "In short, I am the Duke Agostini; but whether it will do me good, as you say——"

"The Duke Agostini!" stammered Gigi, stumbling to his feet; then, after a bewildered pause, during which, the best way he could, he had been putting things together, the good fellow tremulously seized and kissed the young painter's hand. "The Duke Agostini!" he repeated. "I heard them say thou wert other than thou seemed, Chichino—I mean Eccellenza, noble Don! but to be Duke Agostini—Viva il Duca! Viva la Madonna Santissima! the heavens do not forget us after all. Duke Agostini! it will be the greatest festa at Rocca, greater than the fair. I will go myself to Frascati, to old Chico of the fireworks. Thou art the lord of Rocca, then, Chichino mio! Excuse me, Eccellenza, I do not know what I say."

"Mariuccia never told you, then," said Francisco, with calm dignity; "but be seated, my good Gigi, and help yourself to some polenta; the polenta is very good as you said. Mariuccia never said to you who the little Chichino was?"

"I cannot sit at the table with your Excellency," said Gigi, with a rueful face, looking at the polenta. "Your Excellency will excuse me, that I was so familiar before I knew who your Excellency was."

"Nay, Gigi, thou shalt not cheat thyself of thy polenta; we have sat at one table many a time before," said the young paladin, magnanimously; "and how couldst thou know, my good fellow, if thy mother never told thee! but thou wert along with me, in that first journey of mine, all the same?"

"I was waiting with the donkey, just on the pathway yonder above the lake. That dear old donkey, Chichino mio—Scusa, Eccellenza! I forgot myself," cried Gigi in alarm. "The good beast cropped the grass, and I played Mori with the lads of my own age. It was at the end of that great elm-tree avenue which you know, illustrissimo Signore, if you have ever been at Genzaro—though, indeed, I believe you never have. It was about the Ave Maria when we came, all the world wondering why my mother should travel through the woods so late. I thought nothing of it, because it did not come into my head, Signore; but after waiting long, when my mother came at last, she wore a shawl, that is certain, and carried beneath it something that moved, and said not a word to me

all the way unless it was 'presto —Gigi!' or 'go faster, thou beast of a donkey!' Alas, she never understood the virtues of that good creature! and when we reached Rocca, if you will believe me, I was sent to bed immediately; and in the morning there was the bambino; per Bacco! and thou art Duke Agostini, and it was thee!"

"It is strange, certainly," said Francisco, stopping the enthusiasm of his new partisan; "but we are far from the festa and the fireworks yet, my Gigi. It may be long enough before I can even bring my cause before the Tribunale: and, in the mean time, it will be much better that thou hold thy peace. But you would not fear to appear before the judges, Gigi, and say what you have said to me?"

Gigi grew red and then pale, and scratched his head once more.

"I do not like the name of the Tribunale, my son. They are not good sport for poor men. Ah, Eccellenza, scusa! I will never remember thou art not Chichino; and these Monsignori are such great people—they are confusing to a poor fellow like me; but to serve thy cause——"

Here came an interruption grateful to poor Gigi, in the shape of a voice, calling outside the Osteria upon Luigi Baretti. "Ecco!" cried that honest fellow in evident relief. But it was only Mariuccia, who came in, immediately afterwards, in all the glory of her festal costume—her red jacket and embroidered apron making quite a dazzling show, as she stood in the great doorway of the Osteria, concentrating in her person all the light there was. Mariuccia came forward with such affectionate reverence to kiss her nurseling's hand, that Gigi's awe and wonder grew in just proportion. It was true, then. Somehow it is always more convincing to see that another person believes in a new and great discovery than to be ever so sure one's self of the proofs of it. When he heard his mother address her former charge as Don Francisco—when he saw the humility with which she kissed the young man's hand, poor Gigi's wonder and enthusiasm almost overwhelmed him. If he had not finished the polenta by this time, he might have missed his dinner. He could scarcely be convinced that it was necessary to go to the homely practical business before him—to get out his horse, and arrange the baskets and bundles which he and his mother had to take back with them to Rocca, or to leave Rome without seeing anything done towards the bringing about of that festa which should dazzle Monte Cavo. He could not see any difficulties in the way, the innocent Gigi. Were not he and his mother ready to face the very Monsignori themselves if that was necessary? and what could any Tribunale in the world, not to say in Rome, require more? His eagerness, his enthusiasm, and the blank face with which he yielded to the representations of Mariuccia, and reminded himself of the long road and early sunset, were quite exhilarating to Francisco. To be sure there were difficulties known to that hero, which had no weight with Gigi; but still, with witnesses so faithful, so devoted, and so unquestionable, what had the Duchessa's son to fear?

CHAPTER XIV.

Francisco wandered about all day long, vainly trying to put some heart into his old pursuits, and if he could not determine what step to take first for the establishment of his claims, at least to occupy or amuse himself in the interval. But vain was the attempt. It was as impossible to stroll comfortably into the café and talk of indifferent things, as it was to mount up to his little apartment and paint even the portrait of the English Signorina. All Rome, so full of acquaintances and interests for him a little time ago, contracted into a narrow circle of women now—women not attractive to a young man—Teta, to whom alone he could talk freely—Madame Margherita, whom it was important to keep on good terms with;—and very different, attracting him with

a strange horror and fascination, that pale old witch face, so dismal in its wasted beauty and exhausted passion, the woman who was his mother. The young man spent all the afternoon lounging languidly about Monte Pincio looking into the carriages. When at last he did see the Duchessa —and, stationing himself at one spot which her carriage passed, again and again, as it made the little round, fixed his eyes so fully and curiously upon her that her curiosity was aroused also—he thought he saw a little eagerness in the face glancing at him out of the carriage. He thought that some thrill of recognition looked out, startled and in trouble, from the haughty wonder of her eyes; and, with a quickened impulse in his own, stood and gazed fiercely, scarcely perceiving how the innocent English Lucy, in a guard of invincible English matrons, passed the same way. Roman as he was, he was accessible to other emotions than those of love-making. At that moment, he was no lover waiting for a smile. He was a man watching, courting the observation of one who was at once the nearest kindred of his blood, and the bitterest enemy of his life.

Lucy could see him, however, though he was all but unconscious of the encounter, and the interest of the English girl grew and increased. He had not come there merely to see herself; it was with a purpose that he stood under that tree, with his eager eyes, motionless, and keeping his post, while the carriages went round and round in their monotonous circle. Lucy leant back in her corner, losing herself in a pleasant youthful trance, while the trees and the people glided past—while Rome in the distance was now visible, now disappeared—while the music of the band sank and rose; as her chaperone's carriage went round and round the same course, she heard the voices running on in a lively strain—she heard the sound of the promenaders on foot—she saw that one face, eager and intent, so unlike the gay leisure of the rest; and dimly conscious of everything, but particularising nothing, felt herself borne along with a gentle motion both of person and of thought.

"Could any one suppose it," said the lady by Lucy's side, suddenly rousing her languid interest by the name. "Look at that old Duchessa Agostini—she was a great beauty in her time."

"I wonder who that young man is who stares at her so," said their companion. "There's the oddest story going, about some mysterious son of hers who was lost or stolen, or something—or put in the foundling hospital, or I can't tell you what. But they say there is a son, though nobody can tell where he is, or anything about him. Oh, she's a wicked old woman, that Duchessa! I should believe anything bad of her. Now we're just about coming to him. Look! I protest I think it must be the Duchessa's son?"

"Why, for all the world! what puts such an idea in your head?—what a romancer you are!" cried Lucy's friend. "I see nothing particular, for my part, about the man."

"Ah, I know Rome! I know the Italians! I know they don't look like that unless they mean something," said the other Englishwoman, "and I could swear he was like her, the old fury! Dear, what an interesting thing! I am positive it must be the Duchessa's son."

Lucy said nothing, but the conversation roused her effectually—in the first place, with a great sense of relief. He was no foreign swindler, that poor young Francisco!—that she should have done him so much injustice! and, to be sure, if he was Duke Agostini, it was very unlikely that grandpapa would object—that is to say, she meant that grandpapa would not be at all displeased to receive a visitor of that rank. It was nothing to Lucy; had she not bound herself, by a solemn promise to grandpapa—poor, selfish, forlorn, old man—that she would never leave him while he lived? It was nothing to Lucy; but she was glad to think that justice would be done to the young painter, in whom it was quite natural, surely, to take an interest. People could not help taking an interest in other people who were pleasant and kind, especially if there was any injury in the case. So Lucy concluded, with a little glow

of expectation and pleasure at her heart.

However, it was not till the second evening after, that Lucy found herself free from the perpetual inspection of my lord, or the chaperone he had provided for her. My lord was a wicked old *roué*, relapsed into compulsory virtuousness by reason of old age and failing health; consequently he had very little dependence to place now upon his innocent granddaughter, not having much knowledge, in his own experience, of what the quality of innocence was. All unlearned as well in filial obligations and natural piety, my lord, much to Lucy's disgust, had really made with her the bargain above mentioned. She was to stay with him until he died, however long he might live; and he was to leave her, in due reward, "a great fortune." He had, it appeared, a certain love for her, as an adjunct to his comfort; and but for that bargain, Lucy might have loved grandpapa quite sufficiently to cling to him in youthful pity and affection, at any cost to herself. As it was, this agreement made the tie much less agreeable than it might have been; and in some degree converted the natural fealty into the obedience of a treaty, which, so long as it keeps by the letter, may be indifferent enough to the spirit. She had no compunctions, accordingly, to mar the gleam of satisfaction with which she heard of a dinner engagement, which did not include herself, and the prospect of "a nice long evening" for her own pleasure. Lucy thought she would look over her expenses and balance her dainty accounts. And then there was that set of cameos for a bracelet, which she wanted other ornaments to correspond with. To be sure, Madame Costini—or Sora Teta, as Italian custom called the buxom mistress of the house—was much the best person to apply to on this subject. Lucy despatched Reynolds up-stairs instantly to beg a visit from their landlady, with rather a little secret satisfaction in the exceedingly plausible reason she had assigned to herself for seeking an interview with Sora Teta. She sat in a little inner room which, by means of her own taste and Teta's willing co-operation in hunting up various articles which Lucy fancied from her stock of old furniture, had been made into a kind of boudoir—a maidenly fantastic appendix to the drawing-room. She had a store of little jeweller's boxes round her, over and above the cameos, about which she was so very anxious to consult her visitor—presents from grandpapa to herself, and purchases of her own, which she meant to carry to her friends at home. She thought it would be pleasant to show them to Sora Teta, who was always so good-humoured and friendly; and besides, it was so much easier to ask questions when some other occupation was going on.

"The Signorina must tell me what designs she wishes," said Teta, examining the cameos, "and I will ask Civilotti to get some very fine ones for her; for the Signorina perceives that I know Civilotti very well, being brought up in the Duchessa Agostini's household; the Duchessa loved nothing so much as change; she would have her jewels reset over and over. Poor Duchessa!—don't you think it must be dreadful, Signorina mia, to turn from a great beauty into an ugly old woman?"

"Dreadful, indeed! and was she really a great beauty? and did you live with her when you were young? and what sort of a person is she?" asked Lucy, closing abruptly one of her jewel boxes, with an assumption of carelessness which betrayed her.

"Ah, Signorina, you good ladies of the Forestieri, who do not love too much distraction and divertimento—if you do not get as much pleasure in your youth," said the insinuating Teta, "at least you are not ugly when you grow old, like the poor Duchessa. She is a very great lady, but I never could love her. I do not think even my mother can love her, though she has been with her forty years. She is somehow antipatica, Signorina—I cannot explain it to you; and Donna Anna, her daughter, who is married to Don Angelo Lontoria, is very much the same. Donna Anna is the only daughter. That will be another great estate gone to the family Lontoria, who are nobodies, if all goes well."

"But then, Sora Teta," Lucy said, confidentially, "is not there another story? And the tale which Signore Francisco the painter told me, what does it mean?"

"Nay, Signorina, how can I know if you do not tell me?" cried Teta. Then changing her tone suddenly—"I can trust to you, Signorina mia; it is true, that strange tale—he is the Duke Agostini, if there is justice in the world. My mother saw him born and I saw him carried away, my beautiful Signorina. You are sympatica—you understand him—how noble he is. Ah, such a princely young man! And he knew nothing, if you will believe me, Signorina, till the other day; nothing but that he was an orphan child, and the son of St. Michele. And now to get his cause to the Tribunale, with advocates to take care of it, and fees, and the rest, drives him to the end of his wits, the dear youth; for you would not have him borrow, such a young man as he is; and for working as he says, that would destroy his health—and to what good, then, the dukedom and the estates? But, I tell him, patienza! the blessed Madonna will raise him up friends."

"And do you think really," said Lucy, too much interested to conceal her interest—"do you really believe that this is all that he needs—only money to carry on a lawsuit with!—is that all?"

"That is all, Signorina mia; and I say to him, patienza! the Madonna will raise him up friends; that is all—that and the blessing of heaven," said the confident Teta. "For what would it avail the Duchessa to deny him? My beautiful Signorina, Madame Margherita brought him into the world, and my mother was there when he was born!"

After this conclusive and convincing statement, Teta proceeded to enlarge upon the childhood of the wonderful boy—details to which Lucy certainly gave ear, and did not refuse to be interested; but a half-conscious suggestion, which made the poor girl's face flush one moment, and the most horrorstricken paleness overspread it the next, but which, nevertheless, would not be entirely extinguished, ran parallel with all Lucy's thoughts. One day she herself should be rich—one day! but only when grandpapa was dead—and Lucy's heart smote her that she could for a moment speculate on such a possibility. She thought herself the most unnatural, the most ungrateful of children. Grandpapa, who was so good to her! But slurring over that thought with a shudder, still, independent of grandpapa, the suggestion would return—one day or other Lucy should be an heiress—should have more money than she knew what to do with: if Francisco was still only Francisco Spoleto *then!*

THE FRESCO-PAINTINGS OF ITALY—THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

The new life which now awakens in Italy incites a freshened interest in those great works which arose in her former days of liberty. The Arts in that hapless land have long been victims to the prostration which afflicts a nation hastening to decay. The energy of the people being trodden out, their wealth despoiled, and their freedom outraged, Art became emasculate, and its ancient vitality was all but extinct. Italy indeed did not remain even a secure resting-place for those treasures which the golden era of her genius had intrusted to her keeping. The temple of the Pantheon, and the Flavian amphitheatre, have been long stripped and pillaged. And in more recent days soldiers have been billeted in monasteries sacred to Fra Angelico—have bivouaced in cloisters—have smoked, and drank, and sworn in refectories hallowed by frescoes of the Last Supper. And thus have the arts been desecrated in Italy, and the land which was once their cradle has become their grave. It is then, we think, at this moment specially fitting that attention should be drawn to the work of devastation now and for many years threatening the great Italian frescoes with destruction. Yet a little while, and all remedy may come too late. And Young Italy, when boasting of a possible freedom, may have to deplore the irreparable loss of those great trophies which should ever be cherished as the charters of a nation's liberty and genius.

Italy lies, as it were, hectic in the expiring glow of sunset. The dying glory of the full noonday still burns in evening splendour; but shadows lengthen, and storm-clouds thicken; and whether the promised morn be bright in hope or dark in tempest, who shall say? In the arts, too, it is the witching hour of closing day; a fading lustre still lingers in the sky, but twilight steals along the plain, and night prowls forth for mischief. It is the hour of parting breath—the moment that divides a life of high renown from an untold future, whose portal is the grave. Beauty still lingers in the languor of the placid cheek, but Decay's effacing fingers have come to sweep away her memory. The vesper call is sounding, or the more solemn bell for burial: we pace with heavy step the silent cloister, and hear the footfall echo from the grave beneath. Cypresses, like mutes of death, stand black against the evening sky, and spectral forms fade from the crumbling walls. What a world of ideal beauty painted by imagination is going to destruction! All that prophets have told or poets have sung, is blazoned in fresco visions upon the decaying walls of desolated Italy. Towns lying far from the beaten track, sequestered among the lonely Apennines, are ofttimes dowered with some local Giotto or Perugino, whose thoughts, even as their mountain homes, were kindred with the skies. Here they lived, and here they died; and here their beauteous works, still lingering in life, are now, alas! in the last extremity of decay. Frescoes which, if seen in northern Europe, would kindle our colder hearts to unaccustomed rapture, are still in Italy thickly strewn upon a land fertile of genius as in spontaneous growth. Many a path leading among the solitary hills is under the guardian care of the wayside chapel, where the Madonna, as the earthly mother or the heaven-crowned queen, painted with that loveliness which is akin to mercy, offers shelter to the weary and salvation to the lost. In districts remote from the crowded haunts of men, does many a fabled miracle of saint seem to have wrought a miracle of art. The climbing steps and the winding pathway, leading among overhanging rocks and clustering

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The Publications of the Arundel Society for promoting the knowledge of Art, from the first year, 1849, to the eleventh issue, 1859; with the Report presented to the Annual Meeting in 1860.

trees, at length mount the sacred hill of crowded pilgrimage. Here oft-times we find in chapels, painted for the comfort of the faithful, touching scenes from the life of the Madonna and the Saviour—the angel Gabriel bearing the lily in his hand, the sainted mother bending in worship, or the magi kneeling with gifts; and then the agony in the garden, the death upon the cross, the burial, and last of all, the resurrection and ascension. Rude perchance may be these works to the more cultured taste, but to the unlettered multitude, at least, they bring to trembling faith the persuasion of vision. They are part of that grand scheme and mission nowhere to be comprehended save in the land of Italy, whereby pictorial art, when the personal remembrance and living tradition were dying from the outer world, sought in the painted fresco once more to bring Christ upon the earth, and to realise, even to the bodily senses, that the divine Word was made flesh, and dwelt among men. And all these pictured scenes are found in the midst of a nature the most glorious—akin, indeed, to the land of transfiguration, and to the sea that was troubled by the storm; for as the hills are round about Jerusalem, and the Galilean sea is bounded by the mountains, so do hills cluster round many a rock-built city of Italy, and mountains rise even from the bosom of the storm-swept lake. Thus oft in Italy have we looked at the faded fresco on convent walls, and then gone forth to meet the dying sunset; turning our thoughts to Calvary, to the Mount of Olives, to the Galilean sea, to the hills about Jerusalem. We have walked among the olive groves which clothe the Thrasimenan Lake, and climbed the heights of Valambrosa, and perchance come upon a convent as of Bethlehem among the hills, and a scanty hamlet as of Bethany nestling among groves. The land of Italy, indeed, and the land of Judah are akin in beauty, and alike in desolation. The bandit haunts the pictured loveliness, malaria takes her abode in the seats of imperial state, fertility has become barrenness, —and the dews which heaven once sent in mercy are now poured as from vials of wrath. But art still lives and lingers in the midst of desolation, a struggling life in the midst of death —or worse than death, dishonour. Temples still stand at Pæstum, where to rest were the traveller's destruction; malaria keeps guard over the fallen statue. But who shall protect the desecrated church or the painted chapel, when vagrant troops may be seeking for quarter, and liberty triumphs in license?

At the last annual meeting of the Arundel Society—a society well fitted to meet the urgency of the actual and impending crisis—Mr. Layard gave signal examples of the cruel neglect and deliberate outrage by which the frescoes of Italy have been, and still are, threatened, with destruction. In the course of travels and researches in that country, he had found, he said, barbarous names scratched on the great and invaluable mural paintings of Assisi, Spello, and Perugia —the names of Germans who had crossed the Alps years ago for pillage. He greatly feared that the mercenary troops of his Holiness the present Pope would not show themselves better guardians of these precious monuments. But there were also mercenary painters who destroyed such works no less than these mercenary soldiers. An instance of this Vandalism, falsely known under the name "Restoration," had fallen under his personal notice. When in Florence he had found a scaffold erected in front of the important fresco by Filippino Lippi, in the church of Santa Maria Novella, and three gentlemen standing on the top, with pails and brushes in their hands, of the size of mops. He inquired what they were about to do, and they replied that they were engaged to "rinfrescare" or "refresh" Filippino Lippi! Thus have neglect and violence, time, the elements, and the hand of man, wrought their sure destruction. Many, indeed, are the sad examples of this impending fate which the zealous and well-timed labours of the Arundel Society have brought into notice. The small but ancient town of Spello crowns a precipitous buttress of the Apennines lying northward of Rome. In its collegiate church of Sta. Maria Maggiore is a side chapel decorated with frescoes

painted in the year 1500, by Bernardino Pinturicchio. Pinturicchio belonged to the pure and spiritual school of Umbria; he was a fellow-labourer with Perugino; he was the friend of Raphael, the associate of Signorelli, Bramante, and other men distinguished in his times. In Rome he painted a chapel in Sta. Maria del Popolo; he also adorned with frescoes the Aracœli on the Capitol; and the Library in the Duomo of Siena was likewise decorated by his hand. But of all these works none better display the spirituality and the quietism peculiar to this master and his school, than the careful frescoes found in the ancient town of Spello. The Annunciation, the Nativity, and the Dispute with the Doctors,* occupy the three sides of a small chapel in the cathedral. The Angel Gabriel, with golden hair flowing in rich profusion upon his shoulders, holds the lily in his hand, and announces the heaven-sent message to the Holy Virgin, shrinking in modest purity. In "The Nativity," the Magi present their gifts, the Madonna and attendant angels bend in love and worship; while, in the upper sky, the heavenly host are chaunting the anthem of peace upon earth and good will to men. The third subject, "Christ among the Doctors," is likewise marked by the same gentle spiritualism; the same deep heartfelt devotion; a treatment and expression avowedly near akin to the works of Perugino, and the early pictures of Raphael. Yet these fresco pictures, like many others of no less priceless value, are fast hastening to decay.

"The frescoes of the Spello Chapel," says Mr. Layard in a narrative written to accompany the chromolithographs recently published by the Arundel Society, "have been more fortunate than most works of the period in escaping restoration, but they have not been treated with less neglect and indifference. The rain having been long allowed to penetrate through the roof, and to trickle down the walls, the plaster loosened by the damp is peeling off, and the colours have lost their original brilliancy. The frescoes on the roof are fast disappearing altogether. As the chapel is unlighted by windows, and almost blocked up by a modern altar, the paintings can only be well seen during two or three hours in the middle of a bright day. I have had opportunities of watching, during repeated visits, their rapid decay, and of noting the changes which are from year to year taking place in them."

Time, which adorns the ruin, does but deface the picture. Nature comes to the desecrated temple and claims it to herself;—the ivy-mantled tower is grand even by its desolation;—the grass grows within the palace, the lichen and the fern drape the tottering wall, the lizard darts from beneath the crumbling stone, and the owl wails from the nestling battlement;—Time, the destroyer, once again clothes nakedness in beauty, makes barrenness to bud and blossom, and age and even death to spring into life and youth;—Nature comes and arranges anew, with cunning hand, the landscape, and weaves in garlands a sylvan poetry; lilies blossom in the broken fountain;—the fairy Maiden-hair, with feathery plumes, crowns the fallen column, and the wayward vine wanders from height to height, basking where the sun shines warmest: But time, that adorns the architectural ruin, does but deface the picture. The painted chapel, once like a heavenly mansion prepared for the blessed, becomes, in the wind and the rain, the heat and the cold, a desolation. Once the roof was blue and deep as the firmament lighted with stars of gold, the floor was set with rich mosaics, the walls shone as an illumined missal, music floated softly and solemnly around, and light descended from the jewelled glass dimly yet fervently. How altered is now the mien! Go to Padua;—walk to the deserted outskirts of the forsaken city;—knock at an outer door, opening from an ungainly wall;—pace an ill-kept path running through a desolate garden;—find a key if you can, and then await the opening of the once sumptuous Arena Chapel. The lock grates rustily, the door groans on the heavy hinges, and cold and damp and dreary opens the deserted chamber.

* See the Chromolithographs published by the Arundel Society.

The floor has long lost its marble mosaic, the blue serene of the starry roof is blackened, and, in some parts, battered till bare. Rain has year by year trickled down the face of frescoes sacred to the Madonna and the Saviour, and a large picture of the Last Judgment is all but illegible. The fate here suffered, the tale here to be told, is indeed sad. There is no picturesque beauty as in the ivy tower, no grandeur as in ruined temple, but only bare desolation and merciless destruction.

Yet this Arena Chapel was not only a shrine for devotion, but a sanctuary sacred to art. It was here that Giotto, the child of promise in the great Italian renaissance, unfolded a genius which filled the world with unaccustomed wonder. Upon these walls, now long given to neglect, he laboured for many a month, throwing the fervour of his religion and the beauty of his art into frescoes which were to him the ready language of thought and emotion. There, as he sedulously painted that great picture of the Last Judgment, stood Dante by his side, holding high discourse of purgatory and paradise. The poet, eloquent in suggestive thought, guided, as it were, the painter's hand; rapturous words translated themselves into fervent colours,—angel forms came floating in responsive cadence to the music of the verse, or demons intruded as discords at the harsher deeper guttural. In the "Entombment"* especially, do we find a tragedy and, as it were, an audible wailing, the painter striving, it may be, to transcribe the burning words which Dante spoke; visions of unquenched agony, which had darkened and furrowed the poet's visage, came to the painter at his work, shadowing forth forms of terrible anguish, and then, again, Heaven seems to open in pictures of beauty and of peace. These works, executed at the dawn of the great European awakening at the commencement of the fourteenth century, were then a marvel, and to us they remain a great possession. They are painted poems, speaking pictures, manifestations of a people's religion and belief. They have been long neglected, but assuredly they well merit the attention of all who desire to study and comprehend the early origin and progress of Christian art.

Year after year the Arundel Society is bringing before the British public works which proclaim this same sad story of destruction. Frescoes, of which the world shall not see the like again, are, as we have said, fast fading from our sight. Rain pouring in at broken windows, the wind beating along the open corridor, incense and the smoke of candles blackening colours once brilliant as the day, or the restorer's brush destroying what the elements had spared. Sometimes again a noble work, lying from the beaten haunts of men, has found its safety only in oblivion. Mr. Layard, who brought to light the buried marbles of Nineveh, has, by a like enterprise generously devoted to the service of the Arundel Society, hunted out frescoes which had been well-nigh forgotten. The happy results of an autumn tour in Italy, Mr. Layard thus pleasantly describes:—

"On one of the wooded hills rising above the lake of Perugia, stands the small town of Panicale. Its half-ruined walls and towers show that it was a fortified post of some importance during the middle ages. Away from the high-roads leading to the principal cities of Central Italy, it is seldom visited by the traveller, who would scarcely find in it the miserable shelter of an Italian 'osteria.' Yet, like almost every town and hamlet of this favoured land, it contains works of art such as elsewhere would render a city famous. Outside the walls, on an olive-clad eminence overlooking the town, is a convent of nuns. Attached to it is a chapel dedicated to St. Sebastian. The wall behind its high altar is covered with a fresco representing the martyrdom of the Saint. It is the work, and may be ranked amongst the finest of a painter who, by his genius and the influence he exercised upon his great contemporaries, forms an epoch in the history of art—Pietro Vannucci, or, as he is more commonly called, from the city in which he principally

* For these frescoes from the "Life of the Saviour and the Madonna," see the publications of the Arundel Society, in a series of thirty-six woodcuts.

laboured and founded his school, Il Perugino."

This noble work, "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," since published as a chromolithograph by the Arundel Society, is passed unnoticed by Vasari, and has consequently been overlooked even by those who have made the history of Art a special study. "We rode," says Mr. Layard, "along the borders of the blue lake, through the oak-woods mirrored on its surface," and there, in the chapel of the Saint, found this master-work of Perugino, the Martyr bound to a porphyry column, divine in resignation, the archers of "singular beauty and grace" performing "their duty with melancholy tenderness"—a work which displays "all the best characteristics of the Umbrian School" and "the peculiar characteristics" of Perugino, perhaps its greatest master. In the following extract we again quote Mr. Layard's narrative, printed in elucidation of the published chromotint. It serves, as will be seen, to confirm much that we have already stated.

"'After examining," says Mr. Layard, "most of the principal frescoes in Central Italy, I was surprised at the condition in which I found this painting. Although the highest development of the genius of the early Italian painters is to be found in their frescoes, of all their works they are those which have unfortunately suffered most. Usually painted in the side-chapels or behind the principal altars of churches, they have been exposed to many sources of injury. The ill-repaired roof and walls admit the rain and damp. On festivals tawdry hangings are unmercifully nailed over them; the hammer and the ladder each having its share in the process of destruction. Then torches blaze round the shrine and blacken the walls during the sacred ceremonies; but neither the fumes of incense nor the smoke of candles have dimmed this masterpiece of the Perugian painter. The colour is still as bright and transparent as when first laid on the damp plaster, retaining that brilliancy which distinguishes true fresco-painting. The only injury the picture has sustained has been caused by large nails driven into the wall to suspend a veil with which it has been deemed becoming, as a chapel is attached to a convent, to cover the nude figure of the Saint."

Italy has been, and in some measure still is, emphatically the land of colour. It is curious and instructive to mark how nations in the supremacy of their wealth and glory have sung as it were their triumphs in the full chorus of colour. The Pharaohs in Egypt decorated the palace of imperial pomp, and the temple for sacred worship, with prismatic hues as the language of ecstasy and triumph. The Moors in Cairo and Grenada sounded in turn their jubilees in tones pitched in the same high key of exultation. Leo and Julius in like manner in Italy built churches rich in resplendent marbles, and made the painted fresco subservient to religious worship and stately magnificence. But when glory departs from a nation, the bright robes in which she clothed her splendour grow faded and sullied. With tarnished honour comes a deadened colour; crimson, the trumpet note of valour, turns pallid with defeat, and instead of joy in gay attire is the sackcloth of mourning. In Upper Egypt the sand of the desert has swept its effacing flood over sculpture, column, and painting. At Cairo the gilded crescent fades against the sky: in Andalusia the Alhambra has long been whitewashed; and in like manner throughout Italy the jewelled marble has been stript from the denuded monument; frescoes, once the very triumph of colour, are pallid and crumbling; and the land of the south, once clad in almost eastern magnificence, now stricken with poverty, finds her garments tarnished, tattered, and threadbare. Italy, we say, was once emphatically the land of colour—not the colour of rude barbaric grandeur, but the language of subtle refinement, the overflow of exuberant delight, the rapture of a devotion which sought the harmony and the fervour of the skies. Its expression was manifold as the intent and emotion were diversified. In Venice, colour gemmed as with ruby and sapphire and emerald became worldly pomp and senatorial dignity. Then, again, in the convent art of Angelico it lost all taint and corruption of earth, it became pure as the elements, holy and without shadow of sin as when light was first divided from darkness; and thus in these works angels float down from

heaven on the sunbeam, and their robes span the sky as in rainbow glory. And this glory faded from Italy when darkness came upon the land, and confusion was thick gathering.

It is then specially fitting that at the time when colour is fast departing from Italy, the Arundel Society should, by the art of the chromolithograph, bring the charm and the excellence of its beauty to England. In England we still plod on in the sober, sullen greys of practical everyday existence. Even the great works of Italian colour are known to our own people only in the dispassionate light and shade of black and white engravings. We walk under the shadow of a cloudy sky, or along streets bedimmed with blackening smoke, and have not yet learnt how to throw the sunshine and the warmth of colour across our daily path. We are still labouring along the road of dull utility, and have scarcely yet reared those more airy pinnacles in civilisation which shine in glittering gold and pomp against the clearer sky. We have barely yet discovered that colour is the language of expression and emotion. We do not yet fully recognise that as in music every thought and passion has its speaking note, so in colour the joys and sorrows of our life may be fitly symbolised—that colour is in itself indeed a world of joy—that the coloured landscape is as the melody of birds singing among trees, and the painted picture an elaborated harmony. At last, however, the sense of these æsthetic truths dawns upon the English public. If, indeed, Italy be the fading sunset, England is the opening dawn; and the golden day which has long gilded the southern campanile now begins to brighten with unaccustomed splendour upon our more northern shore.

The Arundel Society, then, just at this period of transition, may boast of a chosen and a special mission. It does well to select, as in its published chromotint from an early fresco by Ottaviano Nelli at Gubbio, works of subtle, resplendent, and yet spiritual colour. Italy can still yield to England gems of this pure lustre, which shine indeed as stars in the firmament rather than lights of the lower world. It is fitting the English eye should be taught, as in this beauteous work copied from a drawing kindly lent by Mrs. Higford Burr, that in colour there are harmonies consonant with the fabled music of the spheres. In the pure and beauteous hues of this Madonna with the attendant heavenly host, there is indeed a spirit not of earth. The palette is no longer set with the gross pigment used in mere naturalistic art, but the pencil paints as with sunbeams, and the colours glow as gems spangling among flowers. Thus painting, which has sometimes been termed a mute art, is made through the language of colour to speak as with heavenly transport.

It is now time that we should state more expressly what are the objects of the Arundel Society, and the means by which it seeks to carry its purposes into execution. Its name is adopted from Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, "the father of *vertù* in England," "the Mæcenas of all politer arts"—"as great for his noble patronage of arts and ancient learning as for his high birth and place." The Society was established some ten years since, with the declared purpose of "promoting the knowledge of art." It proposed to publish for its members engravings or other reproductions of rare and important works not lying within the ready reach of the general public. It thus intended to bring to notice monuments of ancient art which from their remote locality or other causes might be difficult of access, and to rescue, ere it should be too late, works endangered by rude violence or more slow decay. Its contemplated sphere may be taken to comprise the arts in every variety of style, as found in all countries and manifested throughout all ages,—painting, sculpture, and architecture, schools pagan and classic, Christian and mediæval. But out of this wider field it has primarily selected for illustration Italian fresco-painting during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. It was thought the time had arrived when, by scientific inventions and mechanical applian ces, greater accuracy than had

previously been possible might be given both in form and colour to the contemplated transcripts of great historic works. Thus the Society has already published, by bronze electrotype, and in plaster casts, accurate reductions from the Theseus, the Ilissus, and the frieze of the Parthenon. It has since issued, as already stated, through the aid of chromolithography, coloured reproductions of early Italian frescoes. The Council of the Society have felt that by securing a large number of subscribers, they can produce cheaply, and hence circulate widely, rare works, which have previously been the too exclusive luxury of the few. The independent position of the governing body placed the Society above the temptation and beyond the need of ordinary popularity; and thus works were selected for publication not as with mercantile houses, for moneyed speculation, but solely as examples of rare artistic excellence. It was hoped, moreover, by thus bringing the pure and the lofty schools of Italian painting to the familiar knowledge of the people of this country, public taste might in some measure be withdrawn from works naturalistic and meretricious, and our national art assume a higher tone and aspire to a nobler purpose.

The Arundel Society has become as it were the public trustee of those great national frescoes which are indeed the world's heritage. Its position as guardian and protector of the art-treasures of Italy—its office of mediator and translator between England and Italy, between the arts of an early age and a distant people, and the present wants and tastes of our own country—is now generally acknowledged. It has gained the sanction and support of public authorities—it has obtained from the existing government in Florence permission to copy frescoes to which the world has been hitherto denied access. "Already," said Mr. Danby Seymour, at the last annual meeting, "have the prospectus and the yearly report of the Society been translated into the Italian language." He (Mr. Seymour) hoped that thus might be aroused the art-patriotism of Italy, that the Italians might at length learn rightly to value and carefully to cherish the early frescoes executed by their own countrymen; and that thus, when it was known how warm an interest an English Society had evinced in the preservation of these works, spoliation might be no more heard of. Yet the danger which has long threatened the mural paintings of Italy with desecration and destruction, was perhaps never greater than at the present moment. We have all seen or heard of Austrian soldiers in the convent of Leonardo's "Last Supper," in Milan — of Austrian troops in possession of the monastery of San Marco in Florence, where Fra Angelico the blessed has painted upon chamber and cloister walls his matchless frescoes of purity and peace. In 1848, the great year of revolution, we have seen so-called patriot bands in noisy exercise within the grand cloister of Santa Maria Novella; in more recent years Mr. Layard has told us of large pails and besom-brushes brought for the restoration, or rather the destruction, of the famed frescoes in the church itself. And now again revolution heaves in turbulence throughout the length and breadth of the devoted land: avengeful hate and fiery battle hold but for the moment the panting breath of passion; and planted cannon stand eager to pour hellfire upon columned palace and pictured church. What confusion and foul destruction may not ensue when the Pope's tiara shall be rolling in the mud, and Imperial Eagles contend with the tricolor of Italy! Wherever, indeed, Art shows herself the loveliest, and Nature arranges a secluded and a sylvan peace, there does the demon War choose to prowl and prey. In Rome the Borghese Gardens, a quiet retreat from the noise of the city and the heat of day —where avenues of shady slumbrous trees canopied a cool recess for silent meditation, the dripping fountain whispering in *sotto voce*— these grounds, we say, even it would seem because most lovely, were, on the approach of the French in 1849, specially chosen for destruction. And now again, by the same dire fatality, does it seem in all likelihood arranged that the very tug of war shall

be concentrated upon that very spot of ground where Art has gathered into a focus her choicest treasures. The famed quadrilateral encompassing Venice, Verona, Padua, Mantua, and other cities, the repositories of priceless works, is now, as it were, an encamped museum, where sentinels stand side by side with statues—where barracks are planted in the stately halls of palaces—where a church is made to serve as a mask to a battery, and the Madonna assumes the office of Minerva.

Such being the urgency of the case, it becomes a serious question what measures should be taken to preserve for our use these great works of which it would appear Italy herself is no longer worthy. At this juncture the Arundel Society has earnestly set itself to the performance of a duty obviously falling within its appointed sphere of action, a labour imperatively demanded in the interests of European art, an enterprise which will secure at least, by careful copies, some of the more important Italian frescoes. In a recent report, the Council of the Society explains the mode by which it seeks to meet the exigency of the case in the following words:—

"Materials for future publication are fast accumulating. Nevertheless, in view of the actual condition of Italy, its troubled present and doubtful future, its liability at once to military rapine, political disturbance, and social anarchy, no lover of the Arts can regard with indifference the danger to which the monuments of genius in that once gifted country are now more than ever exposed. The Council therefore have felt that a society founded with such objects as the Arundel, ought not to waver in undertaking a service which it may soon be no longer in its power to render to the cause which it represents, by securing, with or without prospect of immediate publication, copies of some few at least of the little known works of the greatest masters which still survive, but may shortly perish, or suffer injuries which, though not beyond restoration, are certainly beyond cure. They have therefore lately opened a subscription for a special 'Copying Fund,' to which they invite the contributions of all who sympathise with their views. Its purpose will be to form a collection of water-colour drawings, tracings, and photographs from frescoes of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, which have been either inadequately or not at all engraved; to exhibit this collection as freely as the machinery and funds of the Society will admit; to publish from time to time, in the style of the works now in progress, as much of the collection as the annual income will bear; and what they cannot publish, at least to record. They have already received considerable subscriptions towards this fund, and they trust at the ensuing general meeting they will be enabled to announce many more."

The drawings already secured are accurate in outline, harmonious in colour, and delicate in execution, and the transcripts in chromolithography just issued, have succeeded to a great degree in reproducing the high qualities of the originals. Rare frescoes by Sanzio, the father of Raphael, by Leonardo da Vinci and Luini, have thus been executed in first-rate style. The defects incident to the chromo process, opacity and crudeness in colour, and harshness and abruptness in transition of tints, with inaccuracy of outline arising from difficulties in working the stones, are in these careful and skilled productions in great measure avoided and overcome. But the work still to be undertaken—the field yet to be occupied—is indeed vast, and for practical operations absolutely inexhaustible. Towns, villages, and convents lying far away in the fastnesses of the Apennines, now cast as waifs on the raised beach of an extinct epoch, far above the ebb tide of a retreating civilisation, are rich in thick strewn remnants of a life and a genius which once made Italy a marvel and show. Here as in eagle-nest were born the offspring of the sky, and heights which in the Titan times of Rome were rent with thunder and enthroned by Jove, became in Christian days the serene abode of saints. The avenging lightning was transmuted into the benignant halo, and the Madonna crowned with stars, and bearing in her hand the gifts of mercy, dethroned an angry Nemesis. The Italian frescoes of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, here found scattered through the length and breadth of Italy, are the best examples of that "Christian

art" of which during late years we have heard so much. Works of an earlier date are still immature, and subsequent periods are tainted with corruption. But these three centuries, commencing with Giotto and ending with Raphael, opening with the frescoes of the Arena Chapel in Padua, and drawing towards a close with our own cartoons at Hampton Court, comprise in one great epoch all that was most divine in this pictorial revelation. The term "Christian art," as often now employed, relates both to the subject-matter chosen for illustration, the life of Christ and the history of His religion, and also to the special Christian spirit in which the theme is usually treated. And thus both in letter and in spirit was the Christian Religion during this epoch expressly manifested. The frescoes of Giotto and others were often indeed, as in the Arena Chapel, a pictured New Testament; we pass the eye as it were from verse to verse, chapter follows upon chapter, from the early dawn where shepherds keeping watch by night listen to the angel song telling glad tidings, until we come to the last tragic close of agony and death. Whoso can see may read and understand. There is a simple truth which carries conviction—so little art, indeed, that we seem to be looking upon the event itself just as it happened. The actors are not actors. Wholly unconscious that they are a spectacle, either to men or to angels, they are in utmost simplicity intent only on the great business in hand. And so the grand drama marches on, time treading upon the very threshold of eternity, and no one knows it. It is an art like unto the sacred narrative itself; wonders and miracles spoken of in the simplest and plainest of words. It is as if the treasure were here again in earthen vessels, that so the glory might not be unto the artist, but unto Him of whom he paints. It is with Giotto and these early painters as when the ministration was intrusted to rude untutored fishers—men who might have been deemed unworthy, save by their simplicity, their truth, and earnestness; and hence both written record and painted narrative are alike simple, truthful, and earnest, and thereby move to conviction. This Christian art given to the world by Giotto and his school, is thus in a good sense devoid of art, and hence, indeed, its special merit—a merit only surpassed by that most consummate of all art which at length at a maturer age learned to conceal its method.

These early Christian works require to be approached in a studious, and indeed in a humble and submissive spirit. They teach noble truths to all who will but learn; they raise the mind to unaccustomed heights, if we will but place ourselves in the humble attitude to receive. Figures there are which, doubtless, dismay the eye accustomed to the pictorial proprieties which, in our days, are within the reach of every tyro. But the student will soon learn to throw himself back into those earlier centuries, when perspective was not a study, or anatomy a science; and when the painter, even of highest genius, violated laws which are now taught as the very rudiments of art. These faults of omission or commission must, in charity, be forgiven; and then, no longer as stumbling-blocks on the threshold, an entrance will be found into a temple of inner thought and beauty. The simple faith of those early days will indeed be found to have a winning charm. Legends, bold and impossible, live in all the reality of vision upon the painted wall. Angels come on errands of mercy, and bear, on outstretched wing, the Christian Martyr to a home of rest. St. Catherine, fearing no fall, floats in air as if, in days preceding Newton, the earthward force of gravity had been unfelt. So great, indeed, is the reliance of these early artists on the spiritual and the supernatural, that it would seem to them a slight thing to ignore the mundane and the physical. Thus the very simplicity of their ignorance has often a charm; and even their blunders may stand for triumphs of faith. But no ingenuity is needed to plead their cause. It is now universally admitted that the earlier Italian painters were, in their art, dowered with spe-

cial spiritual gifts; that if in bodily and material structure their works are feeble, yet in all that relates to the action and expression of the mind upon and through the body, they were of all men most vigorous. The works of these men, indeed, with features so subtly responsive to inward emotion, are specially noble as the manifestation of the noblest thought —are models for all that pertains to intellectual and spiritual expression, and become essential to all who would rightly understand the purport and aim of the Christian arts.

This earlier phase of pictured Christianity was Christian by virtue of its subject,—Christian, moreover, in the elementary principles of truth and simplicity. But later works coming within the prescribed limits of the Arundel Society are Christian in a higher sense. Perugino, Pinturicchio, Francia, and Leonardo, aimed at something more than an intelligible record. These men went beyond the literal letter, and entered into the spirit and the life. Pictorial Christianity was with them something heartfelt and inward. Outward forms were symbols of inner states, the body was the tabernacle of the soul, a tablet on which thoughts and emotions were written ere they passed away. Thus devotion bowed the head, humility made the step to falter, prayer and watching gave languor to the cheek, yet radiance to the eye; and hence Christian art became as the Christian's walk through life, a manifestation of his faith. The end to be thus attained was difficult as it was exalted. The aim, indeed, was altogether new. Classic art had been in great measure the deification of man's physical form. Christian now came for the first time as the apotheosis of his spiritual nature, and sought to reveal, as Christianity itself, things invisible and immortal. How these artists reached to the divine consummation of their art it is not easy to tell. Whether by spiritual insight, or by long laborious study; whether they found it needful to make a doctrine a portion of their lives before they could hope to give its impress upon their works, or whether, eminently endowed with the æsthetic sense and the dramatic power, they knew how to act upon canvass the part which mentally for the moment they might assume; whether in one, or in some degree in all, of these causes may be found the explanation of the grand result, we cannot now stop to decide. Suffice it for the present moment to mark that this glorious manifestation, which the world, in its wide history, has witnessed but once—that this creation, which seems indeed more a revelation than an earth-born product—that this crowning reward to genius, and to earnest arduous striving—is falling from the crumbling walls and tottering ruins of Italy, and now fast fades for ever from our sight. Taken for all in all, we cannot look upon its like again; and, therefore, it is of world-wide import that some record shall be kept while yet its memory lives.

And now that copies of these frescoes may probably be secured for England, it becomes a question of some importance what lessons they should teach to our English school. In this country we recognise on all sides the dawn of a great revival. In our private dwellings we daily find not only increased luxury, but improved taste. In our public exhibitions we at least discover a fertility of production, an activity of intellect, and an assiduity of labour, hitherto scarcely known, and assuredly by no people ever surpassed. Our National Gallery of old masters is year by year rapidly augmented by the purchase of works well calculated to instruct the student in his studies, and to refine the people in their enjoyments. At South Kensington the British school there assembled already may boast of many pictures, which, within their special though humble sphere, might excite the admiration and even the envy of neighbouring nations. The dawn of a new, and we trust of a higher, life is on all hands awakening. And now, at the present stage in our national progress, when a rude and an iron strength wants to be tempered by a more refined and subtle existence, we cannot but deem that Italia's need comes as England's opportunity. These Italian frescoes, if rightly received, will instruct us just in those

things which we most require to know. They must be studied, as we have said, not in their letter but in their spirit, for assuredly their letter is dead, but their spirit is lofty and their religion unspotted by the world. It is true they have not gathered from the tree of knowledge, and as yet know not of things evil. It is an art of simple intuition, heaven lying about its infancy, and "trailing clouds of glory" from God its home, ere the vision passed "into the light of common day." "The innocent brightness of this new-born" art is lovely yet. Pure is the tone and blissful, as of a world fresh from its Maker's hand, ere sin had time to enter and cast a shadow. Dark clouds had not gathered round a tempest sunset,—those clouds that too oft

> Do take a sober colouring from the eye,
> That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

And this art as of a world in Eden loveliness, this art of mere simple intuition, may give to our English school a salutary lesson. Modern works are too much the exclusive product of intellect and calculation, coldly elaborated, accurately contrived on defined scientific data, and therefore ofttimes want that undefined attribute of "soul" which in art no less than in man constitutes the immortal element. Italian art, indeed, as Italian music, is eminently the language of emotion—eminently the expression of devotion and rapture. Our northern art is comparatively cold, icy as our frozen zone, calculating as our northern races. It is well, then, that the ardour of the southern sun should quicken our hearts, that the brilliancy of the Italian sky should be the key-note to our harmonies, that free impulse should carry us, as it did the early Italian painters, into an imaginative heaven peopled by beings not of earth.

There are still more specific reasons why the study of these Italian frescoes is specially suited to the wants of our English school. In the present day we can scarcely venture to use the word "ideal," so generally has the term suffered condemnation because so grossly misunderstood; but at least we may perhaps venture to assert that the bane of our English school has been its literalism and low naturalism. And we cannot but think it desirable that our English artists should at last see for themselves that the great Italian painters did not take apostles and prophets from the corners of streets, and that angels were not mere ordinary girls who would come to a studio at a few shillings the sitting. These early Christian painters, when they pictured heaven, did not build her courts out of the gross materials of earth, or people her mansions with outcasts from humanity. Call the process "ideal" or what you will, certain it is that by some subtle means these men attained to the transcendental, that their types were far removed from the ordinary model, and from man in his common everyday walks. Somewhat by studied selection, somewhat, it may be, by intuitive sympathy with what is essentially most beautiful and pure, these artists seem to have been taken from the lower paths of actual life into the company of beings freed from the grossness of humanity. Glimpses may indeed occasionally, in all countries and at all periods in the world's history, be caught of mortals suited to the higher regions of the painter's canvass, for nature contains within herself the supernatural, and earth cherishes in her bosom the birthright of the skies. But for this vision of things which transcend ordinary experience, it is at least needful that the artists of our country and generation should, like the masters of old, view nature aright. In the present aspect of our English school, when the free genius of the artist is constantly sold to the most servile naturalism, it cannot indeed be too often repeated that nature herself is under a curse, that Eden innocence no longer reigns upon earth, that man's bodily form is tainted by transgression, that the soul has ceased in sinless purity to beam in cloudless sunshine on the countenance, and that the tragedy of death and corruption casts its darkness and terror even on the visible landscape.

This doctrine, we are aware, has been recently denounced by Mr.

Kingsley in his republished Miscellanies, as manicheism in art. And certainly it is a principle little in accordance with the practice of his chosen favourites—the English pre-Raphaelites—and little consonant with their well-known love for original sin under their chosen symbol of inveterate ugliness. But we care not for a term of mere theological opprobrium. The principle itself, by whatever name called, is a fundamental doctrine in religion, an acknowledged fact in humanity, and lies as the corner-stone to all sound philosophy of art. A principle of evil, whether or not it be actually personified under the form of Devil, is universally admitted as existent in the world. This principle of evil our daily experience but too clearly tells us is in perpetual conflict against the good, and revelation indicates that the same warfare has even divided heaven itself. Call it what you will, evil is a fact and a mystery in the ordination of providence from which you cannot escape. It is an admitted difficulty in theology, in life it is a call to continual warfare, and not less in art must the stern fact be admitted, and when admitted, met as best it may. The great typical event of Christ tempted by Satan comes to us in ten thousand forms; and the serpent in nature, as a symbol of evil, is entwined round the tree of the forest, and lurks beneath the flower. To every true artist endowed with spiritual or æsthetic insight, each outward form in creation is indeed a symbol and a manifestation of an inner life. The human face is the mirror of the soul within, and so the outward face of nature—every flower that smiles, and each beast that roars from lurking thicket, is the expression of essential harmonies or discords. Evil is a fact, and the only question is how it shall best be met and overcome. It is truly a curse, yet manifestly not an unmitigated curse. In life we know that it rouses to heroism and even to virtue by antagonism. In literature and in art, in like manner, it alone renders tragedy possible; and all the valour and the virtue implied in suffering relieved and overcome, take their first origin in evil existent and sin committed. To go further into this question as it here opens before us is of course now impracticable. We have said, we trust, sufficient to show that in the theory and the practice of the arts, evil cannot be ignored—that its existence once admitted, it must be overruled for good, the serpent head crushed, the devil cast out, Satan, as in Raphael's well-known picture, thrown beneath the feet of the victorious Michael. The art, indeed, which would say to evil, Be thou my good, is like to the man impure of leprosy, or to him whose dwelling was among the tombs, possessed by an unclean spirit whose name was legion, whom no man could bind, no, not with chains. We say that in Christian art this devil must be cast out;—that in all religious art it has been cast out; and that thus an artistic ideal has been sought after and attained, like unto, if the comparison be permitted, the new birth preached by Christianity itself. Mr. Kingsley may call this manicheism if he will; but at least it is the principle which Fra Angelico and the holy painters of old have uniformly preached throughout their works. It is the principle, not of evil triumphant, but of evil overcome. And thus in these early pictures, like unto one indeed published by the Arundel Society—the Madonna, with attendant angels and the heavenly host, —original sin has given place to a pristine beauty, and art is made the mirror of that first nature which God pronounced as good.

This is one of the important lessons which these early Christian works can teach to the present generation. All that exists is good, constitutes the ultimate axiom in the received art philosophy of the present day. Everything which is found in nature is suited for a picture,—this is an assumed dogma from which there is now no permitted appeal. Everything that lives is beautiful, every detail that can possibly be transcribed is worthy of all reverence,—these are the guiding maxims which now govern the artist in his work. But the great masters of old, as we have shown, preached a very different doctrine. The true artist works, in-

deed, in the spirit of the great Artificer of the universe. He studies nature in order to discover the typical ideas, those original and perfect conceptions in which all created varieties take their first origin, from which each departs, and yet towards which again all created beings tend. The true artist seeks for the restitution of all things—the removal of those defects and blemishes which mar the absolute perfection. And in many of the earlier Christian works of which we have been speaking, the painter loved to enthrone in the upper portion of his canvass, a glorified sphere of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, resting from their labour and their earthly conflict, fashioned according to the type of the heavenly places, without spot or blemish, perfect even as the sons of God. We should, indeed, in the present day, hesitate thus to write, were there not still ancient works to bear a living testimony to the truths we venture to enforce. And these undying truths, proclaimed by all Christian art, our English pre-Raphaelite school, to its cost, has chosen to ignore.

Once more, reverting to the projects of the Arundel Society, we find abundant cause why the fresco art of Italy should be brought to the knowledge of the English public. Fresco-painting was, to the Italian artist, the ready language by which he rapidly expressed his thoughts and emotions. Easel-pictures were by comparison but subordinate and occasional productions. And it is well known that the greatest masters, from Giotto down to Raphael and Michael Angelo, executed their most important works through the medium and material of fresco. Fortunately for Italy, but unhappily for England, these wall-pictures admit of no ready removal. Our National Gallery, as we recently took occasion to show, has become richly endowed with a consecutive historic series painted upon panel or canvass; but the grand contemporary Italian frescoes in convents and churches, in loggia and stanza—works which, in fact, constitute the glory, and evince the power of Italian art—must ever remain, in legal phrase, attached as fixtures to the freehold. The untravelled Englishman can become acquainted with these master productions only through the intervention of copies; and hence the special and important service which the Arundel Society seeks to confer upon the general public. Its operations may thus be viewed as auxiliary to the general intent of the National Gallery. In a recent article we have shown that the historic series so wisely brought to Trafalgar Square enables the student to trace the progress of the art of painting, from its first precarious rise to its triumphant consummation—to educe the laws that have governed, the influences which have promoted, this vital development—to connect into one consecutive chain the works of divers schools and epochs; and thus, finally, as in a panorama, to view art as the pictorial history of a country, the reflux of its clime, and the mirror of its landscape, the offspring of its race, the last and triumphant manifestation of its wealth and civilisation. What the directors of the National Collection have accomplished upon the walls of the Gallery itself, the Council of the Arundel Society will attempt for the portfolio of their subscribers. The private libraries of our country gentry may now glow as with the fresco art of a southern clime, and men even of moderate means may possess, as in a developed history, illustrations of the rare Italian masters. By such means the choicest works become diffused and popularised, and are brought, as it were, to the very door of every Englishman. The dissemination of such productions may be deemed an important, if not, indeed, an essential part of that general education, that extension of cultured taste which has for some years been among the most happy results of the art revival in this country.

These frescoes of Italy, moreover, concern the professional artist not less than the public at large. As compositions specially designed for an architectural position, they serve as the very best precedents of that pictorial decoration which is now, year by year, more generally applied to the adornment of our civil and eccle-

siastical edifices. Space will not permit us to criticise the frescoes which have been executed by some of our most skilled artists in the Palace at Westminster. Suffice it to say that a more intimate knowledge of the fresco process and treatment in Italy would have corrected those errors and misconceptions which have unfortunately marked many of those works for national failures. The best Italian frescoes are wholly free from rawness and crudity, the colours and shadows are pure and transparent. These works in composition are distinguished by a balanced harmony suited to the symmetry of architectural arrangement; and in severe dignity they are consonant with the lines, the proportions, and the stability of a structure designed to endure for ages. Thus raised above the common level of everyday existence, the types of humanity ennobled with somewhat of senatorial dignity, they partake of that grand historic manner, which in art, no less than in literature, is best fitted for the enduring record of a nation's greatness.

These fresco-pictures we have seen are now threatened with destruction. But this, the calamity of Italy, may be England's opportunity. We are endowed with wealth and power, and we must be ready to save and to seize the treasures offered for our use. We must wait, ever eager on the watch. Dynasties are overthrown, and old families have fallen, and heirlooms, the riches of art, may in sore need be put to a bidding. Democracy, which sold in our own country the gallery of a Charles, may not always in Florence conserve the pictures of the Pitti. The authorities of our National Gallery, we say, must be upon vigilant watch. The "autonomy" established in Tuscany may yet, like many other grand conceptions, fall short of money; nobles, who have still something to lose, may yet be glad to fly from pillage, with pictures rolled in their portmanteaus. But some works cannot be carried into safety; and therefore it was a happy thought which led the Arundel Society to secure by copies those frail and fading frescoes which now, almost at any moment, a cannon-shot may destroy.

PROVERBS.

Everybody hears, and perhaps utters, a dozen of these portentous sentences every day, and yet, perhaps, never took the trouble to consider what a proverb is—what it is that makes it so popular among all classes, high and low, among all the nations of the world. Lord John Russell defined a proverb by saying it was the wit of one man and the wisdom of many: a very clever-looking, and neatly-expressed description, but liable to be questioned, if we take it in the sense that a proverb was originally a coruscation of wit, and became cooled and condensed in the course of time into a solid nucleus of wisdom; for one remarkable peculiarity of a proverb is that in its first intention, it is almost universally the veriest prose that the greatest blockhead could give utterance to—the flattest, dullest, most unquestionable truth; and the essence of the proverb resides in that very quality. It must be almost as undeniable as the fact that two and two make four, or the learned observation of one of the fools in Shakspeare, who says, "'Tis ten o'clock, and in another hour 'twill be eleven;" for you will observe, that the whole force and pungency of a proverb lies in its application, and not in the depth and ingenuity of its original form. If a man were to attend the silk-mills at Manchester, and observe the process of the manufacture of the threads, then proceed to London, and see those elegant filaments knitted into a vari-colored receptacle for money; and then were to continue his studies into a market-place like ancient Smithfield, and examine the pendent auricles of a prodigious pig; and after all this preliminary study were to announce the startling fact, that you could not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, you would give him very little credit for ingenuity in making such a discovery. But if he were to tell you of a fellow, famous from his birth for clownishness and ill temper, who, by some circumstance or other, had been called on to fill a situation requiring generosity and refinement, and failed entirely in hiding for a moment the original selfishness and stolidity of his nature, you would say, "No wonder he failed; you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," and immediately the saying becomes full of meaning. The application is so apparent—made more apparent by the very truthfulness of the assertion; and we find that a dull enunciation of a commonplace has suddenly grown philosophy, natural history, knowledge of character, and wit. And another, and perhaps greater, the charm of a proverb is, that it enlists our vanity on its behalf by calling forth the faculties of our own minds. It is something in the nature of a puzzle or riddle, which everybody thinks good when they have had the cleverness to guess it; and here it is so easy, and yet so pat, so metaphorical, and yet so striking, that we feel proud of the double exertion by which we see both its primary sense and its far livelier intention. "Ha! ha!" we say, "you thought I didn't know what you meant; you fancied I did not know which was the purse, and which was the ear; but a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse." Why, there's another proverb, as utterly incapable of disproof as the other; a most staring, glaring, unquestionable truism; for who in the world ever supposed that a blind charger saw any difference between a shake of the head and a twinkle of the eye? You can never call these platitudes wisdom as regards the profundity of the abstract truth contained in them. If a proverb indeed required serious meditation, first to ascertain the meaning of its terms, secondly, the exact correctness of its statement, you would have no time to make its application. If a man by some miracle of stupidity did not know what a bird was, or what a bush was, or even how utterly valueless a canary, or a bird of Paradise itself, on the upper branch of a bramble would be, however pleasant it would prove if he had it fairly between his palms, he would never recognise the propriety of preferring a

present gain to an uncertain hope, which is contained in the words—"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Original dulness and undeniable accuracy are therefore the proper foundations for a homely proverb. Who can hesitate to agree with a man who tells you that "one man may take a horse to the water, but twenty can't make him drink?" Is there a schoolboy so obtuse as not to perceive the fact that "when the cat is away the mice will play?" Is there a bookkeeper or housewife who does not feel that "many a little makes a mickle?" There may be another class of proverbs which move just one step farther forward towards the intellectual, inasmuch as they do not rely for their reception entirely on a mere statement of a fact. There is one which goes so far as to attribute external beauty to an internal virtue, —which equalises the *gifts* of nature by placing on a par with them the charms of character, and shows that even the shape of a nose, the colour of a cheek, the expression of an eye, may be altered by liberality of conduct. "Handsome is that handsome does" is not a very elegant, but it is a very terse, enunciation of the self-apparent truth, that gratitude is a greater beautifier than paint or pearls; that for every favour we receive, a new improvement takes place in the benefactor's, or more likely the benefactress's, appearance, till, when we have been benefited by repeated acts of beneficence, the homeliness, if there is any, disappears, the brow becomes Grecian, the motions become graceful; we don't perceive the squint—and as to the limp and stutter, they are mere delusions of the eye and ear, and have no existence in the reality of things. We have been delighted to see in Paris the respectful attention paid to the Sisters of Charity even in the street. These are generally poor women, and sometimes ladies of a strongly religious bias, who devote themselves to the care of the sick and wretched. They go noiselessly about their work, dressed in the most unbecoming raiment they could select. Their faces are nearly hidden beneath a deep fall of white linen. Their other garments are black. They are often old, and have no external advantages to recommend them; yet we have seen the French soldiers slacken their pace as they met these devoted ministrants, and respectfully give them way. French gentlemen touched their hats as they glided by; and we will answer for it that those thoughtless Zouaves and light-hearted Chasseurs would have been rather difficult to appease, if any one had maintained before them that the most ancient and plainest of the Sisters was one whit inferior to the Venus de Medicis.

And our own poor fellows at Scutari? What must they have thought of such apparitions of heavenly beauty as were presented to them, when the English Sisters of Charity—bound by no vow but the obligation they voluntarily incurred to risk life and health in the alleviation of human sorrow—the gentle-nurtured, kind-voiced, calm-eyed daughters of fine old manor-houses, who had left the refinements of their station, and the hopes of their youth, on this holy mission—when these unpretending ladies, we say, walked with quiet steps between the rows of their beds? We do not know; and it would be superfluous to inquire if the charms of female beauty are added to the far higher charms of godly life and heroic endeavour, which are the glory of Florence Nightingale and her friends; but of this be sure—the British soldier recovered of his wounds, and the British soldier's mother left at home, and his widow in her silent cottage, and his children at their village-school, have a deep persuasion that no painter and no poet have ever designed such noble features, or idealised so divine an expression, as belong to that self-devoted band. Such is the innate power of the apparently vulgar proverb—"Handsome is that handsome does." But there are some proverbs which, though universal in their application, are so local in their colouring and language, that their meaning is not so easily seen by the uninitiated. When a Scotchman wishes to tell you that the object you aim at is not very easily attainable, he gives you a little geographical information in the words, "It's a far cry to Lochaw"—which was the proud boast

of one of the Campbells when the government threatened to visit his valley, and punish him for some transgression. "Easier said than done" would be our English form of the same, or, "Catch, if you can." There is another proverb in the North, which immortalises the uncharitableness of a certain personage of the name of Blind John, but is used to tell you that something will never occur. "Wait till I see, as Blind John said to the beggars," implying that, as the said John was not in a capacity to fulfil his part of the compact, as he is clearly declared to be blind, the beggars will have to be expectant all their lives. These common sayings, to which a particular interest is attached by the mentioning of a particular man's name, must have sprung up in some narrow circle, and, gradually spreading and spreading as the truth became apparent, retained the individual appellation long after his real peculiarities were forgotten.

Hobson's choice is immortalised by Milton, but owes nothing more to the great author than the mere fact that the worthy stable-keeper gave his customers only the very unsatisfactory choice of having the particular horse whose turn it was to go out—or none. The application was immediately made by every Cambridge man who was offered the option between a small preferment or none at all, or a glass of small beer in the utter unattainability of XX. So that, at last, the insufficient stud of the university carrier was a standing text in favour of accepting what one could get, and of being content therewith.

These, however, are not specimens of the original proverb, pure and simple. Of these we have spoken already as being facts of the most appalling barrenness, and deriving their importance from the very circumstance of their being utterly undeniable by the most contradictory of men. But they have another characteristic which we have not touched on yet. If a room were hung round with the most common of those familiar sayings, they would be perpetual incitements to good conduct; for we must say in behalf of proverbs that we never met with one which encouraged the slightest impropriety of behaviour. They inculcate uniformly the virtues — of gratitude, "Don't look a given horse in the mouth" — of economy, "A penny saved 's a penny got"—of a judicious choice of our companions, "A black sheep spoils the flock"—of self-command, "You can't eat your cake and have it"—of contentment, "Half a loaf is better than no bread;" and rushing into poetry, you are encouraged to good hours, with a promise attached—

> "Early to bed, early to rise,
> Makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise."

People, indeed, have found fault with the very sagacious and common-sense precepts contained in the majority of these popular sayings. Some have traced the love of the dollar, manifested so powerfully by our big brothers across the Atlantic, to the little manual which might be called the Money-getter's Handbook, furnished to them by the great Benjamin Franklin under the name of "Poor Richard." In this he strings up an amazing roll of proverbs, all urging the strictest attention to the main chance; and perhaps, in his anxiety to put down extravagance and thoughtlessness and ostentation, he fell into the opposite extreme, and praised the acquisitive faculties too highly. Only once or twice we get out of the sound of the money-bags. One of these is where he offers a general inducement to carefulness of small matters. "A little neglect," he says, "may breed great mischief. For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy." And this, which feebly attempts to improve the unadorned baldness of the proverb's downright language, will form a favourable stage to us in our journey to the next style of sententious philosophy known as the fable. And here we get upon higher ground. A kind of interest is added to the mere statement, by the introduction of a new machinery; for we find that generally a fable is a proverb put into action—

a dramatic exposition of the same innate fact—so that it is easy, in most instances, to sum up the whole result of pages of fable in a single line of a well-known adage. But first the origin of the fabular form will account for the apparently roundabout way in which the same end is attained. The Fable took its rise in the East, where despotic government seems inseparable from the heat of climate and fertility of soil. When a dreadful, cruel-hearted king is seated on his throne, and twenty or thirty armed attendants are in the hall of audience, ready to cut an unlucky courtier's head off if he says a word to offend the tyrant, you may be sure that there is not quite so much plain speaking as in our more fortunate clime. How is it possible to give a remote hint of disapproval of the actions of a very magnificent three-tailed bashaw, who may resent your impertinence with a bastinado, or a twist or two of the bow-string? Wisdom was forced to cover its nauseous taste, as pills are wrapped up in silver; and a faint presentiment was given of his own conduct in a description of a sore-headed bear or sick lion. In this particular, then, the Fable differs from the Proverb, that it is not founded on a self-evident truth, but, on the contrary, derives its value from the impossibility of its actual occurrence. Horses, dogs, tigers and foxes, all talk and argue—a thing in itself inadmissible in any natural history book, but quite appropriate in a book of fables—for it gives such an excellent means of escape to the speaker, if perchance the despot does not understand the allusion. How can the most truculent of tyrants put a man to death for merely relating a conversation between a wolf and a lamb, or an owl and its children? Once on a time a Shah of Persia was riding out with one of his courtiers: the king was greatly devoted to war and hunting, and impoverished his country by the expenses he incurred in these two ways. The courtier was a good patriot, and very anxious to re-establish peace over all the realm; but if he had ventured to say, "I advise your majesty to attend to the prosperity of your kingdom, and leave off wasting whole territories to be coverts for your game," the answer would probably have been, "Allah Inshallah! I defile your mother's grave, and spit on your father's beard. Cast the insulter from the tower of our highest castle." So he went in a quieter way to work. As they passed some ruins he pretended to listen, and every now and then broke into a laugh, and cried, "Capital! excellent! bravo!" "What amuses you?" said the king. "The owls," he said, "the sagacious, steady old owls." "What are they doing?" inquired the Shah. "They are rejoicing greatly, and congratulating themselves on the virtues of so great a king. I understand their language, and it is really curious to see how wise they are." "They must be very sensible birds," replied the monarch, "and have a good judgment in the qualities of crowned heads. I am glad they approve of my conduct; but what do they actually say?" "One said to the other," replied the courtier, "what a good sovereign our lord the Shah is; for he is not like his foolish predecessor, perpetually clearing the country and building fresh houses, so that there would soon be no place for us in the whole land; but see how he allows whole towns to fall into ruins, and farms to go to decay, and barns to get covered with ivy. Oh! he is a true friend of the owls; and, ti whit! ti whoo! long live the king!" The histories tell us that the courtier's object was gained, and that the owls were very soon the only discontented race in the Shah's dominions. There is therefore something of a slavish quality in the fable — an indirect method of enunciating a truth; and if we trace any circumstance you like, which is the subject both of a fable and a proverb, you will see what new disguises the Oriental version has to assume in comparison with the European—how plain John Bull has to sport a long beard in the character of a goat, or a hump on his back in the character of a dromedary, to prevent his nationality from being recognised. Our earliest fabulist, Esop, is perhaps a fable himself, for nobody can tell anything about him; we only know that his name is given to the oldest collection, and that he wrote in Greek. The fables, how-

ever, still extant under his name, are acknowledged by the greatest scholars not to be of his composition, and we must go to his Latin imitator Phædrus, who lived in the reign of Augustus and his tyrannical successors, before we come in contact with anything more substantial than a name and a myth. This elegant versifier was contented to make his countrymen acquainted with the aphoristic treasures which had been accumulating for many ages in Greece under the name of Esop; and it is perhaps characteristic of the essentially subservient nature of these compositions, that their introduction at Rome is coincident with the loss of Roman liberty, and that when life, property, and fame became dependent on the breath of one man, the fabular form of illustration came into play. But even this disguise, we are told, was not sufficient, and that the consciousness of Tiberius and his infamous minister Sejanus, enabled them to decipher the hidden meaning of some of these innocent little tales.

Many of these have been translated, adapted, and modernised, so that when we hear a fable in German, French, or English, its fount and origin are very often traceable to the Roman. Even when you think a perfect novelty is presented to you, you must not be too sure that it is not an old friend with a new face. Every means is used to deceive you in this respect—the personages are changed, the scene is different—and yet there is no denying, when all the outside coverings are stripped off, that the identity is clear. The dog that dropped the meat from his mouth to grasp at the shadow of it in the water, the wolf in sheep's clothing, the ass with the lion's skin, and many others, have gone the round of all European languages, and have so long been established, that each nation finds it difficult to believe them of so distant an origin. The best way really to constitute these strangers denizens and fellow-citizens, is that pursued by the Germans. We find, in several instances, that they add to them and improve them, and by novelty of treatment, and turning them to a far higher moral, make them really their own. See, in the instance of the daw with the borrowed plumage, how exquisitely Lessing comes to the rescue of the injured bird, and gives quite a new turn to the story. Instead of being merely a warning to people not to adorn themselves with ornaments they are not entitled to, he stretches the lesson a step farther, and lectures the peacocks for their illiberality in denying even the ornament the unfortunate animal can honestly claim. It is too much the way with all of us, if we find a person assuming too much in one direction, to consider him to have no merit at all. If a man, pretending to be able to sing, breaks down in the "Bay of Biscay," we feel persuaded he can't say the multiplication table; if we find him failing in French or Italian, we set him down as an ass, who knows nothing about English; and yet he may be a very good arithmetician though a wretched songster, and a perfect master of his native tongue though ignorant of French and Italian. Here is Lessing's fable:—"A foolish daw tricked herself out in the fallen feathers of some beautiful peacocks, and when she thought she was completely dressed, mixed, in an audacious manner, among the birds of Juno. She was detected at a glance, and the peacocks fell upon her with all their bills to tear off her borrowed ornaments. 'Have done,' she cried at last, 'you have got all that was yours back again.' But the peacocks, who had noticed the brilliant wing feathers of the daw, answered, 'Silence, fool! these can't be yours;' and pecked on."

In the same way we have all heard of a cloud coming before the sun, as a lesson that happiness cannot last, and that even the brightest of fortunes is never safe from obscuration. A German, of the name of Faldè, gives this old story so perfectly new a turn that it seems like a precept of the Old Testament translated into the New—a mere moral lesson elevated into a Christian command. "A thick rain-cloud passed in front of the great light of the world. The sun was covered for some time; but scarcely had the cloud passed on when he illuminated its edges with a

beautiful light. A man deserves to be called a light of the world, who does good to an enemy when the hour of suffering is past."

These are made true German fables though founded on old Esop; and as we observed that all proverbs had a useful tendency as regards our worldly wisdom, we may go farther with these improved fables, and consider them incitements to virtue and goodness. If any one, for instance, is inclined to boast of having withstood temptation—of having resisted a good opportunity of enriching himself by wrongful act, or advanced his position by unjustifiable behaviour, let us take the circumstances of the case into consideration—let us see whether the merit is so very great, or whether the thing on which he plumes himself was not forced upon him by his situation at the time. We remember, in Esop, how a certain wolf had a bone sticking in its throat, and persuaded the long-necked crane to pull it out. Now Lessing founds a great moral lesson on this incident, and relates it in the following way:—

A wolf lay at the point of death, and reviewed his past life:—"Well, I am a sinner," he said, "but after all, not a very great one. I have done evil, no doubt, but I have done a great deal of good. Once, I remember, there came to me a bleating lamb that had wandered from the flock. It was so near that I could have strangled it at once, but I did nothing to it. At the same moment I heard the baaing and bleating of a sheep with perfect indifference, though I knew there was no dog near to guard it." "Ah, I remember the occurrence perfectly," said the reverend Fox, who was come to hear his confession. "It was at the very time when you were choking with that horrid bone which the crane afterwards pulled out of your throat."

This lesson against the pretence to goodness advanced by the vainglorious wolf, may be fitly followed by a warning against believing his boastful statements when addressed to simpler listeners than the fox. The great and good Archbishop Fénélon is the author of it. "A number of sheep were securely placed within their fence, the dogs were sound asleep, and Alexis, seated beneath a spreading beech-tree, played on his pipe with the neighbouring shepherds. A famished wolf came, and through the bars of the fence examined the flock. A young and inexperienced sheep, who had seen nothing of the world, entered into conversation with him. 'What are you come in search of here?' he said to the glutton. 'The grass, my dear; the soft and tender grass,' replied the wolf. 'You know there is nothing so sweet as the pasture on the green meadow, enamelled with flowers, and to quench the thirst at a clear and crystal stream. I have found them both in this place. What more can be required? I love philosophy, which teaches one to be contented with little.' 'Is it really true,' returned the young sheep, 'that you don't live upon flesh, and that you are satisfied with a little grass? If so, let us live as brothers, and feed together.' The moment the sheep went out of the fence into the meadow, the amiable philosopher tore him to pieces, and swallowed him every morsel."

And now we will pass to a higher style of fable still, for these things go on improving as we advance. The proverb is a short sentence, grammatically saying one thing and essentially meaning another. A fable, in its origin, is an amplification of this; for it is a statement of one thing regarding a horse or cow, while it is an illustration of something else regarding ourselves. The next step in the fable is that in which we find that men are the actors as well as the scholars — that it is a story in which men are introduced as warnings or lessons to other men; and, so far, at once proves it superiority by the fact that the variety of incident may be infinitely enlarged, since there is no limit to the positions in which men may be placed. For, after all, the amount of human feeling which can be expressed by any action of a sheep or lion is very small. The interest, such as it is, is centred upon the ingenuity with which such an apparently dissimilar circle of thoughts and propensities can be made to embrace the feelings and aspirations of the human heart. We

care nothing for the fox or the bear, the wolf or the camel, — their whole hold upon us is as representatives of the cunning or ill-natured, the cruel or the submissive. But in the fable we have now got to there is a double life. There is an interest thrown round the personages of the tale, and the moral is drawn home to us at last by the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. Some of these, independent of the deductions to be drawn from them, would be delightful as mere tales. But when the reader, in addition to the interest of the incidents, finds they have an intimate relation to the conduct of life, and are lessons as well as stories, he perceives that Esop has risen into a higher order, and that the fable has become a parable. A very old one, which originally appeared in prose, in Addison's *Spectator*, as a translation from a Persian author, retains its place in our old collections in the admirable version of Parnell. Its object is to tell us that we are no judges of the ways of Providence; that what may appear for our good is mercifully taken away; that what we fear and grieve for is, in fact, an interposition in our favour. The chief personage of the story is an aged hermit, who became dissatisfied with the arrangement of sublunary things, and was perplexed by the spectacle of triumphant vice and suffering virtue. To inquire into these things "he left his cell, the pilgrim staff he bore, and fixed the scallop in his hat before," and commenced his journey. He is soon joined by a young man, who proves so agreeable a companion that they resolve to continue together; and as night came on, they drew near to a stately castle. Here the master, with ostentatious civility, presses his kindness upon them. He forces them to taste his richest dishes, and boasts of his invaluable plate. The younger guest rewards his hospitality by stealing a golden cup. Horrorstruck at the sight, the hermit is too much overcome to be able to speak, and, being overtaken by a sudden storm, they with difficulty find admittance into the house of a miserly churl, who grudges them the poorest food, and is glad to get quit of them the moment the sky clears up. The youth at parting presents him with the valuable goblet he had stolen from the hospitable lord, and the hermit is as thunderstruck as before. They then get to the mansion of an excellent man, neither mean nor ostentatious, who treats them kindly, amuses them with instructive conversation, concludes the day with prayer, and conducts them to their beds. In the morning the stranger steps noiselessly up to the cradle where the child of his entertainer is asleep, and wrings its neck. Shocked, terrified, blinded with his agitation, the hermit flies; he loses his way, and is overtaken by his companion and a servant who had been sent to point out their path over a bridge. When they reach the arch, the stranger goes up to the servant and pushes him over into the stream. He is drowned before their eyes. The wrathful hermit turns on the murderer, but is silenced by his sudden transformation into an angelic shape; and the heavenly messenger reveals the causes of these strange events :—

"The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has with the cup the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

. . . . . .

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God
(Child of his age); for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God to save the father took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seemed to go
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow).
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back:
This night his treasured heaps he meant
to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind; this
trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

Of the same date with this appeared the famous "Vision of Mirza," illustrative of the uncertainty of life; but as it derived its reputation from the novelty of the Eastern mode of treatment, which has since been carried by Johnson in his *Rasselas* and Beckford in his *Vathek*, and Hawksworth and others to a greater perfection, we need not pause over it here; for, when you once know the means by which a trick is performed, you take little interest in the trick itself. You see pancakes baked in hats, and geese brought out of empty bags, without any surprise. We have in the same way got rid of Abdallah the son of Murad, and Mustapha of the sons of Ali. Yet there is one imitation so perfect in its kind, and moreover inculcating so admirable a moral, that we may quote it at length, especially as there is a very mysterious incident in literary history connected with its authorship. It is a fable in favour of toleration,—written in biblical language, and commending itself at once to the judgment and the taste; for the principle it enforces is no less admirable than the manner in which it is done. It has always appeared in the collected works of Dr. Franklin; and it is said in a note by Lord Kames, in his *Natural History of Man*, "The following parable against persecution was communicated to me by Dr. Franklin, of Philadelphia, a man who makes a great figure in the learned world, and would make a still greater figure if benevolence and candour were virtues as much regarded in this declining age as knowledge." Now, though, in the strict acceptation of words, no claim is made to the authorship by the mere statement that is was "communicated" by Dr. Franklin, still the fact remains that it was contained in all the collections of his works. It was quoted, in his lifetime, in the very terms above stated: he never repudiated his claim, and no one else disputed it. But there arose a theological inquirer, a lover of old English learning, and in the collected works of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, who lived a hundred years before Franklin was born, he found the identical fable. How greatly its worth is enhanced when we find that he himself was a witness for conscience' sake, and when we know that when the Restoration again put power into his hands, he carried all the principles he had advocated in adversity into the fullest practice when the state of affairs was changed! How do we account for Dr. Franklin resting contented under the load of bays to which he had no title? Perhaps he never took the trouble to consider the subject, never having directly named himself as the author; but he had trophies enough of his own without laying claim to any body else's.

"I end with a story which I find in the Jews' books. 'When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven: the old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other god; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was; he replied, "I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee:" God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me, and couldst not thou endure him one night when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, saith the story, 'Abraham fetched him back again and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction.' Go thou and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham."—*Works of Jeremy Taylor*, vol. v. p. 604.

Years passed away after Jeremy

Taylor's time, and when Addison published his *Spectator*, the fable, the parable, the allegory, and the vision became favourite modes of inculcating the lessons of morality, or lashing our favourite faults. The *Guardian* and the *Tatler* carried on the figurative teaching, till at length the public must have turned away from the long-drawn histories, where symbol prevailed over fact, and life was never talked of except as a river or a voyage; and a man found, on closing his paper, that the Royal Exchange was a cattle-market, where bulls and bears contended for the championship of the ring; and marriage was a hard-driven bargain; and law an unfathomable gulf, where suicides were perpetually jumping in, and filling the whole air with their shrieks and lamentations. Some few of these still remain to show the ingenuity of the author; but when a certain Mr. Ridley, at the end of the last century, carried the figurative into a book of good size, and published his allegoric lessons under the name of Persian Tales, so perfect was the imitation of the Oriental style, and so interesting the stories in themselves, that the public were delighted to accept them as continuations of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, and did not care about, the hidden meaning of the Valley of Despair, or the Fountain of Oblivion. These admirable tales were translated into foreign languages with the disguising title-page of the modest author, who concealed his own name, and published them as "*Translations from the Original Persian*, by Sir Charles Morel, for a long time Ambassador at the Court of Ispahan." And in many English libraries at this moment the works of the ingenious Ridley, who was a descendant of the martyred bishop, are classed among their Eastern treasures, and Sir Charles Morel is included among the translators of whom his country has reason to be proud. Then came a long period of dulness and common-sense. We were engaged in fighting terrible existences in the shape of Napoleon and all the forces of Europe, and had little inclination to trouble ourselves about ghouls and magicians, and all the family of talking birds and singing trees. A bulletin from the army in Spain—a report in the *Moniteur* of a new levy for the invasion of England—put all the fancied horrors of Maugraby and the genii into the smallest possible dimensions: so the national mind fed its excitement on the gallant old ballads of the feudal times, and the spirit-stirring chivalry of Walter Scott, as more appropriate to the great struggle that was going on. But with the return of peace gentler styles of literature resumed their popularity, and among them our friends the parable and the allegory were not wanting. Scott himself had his vision of the future in the cave of Don Roderick, Byron had his Darkness, and Campbell his Last Man. Conflicting religious views were represented in figure and dream. Bunyan's great work was imitated by a dozen pilgrims, all starting from different churches, and, let us hope, all tending to the same goal. But the hopelessness of equalling so great a masterpiece perhaps diminished the power of the writers, and nothing above mediocrity arose in this peculiar branch, till at length the Bishop of Oxford raised it to a high class of literature again, by his beautiful allegories of the Rocky Island and Agathos. Once the right chord was struck, a hundred harps repeated the same tone. Among the rest, the amiable William Adams produced a series of gentle incitements to self-denial and virtue in his volume of *Sacred Allegories*. Mr. Munro followed with equal skill, and Ruskin gave additional dignity to the fable by his King of the Golden River. Yet higher than them all, purer than William Adams, brighter than Wilberforce, more varied than Ruskin, is the great Danish fabulist, Hans Christian Andersen. Fable never took such shapes of beauty, or such disguises of wisdom before. The wonderful *Tales from Denmark*—indeed, all his writings—are equally marked by the same inexhaustible ingenuity, and the same exquisite simplicity and truth. In other fables we find the chief effort made at a clever parallelism between the thing meant and the thing spoken. Every part of one must

have its counterpart in the other; so that the fancy is racked to maintain the exact balance between the fictitious narrative and the real event. Thus even in the Rocky Island there is not a single description or incident which does not answer exactly to some real characteristic or occurrence. We get fatigued with the unvarying reciprocity—

> "Grove nods at grove—each alley has a brother,
> And half the parterre just reflects the other."

But open Hans Andersen. Minute identities are omitted: he carries you on with a delightful story at which children gape as supernatural and impossible, but to which the wise man listens with still more attention; for in this supernatural and impossible he recognises everyday life and experience. Instead of tying himself and his reader down to the close fitting of his tale, he leaves the attentive listener impressed at the end with the double sensation of having been at a theatre and a church. He has laughed at clowns doing the most preposterous actions and speaking the most ludicrous nonsense; and afterwards discovers that he has received a very serious lecture—a reprimand for thoughtless conduct, and encouragement to mend his ways.

The self-delusion with which we persuade ourselves, and the unblushing vanity with which we persuade others, of our perspicacity and cleverness, were never so admirably lashed before as in the story of the Emperor's New Clothes.

Let us observe in this short extract how everybody insists on the clearness of his own vision, and his own fitness for the highest post; and with what satirical wisdom the only voice of truth in all the city is that of a little child.

"Many years ago there lived an Emperor who cared so very much about having new clothes, that he spent all his money merely for the sake of being very smartly dressed. He did not care much about his troops; he did not care either about going to the play or driving out, unless it were that he might show his new clothes. He had a new suit for every hour in the day; and as one usually says of a King or Emperor, He held a privy council, so of him it was said, His Majesty sat in council with his tailors.

"In the large town where he resided people led a merry life. Day after day fresh visitors arrived at court: one day, too, a couple of swindlers, who called themselves first-rate weavers, made their appearance. They pretended that they were able to weave the richest stuffs, in which not only the colours and patterns were extremely beautiful, but that the clothes made of such stuffs possessed the wonderful property of remaining invisible to him who was unfit for the office he held, or who was extremely silly.

"'What capital clothes they must be!' thought the Emperor. 'If I had but such a suit I could directly find out what people in my empire were not equal to their office; and, besides, I should be able to distinguish the clever from the stupid. By Jove, I must have some of this stuff made directly for me!' And so he ordered large sums of money to be given to the two swindlers, that they might set to work immediately.

"The men erected two looms, and did as if they worked very diligently; but in reality they had got nothing on the loom. They boldly demanded the finest silk and gold thread, put it all in their own pockets, and worked away at the empty loom till quite late at night.

"'I should like to know how the two weavers are getting on with my stuff,' said the Emperor, one day, to himself; but he was rather embarrassed when he remembered that a silly fellow, or one unfitted for his office, would not be able to see the stuff. 'Tis true, he thought, as far as regarded himself, there was no risk whatever; but yet he preferred sending some one else, to bring him intelligence of the two weavers, and how they were getting on, before he went himself. Everybody in the whole town had heard of the wonderful property that this stuff was said to possess, and all were curious to know how clever or foolish their neighbours might be found to be.

"'I will send my worthy old minister,' said the Emperor at last, after much consideration; 'he will be able to say how the stuff looks better than anybody; for he is a man of understanding, and no one can be found more fitted for his than he.'

"So the worthy old minister went to the room where the two swindlers were working away with all their might and main. 'Lord help me!' thought the old man, opening his eyes as wide as possible;

'why, I can't see the least thing whatever on the loom!' But he took care not to give voice to his thoughts.

"The swindlers begged him most politely to have the goodness to approach nearer to the looms; and then, pointing to the empty frame, asked him if the colours were not of great beauty. And the poor old minister looked, and looked, and could see nothing whatever; for, indeed, there was nothing at all there. 'Bless me!' thought he to himself. 'am I, then, really a simpleton? Well, I never thought so, and nobody dare know it. I not fit for my office! No, nothing on earth shall make me say that I have not seen the stuff!'

"'Well, sir,' said one of the swindlers, still working busily, 'you don't say if the stuff pleases you or not.'

"'Oh, beautiful, beautiful! the work is admirable!' said the old minister, looking at the beam through his spectacles. 'This pattern, and these colours! —well, well; I shall not fail to tell the Emperor that both are most beautiful.'

"'Well, we shall be delighted if you do so,' said the swindlers; and named the different colours and patterns which were in the stuff. The old minister listened attentively to what they said, in order that he might be able to repeat all to the Emperor.

"The swindlers then asked for more money, and silk and gold thread, which they said they wanted to finish the piece they had begun. But they put, as before, all that was given to them into their own pocket, and still continued to work with apparent diligence at the empty loom.

"Some time after the Emperor sent another officer to see how the work was getting on, and if the piece of brocade would soon be finished. But he fared like the other: he stared at the loom from every side; but as there was nothing there, of course he could only see the empty frame.

"'Does the stuff not please you as much as it did the minister?' asked the men, making the same gestures as before, and talking of splendid colours and of patterns which did not exist.

"'Stupid I certainly am not,' thought the new commissioner; 'then it must be that I am not fitted for my lucrative office,—that were a good joke! however, no one dare even suspect such a thing.' And so he began praising the stuff that he could not see, and told the two swindlers how pleased he was to behold such beautiful colours and such charming patterns. 'Indeed, your Majesty,' said he to the Emperor on his return, 'the stuff which the weavers are making is extraordinarily fine.'

"The magnificent brocade that the Emperor was having woven at his own expense was the talk of the whole town.

"The Emperor wished to see the costly stuff while it was on the loom; so, accompanied by a chosen train of courtiers, among whom were the two trusty men who had so admired the work, off he went to the two cunning cheats. As soon as they heard of the Emperor's approach, they began working with all diligence, although as yet there was not a single thread on the loom.

"'Is it not magnificent?' said the two officers of the crown. 'Will your Majesty only look? What a charming pattern! what beautiful colours!' said they, pointing to the empty frames, for they thought the others really could see the stuff.

"'What's the meaning of this!' said the Emperor to himself, 'I see nothing! This is a terrible matter! Am I a simpleton; or am I not fit to be Emperor? Why, that were the worst that could happen to me.'—'Oh, charming; the stuff is really charming,' said he then; 'I approve it highly!' And he smiled graciously, and examined the empty looms minutely; for he would not for all in the world say that he could not see what his two officers had so much praised. The whole suite strained their eyes to discover something on the looms, but they could see as little as the others. At the same time, in order to please their master the Emperor, they all cried, 'Oh, how beautiful!' and counselled his Majesty to have new robes made out of this magnificent stuff for the grand procession which was about to take place. 'Excellent! charming!' was echoed from mouth to mouth, and all were extremely pleased. The Emperor was as satisfied as his courtiers, and conferred on each of the cheats an Order, which they were to wear in their button-hole, and gave them the title of 'Knights of the Most Honourable Order of the Loom.'

"The night preceding the day on which the procession was to take place, the two men stayed up all night, and had sixteen candles burning; so that everybody might see how they worked to get the Emperor's new dress ready in proper time. They pretended to unroll the stuff from the loom; they cut in the air with their scissors, and sewed with needles that had no thread. 'Now, then,' said they, 'the Emperor's new suit is ready at last.'

"The Emperor then made his appear-

ance in the chamber of his two Knights of the Most Honourable Order of the Loom, accompanied by his chamberlains of the highest rank; and the two cheats held up their arms as though they had something in their hands, and said, 'Here are your Majesty's knee-breeches; here is the coat, and here the mantle. The whole suit is as light as a cobweb; and when one is dressed one would almost fancy one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of this stuff!'

"'Of course!' said all the courtiers, although not a single one of them could see anything of the clothes.

"'Will your Imperial Majesty most graciously be pleased to undress? we will then try on the new things before the glass.'

"The Emperor allowed himself to be undressed, and then the two cheats did exactly as if each one helped him on with an article of dress, while his Majesty turned himself round on all sides before the mirror.

"'How well the dress becomes your Majesty! and how well all fits! What a pattern! What colours! This is indeed a dress worthy of a king!

"'The canopy which is to be borne above your Majesty in the procession is in readiness without,' announced the chief master of the ceremonies.

"'I am quite ready,' replied the Emperor. 'Do my new things sit well?' asked he, turning round once more before the looking-glass, in order that it might appear that he examined the dress very minutely.

"The pages who were to carry the Emperor's train felt about on the ground as if to lift up the end of the mantle, and did exactly as if they were carrying something, for they also did not wish to betray simplicity or unfitness for their post.

"And so the Emperor walked on, under the high canopy, through the streets of the metropolis, and all the people in the streets and at the windows cried out, 'Oh, how beautiful the Emperor's new dress is! what a splendid train! and the mantle, how well it sits!'

"In short, there was nobody but wished to cheat himself into the belief that he saw the highly valued clothes, for otherwise he would have had to acknowledge himself either a simpleton or an awkward fellow. As yet none of the Emperor's new dresses had met with such approval as the suit made by the two weavers.

"'But the Emperor has nothing on!' said a little child. 'Ah, hear the voice of innocence!' said the father, and one person whispered to the other what the child had said.

"'But he really has nothing on!' exclaimed at last all the people. This vexed the Emperor, for he felt that they were right, but he thought—'However, I must bear the thing to the end!' And the pages placed themselves further from him as if they were carrying a train which did not even exist."

We see from this to what eminence our originally humble friend the Proverb has risen. With a slight touch of dramatic life it rose into the Fable; with a slight widening of range and character it grew into the Parable; the Parable expanded into the lengthened Tale, or soared into vision and prophecy; or, finally, took the highest elevation of all, and become a Poem. Through all these intermediate stages, an adage, which sounds dreadfully dull in its first expression, becomes the *Fuery Queen;* and Arthur presiding at this Table Round, as shown to us in the *Idylls of the King*, what is he but the the grand embodiment of a Conscience, in the midst of all those Passion Knights and Sentiment Ladies, encouraging, rebuking, or, finally, forgiving according to their several deserts? Lancelot, in this sense, is one who sins not against his friend but his own soul; Guenever is pardoned, not by the offended husband, but the surer voice of her repentant heart. In the whole poem there is the presentment, in the noblest of English words, of the common saying relating to the inner judge—Have no other fear if the conscience is clear.

But if these genealogical aspirings are too high, and Faery Queens and Royal Idylls are Somersets and Howards beyond all cousinship or consanguinity with the Browns and Smiths, we can still claim kindred for our client the vulgar Proverb with some of the best blood of Parnassus. The next time we talk of "every bullet having its billet," or, in the Scotch form, "we maun a' gang when the time comes," let us turn to D'Herbelot, and see with what a poetic robe Leigh Hunt clothed the Persian adage, by almost verbally translating it, in the following lines, with which we will close this paper, in case of

having certain proverbs thrown in our teeth about enough being as good as a feast.

"The royal sage—the Master of the Ring,
Solomon—once upon a morn in spring,
By Kedron, in his garden's roslest walk,
Was loitering, with a pleasant guest in talk.
A man of awful presence, but with face
Yet undiscerned, was seen within the place.
The stranger seemed, to judge him by his dress,
One of mean sort, a dweller with distress,
Or some poor pilgrim;—but the steps he took
Bespoke an inward greatness, and his look
Opened a page in a tremendous book.
How he got there—what wanted—who could be—
That ventured thus to beard such privacy;
Whether some mighty Spirit of the Ring,
And if so, why he thus should daunt the King?
All these the courtier would have asked, but fear
Palsied his utterance as the man drew near.
And the Ring's Master, after one brief gaze,
Looked on with more of trouble than amaze.

. . . . . .

'Oh Solomon!—oh friend!—Lord of the Ring,
I cannot bear the horror of this thing.
'Help with thy mighty power! Wish me, I pray,
On the remotest mountain of Cathay.'
Solomon wished, and the man vanished.—Straight
On came the stranger with his orbs of fate;
And looking harshly on the King, said he—
'What meant that man here wasting time with thee?
I was to fetch him ere the close of day
From the remotest mountain of Cathay.'
Solomon said, bowing him to the ground—
'Angel of Death, there shall the man be found.'"

THE MEETING.

Bitter was the tale I dreaded,
Grief of heart for evermore,
When from years of weary travel,
Landing on my native shore,
I sought out the ancient village
And the well-remembered door.

Long it was since any tidings
Reached me wandering o'er the wave,
And my soul for certain knowledge,
Though it held a curse, did crave—
Though the melancholy answer
Only echoed of the grave.

I had left three little children
In the years of long ago—
But past joy is present sorrow;
Painfully the seasons flow—
Who am I to be delivered
From the broken hopes below?

I had left an angel woman
Guardian of the tender three—
Is she dead or is she living?
Is her spirit true to me?
Well I know that many winters
Cannot change her constancy.

And I sought the well-loved cottage,
Skirted by the poplar tall;
Waited by the garden-wicket,
Listening to the waterfall;
And I caught the pleasant odour
Of the jasmine on the wall.

Then I entered, and she knew me,
And sank fainting in my arms.
On her face I saw imprinted
Midnight watchings, pain, alarms.
And her children clustered round me,
Undivided, free from harms.

P. S. Worsley.

PROGRESS.

The broad advances of material power,
The onward sweep of intellectual good,
And nations moving into manhood new
Through wisdom and authentic civil change—
O soul-expansive creed! O faith to stir
The individual breast with hopes divine,
And breathe forgetfulness of private wrong!
But when I ask myself what these have done,
What failed to do, I felt as if an air,
Steady and chill, from some waste wilderness,
Swept cold across the chambers of my heart;
For through the heavy multitudinous roll,
Heard underneath the noises of the hour
From Life's dark hollows, as I thought, a cry
Unheeded, inarticulate, went up,
Which forcibly found words within my breast:—

Still we suffer wrongs untold,
Robbed of peace and joy and health,
Slowly slain, both young and old,
For the rich man's greed of wealth.
How long shall our hearths lie cold?
How long shall our lives be sold?
Rise, ye men of nobler mould,
Say it shall not be for ever!

Vainly doth the poor man groan,
Vainly doth he speak his grief.
"Work on, till thy days be flown;
Seek not, save in death, relief!"
It is thus they mock his moan,
While they take from him his own,
Leaving him the grave alone.
Where to sleep at rest for ever!

Shall there not deep vengeance fall
On the tyrants pitiless,
Holding cursed festival
In a people's heaviness?
Vengeance late or soon will fall
On the oppressors one and all,
Covering, like a funeral pall,
These iniquities for ever!

O would that all men who have eyes to see,
Who feel the earthquake heaving in its chains,
Would lay to heart the remedy of things
Disjointed, ere they perish, and would turn

Where lies the one hope of the groaning earth!
Nor will I doubt my country shall find help—
Not in the selfishness of social war,
State agitations, and the building up
A Babel of unripe democracies;
But in the charity of man to man;
In the acknowledgment of common blood
Drawn from a common Father; in the sense
Of Christ's desert wherein we all are rich,
And of our own wherein we all are poor.
This is that touch of nature which will make
The whole world kin, and bring "the golden year."
And God be thanked that many to this end
Are working, by the unfaithful and inert
Derided, not defeated, and, though faint,
Pursuing; the laborious pioneers
Who point the scope of elemental Right;
Who make the rough ways smooth, the crooked straight;
Who lift the valleys even with the hills,
And on a secret anvil, hour by hour,
Unforge the fetters of Humanity!

P. S. Worsley.

STRENGTH.

In strength there ever dwells of right
Some quality of noble name,
Which through base uses keeps alight
A remnant of celestial flame,
And cannot leave him wholly vile
Within whose breast it takes abode,
Since this one spot, this little isle,
Must still retain the stamp of God.
In Him who, not of kings the heir,
Carves out a crown by kingly work,
Must needs be that some virtue rare,
Some godlike moral grace, doth lurk.
This, shining forth, shall colour lend
To wrong, or questionable act,
Till the world dreams a righteous end
Where only sophists can defend,
And Faith becomes the slave of Fact.
Yet it is an effeminate thing,
A woman-weakness, still to crave
For works that make the world to ring,
Or setting up some idol-king
For violence pronounce him brave.
For stronger far, and in their strength
More honourably due to fame,
Are they who through the stormy length
Of combat kept a flawless name;
Who, reddened to the brows with strife,
Have nourished hearts not cruel still;
Men who, though widely taking life,
Shed blood for conscience' sake, not will:

Who sheathed the sword when peace might be,
And, bravely glad, confessed it gain;
In whose severe sublimity
Envy detects no fatal stain;
Men of a perfect mould; and such,
Who knew themselves and knew their time,
We cannot honour over-much
In story or in rhyme.

Strong is the statesman who can wield
A nation to his single will,
Teach its blind passions how to yield,
And lordly destinies fulfil;
Who to one point, whate'er befall,
Makes every shapely purpose bend,
Becoming all things unto all,
So he may gain an end.
Yet greater oft is ill success—
Later in time they reap applause
Whom factions could not ban nor bless;
Found brave enough to lose a cause;
Who, 'mid a grovelling race and prone,
Walked honestly erect and proud,
Who dared not lie to gain a throne,
Nor struck their colours to the crowd.
Such shall not lack renown till when
Cometh an iron age at last,
Sneering at all that makes us men,
Cursed with contemnings of the Past;
Who, reaping where they have not sown,
Wax selfish in their base degree;
Who think the breath they breathe their own,
And slur the light by which they see.

This is the noblest strength to seek,
And fadeless still the crown remains,
Which once He wore who, strongly weak,
On Calvary was wrung with pains.
To suffer, and without complaint,
Makes grandeur more divine than all;
This to high places lifts the faint;
This is the hero's coronal.
To wither in a dark disgrace
Which half a word might wipe away,
And clothed with calumny to face
Contempt and hatred day by day,
Because the half-word that would change
Our destiny were best unsaid—
O wide and elevated range
Of hearts to worthy interests wed!
So blest the fame-regardless thought,
Which, to divine attractions true,
Feels that the life which hath been taught
To suffer hath been taught to do!

P. S. Worsley.

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART IX.

CHAPTER XXIX.—A MYSTERIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

"My dear Lad" — thus wrote Mr. Shearaway—"I was truly glad to receive tidings of you, and more especially from your own hand. For though you have been long away from us, you are by no means forgotten, at least by me; and I have often caught myself wondering, when I ought to have been doing something else (possibly attending to a sermon), what on earth had become of Norman Sinclair, the steadiest lad I ever had in hand, but also the queerest in so far as regarded his notions for the future. For a time I heard something about you from your old guardian, Ned Mather; but he became tired of Edinburgh, where his acquaintances were gradually dying out, and about three years ago settled down in some remote part of Galloway, where good fishing is to be had, since when he has given no token of existence. I always thought that you would make a spoon or spoil a horn (which, by the way, is but a stupid proverb, because if you don't make a spoon, the horn of course must be spoiled); but you know very well what I mean; and I really am delighted to hear that you have got on so well, and prophesy even better things for the time to come.

"With regard to that poor demented creature, Jamie Littlewoo, it will be my duty to tell his father what you have communicated, and to concert measures for saving the idiot from absolute ruin. I am the more bound to do this, because it was partly through my advice that he was sent to London, for giving which I am now like to eat my fingers from vexation. But I did it all for the best. We could make nothing of him here. He could neither settle down in the office, nor study for the bar, but took up with idle officers and dissipated ne'erdoweels, of whom it can hardly be said that they were *fruges consumere nati*, seeing that, for the most part, they subsisted entirely upon drink. What could we do with a lad who would neither read nor work, and never came home to his bed until three o'clock in the morning? I thought the best thing was to send him away from such graceless company, and to get him a situation where, at all events, he would be compelled to attend for certain hours; but it would seem from your account that he has louped from the frying-pan into the fire, and got into the hands of the Jews, for whose conversion I would sincerely pray, and even cheerfully subscribe, if I thought that on becoming Christians they would cease to be discounters of bills. Mr. Littlewoo must just make up his mind to advance whatever is necessary to clear his gowk of a son. His case is a hard one, for I don't think he has saved much, having an expensive family. What with dinners and balls and pic-nics (in spite of which none of the Misses have got married), they must have muddled away an awful deal of money. I know I should not like to have to pay the haberdasher's account for the last twelvemonth.

"It will not be necessary that I should write to James Littlewoo immediately, as I expect to be in London in the course of a fortnight, when I shall ascertain the amount of his liabilities, and consider how they may be discharged. I should not have thought of coming to London at this season of the year, but, like every one else, I have got mixed up in railway matters, and have to look after the interests of some clients, in a bill which is now depending in Parliament. This railway mania is the most extraordinary movement that I can recollect. It has taken possession of well-nigh everybody in Edinburgh. Advocates, writers, doctors, citizens,

subscribe for hundreds of shares in every new line that is projected, and these come out often at the rate of seven in the day. Nobody thinks it worth while to consider where the money for making all these expensive works is to be found. It is enough if they can scrape together sufficient cash to pay the first deposit; for then they get scrip in exchange for their certificates, and, as the market presently stands, all kinds of scrip are at a premium. But the end cannot help being disastrous. I am greatly grieved by the infatuation of some personal friends of my own, who have gone in dreadfully deep; but wilful men will have their way, and they would not listen to my preaching though I had the gift of Moses and the prophets. Glasgow is fully worse than Edinburgh. The chappies are as greedy as gleds, but there will be long faces among them when the day of reckoning arrives.

"By the way, did you receive a letter which I addressed to you rather more than a year ago, at Vienna, where I understood you were residing? I rather suppose not, because, as it related to a matter of business, you would naturally have replied. It contained an advertisement which I cut from the *Times* newspaper, thinking that it might refer to you, and I kept a copy of it which I now enclose. The advertisement was repeated several times, and then withdrawn. I would have written at once to the London solicitors whose names are given, and who are men of high respectability; but, to say the truth, I was not sure as to your father's rank in the army, and the number of his regiment. My excellent old friend, Dr. Buchanan, your uncle, never spoke much about him; and I was apprehensive of committing a mistake, as once occurred when I lodged a claim for a client, in answer to an advertisement for the heirs of the deceased Captain Colin Campbell. Not that your name is quite as common as the other, at least out of Caithness, but I could not depone to the identity. I also sent a copy of the enclosed to Mather, but got no answer, Ned being notoriously a wretched hand at the pen. It is, however, possible that he may have applied on your behalf (that is, supposing you are the party indicated); but I would not have you take that for granted, so you had best look after the matter yourself."

The enclosure was to the following effect:—

"If the heirs of the late Henry Sinclair, Lieutenant in the —— regiment of the line, whose name appears in the return of the killed at the battle of the Pyrenees, will apply to Messrs. Poins and Peto, solicitors, Westminster, they will hear of something to their advantage."

"Poins and Peto!" said I to myself, "I thought that association had been dissolved in the days of the mad Prince! There can be no doubt that I am the party indicated by the advertisement, but what can it possibly refer to? Most likely some small arrear of regimental pay, which my poor mother had overlooked in her distress; at least I can think of nothing else. But here comes Attie Faunce. Did you ever get a letter, Attie, stating that if you made application to so-and-so you would hear of something to your advantage?"

"Scores of them," replied Attie. "But as they invariably contained a preliminary condition that I should forward a sovereign as the price of the information to be given, I was content to remain in comparative poverty rather than part with my twenty shillings. Once, indeed, I carried on, by way of fun, an animated correspondence with Joseph Ady, who had sent me a letter of the kind; my object being to secure, if possible, a personal interview with a gentleman who had achieved a notoriety unparalleled since the days of Dando the oyster-eater. I assure you I put forth my full powers of persuasion, and was well-nigh successful, for Joseph at last gave me a rendezvous; but alas for the vanity of human hopes! when I had penetrated the regions of far Whitechapel, and reached the Adyan domicile, the door was opened by a truculent looking Hebrew, with fiery hair, and something like a bed-post tucked under his arm—a very hide-

ous Cerberus, I assure you; and he denying that Joseph was at home, I was fain to sneak off, lest Barabbas might take it into his volcanic head to administer a touch of his bludgeon. I learned from the papers next day that I had only been an hour too late, Joseph having been taken into custody that morning, on some charge of levying money under false pretences."

"Did ever you hear of any result from such advertisements?"

"I draw a distinction between letters and advertisements. A letter costs the sender nothing; but advertising is expensive, and therefore not likely to be resorted to without some kind of object. But why do you ask?"

"Because I have just received from a correspondent in Scotland, a copy of an advertisement which appeared in the *Times* more than a year ago, when I was abroad, and which cannot apply to any other person than myself."

Attie read it over with attention.

"You may depend upon it this is worth inquiring into, Sinclair," he said; "Poins and Peto stand high in the profession, and reckon among their clients some of the first gentlemen in the land. You may consider yourself fortunate in having to deal with them. But tell me; was the Lieutenant Sinclair, mentioned in this advertisement, your father?"

"He was."

"And are you his eldest son?"

"I am an only child."

"Do you know of any relations who may have died without heirs; or are you aware if your father's name was inserted in any deed of entail? Such things are by no means uncommon."

"I have no expectations of the kind, Attie; and I do not think it at all likely that there is any such fortune in store for me. I lost both my parents so early that I know little of my family history, but I resided, when a boy, with my sole maternal uncle, and he gave me to understand that I had no near relations."

"Well; we need not speculate upon that, which doubtless will be made clear by Poins and Peto's explanation. I say though, Sinclair—will it not be best for you to lose no time in seeing them? Depend upon it, you will not be able to apply yourself seriously to anything until you know the full meaning of this advertisement. It is extraordinary what an effect a mysterious communication has upon the mind! It sets it fermenting like one of Meux's porter-vats, and stimulates the imagination to the uttermost. Ah, there is nothing like mystery! More than half the romance of society departed with the mask and domino; for a modern unsigned *billet-doux* is but one degree more interesting than a washing-bill, and the orthography usually employed in both kinds of documents is the same."

Faunce was right. I can conceive the fisherman in the Oriental story poring for hours over the mysterious vase which his nets had recovered from the sea, gazing with wonder on the strange characters impressed on the cabalistic seal, speculating on what the contents possibly could be —beginning perhaps with simple nard, and then mounting, through gradations of value, until diamonds, rubies, pearls, emeralds, and opals flashed upon his imagination as the kernels of that rugged rind. At length he opened it, and lo, it appeared to be no more than a bottle of smoke! So with the wife of Bluebeard. What could be more natural than that poor Fatima should long for a glimpse of the interior of the forbidden chamber? Surely woman-haters (if such monsters there really be) are fond of quoting that instance of female curiosity; but, as I read the story, Fatima was less actuated by curiosity than impelled by the wild force of an over-excited imagination. Curiosity is a mean and furtive propensity—imagination is a godlike attribute. It is miserable weakness to yield to the one; the other compels you to do its bidding.

Accordingly, I repaired to the chambers of the solicitors; and, after waiting for a short time, was ushered into the apartment of Mr. Poins, the senior partner of the firm; a quiet, composed, gentlemanly man, who, without rising from his seat, mo-

tioned me to a chair, and then asked what my business might be.

"I wait upon you, sir," said I, "in consequence of an advertisement which I understand was issued by your firm rather more than a year ago."

"What advertisement do you allude to?" said Mr. Poins. "Our business being rather a large one, I must beg you to be more specific."

"I believe this is a copy of it, sir," I replied, placing the document in his hand.

Mr. Poins glanced at the paper, and, I think, slightly shrugged his shoulders. He then favoured me with a long and attentive look.

"Are you, sir, an heir or relative of the Lieutenant Sinclair here mentioned, or do you simply come in behalf of a claimant?"

"My name, Mr. Poins, is Sinclair, Norman Sinclair. Lieutenant Henry Sinclair was my father."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Poins, still continuing his scrutiny. "Pardon me for asking if you are prepared to make good that assertion by undoubted evidence?"

"Unquestionably I am;—that is," said I, correcting myself, "the evidence is in Scotland, the country of my birth, whence it can readily be obtained."

Mr. Poins paused for a moment, and then said—

"This advertisement, Mr. Sinclair, is of a somewhat remote date. May I inquire why you did not make earlier application?"

"Because, sir, I never heard of it till this morning, when the copy which you now hold in your hand was forwarded to me from Scotland. I have been for several years on the Continent, and I have reason to think that a letter, informing me of the announcement when it first appeared, miscarried."

"That was unlucky," observed Mr. Poins.

Somewhat piqued by the dryness of the man, I said—

"The advertisement, sir, is to the effect that the heirs of Lieutenant Sinclair, on applying to your firm, will hear of something to their advantage. I have told you that I am his heir—I now request that you will favour me with the promised information."

"Nay, nay! We must not go on too rapidly. The first condition, you observe, sir, is that you shall furnish proper proof that you are the heir. Without that, I cannot proceed upon your assertion."

"Then, sir, you doubt my word? That leaves me no other alternative than to cut short an interview which, remember, I did not solicit."

"Stop, if you please, for a moment, sir," said Poins, who did not appear to be displeased by this slight ebullition on my part. "You must not be offended because I show the habitual caution of a lawyer. You will at once understand why I require satisfactory proof that you are the heir, when I inform you that already we have had applications from several claimants."

"As heirs of Lieutenant Sinclair?" cried I, in astonishment.

"Even so," said Mr. Poins.

"And did they offer to produce evidence to that effect?"

"They not only offered, but actually did so. The evidence, however, did not prove to be in any way satisfactory."

"You amaze me, Mr. Poins!" I exclaimed, "I am my father's sole child: I never understood that he had any near relatives. The persons, therefore, who applied to you must have been impostors."

"In that view," replied Mr. Poins, "I am certainly disposed to join. We members of the legal profession are compelled to be most circumspect in our inquiries, so numerous are the instances of fraud that are daily attempted to be practised. In cases of succession, this is very common; and therefore it is usual, when claimants present themselves, to ask whether they have any references to give as to position and antecedents."

"I perfectly understand your meaning, Mr. Poins," I replied. "You want to know precisely who and what I am?"

The solicitor assented by a bow.

"Then, sir," said I, "I shall frankly tell you that I am not prepared to give such references immediately. There are, indeed, two individuals resident here to whom I might con-

fidently appeal if this were a question of character; but, except from what I have myself communicated, neither are acquainted with my early history."

"Would you have any objection to mention their names?" asked Mr. Poins.

I was on the point of referring to Lord Windemere and Mr. Osborne, when it occurred to me that I really had no right to take such a liberty; so I replied—

"I might do so, Mr. Poins, if their testimony could in any way expedite the business; but from what you have said, I apprehend such would not be the case. I understand this is simply a question of fact. You require that I shall prove my birth—that proof you shall have. Any other considerations are extrinsic."

"Sir," replied Mr. Poins, "that is the correct business view. In the mean time, will you favour me with your address?"

"Most willingly." And I gave him my card.

"One word more, Mr. Sinclair," said Poins: "are you acquainted with any solicitor in town? Because, if you are, that might materially tend to obviate difficulties."

"I have no legal adviser here," I replied. "But in the course of a fortnight I expect the arrival from Edinburgh of a friend who has known me from boyhood, a gentleman well known to the profession, to whose hands I shall intrust the further conduct of the business."

"Surely you may confide to me his name, at all events?" said the inquisitive Poins, who seemed bent upon gaining information without imparting any.

"I allude to Mr. Walter Shearaway, Writer to the Signet."

"A member of the firm who act as family agents for the Marquess of Carrabas?"

"The same, sir."

"In that case, Mr. Sinclair, I anticipate no difficulty in the way of a settlement; that is, if Mr. Shearaway shall corroborate your statement."

"That you must learn from Mr. Shearaway himself. And now, Mr. Poins, I shall wish you good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Sinclair. It is from no discourtesy that I withhold for the present the information you desire. When you substantiate your claim—that is, when the evidence of your birth is laid before me—you will, I am sure, admit that I have not been wantonly trifling with your time. Put what construction you please on that, and farewell for the present."

"Well!" thought I, as I turned my steps homeward, "if these are the pleasures of hope, they bear a marvellous similitude to disappointment! Why, my case is much harder than that of the suitors of Portia; for they had the option of terminating their anxiety by selecting one of the baskets, whereas I am not only left without a choice, but am left without the remotest idea of what I have to expect. The ancients said of Plutus, the god of riches, that he was lame as well as blind, so that when Jupiter desired him to visit any favoured individual, his approach was so slow that oftentimes the expecting party grew old before he came. But what reason have I to suppose that Plutus is even on his way? That impenetrable Poins is qualified to have been high-priest of the oracle of Dodona! And yet, if the information he possesses, but will not disclose until I have established my identity, has reference to a mere trifle, would he have given himself all this trouble? Really it is most vexatious to be launched on so uncertain a sea!"

It is not without a feeling of shame that I record these impressions. Natural they might be, under the circumstances, but surely ungracious; since it is our duty to wait for what fortune may befall us, without impatience and without repining. But I fear it is true that even a glimpse of prosperity is apt to unsettle our minds, and to expose us to the haunting influence of troublesome and fallacious phantasms. Alnaschar, before he found himself in possession of his basket of glass-ware, was doubtless a happy and contented man, going to rest with the sun and rising with the lark, trusting to Providence for his daily bread, taking no thought of the

morrow, and implicitly adopting the maxim that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. But his brittle hoard became a curse. It made him a visionary, taught him to indulge in the wildest and most extravagant expectations, and finally was shivered into a thousand fragments by a touch. My own hopes, so suddenly roused, did not rest on a much more substantial basis; but I had heard enough to destroy the equilibrium of my mind, and to withdraw my attention from that daily labour which hitherto had been my duty and my comfort. It was in vain that I tried, by a strong effort, to master this feeling. The *omne ignotum pro magnifico* had fairly got possession of my thoughts. I had found a Mephistopheles in Poins, and felt assured that rest would never return to me, until the secret was extorted from the demon. So I resolved to do what, under the circumstances, was perhaps the wisest thing—that is, I agreed with Attie Faunce to go down to Greenwich, and discuss the subject over a fish-dinner and a cool bottle of claret.

CHAPTER XXX.—A DAY AT GREENWICH.

Our Parisian friends are extremely fond of contrasting the gaiety and pleasure which surround existence in their beautiful and luxurious city with the dull monotony of London life, which, they opine, must be very grievous to bear. The sturdy Briton who, in dietary matters, maintains the unrivalled superiority of beef-steaks and brown-stout, and who is as methodical in his recreation as in his mode of conducting business, may esteem this an absolute delusion; nevertheless it must be allowed that there is more than a substratum of truth in the vaunting of the foreigner. I exclude, of course, from consideration family establishments; because there is nothing in the whole world to be compared with the comforts of English domesticity; so perfect, so well regulated, so conducive to the health both of mind and body, is the arrangement of our homes. What can make up for the lack of the fireside round which wife and children are gathered—for the mutual confidence of spouses—for the sweet social intercourse of family connections and friends? With us marriage effects a vast change in the thoughts, habits, and pursuits of men. They have entered upon a new sphere of duty, and to that they must adapt themselves and be true, if they wish to gain the esteem or deserve the applause of their fellow-citizens. In France it is different. There, marriage is regarded purely as a matter of *convenance*, which does not necessarily imply any change of habit. Monsieur has his own apartments, and breakfasts, dines, and spends the evening irrespective of Madame, whose intimate acquaintances, male and female, need not be those of her husband. Of all gods, the French Hymen is the most pitiful. He is simply hired for a single day to attend the ceremony with his torch; and then, having received the stipulated number of francs, is dismissed from the establishment forever.

But the arrangements for bachelor life are, or rather were before the establishment of clubs, infinitely more delightful and commodious in Paris than in London. The raptures of Bob Fudge, though conceived in a spirit of extreme sensuality, are not much exaggerated, and must have found an echo in many British bosoms. Between the wretched London lodging-house breakfast, and the elegant *déjeûner* of the Parisian *café*, what an egregious difference! With what infinite disgust must those who have habitually dined at Beauvilliers' or the Rocher de Cancalle, recall to memory the stifling odours and coarse fare of a city chop-house! There may have been, since then, some improvement in that respect; but in the days of which I am speaking, it was next to impossible to extemporise a really good and elegant dinner in London, at least without payment of a most exorbitant price. In order to secure that, you were forced to go either to Greenwich or Richmond.

It being now the whitebait season, Greenwich was of course the favourite, and thither Attie Faunce and I repaired. How that little Hospital town could manage, with all its hotels, to accommodate and provide for the entertainment of the throng of guests daily disgorged by the city was exceedingly miraculous; for in addition to the usual number of Londoners who were lured thither by the fine weather and fresh salubrious air of the Park, there was a whole army of railway witnesses and railway officials, who, being sustained and fed at the expense of their respective companies, came flocking to the banquet with the voracity of ravens, resolute not to lose the golden opportunity of enjoyment which the speculative mania had so unexpectedly placed within their reach. Old Father Thames might have addressed to Ocean a complaint similar to that which Xanthus preferred, when, in revenge for his aggression on Achilles, Vulcan invaded his banks and made havoc among his fishes—such demands were there for fresh relays of whitebait, eels, and flounders, as threatened the absolute extermination of the whole of the finny tribe. Loud was the bray for viands, incessant the popping of the corks; while, half distracted by the multitude of calls, and yet attempting to maintain the semblance of perfect self-possession, the ministering waiters flitted through the motley groups.

Having secured a table, and ordered dinner to be ready at a particular hour, Faunce and I strolled out into the Park, where the Mayflower was yet luxuriant, filling the air with its unrivalled fragrance, and where the forest foliage admitted the sunbeams in long shafts of golden green. Passing from glade to glade, among the quiet fallow-deer, apart from the more open slopes, where the lads of Cheapside and damsels of Bow-bell were making holiday in their own quaint fashion, after the manner of Jack and Jill, renowned in nursery song, we came to a little postern-gate opening on Blackheath, and emerged upon the breezy common. Considering its vicinity to London, the scene was strangely solitary. Scarce a passenger or vehicle appeared on the road. A few donkeys ready caparisoned, but unbespoke by riders, were nibbling the stunted grass, whilst the urchins who had them in charge were engaged in an animated game at leap-frog. In the distance two processions of boarding-school girls, headed by their respective duennas, moved along at a funereal pace. Otherwise the place was as destitute of life as the long reaches of Salisbury Plain.

We set out for a brisk walk, as a preliminary for the dinner; and Attie, as usual, made himself most entertaining. Observing that I was rather absent (for, to say the truth, I could not dismiss the interview of the morning from my mind), he launched out into all sorts of droll conjectures regarding the secret which was locked up in the bosom of Mr. Poins. Among other vagaries, he composed a brilliant little romance, after the manner of Alexandre Dumas, making me out to be a Crown-Prince who had been changed at nurse. He then sketched our triumphal entry into the hereditary dominions—for he insisted on being nominated Prime Minister—amidst the *vivats* of the populace; negotiated a very convenient marriage with a neighboring Archduchess of surpassing beauty; embroiled me in a quarrel with the Sultan for having raised the tariff upon bowstrings; and finally conducted me, at the head of a victorious army, to Constantinople, where we plucked down the crescent from the dome of St. Sophia. I could not help laughing heartily at this, and expressed my surprise that he had never turned his talents for romance to any practical purpose.

"Why, you see," said Attie, "the public taste has been somewhat debauched of late, and a fine inventive genius like mine, which spurns at probability, would hardly be appreciated. I once tried a tale for a magazine, but the manuscript was returned to me with an intimation that the editor considered my story rather too bloodthirsty and truculent for insertion in his pages. Certainly it was not milk-and-water. If

I recollect aright, there were ten single combats, three assassinations, two poisonings, an Inquisition scene, and the sack of a city, compressed within very narrow compass; and in order to prevent unnecessary mourning at the close, I killed off all my characters except a jocose serving-man, who wound up with a comic ditty. I don't know where else he could have got so much stirring action thrown into so limited a space; but the blockhead rejected my contribution for a Low-church story intended to expose the Puseyites. Most consummate trash it was, I can assure you."

"But really, Attie, I wonder you don't turn your attention to some steady pursuit. A butterfly existence is all very well just now; but you will grow tired of it at last; and then perhaps you may regret that you have not employed your time to better purpose."

"I have a high respect for your opinion, Sinclair; but it strikes me that at present you are enunciating something like cant. What would you have me do? Is it not a common complaint that, owing to the extraordinary competition, it is most difficult to find an opening for young men of education—meaning of course those who have no fortune of their own to trust to; and would you have me, who, thanks to Providence, am somewhat better off, go in for a share of the miserable cake which must be divided among so many applicants? I give you my honour I should regard myself as a shabby fellow if I did anything of the kind."

"But, Faunce, constituted as we are, work of some sort is almost a necessity."

"I deny that. Deep scholars don't work: they read, and so do I, though my reading may be different from theirs. But what do you mean by work? Most people use the term as significant of something that remunerates—that can, one way or other, be estimated at a money value. Now, suppose I were a lawer, and laid myself out for practice. I should have to defend Nokes and Stokes against actions for trespass, or prosecute Giles and Styles for poaching, or make motions in Chancery, or plead, if you like, before the House of Peers. All very well, and I get a lot of guineas for doing so. But if I have enough guineas of my own and to spare, is there anything commendable or exemplary in my devoting my time to the turning over of musty law-books, and thinning my hair by the continual attrition of a confounded wig? Suppose that I get to the top of my profession, shall I have done anything to cause me to be remembered? Certainly not. Three years after the demise of 'Arthur Faunce, Esquire, Queen's Counsel, whose eminence at the bar is proverbial,' the name will be utterly forgotten. Is that a tempting prospect?"

"Then, am I to understand, Attie, that you put in a plea for indolence?"

"Certainly not. I call no man indolent who exerts his faculties in any direction whatever; but I protest against the vulgar notion that it is a meritorious thing for a man to lead the life of a pack-horse. You, Sinclair, are one of the busy people whom Byron has sweepingly condemned, because 'they rack their brains for lucre, not for fame.' In that you show your sense, because your object is to make money, and your proper implement is the pen. But suppose that you succeeded to a fortune to-morrow, would you continue to be a journalist? I suspect not. You might attempt authorship in another form, either with the view of acquiring reputation, or because that mode of filling up your hours of leisure is the most congenial to your mind; but you would not, as now, bind yourself to the performance of a daily task, which must be accomplished even though your inclination rebels against it. Am I right in that conjecture?"

"Probably you are right. Every man, I believe, looks forward to a time when he can gracefully relinquish labour; but your argument, in so far as I can understand it, is directed against labour generally."

"Against needless labour only, for I go no further. For what object do the majority of mankind labour? Undoubtedly to supply their wants. That is a condition of existence; and

you and I, if we could find no better means of livelihood, would be fain to handle the currycomb or carry the bag, in the capacity of groom or gamekeeper. Many an Oxford and Cambridge man has been reduced in Australia to the necessity of blacking shoes or breaking stones for the highway, and in doing so there was no dishonour, for they were earning their daily bread. But if your wants happen to be already supplied, are you still bound to labour? That must be your proposition, else your whole argument is based upon nothing."

"Nay, but remember, I spoke of labour rather as a means of happiness than as a positive duty."

"Then, in doing so, you overlooked the notorious fact that the kind of occupation which gives happiness to one man would be positive misery to another. All of us have our tastes and our pursuits; and in cultivating and following these, supposing them to be blameless of their kind, we shall not only best consult our own happiness, but in all probability contribute most effectually to the happiness of others."

"Then," said I, not without a certain consciousness that I had the worst of the argument, for, like many other preachers, I had been founding on my own forced example as a positive rule of life, "what kind of existence do you propose for yourself in the future?"

"A very happy one," replied Faunce, "if the fates prove propitious. Being reasonably well provided with this world's goods, there is nothing to prevent me from marrying, supposing I can gain the consent of the lady and her papa. My cousin, Janey Osborne, will not, I trust, prove relentless, and I must get you, one of these fine days, to put in a good word for me to my uncle. He is a fine old fellow, Sinclair, that uncle of mine; and if he thought such a match would be for Janey's happiness, I am sure he would not refuse. He likes me well enough, I believe; but he has got a notion that I am somewhat scampish and unsteady, which is no further true than that I have been fond of amusement, and not very particular in the selection of my company. That unquestionably was a great blunder on my part. Men are judged quite as much by the character of their associates as their own; and I acknowledge to have gone about town with more than one fellow whose private character would hardly stand examination. But then it should be remembered that I was left to my own guidance at a very early age, and nothing flatters a boy more than the notice of a man who assumes an air of fashion, and pretends to a thorough knowledge of life. I may thank my stars that I did not suffer more severely from such intimacies."

"But how did you get rid of them, Attie? for I have always understood that there was much difficulty in terminating connections of that kind."

"Faith, sir, my friends saved me all superfluous trouble, for they disappeared of their own accord. The first and most distinguished was a meteoric genius called Jack Fuller. What Jack's antecedents were, nobody knew, and he never vouchsafed to explain; but he descended on town like an aerolite, and blazed away for a considerable period. He was a tall, strong, hilarious fellow, with a loud voice, the brawn of a Hercules, and the digestion of an ostrich. Brandy, which he consumed by the quart, seemed to have no effect upon him; at least it did not incapacitate him from taking a distinguished part in various nightly encounters with those implacable enemies of fast men, the police. Jack had formed himself a good deal upon the Tom-and-Jerry model, now fortunately out of date; he knew every late tap and finish in London, and was a strenuous supporter of the decaying dynasty of the prize-ring. How I became acquainted with Jack is little to the purpose. My weakness then was a passion for the turf, which Jack fostered by taking me with him to Epsom and Doncaster, and you may be sure that the company I was introduced to there was none of the most select. I might have been pigeoned to almost any extent, for I was a perfect novice; but Jack, with all his faults, and they were many, was good-natured,

and kept me from the beaks of the falcons, at the expense, no doubt, of a few feathers, which he extracted for himself. But I soon grew tired of stables and betting-rooms. I never could bring myself to listen with interest to the oath-bespangled conversation of a jock, nor did I feel any antiquarian delight in tracing the pedigree of a filly. I got sufficient insight into the mysteries of racing to convince me that all sorts of blackguardism were practised by men who made a regular profession of the turf; I was thoroughly disgusted by their slang, and not particularly fascinated by their manners. So I gradually withdrew myself from Jack; who, poor fellow, shortly afterwards withdrew himself from town. He had made a bad book on the Derby, having been sold by a rough-rider, in whom he placed an unwise confidence; and as it was always his maxim that debts of honour must at all hazards be paid, he took the liberty of counterfeiting, on stamped paper, the signature of a friend, who, being a lover of practical jokes, might be disposed, as Jack thought, to overlook the eccentricity. But it is wonderful how touchy people are about their bank accounts. Jack's friend denounced the forgery — for such, alas! it proved to be; and all the efforts of Serjeant Wilkins to save his client from the legal consequences were futile. He crossed the seas at the expense of Government, but soon got a ticket-of-leave; and his name appears prominently in the list of those who patronise the races at Melbourne."

"And who replaced this favourite of the Dioscuri in your intimacy?"

"A very queer fellow who had a decided turn for theatricals. I was always fond of the theatre, and could not help fancying that those aerial creatures who come upon the stage in flesh-coloured tights, with pretty buskins, and who look so coquettish and enticing, must bear a close resemblance to the nymphs with whom Mohammed peopled his Paradise for the future delectation of the faithful. I had no turn for the higher department of the Thespian school of art. Juliet might rhapsodise, and Belvidera dissolve herself into tears, without inspiring me with any wish to cultivate their further acquaintance; but I have seen some very attractive soubrettes, and a certain young lady who performed the part of Apollo, in the opera of *Midas*, made capture of my heart for the better part of a season. You never heard anything like her way of singing, 'Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue.' It would have overcome even the prejudices of St. Anthony. Well; my new friend, Charles Higgins, had the *entrée* of all the green-rooms, was hand-in-glove with every professional gentleman who nightly ran rapier through his fellow, and, what was more to the purpose, was acquainted with all the actresses. He took me behind the scenes, and introduced me to mimetic life. For a time I thought it grand fun. We had roaring suppers, followed by first rate comic singing, and imitations, that would have killed you, of well-known public characters; and then, on holidays, had I not the honour of conveying some of the prettiest women — if you will but excuse a slight touch of the artificial rose on their cheeks — to Richmond, where, at the Star and Garter, we did enjoy the most ambrosial banquets. There were two sisters — Evangeline and Louisa Fitzmaurice — (I suspect those were not their real names, but the theatrical world is indifferent to such trifles as a rigid adherence to baptismal records) — whom Charley and I peculiarly affected. Evangeline was admitted to be the finest Oberon on the boards, and she fixed my fancy. Louisa was a bouncing Columbine, and more suited to the peculiar taste of Charley.

"Flirtations of that kind are no doubt very pleasant, but they are especially dangerous. There is no calumny more gross or unfounded than that which casts a general aspersion upon the character of female performers on the British stage. In that respect they are, most of them, quite exemplary; but their professional habits set them apart as a class, and they are beset with admirers. Very few of them are really so fond of the stage that they would not gladly leave it to be insured of a

comfortable home; and each of them has a duenna, in the shape of a reputed aunt, who, while apparently absorbed in her knitting, has her ears quite open to what is going on, and registers the vows of lovers with much more exactitude than Cupid.

"I defy any man to mix much in theatrical society, without contracting a habit of talk borrowed from the language of the stage. 'Angel' is about the mildest term that you can apply to a young lady, who that evening will exhibit herself to the public with a pair of butterfly wings attached to her shoulders, and if you add the prefixed 'adored,' you hardly transgress the verge of common compliment. But 'auntie' takes a quiet note of such sayings; and if you are rash enough to repeat them on paper, the billets are carefully put up, and treasured for future contingencies. Now I won't deny that I flirted considerably with Evangeline. She was a good girl, but not very bright; and when I said anything beyond her comprehension, she simply exclaimed, 'Ah!' in the most pathetic tone possible, and turned upon me the artillery of a pair of melting dove-like eyes. There were moments when she might have made me promise anything and I hardly know at this moment how I managed to avoid committing myself beyond retrieval.

"But if I was in a bad way, Charley was in a worse. Nature intended him if not for a Harlequin (which character he would have performed very well but for a peculiar Dutch-like obesity of conformation), at least for a master of the ring at Astley's amphitheatre, so thoroughly imbued was he with the passion for theatrical display. He ought to have been a Prince of Monaco, which territory, you are aware, pertains to the ancient house of Grimaldi, it being the etiquette there to jump into the premises by the window, instead of entering as elsewhere by the door.

"A new Christmas pantomime was got up on an unexampled scale of grandeur, and in it Louisa Fitzmaurice danced a *cachucha*, which created a *furore* far exceeding anything that had been known in London. Her portrait instantly appeared in every cigar-shop. She was more talked of than Lola Montez; and Charley, worked up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, offered her his hand. He was not very rich, to be sure, but there was something in expectation; Louisa had been bounding for three years without any eligible proposal; so Charley, to his intense delight, was accepted. He rushed one morning into my rooms, and told me of happiness. 'Now,' said he, 'but one thing is wanting to complete our bliss. Propose to Evangeline, old fellow, and we shall all be married together!'

"Charley knew the theatre, but he did not know human nature. The most daring swimmer feels a spasm of dismay when he sees a man drowning beyond the reach of help or recovery; and the catastrophe announced by Higgins had simply the effect of awakening me to a sense of my danger. I muttered something about my entire innocence of any such design; whereupon Charley knit his brows, and, throwing himself into an attitude, commenced a sentence to the following effect:—'The man who is base enough wantonly to trifle with the affections of a confiding and unprotected female——'

"'Cut it short, Charley,' said I; 'you are infringing copyright by poaching on Fitz-ball. Marry whomsoever you please. It is quite indifferent to me, but I don't intend to marry Evangeline.'

"'And yet you could take her to Richmond!' hissed Charley.

"'Why not?' said I, 'when I paid the shot for you, and her, and Louisa.'

"'You shall hear more of this anon!' said Charley.

"'Anon be it!' said I, 'and in the meanwhile I wish you good morning.'

"I did not get out of that scrape without a threatened action of damages for breach of promise; but as I had been chary of letter-writing, they could not make up a case. That was, I think, my last escapade; but the memory of it has done me a deal of harm. An absurd and perfectly harmless intimacy with a third-rate actress has been magnified into worse than an intrigue; and I suspect that this story, which it is very difficul

to explain to a gentleman of his years, has reached my uncle Osborne, with many aggravations. I have told you the whole truth, Sinclair, and I am sure you will trust to my sincerity, and do what you can, if the subject should be mooted to you, to remove any false impression."

"That you may rely on, Faunce; but surely Mr. Osborne is not so austere as to make no allowance for youthful follies. Pray what became of Evangeline?"

"She married a railway contractor, who is supposed to have been reared in a barge, but against whose sovereigns I should be sorry to count down my shillings. He is said to be an excellent fellow, with no worse failing than an addiction to gin-and-water. It is supposed that Peel will elevate him to the baronetage, and Evangeline may possibly become the mother of a British peer."

"Well; let us suppose that all obstacles are removed, and your marriage over. What follows next?"

"A box in the neighbourhood of London, where I can receive my friends, who, I assure you, shall be sufficiently select. Not one of the kidney of Jack Fuller or Charley Higgins shall be invited. There I shall have a billiard-room, a nice library and gardens, which Alcinous might envy; though I shall not ruin myself by giving exorbitant prices for exotics. My weakness is for fruit; and I shall grow such nectarines, and plums, and peaches as never were seen before. Melons also, and strawberries, shall be there in profusion, and jargonelles, to gather which Adam would have climbed the outer wall of Paradise. Then I shall rent a moor in Scotland, with salmon-fishing adjacent thereto; and if my means will allow, I shall keep a yacht. That is my programme of existence; and I submit that it is artistically conceived."

"It certainly would be difficult to invent one more thoroughly agreeable. All good-luck to you, Attie, and may your wishes be realised! But now let us back to Greenwich. We have had rather an extensive walk, and I begin to experience the pangs that afflicted the ancient Ichthyophagi."

Mr. Disraeli, in one of his lively novels, has said that the impression left by a Greenwich repast is simply that you have been dining upon brown bread-and-butter and pink champagne. I deny the charge; for being a fish-eater from my youth upwards—so much so as to expose me to the suspicion that I held the tenets of Romanism—I consider myself qualified to pass an opinion; and I hereby declare that I think Greenwich, making allowance for its situation, is an admirable haunt for the piscivorous. I should lie if I asserted that such banquets approach in excellence those which were whilome set forth by the lamented Mrs. Clark of Newhaven; for she was indeed high-priestess of Neptune and Amphitrite, and by some mysterious arrangement with the Oceanides, drew tithes of their choicest produce. Mirific were her fish soups, concocted after a recipe for which a cardinal might have bartered his stockings—magnificent the cod's-head and shoulders which she used to parade, a dish which the wise epicure reserves for his solitary feeding, grudging even to the friend of his bosom the choice of the savoury tid-bits. Then the sides of salmon, patterns of beauty and of curd—turbot so rich that it hardly required the rosy assistance of the lobster—and "rumples" of skate, whereon whosoever battened became partaker of a second youth! Yet, after a fashion, Greenwich does well; for although a highly-educated palate may be indifferent to the water-sootje and the flounders, the eels are entitled to laudation, and whitebait is a delicacy fit, if not for the gods, at least for Cabinet ministers at the end of a laborious session. There is also a kind of punch vended there which is exceedingly nectarious; so that it is a sin to grumble when so many good things are provided for our especial refection on a holiday.

Attie and I brought to the banquet the invaluable adjunct of a good appetite; nor was it until we had appeased the sacred rage of hunger that we took a deliberate survey of the guests. They were of all sorts, nations, and kindred; merging their differences in the common enjoy-

ment of what the virtuous Epicurean philosopher has designated as the sole important event of the day. Attie, who was my Asmodeus, began as usual to prattle, and commenced a series of anecdotes respecting the lives and conversation of those around, with the history of some of whom he seemed intimately acquainted.

"You see that stout, thickest, middle-aged man yonder, at a table by himself, with two decanters before him, already half-empty? Observe how attentive the waiter is, and how he keeps supplying him with whitebait! That, sir, is no ordinary character. He is a first-class parliamentary orator, though he rarely delivers more than one speech in the session — a writer who, for brilliancy and point, is thought to be unrivalled — a man who in general society takes the lion's share of the conversation; indeed, is perfectly wretched if any other tongue wags except his own. He is now paying the penalty for his supremacy in speech. Your grand talkers have no intimates. I do not believe that eminent individual ever enjoyed the luxury of a *tête-a-tête* with a right good hearty fellow, laughed at his jokes, and reciprocally passed the bottle. To be sure, joking is not his *forte*. He has stuffed his memory as full of historical facts as are the pockets of a boy with nuts in the autumn, and he is always throwing about the shells with an air of consummate wisdom. A great man, doubtless; but I envy not a solitary feeder."

"A bad practice, I agree with you; and one likely to produce biliary derangement."

"A just observation that, in reference to the present instance. Yonder are two gentlemen eagerly discussing some question over their sherry. What do you take them to be?"

"Projectors of some sort or other, I should imagine, judging from their demeanour and gestures."

"You have hit it. They are projectors, and a curiously-matched pair. The elderly man, with the insufferably-conceited expression of countenance, is a countryman of your own — one of the new sect of political economists, who maintain that mankind must be governed by figures, and that a thorough knowledge of accounts is the highest qualification for a statesman. It was once my lot to meet him at Uncle Osborne's, where he nearly drove the company mad by an interminable dissertation on the theory of rent. He is not, however, so pig-headed as to be oblivious to the main chance; for by dint of grubbing in Blue-books and parliamentary returns, he has concocted, at least so he avers, the scheme for a new tariff, which has found favour in the eyes of our rulers, and procured him an appointment to a snug Government berth. If he were a wise fellow, he would remain contented with his slice of the public pudding; but the evil spirit to whom he has sold himself has possessed him with the notion that nature has designed him to be a lawgiver, and I shall not be at all surprised if he should enter the House of Commons, where he is sure to become a laughing-stock, and finally to be extinguished as a bore."

"And yet, if we may trust to the newspaper reports, bores are rather plentiful in that assembly."

"Why, you see there are gradations in boring as in everything else. People will tolerate a real gentleman even though his prose should be of the most oppressive kind, but they do not extend that measure of indulgence to a bore who at the same time is a presumptuous prig. Besides, the man is as shallow as an oyster-shell. Mark how he keeps hammering away on some statistical topic, whilst his lean lanky companion avails himself of the opportunity to secure a double share of the whitebait! Does he not put you in mind of an enormous pike in the midst of a shoal of minnows?"

"Who and what is he?"

"Heaven knows! He calls himself the Chevalier D'Acunha, is a Knight of the Order of St. Lazarus, and is accredited to this country as Envoy Extraordinary from some visionary republic near the Equator. Of course he wants a loan either for himself or his constituents, and has a grand project cut and dry for unit-

ing the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. He has thoroughly exhausted the patience of the functionaries at the Foreign Office, so the probability is that they have handed him over to their pet Scotch financier, with full powers to conclude a treaty. If it comes to a matter of bargain, I back the foreigner against the Scot. Self-satisfied conceit is no match for the astuteness of a practised gambler like D'Acunha."

"Why, Attie, you seem to know everybody!"

"By no means," said Faunce, "I merely observe the notables. To be sure, there are notables of all kinds. A fellow may make himself sufficiently notorious in this sweet little paradise of London, though he be neither orator, statesman, author, nor millionaire. For example, look at the table towards the window. The sandy-haired youth with the sprouting imperial, who is pouring out the champagne for those two French girls and their black-bearded companion, is in the fair way of achieving notoriety. A more niggardly miser never taxed a tavern bill, or pretended to be without his purse if he thought he could sponge upon a comrade; and yet in the hands of women he is soft as wax, and is known to a certain set by the endearing appellation of 'The Spoon!' Pretty well that for a young gentleman who has only been some six months about town."

"An uncouth Adonis, certainly! is he city bred!"

"For the credit of St. Pancras, I am glad to answer no. He is from the manufacturing districts, where his father made a little money; not much, I believe, but sufficient to qualify the youth for a London bachelor career. He has lodgings in Golden Square, tempted thereto by the fact that the two alluring damsels whom he is this day treating, Mesdemoiselles Fanchette Poupon and Amenaide Fontanges, minor stars of the ballet, dwell in the same house, along with their austere guardian Herr Munch, who performs on the bassoon in the orchestra. Marry, sir, he has to pay for the privilege of hearing them pirouette on the second floor! Not that I suspect there is anything wrong in that quarter, for both the *danseuses* are girls of experience, and hold Master Donkin in great contempt, though they vouchsafe now and then to allow him to appear as their escort, and lay him under contribution for suppers. His last real *amourette*, I am given to understand, was of a somewhat more costly kind; but I have forgotten the details."

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE ADVERTISEMENT EXPLAINED.

Of course I lost no time in communicating to Mr. Shearaway the issue of my interview with the respectable head of the firm of Poins and Peto, coupled with such information as would enable him to procure the necessary certificates of my birth. I now awaited his arrival in London with considerable anxiety, for, as I have already said, it was difficult for me, so long as the enigma remained unsolved, to apply myself steadily to my ordinary avocations. I once knew an unfortunate gentleman, who, in an evil hour for himself, became impressed with the conviction that he was heir to an ancient title, to which considerable estates were attached. He was a man of fair average ability, who had creditably worked his way in the world, and reared a promising family; but from the moment this delusion—for it was nothing more—took possession of his mind, he passed into the downward path of ruin. Not only did he neglect his business, but he exhausted his credit, and incurred frightful responsibilities for the purpose of raising funds to carry on a hopeless suit. One by one his former friends fell away from him, some provoked by his obstinacy, and others scared by the reckless importunity with which he levied contributions. His children, poor things, had imbibed the fatal notion that they belonged to a class exempt from the necessity of labour; and they went about, talking about their pedigree and large possessions as confidently as if the one had been unquestioned and the

other actually realised. At last the bubble burst; the claim was dismissed as untenable: and from that hour nothing more was heard of the luckless aspirant to the peerage. Let us hope that in some corner of the New World he has forgotten his disastrous dream.

I was therefore much gratified, and not a little relieved, by the appearance of Mr. Shearaway, who one day burst into my apartment with the energy and vivacity of a boy. Age had not much altered his appearance; for, after a certain period of life, lawyers undergo but little change, being, I suppose, exempted from many of the cares that thin the temples of their clients; and Shearaway had in him much of the nature of an evergreen. Our meeting was truly an affectionate one, for our regard was mutual and sincere. Both of us had much to tell and listen to, and more than one hour elapsed before we touched upon matters of immediate business.

"Well, Norman," said Mr. Shearaway at length, "I have got the certificates all right and formally attested; so I think I shall just step down this afternoon and have a talk with your friend Mr. Poins. Don't fash yourself by going with me. Some matters are much better discussed by agents than principals; indeed, I make it a general rule to prevent my clients, as much as possible, from interfering in their own affairs. The best of them have little sense. They are always getting into a fuff, and they are a perfect nuisance at consultations. 'Gudesake, Shearaway!' auld John Clerk used to say to me 'what gars ye bring your cattle rowting here, man? Hae ye no the sense to tether them in the field, or tie them up in the byre?' Then you never can get them to understand the proper meaning of law terms. I mind as if it were yesterday, the laird of Carterhaugh, who was a fiery body, swearing that he would crop the ears of the agent on the other side for having inserted the words 'falsely and fraudulently' in a Summons of Reduction-improbation, and no power on earth could persuade him that it was the usual form of style. To be sure, Norman, as you have had the benefit of a regular legal education, it's not to be thought that you would bear yourself otherwise than discreetly; still it will be best for you to keep out the way, for what's the use of having a cook if you have to look after the making of the kail?"

So saying, Mr. Shearaway departed, and I sat down to finish a leading article impugning the wisdom of certain new schemes recommended by railway potentates, among others one of unusual magnitude, of which it was supposed that Mr. Richard Beaton was the main projector. In fact, speculation had now attained to so alarming a height, that the moneyed interest began to be seriously alarmed for the consequences, and to prepare for the adoption of such measures as, by restricting credit, would more effectually operate as a check to the movement than any legislative enactment whatever. It was indeed high time for the lords of Lombard Street to hold a deliberate monetary congress, for a large section of that independent class of the community who have nothing to lose and everything to gain, had declared themselves against bank restriction in any shape; and, using for their own purpose the popular cry and favourable dogma of the men of Manchester, demanded that there should be free trade and unlimited competition in money as in everything else. Uninfluenced by the traditions of old disaster, they maintained that there was no proper limit to circulation, that bankers ought to have the power of issuing notes unrepresented by any sort of convertible security, and that the control exercised by the State was at once tyrannical and absurd. In short, they wanted to become their own bankers, and to be allowed the privilege of fabricating money or its similitude in the shape of notes; a licence the result of which would undoubtedly have been to involve the whole community in bankruptcy and ruin. Such doctrines were little likely to obtain favour at a period when no violent causes were deranging the ordinary course of trade and commerce; but in the midst of the speculative tempest they appeared in no way unreasonable, and were

eagerly adopted by those who were painfully conscious that their own credit rested upon a slippery foundation.

I was just laying down the pen when Mr. Shearaway reappeared, rather flushed in the countenance, but exhibiting none of those symptoms of hilarity which are supposed to be appropriate to a harbinger of joyful tidings.

"I've seen Poins," he said.

"Well; and I suppose you have discovered that the mountain has brought forth a mouse! So be it. For my part, I am thankful, in any event, to be rid of the anxiety. What is the amount? Fifty pounds? I hope it is at least sufficient to cover the expense."

"Norman," said Mr. Shearaway, without vouchsafing any more direct reply—"Norman, you were always a good lad, and have shown yourself both able and willing to make your own way, for which perhaps I may take some little credit to myself, seeing that I had to break you in. Now, tell me frankly, will you feel disappointed if this affair should turn out to be next to nothing? It's a great thing to be contented, Norman. There never was a truer saying than that content is better than riches, for riches often take wings to themselves and flee away, whereas content abides with a man, and cheers him at the humblest ingle."

"It would be very unreasonable in me to feel disappointed when I had no grounds whatever for entertaining any high expectations. And even if I were disappointed, what of it? I have not now to learn for the first time that disappointment is one of the best aids for strengthening the faculties of a reasonable man, for where would be the pleasure of success if we were always sure of our aim?"

"Admirably well said, Norman; and I am glad to find that ye have that leaven in you. So you are quite resigned to settle to your work again as heartily as before?"

"That most assuredly I am; and the best proof of it is that I have been at work since you left this room. But why this beating about the bush? Surely you did not expect that I should sit down and whimper, like a spoiled child, because you do not, like Ancient Pistol, discourse of Africa and golden joys?"

"But what if I were to bring you news, and good news too?" said Mr. Shearaway. "Do you think, Norman, my laddie, that you could take that quite as quietly as the other? But I'm an auld fool to go on in this way, and me bursting all the while to tell you everything. Grand news there is, indeed, Norman; for you have stepped into a fortune!"

I will not deny that I felt a sudden spasm of delight at this unexpected announcement, notwithstanding the philosophic indifference which I had attempted to assume. I do not believe that it is possible for a man, by any exercise of mental discipline, to become wholly regardless of the smiles or frowns of fortune, however temperately he may meet the one, or however bravely he may endure the other. Such asceticism may perhaps be claimed for the monk, who, in renouncing the vanities of this world, has also renounced his share of its active duties; but to those who have objects in life yet unattained, and aspirations which have not been realised, it does not naturally belong. And I had such aspirations, which appeared utterly vain so long as poverty stood in the way;—was I to blame for giving way to a thrill of exultation when I saw that dark shadow moving from my path, and the skirt of its garments disappear?

"Yes, Norman," continued Mr. Shearaway, "there is no doubt about it. You are entitled to a clear sum of forty thousand pounds at the very least, which I take to be about as pretty a pose as any gentleman could desire. I wish you joy of it, my lad; and may God grant you grace to guide it well."

"This is astounding news indeed, Mr. Shearaway—so astounding that I can hardly believe it possible. Whence comes this most unexpected legacy?—for such I presume it to be."

"Why, it appears that your father had a first cousin of his own name, who was some time a merchant in London, and then went out to Mexico. He prospered there, married, and had a family. But the yellow fever, or

some suchlike disorder peculiar to the climate, crossed his threshold —it's by the Lord's appointment these plagues are sent, so we never should repine, though we may take the chastisement to heart—wife, and bairns, and a', were stricken down, and the auld man found himself alone in the midst of strangers. It seems his wife was a Roman Catholic; so the priests gathered round him, doubtless with an eye to the siller. I have heard of such doings, Norman, even in a Protestant land; but he was owre pawky a carle to believe in their saints' miracles, or ony nonsense o' the kind; and though he could not help coming down with a round sum for masses, which, considering all things, was but a reasonable concession, deal a dollar could they extract from him for candlesticks, or endowments for their nunneries or convents. Maybe he ken'd better than I do what sort of hizzies they keep under lock and key.

"It's a poor pride that sets up men to found hospitals to the neglect of their kith and kin. This Mr. Sinclair knew of but two near relations that he had in the world, both of them first cousins, though he had never set eyes upon either. One of them was your father, Norman, and the other was a Mr. Richard Beaton."

"Richard Beaton!" I exclaimed, "not surely the gentleman whose name is so well known in connection with railway enterprises?"

"The very same," replied Mr. Shearaway, "and I mean no disparagement to him when I say that I wish with all my heart that he were known for something better. Mony a poor chield who crows crouse enough this day will live to curse the hour when he was tempted, by the example of grand speculators like Beaton, to meddle with the rails. But that's neither here nor there. I was saying that these two were the only near relations of the Mexican merchant; and to them and their heirs he left his fortune in equal shares, naming Mr. Beaton as executor. That is the secret of the advertisement, which seems to have created a grand stir among the Sinclairs, for Mr. Poins tells me that he was just deluged with applications on their behalf."

"But is he now satisfied that I am the proper claimant?"

"Make yourself easy on that score. The certificates are quite satisfactory, and supersede the necessity for a service. Mr. Poins, who, let me tell you, is a very sensible man—I'm to dine with him on Thursday—is prepared to advise Mr. Beaton to proceed to an immediate settlement."

"What a strange story this is!" said I, half unconscious that I was speaking aloud. "A cousin, of whose existence I was wholly unaware, leaves me a fortune, in conjunction with the man whose goodwill I am most anxious to propitiate!"

"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Norman—very sorry indeed!" said Mr. Shearaway, earnestly. "What in the world can you have to do with such a character as Mr. Beaton? Lordsake, laddie! don't walk by his advice, else you'll have a toom purse before you ken that it ever was full!"

"You need not be alarmed, Mr. Shearaway. I assure you I am in no such danger."

"Not alarmed! It's easy for you to say that; but if I was to see you venturing on the ice of Duddingston Loch before the frost was a day auld, I trow I would have reason to feel alarmed—and yet it would be safer for you to try that, than to trust yourself on the slide of speculation. You might scramble out with a wet jacket from the one, but the other ends in a hole deep as perdition, into which you will cowp, head over heels, and never more be seen! No danger? I wonder, Norman, to hear you speak in that rash kind of way! There's aye danger when you have to deal with a character that seeks to beguile ye; as the piper of Bervie found to his cost when he supped sowens with the Water-Kelpie!"

"Why, Mr. Shearaway," said I, "your extreme earnestness would almost lead me to suspect that you had suffered in your own person."

"And did you ever hear me pretend to be ony wiser than my neighbours?" replied Shearaway. "It's precisely because I know from sad experience what is the upshot of speculation, that I speak so confi-

dently this day; and thankful may I be that the tide did not run then so strong as it does now, else I would have been clean swept away altogether. But this is no time for sic clavers. I'se warrant you would like to be left by yourself to think about the golden eggs."

"I would much rather profit by your experiences, Mr. Shearaway. You can break off, you know, should you find me an inattentive listener."

"*Infandum jubes renovare dolorem!* It's like ripping up an old sore," said Shearaway. "But lads like you can be none the waur of hearing of the misfortunes of their elders. One reason why almost everybody has run mad just now, is because the public have had a long rest from speculation; few remember what came of it at the last spurt, and even of them some are none the wiser. The notion of making a fortune, by buying and selling, in four-and-twenty hours, had clean gone out, at least with us in the north. We were doubtless becoming a wealthier people than we were before, but that was by dint of work and saving, without which no country can ever attain to posterity.

"However, about twenty years ago there was got up a great cry for improvement. Folks began to think that many things which their fathers neither missed nor wanted, were downright necessaries of life; and they were not far wrong either, for science has made most wonderful discoveries, and doubtless will make many more. It's a silly thing to set one's face against improvement—that's just the act of a savage—but it's even sillier to run away altogether with the harrows, and to rush headlong into new schemes without the benefit of experience. Well, there came among us a set of projectors, men who were always finding out something of immense advantage to the public, but never making anything for themselves; indeed, I never knew a projector yet but was as poor as Lazarus. However, they had the gift of the gab; and one of them—he came originally from Banff, and his name was James Divetts—was the most wonderful creature for scheming that I ever encountered. He had his pockets stuffed with all sorts of plans for increasing the national wealth, and all that was wanted was capital, which, he said, could easily be raised by the formation of joint-stock companies. Mines were to be drained, canals dug, peats made into coal and candles, gas pumped into bottles and sold for so much a gallon; and heaven knows what more beside; and for every such adventure the return was to be at least twenty and sometimes fifty per cent.

"The English folk have a notion that we are very canny and cautious in the north, and so we are in the way of regular business; but when it comes to speculation, we can be just as daft as our neighbours. The Darien project, that was started before the Union, was as wild a scheme as ever was set on foot; and I've heard it said that there was not a single man in Scotland, gentle or simple, but suffered from that awful failure. Thrift is a very good thing, and a praiseworthy, but it by no means implies a want of appetite for gain.

"Money was plenty at the time of which I speak, and the banks ready to give accommodation and discount bills—may be readier than they should have been, for there was a hantle of loose paper flying about—so a plausible fellow like James Divetts found many a listener. I had saved two or three thousand pounds; but I began to be ashamed of myself for letting my money be at ordinary interest, when it might be fructifying tenfold if invested in some of the new projects; so, like a fool as I was, I began to dabble a little, just by way of experiment, but not intending to go very far.

"But it is the first dip that settles the business. I went on from one thing to another, until I had drawn out my whole capital, which was a mad-like thing for a man in business to do; and in return for my hard-won money I got shares in the Oil-Gas, Stockbridge Market, and Caledonian Dairy Companies, besides some distilleries, and a grand national concern for reclaiming the Muir of Rannoch. I was a director in some of them, and had to attend board meetings, which took up one half of my valuable time; and when I was

alone, instead of thinking about my proper day's work, or taking up a book as I used to do, I found myself calculating contingent profits on the backs of old letters, and squaring accounts as if I had direct dealings with the Old Enemy, and had to post up our transactions in my ledger. I began to feel perfectly miserable. I very seldom went now to the Whist Club, where we played for half-crown points; and as for a social supper-party, I was fit for nothing of the kind.

"To make a long story short, I had to pay for my folly. The crash came before there was even a possibility of a dividend; and all our grand schemes melted into nothing, like snow off a dike in February. Not one sixpence did I recover; on the contrary, I was glad to escape without bankruptcy, when many better men than myself went to the wall. That's the reason why I dread speculation, and would warn you against it.

"But I see by your eye, Norman, that you are paying little attention to what I say; and I surmise, from the motion of your fingers, that you are calculating the probable interest of forty thousand pounds. Don't commit a blunder, as the weaver did, who added the year of the Lord at the top of the page to the amount of his profits. Lads of your age always reckon upon five per cent, whereas four is the outside you can get, if you wish for perfect security. Now, laddie, good-bye. I've been talking to you this last half-hour about my own affairs, to keep you from thinking too much at first about this accession of wealth, just as one of these new-fangled doctors wraps his patient in a wet sheet to keep down the symptoms of fever. And now that your business is so far disposed of, I shall e'en go on a different errand, and look after Jamie Littlewoo."

I believe that the announcement of any great change of fortune induces a kind of torpor and stagnation of the mental powers. As in a dream the fairest visions are always accompanied by a certain sense of unreality, so does any sudden event affecting our future career perplex us by its novelty, and throw us into a state of bewilderment. I seemed to have lost for a time the power of looking forward. I hardly even thought of the amount of the fortune that had so unexpectedly devolved upon me. One idea alone took possession of my mind, and that was the reviving hope that I might yet approach Mary Beaton and tell her of my love, without at any rate incurring the charge of inordinate presumption. For the distance between us, though still great, was now materially lessened. I was of her kindred; and could her father, however arrogant or supercilious he might be, entirely ignore that claim upon his notice?

To the habitual reader of romance, such an avowal as this may appear utterly preposterous, because, according to the received dogma, there can be no love without a certain amount of love-making; and I have not ventured in the foregoing part of my narrative to assert that Miss Beaton had distinguished me by even so slight a recognition as a smile. She knew nothing of my homage—she perhaps hardly remembered my name; her affections for anything I knew to the contrary, might be bestowed upon another. Therefore was I not a fool to persist in such vain idolatry, and to indulge in such fantastic dreams? I answer—No; for true love is in its nature intrepid, and there is no obstacle so serious that it will not endeavour to surmount.

BLACKWOOD'S

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CIVIL SERVICE APPOINTMENTS—NOMINATION AND COMPETITION.

There is much good parliamentary work done every year, of which the outside Public takes little account. What is done, or left undone, in the great national debating-hall by gaslight, is matter of general notoriety—reported in every newspaper, and considered and discussed by every reader; but what is done quietly by daylight in close committee-rooms "up-stairs," is known only to the few. As the hardest work, however, of individual members is often done in those rooms, so, often, is the aggregate utility of a session to be found rather in the growth of good work done in those rooms than in the more ostentatious proceedings of the "House." The "wool" is often most plentiful where the "cry" is least sonorous.

The past session, so famous for much cry, has not been wholly barren of wool. If we will condescend to look for it "up-stairs," we may find that much useful work has been done. Of this it is no part of our present business to take stock—we have only to do with one item in the account. A Select Committee, of which Lord Stanley was chairman, and Mr. Monckton Milnes,* Colonel Sykes, Sir W. Hayter, Sir Stafford Northcote, and others, were members, sat at intervals during the months of March, April, May, and June, to take evidence and to report upon the subject of "Civil Service Appointments;" and in July their Report was given in. The Committee "directed their inquiries to two points." They "endeavoured to ascertain, first, what has been the actual working of the system of junior appointments now in force, and its effect upon the public service; and, secondly, what proposals for its improvement have been suggested by those most competent to

* Mr. Milnes, since this article has been in type, has publicly repudiated in a speech at Pontefract, all concern in the Committee's Report. He says that he had the honour to be in a minority. The following remarks are so much in accordance with what we have written on the subject of competitive examinations, that we are glad to give them a place here:—"During the late session I served upon several committees, one upon the question of opening the Civil Service to competition. I was in a minority in that committee, because I do not think it an enormous advantage to set every young man thinking how he may become an exciseman. (A laugh, and "Hear, hear.") The effect of directing the attention of every family to the public service must have a tendency to extend that service, whereas we ought to do all we can to diminish its cost. I desire to see the work of every public office done diligently and honourably, but I do not wish to have this expensive machinery for the examination of the Civil Service. I believe, too, that the operation of the present

form an opinion." The witnesses examined were some of the most distinguished members of the permanent Civil Service of the country—Mr. Maitland, Mr. Horace Mann, Sir Benjamin Hawes, Mr. Trevor, Sir Thomas Freemantle, Mr. Corbett, Mr. Timm, Mr. Sargent, Major Graham, Mr. Romilly, Mr. Waddington, Mr. Lingen, Sir R. Bromley, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Waldrom, Mr. Headlam, Mr. Merivale, Mr. Chester; and the Civil Service Commissioners, Sir J. S. Lefevre and Sir E. Ryan. The Report of the Committee is now before us; and as the subject is one in which we have on more than one occasion endeavoured to interest our readers, we need offer no apology for returning to it and examining the contents of a document of such great and growing public importance.

And, in doing so, we shall observe as far as possible the two divisions of the subject to which the Committee have confined their inquiries. Firstly, the "actual working of the system of appointments now in force, and its effect upon the public service." But here a difficulty at once presents itself in the fact that there really is no system at all. A candidate for civil employment in the service of the State may be appointed on the simple nomination of the responsible minister in whose gift the appointment may be; or he may receive not an absolute appointment, but a nomination to compete for an appointment with a limited number of competitors; or the appointment may be thrown into the open market, and he may compete for it without any nomination at all. The only general condition is, that the candidate for public employment shall pass an examination of some kind or other. This condition of satisfactory examination is the only systematised part of the matter. The rule of appointment under this condition appears to be simple ministerial nomination, whilst competition, either limited or general, is the exception. "It appears," says the report before us, "that the total number of nominations to which the order in council of 1854 has been applied was, up to the end of 1859, 10,860. Of these nominations, 8039 were of one candidate only. The competitors have been 2821 for 732 appointments, or nearly four to one. In the last year, 1859, they were 1179 for 259 appointments; but this average includes 391 persons who competed for nine clerkships at the India Office, on the only occasion on which the principle of an entirely open competition has been practically tested." This solitary exception of open competition was an experiment inaugurated by the Chairman of the Committee, whose report we are considering, when that excellent and most conscientious young statesman held the office of Secretary of State for India under Lord Derby's Government. We speak, of course, with reference to the English Civil Service; for the principle of open competition has been for some years applied to the Indian Civil Service, with what results we are not yet in a position to declare.

Nor can the results of the experiment of limited competition, so far as the general efficiency of the service is concerned, be said to have been rendered apparent by the few years of trial to which the competition system has hitherto been subjected. But still there are indications of the practical working of the scheme, which, if not conclusive, are at least suggestive; and it does not appear that they are such as to

system causes great unhappiness in private families. The number of young men who do not succeed must be very great, and I consider it anything but an advantage that they should enter life with a sense of disappointment and failure. I know that this is not the opinion of some of the best of my contemporaries. Earl de Grey and Lord Stanley, for example, are most earnest advocates of this system. Indeed, to such an extent have these noblemen carried their advocacy, that a foreigner was induced to believe that both of them had attained their official position—the one as Under Secretary for War, and the other as the late Secretary of State for India—by having shown in a public competition that they were better informed on these subjects than anybody else. (A laugh.) I am not sure whether the foreign gentleman did not also believe that members of Parliament were elected by the same process." (Laughter.)

raise any very warm hopes of the eventual success of the experiment. The majority of witnesses examined before Lord Stanley's Committee seem to have given qualified answers, the aggregate result of which may be described as an opinion that the competition system has not done *much* harm. What is said in its favour is rather in support of the examination of nominees than of the competition of candidates limited or general. Indeed, the promoters and supporters of the scheme are somewhat unfairly given to boast of certain improvements in the character of the Civil Service resulting from examinations, as though they were produced by the application of the competitive test. Reference is made to gross instances of abuse of patronage under the old system. For example, a case cited by Mr. Romilly, Chairman of the Board of Audit, is dwelt upon in the Report of the Committee. "Before the Civil Service Commission was in existence," said that gentleman, "there was a case in our office, in which a gentleman was appointed who really could neither read nor write. He was almost an idiot, and there was the greatest possible difficulty in getting him out of the office." The evidence of Major Graham, the Registrar-General, is also cited to show the possibility of the most flagrant abuses existing under the old system. On the occasion of the establishment of the Registration Office, "a great number of those appointed were objectionable on account of age, on account of their broken state of health, and on account of their bad character and want of proper qualifications." "Those appointed" were, in this instance, we presume, the district registrars, in town and country, whose duties may be performed without the exercise of any very great intelligence or activity. In the Registrar-General's own office higher qualifications were doubtless required for the due performance of the departmental duties. But here also there was a lamentable display of inefficiency. "The Accountant," we are told, "had to be removed for inefficiency; the Deputy-Registrar did not attend the office for fifteen months, when his appointment was cancelled as unnecessary; the services of the Solicitor attached to the office were also not required, and his duties were transferred to the Solicitor of the Treasury. Twelve of the least efficient clerks were discharged by Major Graham on his appointment in 1842, and eleven or twelve more have been removed in subsequent years on the same ground; besides four who were dismissed by Major Graham's predecessor for disgraceful conduct." It is not assumed that such a discreditable state of things existed generally in the Civil Service before the appointment of the Commission. It is disgraceful to the country that it should have existed at all; but we believe that it may be regarded as a wholly exceptional case. A new department was established; a large number of offices were created; and sufficient care was not taken to select efficient persons to fill them. It was a case of wholesale patronage, recklessly administered, such as could have occurred only on the establishment of a new department. But that it ever did, or that it ever could, occur, may be held, and not unfairly, to be sufficient reason for a reform of the system under which so gross an abuse of public patronage was committed. The expediency of maintaining an uncontrolled and irresponsible nomination system we have never advocated. But we repeat that examination is one thing, and competitive examination another, and that to establish the necessity for the first is not to establish the necessity for the second.

There is a tendency in public affairs to rush from one extreme into the other. The reactionary process is always violent. But the violence is short-lived; the compensatory action of time soon brings round the just medium. It having been shown that a system of unconditional nomination to the public service had in certain instances been injurious to the interests of the State, and might be generally injurious, there arose in some quarters a cry for general competition. An entirely open was to be substituted for an entirely close system. It was assumed that, by the

substitution of the former for the latter, we should obtain not only better men, but the very best men that the country can produce. More moderate views are now gaining ground, and we trust that they will continue to gain ground. The evidence given by the accomplished and experienced men examined by Lord Stanley's Committee, ought to caution the country against the adoption of any violent and precipitate reforms. We repeat that, so far as practical results are concerned, the competition system has not been fairly tested; but many of the ablest members of the permanent Civil Service have expressed grave doubts as to its beneficial working. Mr. Arbuthnot, Auditor of the Civil List, has declared his opinion, that the effect of competition has been to exclude incapable men (would not simple examination have done the same?), but that, "in the case of supplementary clerks in the Treasury, it has introduced a class of men above their work, and its effect so far is that a discontented body is created." Mr. Trevor, Comptroller of Legacy and Succession Duties in the Inland Revenue Office, says, that he has obtained, since the appointment of the Civil Service Commission, a more highly educated class of clerks, but "he does not know that they have been superior, for the purpose for which he wanted them, to the clerks whom he had previously." Sir Thomas Freemantle, Chairman of the Board of Customs, says, that the men who have entered the service since the appointment of the Commission have been more highly educated, but their general qualifications have not been higher, and their duties have not been better performed. "Some of the heads of departments," he adds, "have given an opinion against the system, as making the men rather above their situation, and dissatisfied with the monotonous duties they have to perform." Mr. Tilley, of the Post Office, says, that the clerks are not more or less useful than they were before; but he apprehends that "sometimes those persons who have passed a much higher examination are less contented and less good clerks than others not so highly trained. He considers that it is, on the whole, disadvantageous to require candidates to show a knowledge beyond that needful for the performance of the duties which they will have to discharge upon their appointment."

We may pause here to observe that the Committee reply to this, that what is demanded for a candidate for a junior clerkship ("in the office of a Secretary of State," it is said; but the observation will apply to other departments of the public service) "may appear unnecessary if we look only to the duties which he has to perform at the time of his first appointment; but when it is remembered that *in the course of some years he will be placed in a position of great responsibility, and will have a large share in the conduct of affairs*, requiring much tact and discretion, it will be evident that it is important to take security for general intelligence, and for his having received a liberal education."

Now this appears to us to be something like a begging of the question. We would invite the especial attention of our readers to the words which we have indicated by italics. There is no necessity that the junior clerk should rise to a position of responsibility and have a large share in the conduct of public affairs. Surely there not only may be in all, but there *is* in some, government offices, departmental examination before the junior clerk is permitted to rise to a higher grade. An examination of this kind, intended to prove not the general intelligence of a youth, but the official qualifications of the man, is a substantial reality. If, after half-a-dozen years in the Civil Service, a clerk does not show any aptitude for the higher duties of his profession, he ought not to be promoted. There is no doubt of this fact. We are very certain that the initial examination of a boy of seventeen or eighteen can afford no test of his capacity to undertake, after a period of six or eight or ten years, the higher duties and responsibilities of the Civil Service; and if, in any of the departments of government, men are promoted to such higher offices simply on the strength of

this initial examination, a great mistake is committed. An aptitude for administration does not manifest itself at an early age, like a genius for the fine arts, or powers of mechanical invention. It is developed by circumstances, rather than inherent in our nature. Promotion, therefore, to the higher and more responsible offices in a department should be understood to be conditional upon the development of this aptitude during the first probationary years of service. There can be no great hardship in this. It is the same in every condition of life. A youth enters a profession—the Law, Medicine, the Church—and if he does not develop any especial aptitude for the performance of the duties of that profession, he remains on the lower steps of the ladder. A lawyer without briefs, a physician without patients, a curate with no hope of preferment, is in no better condition than a Government clerk with no prospect of official promotion. In the case of the public servant, indeed, there would be advantages enjoyable by him from which the professional aspirant is cut off. Even without promotion there is an increasing salary, until the maximum of his class be obtained, and then there is the certainty of the retiring pension. The ablest and the most industrious men in all conditions of life will go to the front. If men are debarred from success in life by a deficiency of natural gifts, they are to be pitied; if, as more frequently happens, by indolence and negligence, they are fitting objects rather of contempt than of commiseration. Anyhow it is the law of life; and we do not see why the Government service should afford a deviation from it. The fact, indeed, is, that the idea suggested by the language of the Civil Service Committee is a most mischievous one—one, the too general acceptance of which, we fear, has done very much to lower the general standard of our public servants. It is far too much the fashion to believe that when a youth has once obtained admission into the Government service, he has nothing to do but to wait patiently for promotion, and that, except in cases of gross incapacity or misconduct, every man must, in his turn, attain to one of the upper places and higher salaries of his department. The consequence of this notion is, that young men, on entering the public service, are very apt to become drowsy and indifferent. That great maxim, *Strive and thrive*, has no place in their thoughts. They believe that they can thrive without striving, and so they do not look seriously at the responsibilities of office, or brace themselves up for strenuous action. We believe that instances of young men, who, from their first entrance into the public service, really study their profession, and endeavour, by dint of hard work, in office-hours and out of office-hours, to qualify themselves for the higher posts, are comparatively few. A feeling of security arrests their efforts, and they subside into mediocrity, performing their appointed duties in a respectable manner, but not preparing themselves to undertake more important and responsible work. If promotion were less a matter of course, this would not be the case. We would offer a high premium to industry and ability; but there should be no certainty of promotion for indolence and incapacity.

We shall presently recur to this matter of rewards and punishments. At present, our object is to show that the argument of Lord Stanley's Committee—that a high test of competency is demanded upon entrance into the service, because high qualifications, if not necessary at the outset of the civil servant's career, are required at a later stage of it—is altogether invalid. It is invalid, because no post in the public service, entailing important duties and responsibilities, should be obtainable by dint of mere seniority; and it is invalid, because those who pass the best examinations as boys, are not necessarily those who, several years afterwards, will, as men, prove themselves the best qualified for the performance of higher duties. The experienced heads of departments, whose evidence we have quoted above, seem to be of opinion that the young men who enter the service, after evincing, in competitive or

other examinations, a high amount of educational proficiency, are apt to become discontented when they find that the work which devolves upon them is mere "drudgery and detail." They wish to be launched at once into the performance of high and responsible duties. Proud of the number of their "marks," they think themselves better qualified to perform important duties than their seniors, who have never passed any examination at all; and when they find that they cannot go ahead, like a comet, at first starting, they subside into a worse state of indolence and indifference than that of the men who, under the old system, have believed that, drowse as they may, promotion will come to them in due time, if they only wait long enough for it.

We need scarcely repeat that we are as desirous as even Lord Stanley himself can be to keep "idiots" out of the service. We wish that none but intelligent and respectable youths should enter it at all. We do not doubt, therefore, that the establishment of the Civil Service Commission has been a great public good. But we wish to caution the public against believing that, because some test of proficiency is required before entering the public service, resort should be had to the competitive test. Formerly youths entered the public service without undergoing any examination at all. This was a bad state of things, and it demanded reform. The obvious reform was, that every youth nominated to the public service should submit himself to an examination. But why, before the sufficiency of this change has been tested, we should clamour for another and a greater one, and demand the test of competitive examination, it is not easy to see.

And assuredly no case has yet been made out in favour of the competitive system. Lord Stanley's Committee observe, in their Report, that they agree with the Civil Service Commissioners "that the evidence hitherto laid before Parliament, scanty and imperfect as it necessarily is, makes strongly in favour of open competition." But as they had previously observed that the system "had not yet been allowed a full and fair trial," and that "the opinions expressed by individuals must be grounded in theory rather than in experience," much weight is not to be attached to the inferences of either the Commissioners or the Committee. The most that they can really allege is, that no harm has been done. "No one has affirmed," say the Committee, "that the service has suffered harm by the adoption of the new system, whilst its tendency to exclude men intellectually unfit is recognised without exception by all." Again we say that simple examination without competition would have excluded the incapables.

Without establishing the fact that the competitive system is an advantageous one, the Committee "proceed to consider the question—in what manner the advantages of the competitive test may be most conveniently extended, so as to answer the various purposes for which it has been established—namely, exclusion of incompetent candidates; facility given to the intelligent and well educated to enter the public service, though devoid of political patronage; security for the physical and moral qualifications of those employed; and to do justice to the intellectual proficiency of all whose claims are tested, however various the schools in which they may have been instructed, and the knowledge which they may possess." But, as the Committee declare that incompetent candidates have been already excluded, it is obvious that there is nothing to be gained, with reference to the first of these purposes, by the extension of the system. What "security for the physical and moral qualifications of those employed" is to be derived from the competitive system it is not easy to determine. If physical qualifications are to be tested at all by a competitive examination, young Algernon Binks and Theodore Tite Barnacle must have a round or two, after the manner of Mr. Sayers and Mr. Heenan, before the Examiners or the Civil Service Commissioners themselves; and as to their moral qualifications, we do not know in what manner these are to be proved, on the competitive system, unless young men are to be

subjected to the temptation of St. Anthony, or some other sore trial of the kind, under the superintendence of a board of examining divines. But, seriously, we should have thought that the certificate of the young man's ordinary medical attendant—or, as young men are not often in the doctor's hands, of the family physician—backed by that of a medical officer attached to the Commission, would be sufficient guarantee for the physical soundness of the youth; and that those old-fashioned authorities, the schoolmaster and the parson, might be received as credible witnesses with respect to the moral training and the moral conduct of the candidate for public employment. Every candidate, before going up for examination, should be compelled to produce these certificates, if such be not already the case; and we think that every nomination should be accompanied by a declaration on the part of the person recommending him, to the effect that he knows the young man or his family, that he believes him to be a fit person to fill the appointment sought, and that he, the person recommending, has not directly or indirectly paid or received any consideration for the appointment in question. No very bad appointments to the public service could be made if these preliminary formulæ were observed. The system has been pursued most advantageously with respect to Indian patronage; and we cannot help thinking that the Home Service might be benefited by associating with the name of every youth nominated to it, that of some responsible or sponsorial person, recommending him to the minister in whose hands is the privilege of nomination.

There are two points of view, however, from which the competition question is to be regarded. It may be looked at, we know, from the public side as well as from the service side; and the Committee appear to have considered what they call "justice to the intellectual proficiency of all," no less than the efficiency of the public service. We hold that this is altogether a distinct question, and one altogether remote from the objects for which Lord Stanley's Committee was appointed. If Parliament had decreed an inquiry into the best means of admitting the public generally to offices, which have hitherto been obtainable only through the medium of patronage, it would have been another matter; but the efficiency of the Civil Service being the subject which they were commissioned to consider, we do not see that they had any business to take into consideration, as an object of inquiry, the means of promoting "justice to the intellectual proficiency of all," and "facilities for the intelligent and well-educated to enter the public service though devoid of political patronage." This is a matter which, if considered at all, ought to be considered with reference not to one but to every branch of the public service. Clerical preferment, now in the hands of chancellors, or bishops, or deans and chapters, or corporate bodies, should be thrown open to public competition; and those fat appointments in connection with our courts of law, which are distributed among their friends by our legal magnates, ought to be competed for by the profession at large. We do not propose to enter into this question. On a former occasion we expressed some opinions in connection with it which we have since seen no reason to withdraw or to modify. At present we purpose only to consider the legitimate object of the parliamentary inquiry — the efficiency of the Civil Service.

The Committee having accepted the advantages of the competitive system as an established fact, and having determined, as we have shown, to consider the best means of extending it, proceed to pass in review some suggestions which have been offered by the Civil Service Commissioners, and by Mr. Mann, Registrar to the Commission. The Civil Service Commissioners express a strong opinion in favor of general competition. They point out the objections, which, in their opinion, exist to simple examination. "The minimum standard directly interferes with the discretion of the authorities who appoint—it frustrates the wishes of the patron." What then? If "the discretion of the authorities who appoint" and "the wishes of the patron" (it ap-

pears to us that the two phrases are suggestive only of one idea) point to the introduction of incompetent persons into the public service, the sooner they are "interfered with" and "frustrated" the better; but we cannot think that the patron is ever likely to entertain any such wish. The patron satisfies his client by giving him a nomination to the service, though entrance into it is obtainable only by the fulfilment of certain conditions. "I have done my part," he says, in effect, to the nominee. "Here is the nomination; it remains with you to determine whether you are to keep it or to lose it. I can give you the entrée of the service, but I cannot give you brains or industry." The conditions do not in reality detract from the obligation, and no one but a fool would think that they do. If we give a friend an admission ticket to the opera, he is not fool enough to think more lightly of the kindness because he cannot go to his stall in top-boots and a "blue fogel." There are few good things in this world to be obtained without conforming to certain obligations as the conditions of actual possession. The favour of the patron is as great and as worthy of gratitude, whether the nominee takes up his appointment or not; and if the nomination reverts to the patron, he can give it to another, and so place two families under an obligation by means of a single appointment.

These objections, therefore, to simple examination, are not of much weight. Let us see what follows. "It causes delay and inconvenience by the rejection of candidates, and the necessity of providing others." There is something apparently more solid in this objection, but its solidity is after all delusive. If it were necessary to fill up substantive appointments post-haste, there might be vacancies in public departments any delay in the filling of which might occasion temporary inconvenience; but the existence of supplementary or probationary lists, from which actual appointments on the establishment may be filled, obviates inconvenience of this kind. Every public office either has, or ought to have, a certain number of supernumerary clerks, to be brought, as vacancies occur, on the strength of the establishment; and no great public inconvenience can arise from one or two more or less of such supernumeraries being attached to a department. This, therefore, we hold also to be an imaginary objection.

"But," say the Commissioners, "the rejections throw unpleasant discredit on the patron." If it be so, the "unpleasantness" may have its advantages, for it may make patrons more careful in their distribution of patronage. But if the responsibility as to apparent fitness of the candidate were in some measure to be removed from the nominating minister, by a declaration such as we have suggested on the part of the person recommending, the objection of the Commissioners would be removed. The minister would say, and with sufficient fairness, "I cannot be expected to know the physical, moral, and intellectual qualities of all the young men whom I nominate to the public service, but Mr. Jones was recommended to me by Sir Thomas Brown, who declared that he knew the young man's family, and believed him to be a fit person for employment in the service of Government. I know Sir Thomas Brown to be an honourable gentleman, and I accepted his recommendation." This would be the position in which the minister would stand with respect to the patronage in his gift; and if, under such circumstances, his nominees were rejected, there would be no discredit in it. Moreover, we are somewhat disposed to think that, under such circumstances, the rejection of a candidate thus vouched for, would not be an event of very frequent occurrence. It is worthy of consideration whether the publication of occasional lists of Government nominees, showing by whom nominated, by whom recommended, and whether accepted or rejected by the Civil Service Commissioners, might not tend to diminish jobbery, and materially to reduce the number of bad appointments.

"If the rejections are frequent," it is alleged—the words being those

of the Committee, following out the opinions of the Commissioners—"their frequency, instead of being ascribed to the unfitness of those sent up to pass, is attributed to the standard being fixed too high." And we suspect that it would be justly so attributed, if rejections were frequent, under any well-regulated system of nomination; but we have the strongest reasons for supposing that rejections would not be frequent. "Again, the candidate who fails after nomination considers himself aggrieved by the loss of an appointment which he had looked upon as his own, and his patron probably shares in the feeling." We have, in a great measure, disposed of this objection already. We will only add, that the rejected competitor is far more likely to feel himself aggrieved than the rejected nominee. The nominee must know that his admission to, or exclusion from, the service is dependent upon himself, and that if he is rejected, he has himself only to blame. But the rejected competitor may argue that he was not rejected because he was deficient, but because others were more efficient—that he was not below the standard of qualification, but that the successful competitors were higher above it than himself. Success, under such circumstances, is a mere matter of accident. All depends upon the degree of intelligence and amount of information possessed by other competitors. Batches of competitors vary. A youth rejected in August might have succeeded if he had gone up in May. We repeat, therefore, that a youth who loses his chance of entering the service, really through no fault or no failure of his own, is more likely, and certainly has more cause, to feel aggrieved than one who, having no competitors, is dependent solely on his own exertions, and fails to attain the minimum standard of proficiency. Indeed, the Committee themselves very naïvely observe, that "the candidate who fails in a competitive trial is not rejected as unfit." Surely this is a sufficient answer to what they have advanced before on the subject of grievances. To be rejected not as unfit—or, in other words, as fit—is surely a substantial grievance. To prove your competency for a particular office and not to obtain it after all, is really a great hardship. The youth spends his time and his money in acquiring a certain amount of proficiency, and at last sacrifices it all, not, we repeat, because he is not proficient, but because others are more proficient than himself. Surely this is a hard case, and if any rejected youth has a right to complain, the rejected competitor who has passed a creditable examination is the one. He is assuredly the rejected one whose fate the public are most likely to compassionate.

"As to moral qualifications," say the Committee, following the Commissioners, "it cannot be alleged that in the majority of cases where candidates for office are nominated by heads of departments, there is any personal knowledge of the candidate on the part of the minister nominating." We have already suggested a remedy for this, in the shape of a declaratory statement on the part of the person recommending the candidate to the nominating minister. "Certificates of character," it is added, "are required for those who compete; and a period of probation, during which the appointment is only provisionally conferred, gives facilities for the discoveries of any defects disqualifying for office." But there is no reason why these conditions should be attached only to the competition system—why certificates of character should not be demanded under the system of nomination—and why, under the latter system, the candidate should not be placed in the first instance on a supernumerary or probationary test, and subsequently drafted into the regular establishment. In fact, all the advantages which the Committee discourse upon are common to both systems, and all the disadvantages peculiar to the substitution of the competitive test.

From such premises as these which we have examined, the Civil Service Commissioners draw the conclusion that there is nothing like the competitive system. They are in favour of unlimited competition, but they

think that it might be the safer plan to drift gradually into it; and so, for the present, they recommend a compromise. "The limited competition," they say, "may be made effective by means of a preliminary examination, which should distinguish the competent from the incompetent candidate; and, by applying the competitive examination to the competent candidates only in the proportion of three or more such candidates to each vacancy, the system of limited competition, thus arranged, would approach much nearer to open competition than to simple nomination." Now, this appears to be an aggravation of one of the very worst features of the competitive system. Our unhappy youths are to be dragged over the slow fires of protracted failure. It is proposed that they should compete for permission to compete, and that then they should compete for the actual appointment. This is to compel the majority of candidates to spend more time and more money, and to subject themselves to more and more painful suspense and sickness of heart, only at last to be bitterly disappointed. The first success will aggravate the bitterness of the subsequent failure. It is bad enough to be remanded to a state of unemployed hopelessness after one competition; but to strip a youth bare of hope after two trials, and the first a successful one, and to turn him adrift in the world, after all this waste of time and money, of heart and hope, would be indeed cruel in the extreme. We set our faces most strenuously against so inhuman a proposition. Mr. Mann, whose suggestions are also examined by Lord Stanley's Committee, is in favour of open competitive examination on a large scale, and we like his plan the better of the two.

The Committee, however, though in favour of the open system, declare that, knowing the prejudices and the interests against which it has to contend, recommend, in the first instance, the adoption only of a system of limited competition. They recommend, accordingly, that from henceforth every vacancy occurring among clerks in the Civil Service be competed for by not less than three candidates, to be nominated as at present, each of whom, in the first instance, shall have passed the preliminary test-examination; except in the case of a single vacancy, which shall not be competed for by less than five. This is, in fact, to adopt the very objectionable system of double competition recommended by the Civil Service Commissioners. We hope that we have said sufficient to raise not only grave doubts of the propriety, but a strong conviction of the folly and the cruelty, of adopting any such system.

But, after all, it may be said that even by our own admission, the Civil Service of the country is not what it ought to be; that its improvement has not kept pace with the progressive intelligence of the nation; and that something ought to be done to raise the character and to enhance the competency of the working servants of the State. We do not admit this. The public are not served as they ought to be; but all things considered, the wonder is that they are served so well. There is at least one commendable passage in the Committee's Report. Almost at the end of it, they very sensibly observe, that "success in obtaining qualified candidates for the Civil Service must depend quite as much on the prospects and opportunities of promotion subsequently held out to the clerk in his official career, as on the immediate pecuniary advantages offered or the judicious selection of young men in the first instance." What really is needed to raise the character of the young men entering the Civil Service is increased *inducement* to enter it. As it now is, the prospects of the service are such as to induce only youths of mediocre ability and little hope of success in the open market of professional competition to launch into a career which presents few prizes even to the most successful, but which has no actual blanks. Whether the system of appointment be one of absolute nomination or open competition, the character of the applicants or competitors for employment in the service of the State must depend very much on the value of the presents or the prizes that are offered. Under ex-

isting circumstances, if a man has three sons, and he looks to the Civil Service to absorb one of them, the one selected for that service will in most cases be the least intelligent, the least promising of the three. Let us endeavour to raise the character of the service itself, and all the rest will follow in time. At present we appear to be beginning at the wrong end. *Sublatâ causâ tollitur effectus.* If the Civil Service does not entice into its ranks the higher intelligence of the nation, it is because there is nothing to tempt that intelligence into it. Let us do away with this reproach, and we shall no longer have to complain that the State is not as well served as private companies or individuals.

On a former occasion we offered some observations on the general neglect experienced even by the higher members of the permanent Civil Service; and we do not purpose to return, save perhaps in an incidental manner, to this branch of the subject. Our present design is to treat of the prospects of the many, not of the few; but it is not to be forgotten that the honours and rewards obtainable by the few are so many direct stimulants to the many, and that a profession without any high prize is not one to attract into it men conscious of intellectual eminence and eager to assert it. We feel that until something is done to open out, through the permament Civil Service of the country, certain roads to honourable distinction, and to emancipate it in some measure from the overpowering domination of the party chiefs of the hour, the young ambition of the country will not be eager to enter its ranks. Without these inducements, however, it is possible that the respectability of the service may be rendered even more respectable by some change in the present system of appointment and promotion; and to this end we would offer, before we conclude, a few practical suggestions to the consideration of all who take an interest in the subject.

But it would appear to be almost essential to the construction of anything like a definite system, to determine, *in limine*, whether the Civil Service is one of many. The Civil Service Commissioners are perfectly well aware of, and are laudably anxious to mitigate, as far as possible, the evils resulting from the "fragmentary character" of the service. The Civil Service at present appears to be a bundle of parts without any unity or cohesiveness in them. A youth obtains an appointment to a particular office; in that office, as a general rule, he grows grey, and out of that office he passes only through the gate of superannuation. You do not hear that he has obtained an appointment in the Civil Service, but in the Foreign Office or in Somerset House. Now, this detached system, it is needless to say, has something to recommend it. One branch of the public service, it may be said, is as much as a man can fairly master in his life. We want experience—a thorough knowledge of details—a familiarity with men and things such as can only be acquired by time; and every one knows that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." But, on the other hand, it is to be said that men are wont to stagnate if they remain too long in the same place; they slide on too smoothly in the groove, and grow drowsy for want of something to arouse them. New brooms, they say, sweep clean; or, to pass from the language of the proverb-monger to that of the poet—

> "A new hand, a new eye,
> May do much at our vigour's waning point."

On the whole, we doubt whether there would be any loss of practical efficiency in our public offices if there were to be more frequent departmental changes. There would always be power of control in heads of departments; and the frequency of change need never be such as to cause any official embarrassment. Whilst, therefore, there is no cause to apprehend any departmental inconvenience as the result of the greater oneness or integrity of the service, there is reasonable hope that, by extending the area of employment, and thus enlarging the field of honourable ambition, the general zeal of the service would be stimulated, and its activities increased. A man

with small hope of promotion in his own department, might obtain it in another for which he is better qualified. Indeed, if these departmental transfers were more frequent, there might be better hope of finding "the right man in the right place." On the whole, we concur in opinion with the Civil Service Commissioners, that the fragmentary character of the service is an evil to be deplored, and therefore to be mitigated. We would especially set our faces against it at the outset of the civil servant's career. We would have no departmental nominations. The initial appointment should be simply to a Civil Service (probationary) clerkship. We wish to recommend no violent reforms, and we have the strongest possible conviction that any proposal to transfer the patronage from the hands of the parliamentary to that of the permanent chief of a department would, in the present state of affairs, meet with no acceptance; and therefore we do not record it. It may come to that some of these days. At present all we would say is, that the nominating minister, instead of nominating, as now, a young man to his own department, should nominate generally to a clerkship in the Civil Service—the offices constituting the legitimate service being distinctly declared. Youths of sixteen or seventeen might be so nominated—the Civil Service Commissioners declaring at the commencement of every year the number of nominations that may be disposed of in the course of the ensuing twelve months, and these nominations being distributed, in accordance with some fixed rule, among the different members of the Ministry. These ministerial nominees should be appointed in the manner which we have already indicated. They should be recommended by some responsible person to the Minister, and should produce certificates of physical competency, and of moral and intellectual character. These certificates being approved by the Civil Service Commissioners, the candidates should be subjected to a preliminary examination. All who pass that examination should become probationary members of the service. The probationary period should extend over two or three years. During that time, the probationers may be drafted to different departments, as they are required; the Civil Service Commissioners, in military phraseology, "telling them off" according to the qualifications evinced by them at the preliminary examination. At the end of their probationary period of service they should again present themselves to the Civil Service Commissioners with certificates of proficiency, good conduct, &c., from the departments in which they have served; and if these certificates are satisfactory they should be subjected to a second examination, intended to test their official, rather than their general, competency. This examination should not be a competitive examination, any further than the relative rank of the civil servant is concerned. If he passes the examination at all, he should become *ipso facto* a member of the Civil Service;* but he should rank with the other men of his year according to the comparative amount of ascertained proficiency exhibited at this second examination. We would offer a still greater inducement to exertion during the probationary period. The clerkships thus obtained, being distributed over a certain number of Government offices, the man who passes the best examination should be entitled to choose his department —we must add, however, under certain conditions and with certain limitations; that is to say, the power of choice should not be ab-

* It is open to consideration whether, in the event of failure, the youth should absolutely lose his nomination, or whether he should be remanded to the probationary rank for another year. For our own part, we are not much inclined to sympathise with the miscarriage of the candidate, under such circumstances; for his failure would, in a great majority of cases, be assignable to his own indolence or misconduct rather than to anything else. He, would, indeed, have no just reason to complain, if, after two or three years in a public office, he were to fail to satisfy the examiners of his competency to perform the duties of a subordinate member of the Civil Service.

solute, but should require to be ratified by the Civil Service Commissioners. We say this to anticipate an objection which may not improbably be offered to this suggestion, to the effect that the result would be to secure all the ablest men for certain favourite offices. There would not, under such a system, it may be alleged, be a fair distribution of talent over the different departments. But, after all, we are inclined to think that the objection, though a reasonable one, exists rather in theory than in practice. Young men would not elect to enter this or that office on the ground of its real or imagined general advantages, so much as upon the score of the peculiar advantages which it may present to each of them individually. If, for example, his father, or any other near relative of the young clerk, holds an influential appointment in the War Office, the youth will elect that department in preference to the Treasury or the Foreign Office, though, in the abstract, those departments may be more tempting than the one elected. In the Indian military service, young men, passing out of college for the engineers and artillery, were allowed to make choice of a presidency, according to their rank; but no practical disadvantage resulted from the system; for though the intrinsic advantages of the Bengal presidency were undeniably supreme, the peculiar personal inducements which often invited a youth to enter the service of the inferior presidency, preserved a just equilibrium. On the benefit of offering a strong inducement to young men during their probationary period to qualify themselves for the public service, we need not enlarge. There can hardly be any stronger inducement than that suggested; and if a veto were given to the Civil Service Commissioners, there would be no fear of unsuitable appointments.* The risk, indeed, would be far less than under the present system.

The young civil servant having now passed from the state of a probationer to that of an established clerk—a regular member of the Civil Service—the next thing to be considered is, how we may best continue to stimulate his zeal and keep alive his activity. We do not, in this paper, pretend to offer any general scheme for the reorganisation of the Civil Service; but we may observe here, that something of classification beyond that of junior and senior clerks is required; but whatever may be the different grades, we are of opinion that no clerk should be promoted to a higher rank by dint of mere seniority. We have incidentally alluded to this in reply to the Committee's remark, that although no high qualifications may be demanded from the Government clerk on his first entrance into the service, he rises to higher office in course of time, and is invested with important duties and responsibilities. Now, we repeat that we would have no such rising as a mere matter of course. When a vacancy occurs in a higher class, the senior *qualified* member of the class next below it should be promoted; but that qualification should be severely tested. No clerk should be promoted without a certificate of industry, regularity, and general good conduct, from his immediate departmental, or, more properly, sub-departmental chief; and he should be examined in his office, not as to his general attainments, which are presumed to have been already tested, but as to his official acquirements. We believe that this practice is already in force in some Government offices; but whether it is a substantial reality or a mere form, we do not pretend to know. Under any circumstances, however, it must have an advantageous effect upon the zeal and industry of the candidate for promotion. Making every allowance for the natural unwillingness of the higher class of Government servants to blast, by unfavourable recommendations, the prospects of the junior members of the service, we still feel assured that the mere knowledge of

* If, for example, a youth, however distinguished in other branches, should be deficient in modern languages, the Commissioners might very properly veto his choice of the Foreign Office.

the fact that the clerk must make a formal display of his proficiency before he can be promoted to a higher grade, must stimulate him to greater exertions than, in ordinary cases, he would be inclined to make, if his qualifications were subjected to no such test, and promotion were to be granted as a mere matter of course.

The junior clerk having risen to the rank of senior clerk, or having passed from one class to another, until he has reached the highest attainable in the ordinary course of departmental promotion, he either contents himself with the certainty of a gradual increase of pay until he reaches the maximum salary of clerkship, and, after a few years, subsides into superannuation; or he aims at higher employment, as chief of a sub-department in the office to which he belongs, or in any other more responsible and more lucrative post, the attainment of which is ordinarily the result not of official seniority, but of ministerial selection. And here we find ourselves in something like a dilemma. It is held to be advantageous to the interests of the State that, with reference to these higher and more responsible posts, her Majesty's Government should have the widest possible field of selection—that they should seek competent men, wheresoever they are to be found, without regard to any question of official antecedents; and in order to facilitate this, an Act has been passed sanctioning the grant of superannuation allowances to such members of the service on a most liberal and encouraging scale. Now, this, however advantageous it may be to the service, is detrimental in the extreme to the servants of the State; and we cannot doubt that a great diminution of zeal and activity is the result of a feeling of uncertainty with respect to the chances of attaining one of the higher offices of a department, when those offices are open to all the world. It may be said, that if, in the department, there is an officer qualified to advance beyond the point of clerkship, or having already advanced beyond it, to succeed to any still higher post that may be vacant, the minister will not go out of it in search of a competent man. We believe, indeed, that this is the recognised rule; but we doubt whether practically such is the case, or whether it is ever likely to be so whilst the parliamentary chief of a department has entire control over all its official arrangements. It may be true that it will sometimes happen, under the existing system, that there is no officer in a department qualified to succeed to its higher posts; but it is worthy of consideration whether this deficiency may not be the result of the very want of stimulus engendered by the insecurity of which we have spoken. Men will qualify themselves for higher office, when they feel that they are tolerably safe to attain it. But assuming the absence of the necessary qualifications in a particular department, it still remains to be considered whether, before going out into the world at large in search of a qualified functionary, it should not be incumbent on the minister to seek for one throughout the whole range of the service. If the "fragmentary character of the service" is to cease to exist, proficiency testified in one department should establish a claim to promotion in another—never to the supersession of any qualified candidate *in* that department, but in preference to all outsiders. If this were to be the case, men of good promise would not be discouraged by the fact of there being few openings for advancement in their own department; they would look to the service generally rather than to the particular section of it in which they have graduated as clerks. There can be no practical difficulty in the way of such an arrangement as this. If there were, the intermediate agency of the Civil Service Commissioners would remove it. But the permanent heads of departments, under such a system, would be continually in communication with each other, and would report, in the probable event of any approaching vacancy, upon the qualifications of the functionaries serving under them, for the post vacant in the other department. It may be said that these transfers would occasion jealousies and heartburnings; but we do not see why an

interloper from another department should be more unwelcome than one from the outside world. The system once established and recognised, indeed, we are inclined to think that it would be acceptable to the service generally. It could only be distasteful to the drones. At present, men have come to regard a department as a sort of close borough, maintained for their own especial convenience, and they may, therefore, look with jealousy and dislike upon the intrusion of a stranger. But if such transfers were a recognised part of the system, and every man on entering the service felt that he had a fair chance of profiting by them, there could be no sense of intrusion in the case. The system would be that, to borrow the phraseology of the army, of regimental promotion up to the rank of field-officer, after which the practice of line-selection takes effect. We are convinced that such a system would be advantageous alike to the service and the servants of the State. At present, a man entering the public service, and feeling himself bound to a department for the rest of his life, is chilled and discouraged by the feeling that there are very few prizes within his reach, and that those prizes may be given to a stranger, just as he is in a position to grasp them.

We repeat, that what is really required to supply the Civil Service of the country with young men of mark and likelihood, and to keep up the general efficiency of the service, is not a phalanx of cramming tutors, a board of erudite examiners, or a system of competition, open or limited, but sufficient attractions into the service itself to induce young men of promising abilities to enter it in preference to all other professions. There can hardly be a more important subject of parliamentary inquiry, but it appears to us that our investigations have hitherto begun at the wrong end. When a man strips himself to fight a battle, or girds himself to run a race, you may be sure that he has ascertained beforehand that the prize for which he is to contend is worthy of his prowess. If he has really any good stuff in him he will not contend for an ignoble prize. Let us make the Civil Service of the country worthy of the best intelligence in it, and we may be sure that the best intelligence will enter its ranks. We trust that, in the course of the ensuing session of Parliament, the whole subject will be submitted to inquiry. The question of initial appointment is really a small, and, as we think, a comparatively unimportant part of it. There is no more fear of our not getting good men for a good service, than of our not seeing good horses entered for the Derby, so long as to win that race is to win "the blue riband of the Turf," with a rich pecuniary accompaniment.

"CARPE DIEM."

The morning sun is trembling on the stream;
The green leaves wave in the cool morning air;
Nature uncovers to the welcome beam,
And every sight is fair.

Earth is not now, as it hath lately been,
In winter's dull ice-woven fetters bound:
Flowers of all hue put on their lustrous sheen;
Sweet odours float around.

And birds of every wing and every note
Pleasantly flutter in the pleasant groves,
Warbling together from melodious throat
The story of their loves.

No storms will darken o'er the azure way;
Nothing will hide the sunlight's merry march;
Heaven will o'erhang the revelling earth to-day
One blue unclouded arch.

To-morrow may be dark with rain and gloom—
Fear not, but take with thanks the present hour;
To-day all pleasures in profusion bloom;
To-day no tempests lower.

Full wisely hath the all-foreseeing Heaven
Hid coming sorrows from our anxious eye,
And held in front a cloud, when man hath striven
To read his destiny.

For if he could behold the advancing years,
And evil shadows following in their train,
Things that are brightest would beget but tears,
And double future pain.

THE ROMANCE OF AGOSTINI.

PART III.—CHAPTER XV.

Two new and startling trains of thought were thus brought into exciting and tumultuous existence by the revelation of Mariuccia, and two young lives disturbed beyond any possibility of immediate pacification. There was no longer any rest for Francisco in his lofty nest in the Piazza of Trajan. He worked languidly and by fits when he could not help himself; for the severest savage Spartan existence demands still something to answer the claims of nature, and it was perfectly necessary, in the first place, that he should live. Except for this sharp spur of necessity, he would have done nothing but muse over the miraculous prospects which had opened before him, and make long dreamy excursions into that future, which—all but one initiatory step, which was very dark indeed, and obscured with a perpetual fog—blazed with the splendours of a fairy tale. His imagination, much confused and baffled when it endeavoured to penetrate into the darkness of that gloomy and uncertain interval which lay between him and his glory, at last learned to leap over the clouded threshold, and enjoy the unquestionable delights beyond; for, to be sure, if the young painter were but once proved to be the Duke Agostini, there was an end to all possible troubles and distresses. What had he further to fear? The young man mazed himself night and day with these dreams. He loitered upon his little loggia leaning over the railing, revelling in imagination in all the splendours of his new position. He avoided his old acquaintance, and found no more pleasure in the theatre or the café. He had not even the pleasant distraction of a sitting from the Signorina Inglese to disturb the solitude which he peopled with such dreams. He had lost an unspeakable amount of youthful comfort and amusement to start with. He was very lonely, very poor—lost in a world of indolent but exciting visions—by no means happy. For Francisco it was as yet anything but good news.

It was not much better news to the English Lucy. But for this the two would inevitably have forgotten each other; parted shyly, with their mutual shy liking undeveloped; with a little pang at the heart of each, and a soft recollection lasting perhaps throughout their lives. For was it not inevitable—a thing beyond resistance? How dared they so much as think of each other—these two, between whom fortune had drawn a line so rigid? But things were changed now. Francisco had ventured to speak and Lucy to hear. That which might have died away inarticulately had been spoken and could no longer be ignored; and a little money, a little more money, would make the young painter the equal, and more than the equal, of the little English woman. Lucy could not save herself from the thrill of that intruding thought—"Some time I shall be rich"—any more than she could from the compunction rising immediately after it, which reminded her that ere she could be rich her grandfather must die. How wicked she thought herself?—how unnatural, how ungrateful, sometimes even how miserable she felt, like a traitor in the old man's house. But still she could not help the recurrence of that thought. Some time she too would be rich; and if Francisco was still Francisco, and wanted that money then to gain his rights, the money should be his. But Lucy too grew dreamy and loved solitude—her imagination was captivated perhaps even more than her heart.

It was still beautiful, warm, idlers' weather, and the life of an idler flourishes nowhere better than in Rome. Francisco did nothing that he could help except dream, living imaginary glorious years as Duke Agostini, and forgetting the necessary days which the painter Francisco had to live through in the mean time. For what could he do? No exertion

of his, so far as he could see, could hasten the fulfilment of his hopes. He had no money, and besides the advocates, who must be feed, public opinion in Rome was greatly disposed to believe that the very Tribunale itself was not proof against the eloquence of golden arguments. The young man was not an ideal hero, but a young Roman, brought up in the habits of his countrymen. If he had sometimes felt a passing enthusiasm for a special enterprise, he had never loved work, nor found a resource in it from other troubles. He had always been ready to make festa, like all his comrades. Perhaps few of us are deeply enamoured of our day's work when we are twenty—and an unsophisticated Italian mind does not comprehend the sentiment. To be sure, labour is a curse and not a blessing. But Francisco was not only idle—he was miserable, discontented, restless. Things that were very sufficient for the orphan of St. Michele, did not at all answer the Duchessa's son. He felt the frank accost of his acquaintances almost as an insult, and chafed at all his surroundings. This wonderful secret might make him great, but it had not made him happy.

He was in this condition of mind when he received an unexpected visit from Gigi. Gigi had been pondering over the strange turn of affairs since ever he heard of this secret, and the good fellow had less patience than his coadjutors. He had set his whole heart upon that festa which should drive all Rocca out of its wits and illuminate the dark side of Monte Cavo. He was burning to set about this congenial business, to consult old Chico of Frascati about the fireworks, and to arrange a gigantic tombola. Such a glorious prospect was not to be postponed. Nevertheless Gigi, when he thought it over, acknowledged the difficulties. He could have brought himself, if not his wife, to consent to that mortgage of the vineyard which Mariuccia suggested. He could have screwed his resolution to the point of selling his donkeys—but, vast sum as these expedients must raise, would it do? At last Gigi came to a resolution which relieved his mind mightily. He slept soundly the night after that comfortable suggestion, and the next morning rose early, dressed himself carefully, and set out for Rome. When he had climbed with his heavy shoes up the long stairs, and, knocking at Francisco's door, asked "Permesso?" humbly outside, Francisco was, as usual, in the loggia, leaning over, and appearing to watch the passengers below. He came in reluctantly, with dreamy eyes, at that sound, and met the eager peasant with the excited languor of a lotus eater, lost in his own intoxication, and impatient of any appeal from the world without.

"Don Francisco! Eccellenza! Signore mio!" cried Gigi, with a gasp of earnestness, "come out with me to Rocca, and speak to Monsignore! consult with Monsignore, noble Don! There is nobody like Monsignore for knowing everything—for telling one what it is best to do My mind is at ease since I thought of it. Many a time has he asked after the little Chichino, and how it went with him. Come and consult Monsignore, illustrious Don!"

"Gigi, my good fellow, accommodate yourself and take breath," said Francisco, thrusting a chair towards him. "Did Monsignore send thee to me?"

"Nay, nay, per Bacco, it was the holy saints that sent me!" cried Gigi. "Yesterday we made a procession, as your Excellency will perhaps remember we had the usage of doing; and in the church, opposite the blessed image of St Francisco, with his stigmata made in gold, and rays round his head that might warm one in a cold day—which was set up by Monsignore himself, as thou well knowest—what should come into my head, Signore mio, as clear as though the holy saint, who is thy patron, had said it in my ear, but '*Send him to Monsignore.*' Eccellenza, believe me, I could no more say my prayers, nor even listen to the holy litanies. Every time my eyes turned to the blessed saint, thy patron, the words returned to me again, 'Send him to Monsignore!' And, to be sure, when one thinks of it, where could you go

so well to ask advice? There is not a frate in the convent so humble as Monsignore, nor a cardinal so wise in all the sacred college. There is never a quarrel in Rocca, nor even in Albano itself, but they carry it to Monsignore, and he decides what is to be done, and makes the peace. And he is a judge himself, as your Excellency knows. Come with me, Chichino mio—I should say, noble Don!—come with me? Monsignore is at Rocca, and will hear all thou hast to say."

Francisco took two or three rapid short promenades through his room. He was irritated and impatient at the interruption, but it roused him; and besides, if he had not been rather angry to think that the idea originated with Gigi, it was unquestionably a very good suggestion. The young man's pride, however, had received a stimulation too extraordinary to make him yield at once to so humble a counsellor. He stopped loftily when he came in front of his easel, took up his palette—to set which had been all his morning's work—and made a few energetic touches at a copy which he had been languidly dawdling over for some days. "I will think of it," said Francisco, putting his head on one side, and retiring a few steps to see the effect of his sudden exertion. "I will think of it," he repeated, after five minutes of such devoted work as he had not accomplished for some weeks past. Gigi made a step backwards, and, watching him—confounded by his coldness and overawed by his talents—the honest fellow was deeply impressed by the imposing indifference of his little Chichino. Those vague popular recollections—associations inseparable from a ritual which permits at least a semi-worship of a picture—wherein the old painters of Italy have a dim but universal immortality, came breathing across the unenlightened mind of the Contadino. Possibly his little Chichino was one of those great ones before whom even a Duke Agostini was nobody. Perhaps the painter knew his greatness secured, and did not care for his problematical "rights." Alas, poor honest Gigi! he did not know it was only a youthful flourish of trumpets, and that Francisco had a vast mind to toss palette and brushes out of the window, and set out across the Campagna without so much as waiting for his guide.

CHAPTER XVI.

Monsignore lived by himself, in a great square house of his own building, in the outskirts of the village of Rocca—lived by himself, yet not by himself, retaining an *entresol* for his own use, and dwelling in a kind of fatherly superintending neighbourship with the families to whom he had let his superfluity of rooms. He was a prelate, a judge of one of the inferior courts, a politician, trusted by the people, and, in emergencies, by the government. Partisans and admirers, to which class belonged nine-tenths of the people who knew him, fondly believed that they saw in him a dangerous opponent to, and possible successor of, Antonelli himself. Everybody knew that his own will alone prevented him from holding the rank of cardinal; and no man wore the purple stockings with an air more courtly than Monsignore could assume when he pleased. Nevertheless he was the village arbiter, the referee in all troubles, the umpire of disputes—everybody's friend, counsellor, and helper—such a priest as might reconcile the stoutest Protestant to priestdom. In his youth he had been "in the world," a soldier, and had served in some of the campaigns of the empire. In his age he was the most genial, the most gentle, the most mildly human of men; *mildly* human, not passionate nor tragical, though an Italian: a natural celibate, full of calm affections. In every Church there are such unmarried, childless, universal fathers. Monsignore was of the benignest type of such men.

This was the man to whom, by special interference of San Francisco, Gigi's thoughts had been directed, and on account of whom the good

fellow had made his breathless journey into Rome, to fetch, if possible, the young hero out with him; and it was to the Casa Fantini, the house of this good priest, that Francisco took his way next morning, after he had rested from his journey and refreshed himself. The young man made as grand a toilette as he could accomplish. He wanted to look worthy of his future dignities, and to impress the mind of Monsignore. Perhaps, too, he was anxious to recall as few recollections as might be of the little Chichino of Mariuccia's cottage. In this present state of transition and expectation, he did not care to remember too clearly, even in his own person, the peasant thoughts and peasant dress of that forlorn little boy who, nevertheless, then as now, was the Duchessa's son.

Monsignore was a little man, lively and benign, with a little, light footstep, a head small but sagacious, a face of homely features, overflowing with kindness. He was seated in his own special sitting-room, where the stock of books was moderate, but, supported by various scientific tools, looked respectable enough to uphold the learned character of the good prelate, who was past his student days. No state or circumstances surrounded this Italian ecclesiastic and possible statesman. The villagers had free access to that heterogeneous room, where the domino-box flanked the telescope on the table, and a gun leaned against the books in the corner. There was no carpet on the floor to make the new comer's entrance noiseless; no luxurious library-chair to comfort the good priest in his studies. Instead of the purple stockings appertaining to his dignity, Monsignore wore long boots drawn over his trousers and reaching to the knee—perhaps a reminiscence of his old profession—and was in common everyday secular dress, without any mark of priesthood except the small black skullcap which comforted that spot of ecclesiastical baldness on the top of his head. He was busy with compasses and pencils drawing out a new plan for his garden, which was a very important matter to Monsignore. He gave lingering touches to his sketch, and kept measuring it with his compasses as he listened to Francisco's story, which story did not much astonish the kind priest. He had known of it by rumour many years ago—perhaps had put the facts together in his own mind, and drawn a true conclusion—perhaps had heard it at first-hand under the dark shelter of the confessional—anyhow, he was not very much surprised.

"But does it not occur to you, figlio mio," said Monsignore, "that to send away the only son, if all had been just, is a thing extraordinary? I cannot understand it. Your mother would have been but too proud to give Il Duca an heir if all had been well."

"I know nothing whether it was ill or well," said the young man, with a momentary violent blush which faded instantly. "Perhaps they were not good friends; they were not angels, Monsignore, but they kept together; and the Duchessa either took an antipathy to me, or loved Donna Anna too well, who had been so long supposed the heir; or, it may be, took this means of punishing the Duke—can I tell? but I am the Duchessa Agostini's son."

"Yes, poverino!" said Monsignore, with a sigh, "you are that woman's son: but she who has been capable of deserting you; whom you suppose capable of wronging you to this extreme; of taking your rank and your rights and your very name from you; do you not think she is capable even of telling such a lie at the trial, if it ever come to a trial, as should make an end of your peace, my Francisco? She might say you were not Il Duca's son."

"Monsignore, she is my mother," said Francisco. Once more his colour rose violently, his heart heaved with a convulsive suspiration, and he drew himself to his full height with haughty resentment and impatience. The good priest raised his head from the garden-plan and looked at him. He was skilled in faces. He saw that this view was one which Francisco *would* not take; that natural feeling, ambition, self-regard, rose in arms against that degrading idea; but that still a passing consciousness of such an abominable possibility quickened the haughty impatience

with which the young man refused to hear a word said against the honour of the woman who was his mother. For another moment Monsignore bent over his compasses, very gently shaking his head, as though he made an inaudible protest under his breath. Then he asked quietly, "What then, my son, are you to do?"

"I came to ask the advice of Monsignore," said Francisco.

"Ah!" said the good priest, "I know what that means; you would have Monsignore advise you to do what you wish to do. You would have me, who spend my life in keeping peace among my neighbours, advise you to go to law. I love not the law, my son, though I have much to do with it; it is better to try private arrangement than to spend thy money before the Tribunale. All thy means——"

"Monsignore, pardon; I have no means," interrupted Francisco.

"And how then can you go to law, you foolish boy?" said Monsignore, raising his eyebrows. "But if you were Piombino himself, my son, I should counsel thee the same. Let us try what they will do in the first place. Perhaps the Duchessa repents and will do thee justice; perhaps Donna Anna, who is a good woman, though peevish, will not take her brother's inheritance. At the least, Francisco mio, it is thy duty to try."

"Try! Will the noble Duchessa admit such a one as I am?" said Francisco, reddening with bitter curiosity and eagerness at the thought. "Shall I submit to be called an impostor, or to see her hatred? No, Monsignore; she has cut me off from being her son. It is not by her help I will recover what is my right."

"One must not stand out too much for one's rights in this world," said Monsignore. "One must seek one's fortune in the way of peace, though it is not the pleasantest way; and you would not wish to have a triumph over your mother. Patienza! I remember thee the other day, little Chichino, saying thy catechism among the other children; and a good child, on the whole, when nobody crossed thee. I knew very well thou wert not a villanello, my son, but hadst good blood in thy veins, howsoever it came to thee. Leave me to think over this case of thine, and if I can help thee, va-bene! if not, thou art none the worse."

Obliged to be content with this, Francisco rose slowly to take his leave. He was going away very reluctantly, trying to find some expedient to lengthen the interview, and obtain some more decided promise of help, when the old man called him back. "Chichino mio," said Monsignore, in his most paternal tone, looking keenly at Francisco, and poising in his fingers his extended compasses, "imagine that I find means to make thy intentions known to the Duchessa; imagine that she acknowledges thee her son, but denies thy further rights—capito? and let us suppose that she offers thee a portion, an income, an estate, if thou remainest silent; what then, my Francisco, should thy representative say?"

"Monsignore! it is not you who should insult me! If I am anything I am Duke Agostini; not a bajocco! not a grosso! I cannot be silent! Would she pay me for my peasant childhood, my youth in St. Michele, my content which I can never bring back again? Monsignore, no! I will have nothing but my right."

So, with a burst of passion which he could not control, Francisco ended abruptly the interview from which he had hoped so much. A few tranquillising words from the kind priest only proved to him that Monsignore sympathised in some degree with the torrent of excitement which had overpowered him for the moment, and was not offended by his violence. But Francisco found no further comfort in this conversation. He went away, indeed, more depressed by the look of compassion and sympathy with which Monsignore watched his departure than he would have been by a positive misfortune; and with that humiliating possibility—which, since the very first announcement of this secret, he had been able to ignore without much difficulty—gnawing again with a momentary but double

bitterness at his heart. Monsignore, full of interest and affectionate sympathy for the unfortunate boy whom he had known all the youth's lifetime; Monsignore, whose judgment was conclusive to every soul in Rocca —that kind paternal authority hailed Francisco's story with no exclamations of joyful surprise, no prophecies of coming splendour, no new title. The young man was nothing but little Chichino still to Monsignore, though he *was* the Duchessa's son; and Francisco left the house with a flood of bitterness and disappointment, inconceivable to his youthful experience a month ago, overflowing his heart. Monsignore, who knew the world, believed in that degrading, miserable alternative which it was shame to think of. Was this all his high expectations were to come to? and who could give him back his content?

CHAPTER XVII.

After his disheartening interview with Monsignore, Francisco had no inclination to linger in Rocca; nothing could bring him back his youthful good temper, friendliness, and general social amiability. As Duke Agostini he would have taken in very good part the salutations of the villagers, but the Francisco who ought to be Duke Agostini was of less amiable disposition; and even Mariuccia's reverential affection and the enthusiasm of Gigi, who would not understand how Monsignore could have discouraged the young man, added a little to the heart-sickness of the unfortunate young aspirant. He said to himself that they mocked him with that empty title which he should never bear. He turned aside from their affectionate homage as from a sickening and dangerous dainty. Solacing his tumultuous feelings with a self-denial which certainly was not necessary, he set off on foot, scorning the help of the *vettura*. Because he could not have all he wanted, he went to the other extreme, and punished himself after the usual fashion of youth; and arrived at Rome long after the Ave Maria, when darkness had closed over the Eternal city, and when those streets, deserted of foot-passengers, with their stream of carriages, and the Babel of bearded faces to be seen through every café window, looked dry and withered with the chill of the night. Francisco went up his long stair footsore and exhausted, good for nothing but rest —such rest as was possible in the ferment of his new life. He had no fire to draw his chair to and smoke his cigar over. There was no provision for such a luxury in the little, bare, carpetless apartment. Instead, the young man lighted his lamp, put on his cloak, and placed his little table at the open window. There he supped dismally, yet not without appetite, on bread and wine and some small slices of *salami*. The moonlight was shining on the broken pillars far below him. It had been a festa that day, and there were still passengers in the Piazza where the lights shone in the shops. Life went on the same in spite of Francisco's dreams. The skies shone alike day after day, though he was at one time elated, and at another time discouraged. However matters went with one young suffering spirit or another, it makes no visible difference either to heaven or earth.

The months of that winter passed in an incoherent, restless, unhappy fashion. Francisco did not know what he was doing. He painted some doleful copies of second-rate pictures, which somebody had commissioned from him, and lived with Spartan economy on the price of them. That warm young Roman nature of his was not self-denying, certainly—it did not run in the blood; but for a time, in token of hopeless spite and disgust against the world and his fortune, he could be an ascetic—that was possible enough to him and his race. He had no hope of gaining at his easel the means necessary to bring his cause before the proper tribunal; but if he could not do that he could starve and mortify himself, which was always some little consolation for the moment. His heart was so far out of his work, his imagination was so

busy always among the chances of the future, that the capacity of labour, never too largely developed in the youthful Italian, had almost died out of him. Then, as if that splendid misery of a hope was not enough, the other tantalising imp, with his bow and arrows, was busy in full career of mischief in the troubled heart of poor Francisco. He haunted that house in the Corso like an unquiet spirit. He paid Teta endless visits; a dozen times he had all but encountered the watchful presence of my lord. Nor did Francisco fail to discover that, somehow by instinct —for they had never met again, even in the stair—the English Signorina was aware of the shadow that hovered about her. To tell the truth, poor Lucy was driven day by day to more frequent and more perilous thoughts of the young Roman and his grand secret. My lord's suspicions flourished and increased so much without reason, that the lonely little girl was vehemently tempted to justify them, and procure herself some equivalent for the suffering which she had to bear in her innocence. That subtle charm of an unseen lover, delicately careful of her privacy and maidenly reserve, yet always near; and the coarser goad of my lord's suspicions, which would not permit her to forget the young painter had she been ever so much inclined, were almost too much for Lucy. Rome would have been inexpressibly distasteful to her, had it not begun to grow tenderly dear, and full of unspoken, unspeakable associations. Somebody watched for her coming and going through those narrow streets—somebody lingered invisible in her traces, as though her steps left light behind them. Never lover spoke for himself so eloquently as does a young girl's shy, startled, sweet imagination, while the unspoken enchantment grows upon her. Could Lucy help it? Nobody loved the poor child except that unseen young stranger, wronged and unfortunate, whom my lord would not permit her to forget.

However, it was an honest and unconcerted accident which brought about their first meeting. My lord himself had commissioned his granddaughter to bear some message to Sora Teta, who, to be sure, could not tell that Sora Teta's apartment was the constant haunt of the unfortunate Francisco. After that their encounters were not so unfrequent; and before Lucy knew, all was said, and the mischief irrevocably done and not to be mended; for when the passionate young Roman opened all his heart to her, could the poor child whom nobody else loved, tell a proper little fib to her lover and turn him away, and shut out that light of youth out of her heart? She was very much frightened and full of a hundred compunctions—but what could she do? Question pressed upon her with all the fervour of a first wooing—her heart in her face so much belying that first faltering "No," that the coldest spectator, let alone a Francisco, could put no faith in it. Poor Lucy, eighteen years old, could but confess to the truth.

But after that confession, and the first surprise of it, the little English girl recovered herself. It was a sadly unnatural position for an English girl, but it was necessary now to make the best of what was inevitable. She shook the tears off her pretty eyelashes, and raised her little drooping head. Ah, if all went well, what a sweet Duchessa! one with roses that would grow old without withering—a face that passion could not waste! but she would hear no more, droop no longer. It was Lucy's turn to speak.

"Now, Signore Francisco," said the little Englishwoman, with a spark in her blue eye that Francisco wist not of, "we are not to meet again. We —we—understand each other. But it must not go any further. We must not meet again."

Here Francisco fell at her feet in a passion of amazed reproaches and entreaties. Not meet again! Why not, in the name of everything wonderful? Meeting was no longer a matter of will—it was a necessity—love demanded it. Not meet again! say rather every hour, every day!

But Lucy stood firm in her propriety, and was not to be moved. "Grandpapa is the only friend I have, and we cannot tell him," said Lucy. "Oh that I should do anything I dare not tell! but I—am—

not sorry; do not look so reproachful. If you cannot trust me after what you have made me say, why then we had better try to forget each other; for I am resolved and determined, if it should kill me, I *will not* meet you again."

"Ah Lucia mia! it is because you care nothing for me," cried Francisco, in a lamentable tone.

"Oh, if you think so, very well! I do not mind," said the little affronted princess. The baffled lover came to her feet once more. Lucy would a great deal rather he had stood up facing her without so much adoration; but still the *abandon* had its charm.

"Now listen to me," said Lucy after an interval, with a deep and somewhat painful blush, "I never will leave grandpapa. I have promised never to leave him while he lives; and I pray God send him long life, Francisco—I do, with all my heart!" cried the poor little girl with tears, clasping her innocent hands: "but then—oh, I hope God will forgive me!—then I shall have money; I will be rich. If you have not gained your rights before, I promise to come to you—to bring what I have to you—to win your cause. I promise you, Francisco; although in the mean time I do not see you, nor hear from you, nor know whether you care for me still; and if before that time you are Duke Agostini, you shall come and ask my grandfather for me; but we are not to meet again. I will make this engagement if you choose—but I will not make any other. I don't want to part with you. Do you think I shall not feel it? but already—oh, we have both been very wrong!"

After a great deal of protest and remonstrance, Francisco, finding that he could not help himself, submitted, and the bargain was made accordingly; a strange, wild, youthful compact, which both of them, notwithstanding, entered into undoubting, not afraid of its vast demand upon their steadfastness. Francisco, perhaps, had as little dread of his own constancy as Lucy, but he did not understand that punctilio of honour, nor why they should deny themselves. He made a very doleful countenance as she prepared to leave him. "And what, then, are we to do in the mean time?" said the satisfied but disappointed lover. Lucy turned round upon him once more, brightly indignant, with that spark of spirit in her blue eye.

"Trust each other!" cried the steadfast little English girl, clasping her hands with a pretty gesture of impatience. Then she disappeared down the long dark stair—the deep black well of a staircase which looked so dark when she was gone; and Francisco heard her voice no more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lucy kept her word. Before long, indeed, Francisco learned to know that any attempt to controvert her decision was vain, and that his best policy was to accept honestly the bargain which had been made between them, the conditions of which he had vainly hoped Lucy herself, as the days went on, might be tempted to break. But Lucy was steadfast; she had pledged her faith and her life, and the thing having happened, could neither disguise nor deny her honest sentiments; but she would not carry on a clandestine correspondence. She could not persuade herself to be sorry that Francisco and she had tied that silken knot, and bound each other, as they said, for ever—and she had all a girl's satisfaction in that romantic and visionary compact; but to maintain, with her eyes open, a secret correspondence, was something impossible to Lucy. She was, on the contrary, rigidly exact to her own conditions. She would rarely descend the stair without sending Reynolds to reconnoitre; and when she encountered by chance, from the carriage window, the eyes of Francisco, he could scarcely venture to put to his own credit the passing flush of colour and momentary drooping, so resolute was the little Englishwoman in her proprieties. Francisco, of course, lost none of his opportuni-

ties. He lingered about Monte Pincio in the golden wintry afternoons, to catch a glimpse of the lady of his love, as she went submissively through the orthodox "airing." Every Sunday morning, regular as the day, he was to be detected somewhere about the Piazza del Popolo, watching the carriages as they drew up in the mud outside the gate, before the modest church of the English. To be sure, in both places there were plenty of young Romans like himself to bear him company. It was "a good season;" the English church was crowded, and the wintry sunshine across the wide piazza sparkled upon streams of carriages winding weekly to the further side of that gate. Young Rome loved nothing better than to lounge about the square after its own brief mass, and watch, with many comments, the young English ladies, so shy and so bold. Francisco had no eyes but for the carriage of my lord, with Lucy dim and unresponsive in the corner; Lucy, who, all unresponsive as she was, still somehow never failed to see him, though he changed his position a dozen times; but there was always an abundant brotherhood of young men not unlike himself to keep him in countenance. He was always sure of seeing Lucy on Sunday—it was the one certain opportunity never to be lost.

Meantime the year slid round from autumn into spring. The winter vanished like a dream, unperceived by the unfortunate young painter, whose mind was bewildered by two of the most confusing influences which can mystify a young man's life. It is scarcely possible even to say that the success of his wooing consoled him. Success more tantalising and unsatisfactory never perplexed the soul of youth. One prefers to jump at conclusions when one is twenty, and the art of patience is not commonly learned so early in life. But here was poor Francisco, with his dazzling impossible fortune hanging over his head, perhaps to fall into his hands to-day, perhaps never to fall into his hands; and his love postponed into dim regions of equal uncertainty, all present comfort of it being ruthlessly snatched from him. No wonder that he passed the Christmas in indifferent spirits, and, refusing the few invitations which were offered him to join in the New Year family feasts, despondently haunted that corner of the Corso, and o'nights leaned over the railing of his balcony, as though good advice or consolation of some kind might perhaps be had of old silent Trajan on his column, or of the unconcerned and steadfast stars.

By-and-by the fairy link which bound the two young people together changed its character. Watching in the dim street at early morning, Francisco, warned by Teta of the approaching calamity, saw my lord's travelling carriage brought to the door, witnessed the callous servants strapping the imperials to the roof, and looked on, grimly observant, at all the luxuries of travel which were to make the journey bearable to my lord. Then Lucy came down, all alone but for the attendance of her maid—rather pale, with a thick veil hanging over her pretty face. The young man ventured to come nearer in the passion of the moment. Perhaps she did it on purpose, the poor little girl; perhaps it was not all pure grace and favour, but a private yearning of her own heart as well. My lord had not yet descended; Reynolds was busy about the boxes, between the door of the house and that of the carriage; the servants about were only temporary servants, who did not accompany the Forestieri; and Lucy, with her white cheeks and her black veil, leaned out at the other window, where only Francisco could see the tears in her eyes. She said "Farewell!" and held out her hand to him; then she said "Remember!" with a faint smile and blush, holding up an imperative little finger; and then, almost before the unfortunate young lover could retire from the side of the carriage, my lord came stumbling forth with an angry face and a lecture to Lucy. Why had she come down first? when she knew his taste so well, and was quite aware that he detested stumbling into a carriage over a woman's skirts! Lucy made humble apologies, and tripped out again to let grandpapa arrange himself at his pleasure, her

black veil drooping over her face as she got up from her corner; and in the mean time Francisco hastened away to post himself at the gate through which they must pass, and doubtless be detained for a few minutes. There once more they ventured to look at each other; then it was all over; was it all over? and nothing remaining to Francisco but the "Remember!" and the "Farewell!"

The same night, however, a little consolation came to the young man in the shape of a letter from Monsignore, the very superscription of which, addressed as it was to the *Illustrissimo Signore, il Signore Francisco*, without the addition of the name of Spoleto, which had become mightily distasteful to him, raised a little flutter of hope in the breast of Francisco. Monsignore's letter, however, was very guarded and cautious, containing nothing beyond a certain vague inferential encouragement. The good priest himself had seen the Duchessa, but had gained nothing from her; and Francisco grew white with a bitter secret rage when he heard that this woman, who was his mother, had disowned him in a frenzy of passion, and forbidden any one, priest or friend, to name in her presence the name of the outcast whom she could not deny to be her son. The young man ground his teeth together as he read. She was his mother—an unspeakable fascination drew him towards her, though not in love. He watched her, when by chance he crossed her path, with the strangest eagerness and interest, and to read the report of her very words made his heart beat; but he could not bless, and would not curse her. He held his breath when he came to her name. Of one thing, if of but one thing only, he was certain in his extraordinary life—*she* was his mother; and Nature, with a certain wild rage and passion, started up fierce in his heart at the sound of her name, forbidding words. She had no nature in her heart, that weird woman; and Francisco ground his teeth, but was silent, in the bitterness of his heart.

There was, however, more than this in Monsignore's letter—a postscript seemingly unimportant, like the proverbial postscript of a woman. It said, "One of my friends, Rospigliosi, an advocate, is in the café of the Scacchi, in the Corso, towards mezzogiorno, many of these days. If thou shouldest see him, my son—it is he who has the pretty Cæsaretti villa near the Albino lake—do not hesitate to speak; he is of thy friends."

This brief hint, it may be supposed, set Francisco's veins tingling. He could scarcely help getting up with a sudden impulse to seek out instantly, without a moment's delay, this unknown friend. The sudden possibility of doing something, if only of telling his tale over again, inspired the young man. His despondency and listlessness gave place to all the eager desire and speculation of his years. By sight and name he knew Rospigliosi well enough. But did Rospigliosi know him? and how? and in what position? A ferment of thoughts and questions rose within the young man's mind. He went out, and only half aware of where he was going, took his way to the Scacchi café, and sauntered, with vague but eager curiosity, through its gossipers and chess-players, to the furthest end, where he sat by himself in a corner, and drank his coffee, inspecting as well as he could the groups before him. When it suddenly became visible and evident to Francisco that the observation was not on his side alone—that a whisper went about, as those strange Italian telegraphic communications do, noiselessly, eyebrows and fingers doing the greater part of them—and that more than one head was raised from the chess-table as he passed; his heart quickened, his face flushed; he was no longer Francisco the painter, nameless, parentless, and poor; it was the dawn of a new world.

CHAPTER XIX.

With excitement rather increased than lessened by the night's musing, Francisco sought the café of the Scacchi at noon of the next day. He

was quite right in supposing himself to be an object of general interest, but not equally correct in the idea that this interest had sprung up suddenly, and was the result of some new event yet unknown to him. For some time past, rumours of a new claimant to the Agostini dukedom had buzzed about Rome—no one knew where or how they originated, but the whisper came upon every breeze. Donna Anna was not a popular personage—her husband belonged to one of the very few families of plebeian origin who have struggled into wealth and honours in that unprogressive and stereotyped society, and she herself was a somewhat peevish good woman, careful and troubled about many things—a domestic person, always attended by nurses and children, not at all the type of great lady which commended itself most to the Roman appreciation. Then the Duchessa, a totally different woman, was regarded with that mingled disgust and dislike with which the world always, sooner or later, visits its worn-out ministers in the unloveliness of their old age; and Rome was very ready to believe an evil story of the sharp and sour old woman who had once bloomed among its most famous beauties and leaders of fashion. So that the story passed from lip to lip, and naturally increased on its way. Curiosity, and that warm human inclination to be wiser than our neighbours, which prevails at more places than Rome, had suggested two or three independent inquiries into this romance of the day, and the investigators found little difficulty in tracing from Rome to San Michele the injured child, and identifying that young hero with Francisco the painter. For many days past, though he had not hitherto noticed it, the men in the cafés had bestowed their attention on Francisco, and the women in the streets paused to look after him. That strange social influence which represents in Rome what we call public opinion, had taken his story in hand, although he, absorbed in his own thoughts—the love that was so unpropitious, and the hope that seemed so visionary—had gone about, unconscious of it all, like a man in a dream.

When Francisco entered the Scacchi café, one of the first persons he saw was the Avvocato Rospigliosi, a stout bull-necked Roman of middle age—stout, gross, somewhat sensual, carrying his bullet-head and putting forth his full limbs with a certain bold animal force and freedom very characteristic of his nation. Though his linen was unexceptionable, and his dress perfectly well brushed and orderly, there was none of the dainty cleanliness of an English gentleman in the black-bearded Roman, whose beard, perpetually seized upon in the fervour of conversation by his large soft unctuous hand, bore a certain aroma of soup and cigars inseparable from that manly ornament. He had a large glass of milky fluid before him, an infinitesimal mouthful of absinthe to a large supply of water, and was engaged in noisy conversation with some one who sipped a mysterious Rosolio, pink and sugary, at the same table. But despite of this talk, which was eager and animated enough, judging by appearances, Rospigliosi, under his black eyebrows, saw the entrance of the new-comer; saw him, noted him, sent him a quick glance of intelligence; watched intently, but without observation, how Francisco, at a white fever-heat of excitement, stumbled among the tables, at this time in the day but sparely occupied, and seated himself far back in the darkest corner, in the shade of one of the pillars. It was now May, and the fervid summer of Rome was about beginning; that refuge in the depths of the great cool room refreshed Francisco after the glare and heat, mental and bodily, of the streets and his thoughts. Unaware what he was doing, seeing before him the busy Corso glimmer through the door in crowds of passing figures, and between himself and that spot of light the few scattered groups, which at once terminated and culminated in the burly Avvocato, at present the centre of all his hopes—the young man swallowed glass after glass of the innocent Roman lemonade, and sat in a tremor of expectation and impatience indescribable, till that conversation which went on so loudly should come to a pause. Fran-

cisco thought these two men, whose talk was carried on in too high a tone to be important, must have been talking for a whole hour before they bethought themselves of the necessity of stopping short somewhere; but at last the conversation, like everything else, came to an end. The Rosolio-drinker went briskly out with a "Buon giorno, Ser Antonio;" and the Advocate sat alone, stretching out his stout limbs, pulling his black beard, and selecting out of a fat well-used cigar-case his sixth or seventh cigar. Perhaps this interval of poor Francisco's suspense was hardest of all to bear. He looked on from his dark corner, feeling that Rospigliosi had watched him take his place there, had recognised him, and was not to be intruded upon; it was necessary to wait for his notice. But what if some other acquaintance should come in to prolong this torture a little? what if the Advocate himself, repenting, should go away without any recognition of the poor young painter? What if——but wait. Now he is getting up at last—stretching himself—shaking all his joints free: how they swing through the air, those vast plump arms, with the large soft rather greasy hands at the ends of them, and all those creases in the sleeves! Then there ensues a fizz and tiny flash, and the cigar is lighted; then——is he going away—is he about to speak?—trembling moment of suspense for Francisco! when at last he saunters up through the large dim room, and hails afar off the young man in his corner—"Buon giorno, Signore. If I am not too bold to match myself with such a player, what say you to a game of chess?"

Francisco rose with an eager disclaimer of any skill in chess, but was silenced by a look, and by the unconcerned and dauntless manner in which his new acquaintance went on—

"Here is an agreeable corner. I have heard of your skill, my friend. I sometimes play a game with Monsignore Fantini, who reports marvels of you, Ser Francisco; but I am older than you, as you perceive, and heaven knows how much older than Monsignore, who is of the angels. I know a move or two which are miracles for a checkmate. Accommodate yourself, and let us try our fate."

Francisco dropped into the chair offered to him, following the example of his companion, and with a troubled and doubtful curiosity waited for what was to come next. Rospigliosi was by this time busy arranging the chessmen, bending over the table, and under cover of this occupation went on in a lower tone—

"When you have anything private to consult about," said the Avvocato, "always do it in broad daylight and in the middle of the *salone*. Walls have ears, and pillars end in conductors. Say what thou hast to say as if all the world might hear, and the world will no longer take the trouble to listen. Rosso o bianco, amico mio?"

"I will choose the red," said Francisco, with a thrill of renewed excitement.

"Ah, because red is a colour of hope—e vero?" said the Advocate, smiling. "Well, well! at your age we are all hopeful. And so they say you are an Agostini—is it true?"

"If you know so much of me, you must know that it is true," said the young man, with an outburst of involuntary impatience.

"Ah, well, well! it may be so," said Rospigliosi, with a burst of hearty laughter. "I knew your mother of old, and I would willingly serve you for her sake—ha, ha! I think she will thank me for my good services. I was once infatuated with hers—she was a beauty to wonder at, that woman, though you young men do not think so. And for gratitude, when I think how she used me, I figure to myself, my youth, how I shall be able to serve *you*."

These words changed the young listener in a moment; he was no longer a poor youth, hoping everything from this powerful assistant; he flushed at once to the same spell which had moved him before. "Pardon!" said Francisco, haughtily, half-rising from the table. "We shall either conclude this conversation, or you will do me the pleasure to say nothing more of the Duchessa."

There was a momentary pause; perhaps, before the moment was

over, Francisco, in his own consciousness, had relapsed into the nameless young painter, forfeiting his sole apparent prospect of success by reason of the strange half-hating regard he had for the mother who hated him, and growing more bitter than ever against her in his heart, as he saw this hope glide away and disappear from him. But the effect on his companion was totally different. Rospigliosi, much startled by this ebullition, was at the same time distinctly impressed by it. He hesitated and coloured under the eye of the Duchessa's son. Even the bold identification of his mother which Francisco made by this name, had its effect upon the Advocate. He had heard the entire story from Monsignore, and had privately received in his villa in the hills the concurring testimony of Mariuccia and her son; yet had never been so completely convinced of the truth of the tale as when the young man started up indignant in his sight, and refused to hear anything said of the Duchessa. It was one of those subtle moral proofs transcending all evidence, of which the Advocate knew the power.

"Pardon me—I should have been wiser," said Rospigliosi; "but have the complacency to take your seat again, and we shall mend the game. I am at your castle in the first place, Signore. Do you know who is the proprietor of that casinetto of mine —that little Cæsaretti villa on the hill?"

"No," said Francisco, entirely bewildered by the sudden change of subject.

"Wait a moment—you shall see the connection," said Rospigliosi, answering the young man's look. "Listen—that is the apple of my paradise; and it is forbidden, you may be sure, or I should not long for it. The house is but let to me, you understand, and the amiable Donna of the august Lontoria house desires it for a nursery; and my villa, which I love, is to be taken from me when *they* succeed—you understand? Thus, you see, I have my interests at stake as well as yourself. Let us speak plainly; it is the best policy in daylight and in the middle of a room where there are no listeners. Give me the Cæsaretti villa when you come into possession of your estates, and I will immediately take upon me the whole burden of the suit. I am not rich, but I have credit. I shall ask you for nothing until you are established and unassailable. I will provide the expenses and conduct the suit—only you shall promise to repay me what I spend for you, and give me the Cæsaretti villa for my fee."

As he warmed in the subject, the Avvocato forgot his own caution, and spoke, though low, rapidly, and with considerable vehemence and excitement. As for Francisco, totally taken by surprise and unprepared, he had neither breath nor words to answer. For the moment he looked helplessly in Rospigliosi's face, struck silent by the sudden nearness of that vague fairy fortune and unbelievable splendour which had hitherto been such mere dreams to him. He was too much startled to answer by anything but a mere gasp of breathless interest —a faltering "*Come?*"—"How?"— to which the Advocate answered by repeating, himself rising to an answering climax of excitement, the singular proposal he had just made. Francisco had heard it all, every word, the first time; but he gained a moment's breath in the repetition, and managed now to believe in his own senses. It was not a delusion or romance, but a simple compact of business—an agreement between a lawyer and his client—a matter equally interesting to the man who expected the Cæsaretti villa, as to him before whose eyes glittered the astonishing glory of the Agostini dukedom and estates. It was hard work to assume quietly the decorum and gravity necessary for an answer to this proposal. Francisco could hardly help bursting into questions: "Do you think it possible, then?—likely?" or into incredulous bursts of half-hysterical laughter. To assume the matter by such an act as the cession, even by promise, of a portion of the estate, seemed to bring the whole prospect so overwhelmingly near him, that like a blind man suddenly enlightened, he felt disposed to put up his hand and thrust away

the dazzling object which pressed so close upon his vision. But it is wonderful how rapidly and swiftly some lessons are learned. By the time his companion, enlarging somewhat more than at first, had come to the end of what he had to say, Francisco had found his voice and his wits, and was able to make quite a dignified and proper answer. He accepted the proposal, to be sure, with great seriousness and decorum, and entered into the matter with an aspect of sobriety which much astonished and considerably impressed the voluble Avvocato. Young Romans of Francisco's age are not much given to concealment of their feeling. Such reticence gave Ser Antonio an extremely high opinion of the young man; but when Francisco, after putting his actual hand and pen to the agreement, by which, in event of success in his plea, he ceded the villa Cæsaretti to his legal champion, returned to his little room up aloft in the Piazza of Trajan, you may be sure the events of the morning rather overcame that wonderful composure of his, and that the old bronze emperor and the discreet stars were witness to many an outburst of incredulous, amazed laughter, and to a few youthful tears.

CHAPTER XX.

Nor was Francisco permitted to forget his bargain. For several days thereafter the Advocate kept him in occupation, reading to him the evidence of Mariuccia and Gigi which he had already taken down, and amazing the youth with all the legal evidences necessary to identify himself, and to prove that the infant who had been carried from the Agostini palace, the child who had been placed in San Michele, and the young painter on the fourth piano in the Piazza of Trajan, were the same person. "To what purpose is all this?" said the wondering Francisco; "am not I here in my own person to prove it?" But the Avvocato only laughed, and went on with his investigations. Of course, a return to the easel was impossible to the young man under his extraordinary circumstances; he could not, bursting with the hopes which seemed now to approach realization, take up a stoical position opposite to that copy he was making—copy of which, you may be sure, he was heartily sick, like all the rest of his craft in Rome, lovely though the picture may be in itself—of the Beatrice Cenci, and spend the livelong glowing day within those four small walls, with the little balcony hanging forth in that world of ecstatic air and sunshine, and all the rest of the world living out of doors. He was not of stoical character at all, nor bred to self-denial; Spartan, like all his countrymen, so far as the ability to bear cold, to dispense with comfort, to live sparely, while that was inevitable and could not be avoided, made him so, Francisco, like his countrymen, was intoxicated by the sunshine, and was not trained to command the impulses of his nature. To tell the truth, it is not easy, with the excitement of suspense in one's mind, and the possibility that to-day's business will be made an end of upon to-morrow, to go on steadily notwithstanding with the present duty; virtuous people there are to be found who can do it; but it is very difficult at twenty, and Francisco did not try.

One of his favourite resorts was the house of Teta, where he was drawn by many attractions; to her alone he could speak of Lucy, no longer the Signorina Inglese, but called by a much dearer and more familiar title; and to her he could communicate something of his own restless excitement in the prospect of the approaching trial, at which she herself would be a valuable witness. Lastly, there were to be found in a closet in Teta's sitting-room a little store of English books, left behind her with an injunction to her lover to learn her language, by Lucy. That fervid, glorious, glowing May of Rome (not this troubled exceptional season, dear reader), was little more *sympatica* with the dry toil of a beginner learning a lan-

guage, than was the disturbed and restless condition of Francisco's mind —so that he did very little good at it, you may believe; but still it afforded him another inducement to haunt that little lofty room at Teta's, with its little loggia swung over the deep well of the courtyard, and its view of Monte Pincio over the house-tops. In the shade there, it was pleasant to see the sun glare upon the white scorched houses and winding lines of road along the side of the hill, and to hear down below in the cool court the tinkle of the little fountain; and there by the side of the open window, Teta, buxom Roman matron, with her black curls and long gold ear-rings, her full shoulders and ample white apron, would stand for an hour at a stretch talking, not without full accompaniment of gesture and pantomime, to her young visitor, in whose presence that stout partisan of Don Francisco had made up her mind never to sit down.

"Thanks to the Madonna and the Forestieri," said Teta, "I have no need to fear appearing before any Tribunale. If Mariuccia, who fears the Duchessa as she fears the devil—Senza, Excellenza!—is not afraid to come forward for your Excellency's rights, it is not to be supposed that I, who have always stood up for them, even against my mother, should draw back at the last; and as for my poor mother, it would not grieve me, Signore mio, if the Duchessa withdrew her favour to-morrow, and sent the good old woman to take shelter with Teta. When all the Forestieri are gone, and Gaetano with them, I am lonely by myself up here. Gaetano will be gone all the summer, travelling among the Swiss mountains with his family; for you should see how helpless they are without him, Don Francisco. Milord and Milady repose themselves upon Gaetano; Benissimo! I am well content—it is life—it is necessity; one must not give up one's profession, even if one has enough to live upon; but what, then, have I to do, does your Excellency suppose? Go into villeggiatura, to be sure, and perhaps take the sea-baths at Porto d'Anzio where the Santo Padre himself is going by-and-by. But then I am all alone. I have nobody to pet me or to fatigue me; such a thing is very necessary when one would enjoy one's self; and I should be very well content, Signore mio, to have my mother."

"Why, then, does not Sora Cenci come to you?" asked Francisco, languidly, from his big rococo chair.

"Eh, who can tell? She will no more leave the Duchessa than I would Gaetano," said Teta, laughing; "but I promise your Excellency she will not escape the Signor Avvocato. Such a man! I remember him when I was in my first youth; he used to be a visitor at Genzaro, at the villa Agostini, where your Excellency was born. Even when the Duca was there he would come, that Rospigliosi; and your—your gracious *father*, Don Francisco, was pleased with the young man. Did I not say patienza? See what friends the blessed Madonna has brought to you. Good Monsignore, who, everybody knows, is one of the saints already; though I do not believe the Pope would canonise him if he died to-morrow; for we love him too well, we Romans!—a father, your Excellency understands, must not yield too much to his children. And then an avvocato so clever and so lucky as Ser Antonio—a man who never loses a cause!—not to speak of your Excellency's beautiful good fortune with the bella piccola milady, which, to be sure, was the beginning. Quanta bella! quanta buona! She said often to me, with her little heart trembling at her mouth, 'One day, Sora Teta, I shall be rich'—and so she shall, the little beauty! Holy Santa Theresa, what a sweet Duchessa!—and your Excellency will be all the better for having an English wife. One may laugh, or mock, or push them aside as one will, but one cannot overcome these Forestieri. Gaetano tells me it is always the same; when other people would stand still in despair, they put on their look of stone, these English. Ah! and she has it also, for all her sweet eyes! I have seen it, Signore mio—as sweet as a child till she came *so far*, you perceive, Excellenza; but further not a step if she were to

die. Ah, it is grand, that look of stone!"

"You love the English, Teta," said Francisco, "and I, you perceive, love Lucy—it makes a difference. If all goes well, according to you and Ser Antonio, I see no need my wife will have for any stony looks; and, for my part, I prefer the smiles."

Teta hesitated somewhat in her reply. "Your Excellency has a noble spirit, as becomes you," she said at last, with a slight falter, as if afraid of betraying something below; "but it is necessary your Excellency should remember that all is not done when you have won your cause. There are all the princes and great houses in Rome, Don Francisco. Perhaps they will take Donna Anna's side, who is of their order, and known to them. Perhaps they will believe what the Duchessa may choose to say. Perhaps—ah! your Excellency may still have your troubles, for a time. I pray your Excellency not to think all is over when your suit is gained."

"Enough," said Francisco, haughtily; "I understand, and there is enough said. They will remember that I was bred at San Michele, and lived on the fourth piano, and copied pictures for the Forestieri. Va bene! it is true."

"Eccellenza, the Duchessa will say worse," said Teta, in a low tone, "for her own defence, and that they may not call her a monster and unnatural. Eccellenza, she will say things harder to bear."

"Again I understand you," said the young man, rising up and growing now red, now pale, with restrained passion; "it is a subject I will not discuss, Sora Teta; if I rise to my rights, I will rise—but if I fail, I shall fail. It is of little importance to any one but me."

So saying, the youth left her hastily, with that sting, which he had felt the momentary anguish of two or three times before, struck once more into his heart. True, he could not, would not believe in the dark ignominy it pointed to; true, he could defeat any temporary influence it might have by those ingenious sophisms by which we all manage to ward off and cover up disagreeable objects; but still it stung him—stung him like a secret snake every time he entered upon this subject, as he said to himself in his haste. Everybody suggested it to him, in the first blush of the narrative of which this hideous inference was so easy and so vile an expositor; and the bitterness of these moments seemed, while they lasted, to do more than counterbalance the splendours of his less transitory hope.

While Teta stood at her door listening to his hasty impatient footsteps as they rang down the stair—that long staircase in which had disappeared from Francisco's eager gaze the little troth-plighted maiden who had given him her heart and her promise, but would not see him again—"Benissimo!" said Teta, "it is very well to be proud, Chichino mio, and I love you for it, my friend; but for all that, I am very glad that you will have for your wife that little Signorina, with her tender little heart and her English look of stone."

CHAPTER XXI.

In the mean time Francisco had yet another trial to bear—a trial which, under other circumstances, the innocent young painter would have accepted heartily as an excellent piece of good fortune and without any consciousness of pride endangered; but this young man, moved so entirely out of the position to which he had been bred, and brought into such a conflicting world of new facts and emotions, had learned, among other things, a sharper and bitterer appreciation of things that were unworthy of him, or proposals which compromised his honour. Perhaps the lover of the English Lucy must have owned that influence, even if there had been no other to move him, but the stimulating remembrance of his distant love was seconded on all sides by other motives. He learned to restrain his anxieties, to bear with the suspense which nothing occurred to lighten; to hide all feeling in his own breast

when he heard any speculations concerning the Duchessa's line of defence. What that line of defence would be, nobody seemed to doubt. Francisco shut his eyes, and set his teeth against it with the haughtiest resistance. He said nothing now in reply, but Rospigliosi himself had been daunted by those haughty black eyes of the Duchessa gleaming in passionate reserve and silence, unknown to *her*, out of her son's face.

The Avvocato was proceeding with his evidence, collecting slowly every kind of corroborative proof, and wasting those summer days, Francisco thought, with unnecessary and elaborate verifications. For it was summer in Rome, villeggiatura had not yet begun, and now that the reality of the sun, and the chimera, bigger than reality, of the fever, had driven away the Forestieri, Rome felt herself mistress of her own streets, and demeaned herself accordingly. A few languid figures, driven by necessity, crept along the blazing streets in the day, but when the evening came the Corso was alive with the most brilliant faces and toilettes, the gayest equipages, the brightest groups imaginable. Perhaps a gleam of national arrogance, which sits well on the descendants of an imperial race, perhaps only the natural relief of a vast household at finding itself relieved, after long endurance, of an incubus of visitors, gives at that period of the year a certain exhilaration and *abandon* to the Roman crowd; perhaps only the delicious brightness of that crowning glory of the Italian year; but whatever may be the cause, it is certain that Rome never looks so gayly and joyously Roman as in that early glorious summer after the strangers are gone. And the Avvocato Rospigliosi and all his men were mortal, and of Roman blood, and so were all the official persons who had to do with suits at law; and so even were Teta and Madame Margherita, and all the people in San Michele whose evidence was necessary to Francisco's cause; so that the business was noways advanced, according to the young man's impatient thoughts, when the great summer festival came round, and Rome brightened up to keep its pyrotechnic vigil before St. Peter's Day.

It was on that eve that Francisco met with another great awakening in his life. That eve, its crimson sunset dying afar in ineffable circles of colour, ever sweeter and fainter as they fled through the magical ring of that rapid twilight; with the green outspreading boughs and trees upon Pincio flinging their outlines so doubly, brightly, ecstatically green, against that crimson and pink and orange, then blackening slowly into solemn types of trees as the quick darkness fell. And over Monte Mario and his brethren a serene sweet sky appearing out of the clouds, green blue with its tender twinkles of dilating stars; and the darkness gathering and falling over these irregular heights between, hiding big San Pietro and his lamps, as Time hides a great event, till its hour has come; and nothing clear to be seen here from the top of Pincio but the reluctant crimson lingering out over the distant sea, the green break, towards the east, of that ineffable serenity of sky, and close by the weird trees and indistinct figures and huge angles of houses down in the piazza, rising black into the atmosphere, which, even in its darkness, preserved a tint of the sunset red. Here Francisco was waiting languidly among the moving crowd to see the world-famous illumination, when it chanced to him to encounter Monsignore, not in top-boots, as at Rocca, but in the full glory of his purple stockings, with an attendant in livery behind him. They had not met again since their interview in the good prelate's study, and the young man was about to pass with a respectful salutation. Catching sight of him, however, Monsignore extended his hand with a lively exclamation. "Figlio mio," said the good man, "turn and walk with me if you are alone. I have a great deal to say to you; I should have come to see you to-morrow if I had not seen you here."

Much flattered by an address which was audible enough to attract much observation to himself, and to cause, though Francisco did not observe it, many whispers among

the crowd, the young man turned at Monsignore's bidding. The good priest took a paternal hold upon the youth's arm, and led him along with him, to the admiration of the bystanders, who, if they did not, like the good people of Rocca, make a tutelar divinity of Monsignore, still knew him well and liked him heartily, partly for his natural goodness, partly that he was in obvious disfavour with Antonelli, and little beloved by the Pope.

"I hear from Ser Antonio what progress he makes," said Monsignore; "he tells me of his witnesses and pleadings, and I am glad; but, my son, there is still something more important—what of thee?"

Francisco's conscience smote him; nothing but youthful passions, weariness, and musing, could be told of *him*, and he blushed a little as he met Monsignore's mild eyes turned towards him: they could scarcely see each other's faces, and the churches lying below them in the darkness were telling out, with a liberal margin for differences of opinion, dropping the warning into the air in irregular succession, the hour of nine. A few moments more, and San Pietro, invisible yonder, would leap forth into the darkness, every line and column of him, dome, cross, and gallery, a living miracle of light. It was a fortunate diversion for Francisco. They turned towards the front of the terrace, the crowd giving way before Monsignore; and the young man's answer, such as it was, was lost in the hush and tremor of the bystanders waiting for the event.

Francisco waited too with a thrill of excitement. His mind, in its over-stimulated condition, was at the present moment sensitive to everything. His life rushed past him like a flying shadow as he stood there on the threshold of his loftier hopes, with Monsignore's fatherly hand upon his arm. What might have happened to him when next time San Pietro rose shining beneath these stars? That would be on the eve of holy Easter, the earliest sweetness of spring; and eyes of many an English girl would brighten at that spectacle from this same terrace. Should Lucy be there, and he beside her? Should he have claimed her ere that time, and offered one of the proudest titles of Italy to the little English Signorina?. Monsignore knew nothing of that sad complication and double romance in the entangled affairs of the young hero, nor how those two invisible fairies rent the youth's heart between them; and it was with a little surprise that the good priest turned his eye from the blazing outline of the great Basilica, and saw indistinctly through the darkness how much emotion was in the young man's face.

"Coraggio!" said Monsignore, "and patienza! my son; there is need of both; and this—let us go out of the crowd a little—is what I would speak to thee of. How dost thou live in the mean time, poverino? Thinking of what shall be, my Chichino, we must not forget what is."

"I live as I have always done, Monsignore," said the young man. "I do not complain."

"I see it, my son; you do not complain, nor make haste to waste thy estate beforehand, as so many young men would do; and it pleases me," said Monsignore. "Believe me, there is nothing better for you than to continue Francisco the painter until the greater title comes; but in the mean time thy painting is hard work for thee, I do not doubt, and thy thoughts run faster than thy brushes can follow; so that I mean to propose to you, my friend, to keep a few scudi, till I want them, for me."

"Monsignore, for you!" exclaimed Francisco.

"For me, truly. I have not a great deal," said the priest, "but it is at thy disposal, Francisco, or any friend's."

"It is holy coin," cried Francisco, almost thrusting the kind ecclesiastic from him in his fervor. "Pardon, Monsignore, I should as soon take the consecrated wafer for daily bread; it is the money of the orphans and the poor—it is not for such as me."

"And art not thou an orphan, poverino?" said the good Monsignore; "and besides can always render it back to the poor and the orphans when thou wilt, with as much increase as pleases thee. Figlio mio,

suspense is hard at thy age. I am concerned for *thee* now."

Francisco stood still for a moment among the darkling crowd. It seemed to him as though a white apparition of the English Lucy floated between him and those noisy Italian groups, shaking a tiny hand in his face, exclaiming, "You will take Monsignore's money—you! Then think of me no more!"—with all the indignation and defiance possible to that positive little maid. The young Roman broke into tears and warm exclamations of gratitude and admiration, according to the fashion of his nation. He kissed Monsignore's pale hand as he had kissed it when he was little Chichino. He behaved himself, with a total disregard of all reserves and reticences, in a manner which almost attracted the notice of the crowd, well accustomed as that crowd was to "scenes." Francisco on his part did not know what it was to have an objection to "a scene." He did and said what came into his head exuberantly under the cover of that darkness, with San Pietro silently blazing in the distance—all its lights yellowing over into the final golden glory. Francisco, transported, had forgotten all about San Pietro when he kissed Monsignore's hand.

"But no!" cried the young man. "I am an orphan for your love, padre mio! but I am a man, and can work if I were twenty times the son of a duke. No. I will go back to my pictures that I have neglected. I will return to my work, Monsignore; and you who are a saint out of heaven will help me with your prayers."

"My prayers are for the service of all my children," said Monsignore; "but thou shouldst remember, Chichino mio, that the blessed Angelico painted on his knees, and made pictures that it is like a prayer to look at. And wherefore not thou?"

"The blessed Angelico did not copy the Beatrice, my father," said Francisco, meekly. "However, this is certain: I will neither take Monsignore's money, nor starve, nor live on a loaf and a slice of cocomero as I have been doing. Let the Avvocato and his witnesses do as they will, henceforward I will work and live."

With which resolution, Francisco, all a-glow with youthful pride and shame, tears in his eyes, a flush on his cheeks, and his whole person moved with the exaltation of excited feeling, left Monsignore among the crowd in his purple stockings, and hurried down the hill. As he gained the foot of Pincio, he came suddenly upon a carriage, where the poor old Duchessa, on her way to see the girandola in the Piazza, leant back with her old *dame de compagnie* beside her, enveloped, soft as the June air was, in a world of shawls. Life seems to grow precious in proportion to the dying-out of everything more valuable. The Duchessa had outlived love and honour, if she ever had them; but she was more careful than ever before of that poor thread of existence which was all that remained to her. As they met, the eyes of the two encountered each other; the son's warm with noble youthful sentiment and resolution, the mother's cold, cruel, and eager, incapable of any passions but those of hatred and rage. Francisco passed on, after he had seen her, with a cloud of graver thoughts subduing but strengthening the resolution in his face. But the Duchessa leant out of her carriage to look after him, holding the shawls close over her withered breast. She scolded all the way to the Piazza—scolded through the fizz of the girandola—drove Cenci almost crazy when she went home. Perhaps in that moment she had recognised the hapless baby—the forgotten life that rose up so bold and strong among those dews of youth to confront her, and had seen all her plans defeated and all her precautions useless. She was a very poor old woman, that splendid beautiful Duchessa who had sent the child away; and whether it was unnatural cruelty or a certain savage virtue in vice which prompted it, her sin had been fatally a failure. Here was this boy, her son, with her own eyes; and what could she do against his young vigour, the power and passion which *she* could see in his face?

THE ADMINISTRATION OF INDIA.

When the Bengal sepoys proclaimed the extinction of the Company's rule, they little imagined the hands that were to execute the mad bulletin. The Home authorities had weakened the European garrison beyond any precedent of former rashness; while, at the same time, native prejudices were successively outraged, neglected, and petted, with a caprice that 100,000 bayonets would have been too few to protect. The Pandies might well trust their own arm to wield the weapon put into their hands in the affair of the greased cartridges. It was not much that then seemed to be wanting to complete the overthrow of the edifice constructed by the courage and sagacity of Clive, Hastings, and Wellesley. It was but to massacre a few score of Europeans scattered up and down the country, without strategy, caution, or misgiving—to seize on the treasuries and strongholds, mostly in native custody—to proclaim a new raj—and "Koompni Sahib" would pass away, like many a predecessor in history, before the far-distant resources of Great Britain could be collected to the rescue.

In these calculations, however, the rebels fell into a twofold mistake. They did not reckon on the fight to be made by the victims whom they had destined to summary extermination—and it never entered their wildest dreams that, when the revolt should be known in England, the Imperial Legislature would be the first to bow to the vaticination of the Brahmans, and, instead of straining every nerve to replace the outraged representative of England's majesty, itself prepare the bowstring that was to execute the award of the traitors.

The sepoys may be pardoned their dual error. Not even *their* experience of British daring could foresee the more than heroic gallantry with which the Indian officers and civilians turned to bay by twos and threes upon their merciless assailants, arrested the revolt before it could spread into a rebellion, and not only held the government, but recovered the lost citadel, mastered the mutiny and scattered the traitors, *before* the home reinforcements arrived to prostrate the country more completely than ever under the iron heel of military conquest. But if India, with her hundred years' experience, was not prepared for deeds of individual prowess, which have recalled the days of Amadis and Sir Lancelot, and filled the battalions of modern Europe with wonder and praise, what sane imagination could have anticipated the spectacle exhibited in the Palace of Westminster, when an imperial Sovereign cancelled, at the dictation of traitors, red with the blood of their murdered officers, a commission of Government, just before publicly renewed!—when a Constitutional monarch was seen to change, in the crisis of an armed insurrection, the administration agreed upon, after deliberate investigation, by the almost unanimous voice of the Legislature and the Nation!—when a great Power, outraged with every possible laceration of public and private honour, stood forward to endorse the treason by sacrificing its own representative! — when a wise and generous nation rewarded the heroes who fell, or nobly conquered, in the unexampled struggle, by abolishing the Service in which they were trained, and placing in doubt the prospects which had encouraged them to embrace a life of exile with the chances of a premature death!

We shall be answered that no such consequences were meant to be involved in the transfer of the government to the direct administration of the Crown. And if the events of this world were ruled by *intentions*, the answer would be complete. Of course we do not impute any such conscious treason to the statesmen, on either side of the House, who concurred in that disastrous measure; but amid the weighty arguments urged against it, there was one that ought to have commanded respect, if all besides had been unavailing. The *time* selected for the experiment—a period of panic and confusion—was not only liable

to dishonouring interpretations, but excluded the possibility of a mature deliberation. The more we consider the unformed and defective statute which stands in our legislative code as the 21st & 22d Victoria, cap. 106, the more it seems to deserve the sarcasm aimed by Mr. Bright at another measure—that "not twenty members in the House understood what they were doing."

We can have no pleasure in recalling objections which it is now too late to consider; but the session has closed with another India bill, of hardly less importance, and equally crude and ill defined; in fact, placing in doubt the whole future of the Indian armies. The financial condition of the country, too, is so hopelessly involved, that it seems to be matter of conjecture in England, whether the deficit of the current year be six millions or nine. The Minister who was to restore order and abundance to the exhausted exchequer, has been swept away by death, and we are told that neither India nor England contains a competent successor. Surely it is high time to inquire whether there be any recognised system of government for India, or whether Parliament is content to have followed the example of the sepoys, destroying everything and reconstructing nothing.

In instituting this inquiry, we can have no party object to serve. Both sides of the House of Commons are implicated in the measures which call for our animadversions. The Conservatives may plead the excuse of only following their rivals, who had already seized on the panic of the moment to pronounce the Company's doom. They have also the more definite merit of devoting their foremost men to the service of India; while the Whigs, true to traditional instinct, continue to regard that great empire as the *vile corpus* of family and party patronage. To read the names of Ellenborough and Stanley in juxtaposition with those of Vernon Smith and Sir Charles Wood, is quite enough to account for the disgust and alarm, with which nine-tenths of the Indian services regard every project bearing the ominous stamp of Whig-Liberalism.

In the haste to get rid of the Company's government, few cared to inquire into the details of that which was to succeed. Only one change, indeed, seems to be possible amid the clash of arms, and that is to a Dictatorship. Such was, in fact, the effect of the statute of 1858. The government of the Crown was enacted; but the mode in which it was to be exercised, the nature and limits of the subordinate functions, with all the executive establishments, and the entire administration in India, were handed over, in the loosest possible manner, to the newly created Secretary of State. Some attempt was made to fetter him with a Council of Indian advisers; but this was one of those half measures which only serves to indicate the perplexity of their authors. A really efficient Council would have reproduced the "double government" of the Court of Directors;—for the direct administration of the Crown no Council seems required but the responsible Cabinet. Wavering between the two policies, and timidly shrinking from both, Parliament took refuge in a *sham*;—a Council, to be advised with, or not, at the discretion of the Minister himself;—a body that might act as a *blind*, but could never presume to be a *check*. The inference is that, while effecting a revolution at the fountain-head, the Legislature desired as little practical change as possible in the course of affairs. Our senators wished to retain as much as possible of the agency they were displacing, and to escape as far as possible the known tendencies of that which they were introducing. With this vague and unstatesmanlike intimation, the exhausted members retired to their rural sports, leaving their abortion in the hands of a Conservative Minister.

Lord Stanley, in addition to great industry, and a spirit of progressive reform, happily preserves the prudence which is content to leave well alone. His travels had enabled him to form a truer appreciation of the Indian services than falls to the lot of our newspaper students; while his good sense, and the general policy of his party, secured him against the conceit of inaugurating the new system by disturbing and embroiling all existing institutions.

It is quite remarkable what little success has hitherto attended European cabinets in the administration of Indian empire. The ministers of the Portuguese Crown, absorbed in domestic politics, neglected and lost the magnificent dominion acquired by its admirals and commanders. The French Cabinet, though eager for territorial acquisitions, superseded their best Indian officers by red-tapists from home, who quickly dissipated a far fairer prospect of oriental empire than had yet dawned upon their British rivals. Our own different fortune has been due, under Providence, to the wise and generous support extended to our Indian officers by an administration that had nothing but India to care for. The East India Company, always resisting territorial aggrandisement, seldom fell into the folly—especially ruinous in the presence of Asiatic neighbours—of renouncing provinces once acquired. Still rarer were the instances of English injustice or illiberality to those who endured exile, hardship, and peril in India. The one exception was forced upon an indignant public by a faction whose leaders disgraced their eloquence, and tarnished their party, by opprobrious invectives against a defenceless prisoner. Still, Warren Hastings was not sacrificed, though the Court of Directors yielded to the storm, and even Pitt was carried away for a moment by the declamation of Sheridan and Burke. The larger Court of Proprietors, with the general public, stood his friends throughout; and when the seven years' persecution ended in an honourable acquittal upon every charge, the nation endorsed the verdict with its applause. The faction was still powerful enough to intercept the coronet which it has since placed on the distinguished head of Mr. Vernon Smith (!)—but the "GREAT CIVILIAN" lived to receive the apology of the Commons, by the House rising uncovered as he approached their bar, and the Whig palinode has been since nobly uttered in Macaulay's Essay. Our first Governor-General sleeps amidst his accusers and defenders in "that great temple of silence and reconciliation," whose impassive towers looked down on the school of his youth, and on the hall of his ordeal.

The East India Company, embodying the best qualities of our English middle classes, early discovered the error of the French aristocracy, and awarded to their Indian servants a scale of remuneration which placed them above the temptations of corruption, and attracted to its employ the first talent of the nation. The consequences were—a Civil Service never equalled, and an Army seldom surpassed, in Europe itself. Their combined exertions erected the Anglo-Indian Empire; while through their family connections, its great riches have ever flowed in a direct tide into the very bosom of the people. It was this peculiarity which lent such intense interest to the late deadly struggle. It was not only the dominion of the Crown and the honour of the nation which were in jeopardy, but the people's own domain; that which had been happily kept from the jaws of party politics and ministerial patronage, to reward the emulation, and exercise the charities, of the great British public.

The same peculiarity sharpened the apprehensions of those who, like ourselves, dreaded its destruction from the introduction of the direct administration of the Crown. Parliament was so far from being insensible to this danger, that it formed the chief subject of the little deliberation bestowed on the Act of 1858. Clauses were framed to secure the several services in all existing advantages. The army, it was said, feeling no change beyond the abolition of a Viceroyalty which stood between it and the Sovereign, could not but be gratified at the measure. The civil service would be carefully and considerately cherished. The vulgar motives of patronage were warmly disclaimed; and it was demanded why the Queen's Ministers should be less capable of protecting the public servants of India than the East India Company? Human nature, however, is stronger than any verbal assurances; and to those who had breathed the respective atmospheres of Downing Street and Leadenhall, it was too obvious that the effects of the trans-

planting must be felt in every branch and twig of the tree.

Lord Stanley was undoubtedly faithful to the assurances given in Parliament. Attending daily at the India House, and cultivating a cordial intimacy with those who had conducted its former policy, his administration was marked by a kind and judicious liberality to the Company's servants. His first duty was to reconstruct the official staff at home. The Act had transferred the establishments of the India House and the Board of Control to the department of the Indian Secretary of State, directing him to consolidate a "permanent establishment" out of the two, and awarding compensation to those whom it might be necessary to reduce. The new establishment was to be sanctioned by the Queen in Council, within six months from the assumption of the government.

In performing this necessarily invidious duty, Lord Stanley desired the advice of the experienced heads of the two former departments; and proceeding on the recognition of existing rights and prospects, the reconstruction was accomplished with very general satisfaction. One important step was thus taken towards the execution of an Indian policy, when anything worthy of the name should be conceived. From the Home establishment, the Minister was called to consider the state of the Indian services. The army, as we have said, was designed by Parliament to remain substantially as it had been under the East India Company. The forces in their service were transferred by the Act to the Crown, and power was given to enlist recruits in England for Indian service only, in the Queen's name as before in that of the Company. A "local" force was thus continued in each Presidency, identical with the Company's armies, while the contingent of "Queen's troops" supplied from the line remained unaltered.

This arrrangement was displeasing to the authorities of the Horse Guards. It continued at the India Office all the military power and patronage formerly possessed by the Directors; and it offended the Commander-in-Chief's ideas of uniformity and discipline. Before the Act was in operation, a demand was made for the transfer of the local forces to the direct authority and supervision of the Horse Guards, which Lord Stanley resisted. The question was then raised in all its issues before a Military Commission appointed to consider the future organisation of the Indian army. For the Horse Guards it was argued that two armies under one Crown is an anomaly unprecedented in history; that there *can* only be one Queen's army, and every local force must stand in an inferior and derogatory position; that only one system of recruiting at home is practicable; and that, consequently, the Indian forces must consist wholly of native troops, the European portion being amalgamated with the line. These arguments were encountered by the objection to making too extensive a change; by showing that there had always been two armies under the crown in India; that the empire had been won and kept by their united arms; that it was necessary to limit the sphere of employment to India, in order to induce officers to acquire a proper knowledge of the country and its natives, and especially to prevent troops from being withdrawn at the discretion of the Horse Guards, when India might be imperilled by their absence; that reliefs from one general army would be constantly coming and going, so looking up large numbers in transports, and giving India a succession of raw and inexperienced troops. Such considerations taken alone, might have fairly balanced the opposite arguments. The scale was turned by the general dread of subjecting the great middle-class army to the patronage of the Horse Guards. Those authorities have not lately enjoyed the confidence which is desirable in their own department of the profession; and it could not be forgotten that some of our greatest disasters in India were connected with their interference and patronage. Their arguments, therefore, made little impression on the Legislature. Both Whigs and Tories declared in favour of the existing system, and the question appeared to be settled.

It surprised no one to find, on the publication of the Commissioners' Re-

port, that the Queen's officers who constituted the majority, were in favour of "amalgamation," while Lord Stanley and his Indian colleagues stood out as stoutly for the separate organization. The same division of sentiment appeared among the witnesses examined. Company's officers and Queen's were ranged in opposing ranks. Among the former were Sir J. Lawrence, Sir James Outram, Sir R. H. Vivian, Colonel Durand, Mr. Willoughby, and a host of Indian servants, civil and military; the exceptions, indeed, being only two civilians and *one* artillery officer—viz., Sir G. Clerk, Sir Charles Trevelyan, and Sir Archdale Wilson.* On the other hand, the Horse Guards were loyally supported by Sir Edward Lugard, Sir Willoughby Cotton, Sir Thomas Franks, and other officers of the line; above all, by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who sat on the Commission, and took a warm interest in its proceedings. The India side of the question, as we may fairly call it, was espoused further by Lords Canning, Ellenborough, and Harris; the Horse Guards obtaining the adhesion of Lord Elphinstone, who, as a single authority, is perhaps inferior to no other person. Turning, however, from numbers and names to the weight of the respective arguments, the question was again determined in favour of the Indian view, and so rested for the remainder of Lord Derby's administration.

Such was the state of things when the fate of India again reverted to the Whigs; and, as if to verify the worst apprehensions of those who had dreaded the effect of these fluctuations of English politics, Lord Stanley was replaced by Sir Charles Wood; a Minister who, though tried in various Cabinet offices—with the universal aptitude that attaches to a certain standing in the Whig family party—has never impressed the world with a high sense of capacity, either in office or in Parliament. It is true that India had before been subject to his authority at the Board of Control, but that was when the Court of Directors interposed to sustain the first shock, and supply the defects of incompetency. As Secretary of State, Sir Charles Wood became entrusted with the dictatorship we have alluded to and we now entreat the attention of our readers to the manner in which he proceeded to exercise its unlimited authority.

The first effects of the change were experienced in the Indian Council, the institution created by Parliament, with the view of retaining as much as possible of the old *regime*. The Statute empowers the Secretary of State to divide this Council into *committees*, which Lord Stanley consistently effected as nearly as possible on the principles observed in the Court of Directors. The result was to continue the *initiative* in the despatch of business, with the committee to whose department it pertained. The committee reported to the Council; and the Secretary of State having considered their report, and consulted any of the executive officers he might think fit, came into the Council, prepared to discuss and decide the matter in deliberation with his parliamentary advisers. Sir Charles Wood has altered the whole process. He has removed the initiative to himself or one of his under-secretaries, referring any points he thinks fit to a committee, composed of such members of the Council as he may name for the particular occasion. Their report, we understand, instead of going as a matter of course to the Council, is considered by the Secretary of State in private, and comes before the Council, *if the Council is consulted at all*, in the form that may be given to it in his private room. The members of the Council complain that they are reduced to the position of simply offering an opinion, when the Secretary of State may think fit to ask for it. When he has decided the question, they are made acquainted with the result, and may record their dissents if they please; but their collective *vote*, whether in committee or in council,

* Sir Patrick Grant, Commander-in-Chief at Madras, subsequently wrote to be included in this category, expressly stipulating, however, that the *patronage* should be reserved to the authorities in India.

has become absolutely powerless, save in the few cases where the Act has made the consent of the Council indispensable.

Now, we are not inquiring at present whether Lord Stanley or Sir Charles Wood has best interpreted the intentions of the Legislature in establishing a Council of Indian statesmen. The Conservative Minister may have been wrong, and his Whig successor may have more accurately discriminated between the value of Indian experience and the rights and duties of a Cabinet Minister. All we now urge is, that results have been attained not generally anticipated in passing the Act, and which entirely sweep away the notion of the Council being a *check* on the Secretary of State.

The Council itself has not been slow to discover and resent the nature and extent of the blow inflicted on its privileges; but it was in vain to struggle: the ground has continued to slip away under the feet of its members; and, in removing to the West End, the Minister will probably discover that it was quite unnecessary to have brought them with him. The disunion naturally consequent on the new treatment will only irritate Parliament. Official men on both sides of the House will feel the "inconvenience" of retaining colleagues who can correct their chief in the newspapers without resigning office; and a short bill, to save India the salaries of fifteen gentlemen, who, in their present position, it must be confessed, are of no great utility to the public service, will provoke but little discussion, and less opposition.

After revolutionising the Council, Sir C. Wood proceeded to revise, a second time, the establishment of the India office. The reductions having been completed by Lord Stanley, and a "permanent establishment" sanctioned by the Queen in council, under the authority of an express statute, there might seem to be no power in the Secretary of State to effect another reorganisation. At all events, the Company's servants, after passing the ordeal prescribed by Parliament on the change of masters, and being continued in the service of the Crown, thought themselves safe from further peril. But those who so argued knew little of the prerogative of the Crown in the hands of a Whig minister. Sir Charles Wood not only determined on a second reorganisation of the whole establishment, but obtained a second order in council, to sanction his scheme, before those who were most injuriously affected knew what was to be done with them. We cannot pretend to know what passes in the office of the Secretary of State; but we hear much complaint of the manner in which the clerks in different departments have been brought together in one classified order of promotion. A special difficulty arising from the peculiar nature of the appointments held by the gentlemen called "writers," was disposed of by simply omitting that word from the new order in council, forty or fifty appointments being thus cancelled at a stroke. Some of the holders were actually sent away, while the remainder were drafted into the new establishment, on greatly reduced emoluments. A further question with respect to a fund for the benefit of the widows and families of the established clerks has been settled by putting an end to the fund altogether. The Secretary of State undertakes to make good the claims of existing subscribers from the revenues of India, and the door is closed against any new admissions for ever. By what process the Indian revenues can be legally saddled with this charge, or the trust-deed be abrogated without the consent of every individual subscriber and pensioner, are questions which the Legislature or the Courts may some day have to consider. Meantime, it is interesting to the Indian services, and to *the Indian creditor*, to know the extent of authority actually exercised by the Secretary of State over securities upon which they have advanced their money.

The Home establishment remains under the conviction that nothing is secured. The existing arrangements may be abrogated by Sir C. Wood's successor as easily as he overturned Lord Stanley's; and the Company's servants, destitute of political and parliamentary interest, can expect

but little consideration in the various mutations of office.

A little personal incident in these arrangements may serve to illustrate the position. In the inquiry subsequent on the break-down of our commissariat and military store departments in the Crimea, attention was often directed to the corresponding offices under the East India Company. We remember that some 70,000 cases of military stores were despatched from the India House in the course of a year, every one of which arrived with regularity and in good order at its destined station in India. These results were due to the military store department at the India House, long presided over by General Bonner. Lord Stanley augmented the strength and efficiency of this department, by adding an assistant inspector-general, in the person of Colonel Willoughby, a Bombay artillery officer of experience and ability. General Bonner having lately closed a long official career by accepting the pension to which he was entitled, it was natural to expect that Colonel Willoughby would succeed his superior. To the astonishment, however, of every one, Sir C. Wood conferred the vacant office on the Hon. Mr. Talbot, a *civilian* whom Lord Stanley had established in the appointment of "precis writer" in the Secretary's department. This appointment Sir C. Wood, always reversing the acts of his more distinguished predecessor, wished to abolish; and, on that pretext, he has actually placed an inexperienced clerk over the head of Colonel Willoughby, with the chief direction of the supply of military stores to the Indian army! To smoothe matters over, Colonel Willoughby is complimented with the *title* of Inspector-General, and some small addition to his salary; but Mr. Talbot takes the head of the department, with the new designation of "Director-General," and the salary of £1200 per annum, vacated by General Bonner.

As Sir Charles Wood, in a recent debate, declared, "upon his honour as a gentleman," that during his administration of the Admiralty he never made a single appointment from any other consideration than the merits of the candidate, we abstain from applying to this transaction the brief appellation it would be sure to receive if perpetrated by a less immaculate minister. Still, in our benighted condition, we are utterly unable to discover what claims Mr. Talbot could possess to supersede Colonel Willoughby; or what benefit can result to the Indian army from removing the direction of its military stores out of the hands of an experienced military officer to a civilian, who perhaps never saw anything approaching nearer to the subjects of his official charge than his own saddle.

This contempt for the Company's system and servants at home augured ill for the Indian establishments. Sir Charles Wood was as distinctly committed to the maintenance of a local army as Lord Stanley. Still, the powerful influences of the Horse Guards were at work on the opposite track, and sundry indications soon appeared that Ministers would be glad of a pretext to change their views. The excuse was found in what has been ludicrously termed the "European mutiny," a disturbance provoked by the Government itself, and ending in its ignominious defeat, after an undignified alternation of bullying and coaxing. Technically wrong, because the letter of the new act was against them, the men felt themselves substantially right, inasmuch as Parliament had no moral right to dispose of their services behind their backs, and without their consent. A call for volunteers, on the usual terms, would have brought the whole force to the Queen's standard. The attempt to coerce them lost India a body of 10,000 valuable soldiers, and about half a million of money. The dispute never had the slightest bearing on the question of a local force. The soldiers had not been long enough in India to be infected with any local peculiarities. Their claim was founded on a transaction of the Imperial Legislature, which can never be repeated. It would have equally arisen among Queen's soldiers had it been attempted to transfer them to another service: and it was dealt with by the same authorities, in India and at

home, as dispose of all other questions of Government, civil or military. Still, this disturbance was seized upon as affording ground for the desired change of policy. Ministers announced themselves converts to the wishes of the Commander-in-Chief; and Parliament was asked to deliver up the whole of the European troops in India to that very Horse Guards, whom it had previously so much distrusted.

The mode in which this measure was proceeded with is eminently characteristic of the kind of government we have established over our Indian possessions. The India Council were known to be decidedly averse to the change; their convictions had been strengthened by the inquiry that had taken place, and they were prepared to offer the strongest remonstrances against the abolition of the local armies. The Council were therefore quietly put aside, and the minister appeared in Parliament with a bill, on which his statutory advisers had not been consulted. Sir C. Wood's explanation is, that the question being one of Imperial rather than Indian policy, its decision pertained to the Cabinet, not the Council of India. While the Cabinet was deliberating, he could not divulge its secrets to the Indian councillors. When its deliberations were concluded, and a decision arrived at by a higher power, there was no room to consult the inferior authority. Now, we cannot imagine any great question that would not admit of the same argument. The Government of India is, in all its parts, the Government of the Crown; *every* question may be declared of imperial more than local interest; all must be subject to the ultimate decision of the Cabinet and of Parliament. If this be a good reason for excluding the Council on a question so manifestly connected with their experience and knowledge of India, it must be equally good in every other, and the Council may as well be abolished. This is manifestly the *ultimatum* of every Whig argument.

Still it may be said that Ministers alone cannot alter the law, and the objections of the Council would, at all events, be heard in Parliament. Do not let us be too sure of that. Sir Charles Wood laid his Bill for the Abolition of the European Local Force on the table of the House of Commons without affording his Council the opportunity even of recording their minutes on its provisions. Colonel Durand, one of their number, was bold enough to submit a paper which, though not formally an official "minute," was designed to embody the grave objections entertained to the measure. This paper, we believe, has not been made public; but it was communicated to several persons; and, to the surprise and indignation of the writer, it was found to have been garbled by the omission of certain portions of his argument and authorities. Sir Charles Wood, on being taxed with this offence by Mr. Horsman, affirmed that he had the authority of Colonel Durand for the omission, and was forthwith indignantly contradicted by the gallant officer himself in the columns of the *Times!* Such is the way in which Parliament is approached by the Council it has specially appointed for the elucidation of Indian questions. Unconnected with politics, and excluded from the House, these gentlemen could at no time hope to maintain a successful resistance to Ministers; but even the poor chance of attempting it is denied.

We may be asked who Colonel Durand is, that his representation should be especially entitled to the consideration of the British Parliament? Colonel Durand is a Bengal officer of thirty years' standing, who after serving in the Engineers, and on various public works, was sent into Afghanistan, became private secretary to Lord Ellenborough, and subsequently filled the offices of commissioner in Moulmein, political agent in Gwalior, resident at Nagpore, and governor-general's agent in Central India. After the insurrection of the sepoys, he was sent for by Lord Canning, and specially employed in collecting evidence and information with respect to the reorganisation of the army. With this information he was despatched to England, to communicate the views

of the Governor-General and the Indian authorities generally, to her Majesty's Government. Lord Stanley deputed this officer to lay his important mass of evidence before the Military Commission of 1858, and he was subsequently appointed a member of the Council of India. Certainly this was no ordinary witness; nor is his evidence doubtfully or obscurely expressed. He declared before the Commission that the retention of a local army was required, "both on the principle of economy, and also upon the principle of not having a discontented body of officers, *which is really a very important thing, considering the present state of India.*" And he added these grave and alarming expressions: "It appears to me that it involves the question, WHETHER WE SHALL KEEP OR LOSE INDIA? Because you require in India a body of officers who shall not be liable to be estranged from the country, who become acquainted with the country and the people; and you can obtain in no other way a set of gentlemen who are thoroughly fit for the work they have to perform."* We confess, for our own part, that we should have thought every word of such an authority well worthy the attention of Parliament and the nation. Neither should we have relished the position in which the Minister placed himself, when, having excused a suppression by affirming that it was made with Colonel Durand's consent, he was indignantly contradicted by the Colonel himself in the columns of the leading journal.

Unfortunately this was not the only damaging accusation. Sir Charles Wood was again obliged to have recourse to his "honour as a gentleman"—a lamentable necessity to occur so frequently—in assuring the incredulous House that neither he nor his under secretary were responsible for the proved *delay* of the papers. The blame was laid on the printer, and the military secretary Colonel Baker (who could not write in the *Times*); but the right honourable baronet did not escape unscathed from the merciless exposures of Mr. Horsman. All this is very sad and very humiliating. Parliament would, beyond all question, have rejected the bill; but the failures of Government had been already so numerous, that, with another plainly impending in the Bankruptcy Bill, Lord Palmerston determined to insist on passing this Indian measure, and there was no party in the House at the fag end of the session strong enough to resist it.

Thus another momentous piece of Indian legislation has been wrung from the necessities, not the judgment, of a perplexed and exhausted Parliament. No one can pretend to say that the question balanced between the conflicting authorities in 1859, and which the weight of evidence decided in favour of the local force with the great majority of impartial minds, was more closely studied, or better argued, in the session that has just closed. The pretence of the European "mutiny" is too shallow to call for deliberate refutation. It was the merest stalking-horse for a foregone conclusion. The Horse Guards, in short, collected its forces at the critical moment for a sudden onslaught, and carried the point with a rush. We are left again to speculate on the question stated by Colonel Durand, whether "we shall keep or lose India!" Whatever opinion be held on the organisation of the Indian army, it seems impossible to deny two things: First, that the recent bill has been carried without mature deliberation; and secondly, that no one knows exactly what the Legislature has really assented to. Like the Act for the transfer of the government, the measure is purely *destructive*. That abolished the Company's government—this has destroyed their military system. In either case, if anything better should succeed, it will not be to the wisdom of Parliament that we shall owe it.

The bill itself simply abrogates the power of enlisting European recruits for service exclusively in India. It follows that the whole

* Report presented to Parliament by command of her Majesty, dated 7th March, 1859; Appendix, Question 5120—Nov. 25, 1858.

European force in the country must be supplied by the regiments of the line; but the arrangements to be made for that purpose are not even faintly shadowed forth. We are left to conjecture how the objections that weighed so much last year are to be obviated under the new System. Whether it will, indeed, prove more or less burdensome to the revenues—more or less effective in the supply of seasoned and disciplined troops—more or less onerous to the regular army—remains as much in doubt as ever. How the great difficulty of transport is to be adjusted, no one pretends to explain. All that we have is the Duke of Cambridge's assurance that the Horse Guards is really very anxious to do its duty; and upon that we are to hope for the best. Meantime, the step taken is *irrevocable;* the existing armies are destroyed—the very power of recruiting them is taken away. If all that has been urged against the amalgamation should be verified in the result, there will be no help for it. If the revenues of India should be ruinously crippled by the experiment—if the reliefs should be uncertain and often delayed—if the troops in the country should be frequently unseasoned, or diminished by requisitions from home to a degree that shall imperil the empire—we shall only have to remind ourselves that the step is taken, and cannot be recalled. The very power of retracing it is abolished, and we must bear the consequences as we may. *It is a leap in the dark.*

So much as regards the primary question of the European garrison. But the bill is hardly less sweeping in its effects upon the native armies still to be maintained in each presidency. These are to be wholly deprived of their present supply of European officers; and so far as we can understand the very shadowy sketch given us of the intended succedaneum, a staff corps is to be substituted, composed exclusively of officers, from which not only the native troops are to be officered, but a large share of the political appointments to be filled. In connection with this staff corps, no figures are produced from which either its strength or its cost can be even approximately conjectured. Lord Ellenborough is of opinion that it must number *five thousand officers*, and be attended with an expense altogether ruinous. His lordship was an early advocate for the transfer of the government to the Queen's Ministers, but he regards the present result with the utmost dismay. We have here another evidence how little people knew what they were doing when Parliament relieved the sepoys of the task of destroying the Company's rule.

It is sufficiently startling to hear of an addition of five thousand commissioned officers to her Majesty's army at one swoop; still more so to find that they will constitute a kind of *caste* in India, every member of which will be entitled to lucrative employment, the feature most objected to in the Company's civil service. But these are little when compared with the effect of such an institution on the army in general. The Indian staff corps will be the model school of the profession. Always on duty, and in command of a conquered and subject race, its military *esprit* will know no admixture of constitutional law and liberty. Its superior emoluments will attract the junior officers, while its constant experience will tend to make it the nursery of all the commands in the empire. These results would revolutionise the British army in the direction most distasteful to the British public. The scheme would not only inflict on India a large number (as we believe) of very incompetent officers, but it would make her pay for educating an army on the continental model, to supplant our own national, semi-political, and semi-civilian profession of arms. This is said on the supposition that such a corps can really be established; but the project is a mere embryo at the present moment. All that we know is, that the existing system is destroyed. What is to come after, depends very much on the complexion of Sir C. Wood's *hopes;* and he is a very hopeful man; —something more on the chances of a happy suggestion from some wiser head;—but most of all upon the kind Providence which is said to be espe-

cially vigilant over idiots and people walking in their sleep. Meantime the Company's officers have the comfort of knowing that they are cast into the crucible which has already melted down the Home Establishment, and calcined its Widows' Fund to powder.

Next to the army, India's most important question is *Finance;* and this too has had to endure the review of her Majesty's Ministers. We have had budgets in the House of Commons and in the Council Chamber of Calcutta. The former are chiefly "conspicuous for the absence" of any accurate knowledge or defined policy. Sir Charles Wood "hopes," by a judicious reduction of military expenditure, and the imposition of new taxes, to bring the charge within the income in a few years; but he has no *estimate* either of the reductions or of the produce of the new taxation—no notion of the number of years required; cannot even tell to a million or two the probable deficit in the current year. He comforts himself by thinking that he made a lucky guess last year; for although he was altogether wrong, both in the income and the expenditure, his errors so nearly neutralised each other, that the balance came out within half-a-million of the Minister's estimate! So he takes this for a happy omen, and puts his trust in Providence for the future.

On one point only did Sir Charles Wood appear to entertain a definite view; and that was so far from being either profound or original, that it is the standing nostrum of the *Times*. This great resource is to refuse the Indian Exchequer the benefit of the Imperial guarantee, in order that the local governments may be compelled to economy by a sense of their exclusive responsibility for the debt. The injustice of this policy is only equalled by its absurdity. India has no government but what is imposed upon her by the Queen's Ministers. Her finances are directed by an English Viceroy, selected by the Ministry for the time being, holding office for five years, and all the time under the immediate orders of the Secretary of State. The Afghan war, which added eighteen millions to the Indian debt, was ordered by the Queen's Ministers from home; so was the Persian expedition, which, by weakening the European garrison, contributed to precipitate the sepoy mutiny. The Horse Guards then insisted on withdrawing regiments in spite of Lord Dalhousie's most earnest remonstrance; at other times, regiments have been imposed upon India in opposition to the reclamations of her own authorities. With such facts staring us in the face, where is the equity of telling India she must bear her own responsibilities? Again, how ridiculous it seems to preach this doctrine to a Government which, if it had any local responsibility, loses it every five years? Lord Auckland made the Afghan war, and, after gaining an earldom for himself, left the "responsibility" of the debt to Lord Ellenborough. Lord Dalhousie conquered an empire which the Horse Guards refused to garrison, and Lord Canning must bear the "responsibility." Lord Canning drifts into a mutiny, and some yet unknown impersonation of India is to be "responsible" for the cost! If the Indian tax-payers had the semblance of a control over their exchequer, you might talk of the country bearing its own burdens; but the idea is altogether out of place when applied to a viceroyalty appointed and directed from home, the holders of which regularly quit office before the financial results of their policy can become apparent.

If anything further were required to show the impossibility of this shallow device, it would be its entire failure to accomplish its own end. The object of withholding the imperial guarantee, is to prevent India from running into debt; but India has borrowed, is borrowing, and must always borrow, whenever the necessity arises. The very Ministers who impose this restraint, borrowed a million in her name last year. If it were possible to establish a distinction between the Indian and the imperial governments, it would encourage borrowing, rather than restrain it, to let the former go into the market on its own separate credit. If the local government were obliged to procure

the guarantee of the imperial, the latter would possess a direct check in the power of refusal; but if the Indian exchequer can trade on its own account, its authorities may open a loan when they please, and indulge in extravagance to their hearts' content.

After all, will any one seriously ask himself, what is the meaning of an Indian burden as distinct from an imperial one? Can the Indian creditor sue for his money in the British courts, and, on obtaining judgment, seize the country as he would foreclose a mortgage? Or can a foreign government demand payment on behalf of its subjects from defaulting India, and make reprisals on its commerce, without involving the imperial administration? When loans were contracted with the East India Company, there might have been a shadow to lurk behind; but now that the mask is dropped, and the creditor deals direct with the confidential advisers of the imperial Crown, who but that Crown is the real debtor? Every one knows this—knows that England will not part with India; that her own credit and the interests of her native subjects will compel the payment of India's debts; and all that we get by offering our worst security, instead of our best, is, that we pay five or six per cent for our money instead of three. If a wealthy landed proprietor should be seized with the whim of raising money by mortgaging an old farm, which there was a moral assurance he would sacrifice his whole property to preserve, his whole property would virtually be the security. The lender would make him pay for his whistle, by charging a higher interest than would be due on a more negotiable paper; but the debt would be as safe as the borrower's whole resources could make it.

The only result, then, of this notable policy, devised to keep down Indian debt, is to add two millions to its amount in the shape of interest, by sending its exchequer to the worst market instead of the best. Great Britain, as long as she keeps India, must be answerable for its debts; and if the empire is not to be dismembered, we might as well talk of making Middlesex or Yorkshire separately responsible for their share of the public burdens. No doubt, the idea of a separate Indian responsibility pleases the House of Commons, which, having little confidence in its own ability to deal with Indian finance, is glad to take refuge in this imaginary protection. But this continual recourse to *shams*, in order to hide the want of a genuine policy, is the great danger we are bent on exposing. The foolish bird with her head in the sand, is quite as safe from observation as our Indian empire is from destruction under this kind of management. Parliament cannot expect to reform the Indian finances by shutting its ears and calling out, "No child of mine." It must be content to go into questions a great deal deeper than Sir Charles Wood can sound. It has swept away the Company who made the empire and generally managed to right its finances when the Ministers of the Crown could be kept from incurring new burdens, and it must expect to look after the government created in its stead.

An attempt at a more rational line of action was exhibited in sending out Mr. Wilson to restore the Indian finances to a sound and solvent condition. It was a good thought to turn to this account a place created as a piece of Whig patronage five-and-twenty years ago, and never yet productive of any appreciable benefit to the Indian government. Some good lawyers, doubtless, have enjoyed the princely emoluments of the fourth seat in the Governor-General's Council; but we never heard that much advantage had resulted to the local legislation, or to any other department of government; save that Sir Barnes Peacock seems to have done good service in the *military* line, during the absence of the Commander-in-Chief, throughout the sepoy mutiny. It was well, then, to take advantage of this place to introduce a sort of Chancellor of the Indian Exchequer; but it would have been better if the office had been disembarrassed of the fiction of a separate Indian responsibility, and if it had been conferred on some one acquainted with the specialties of Indian finance.

We have no wish to disparage the abilities or industry of the right honourable gentleman who has found an early grave in the land where he might fairly have anticipated wealth and distinction. We could not join in the flourish of trumpets wherewith his appointment was announced by his col leagues in the Ministry and newspaper press; but neither will we disturb his ashes by detailing the objections to which it was plainly obnoxious. Suffice it to say, that he was utterly ignorant both of the history and the principles of Indian finance. Every non-barbarous people has its own financial system, founded, doubtless, on a few leading principles common to all civilised societies, but infinitely diversified by the quality and tenure of the land—by the political and domestic institutions of the natives—and by the nature and extent of their commerce. India possesses such an indigenous system, dating from a time when Great Britain was the abode of savages, and so interwoven with the popular habits that it has survived the military revolutions of ages, and imposed itself on each successive conqueror. The Patan and Moghul emperors were glad to employ the superior financial skill of Hindu Dewans to regulate their exchequer. The famous *Ayeen Akbery*, which Warren Hastings procured to be translated as an evidence how far the Moghul administration had retained the superior principles of the governments they destroyed,* was the work of the Hindu rajah Todar Mul, striving to restore the leading features of native finance. In a word, there are two points on which the natives of India, so submissive on all others, have uniformly and successfully resisted the innovations of their conquerors—*religion* and *taxation*—the altar and the purse. These are the questions on which they continue at the present day uniformly most susceptible. It was no uncommon thing, under the Moghul emperors, for a whole village or district to abandon their homes and take to the jungle, rather than submit to the novel exactions of some ignorant subahdar or his rapacious dewan. And no one who has ever been present at a *jummabundy* in the quietest parts of India will doubt that the same spirit still survives. It is the very point (our readers will remember) on which the Madras authorities were accused of employing *torture* to subdue the resolution of the village tax-payers.

We should have thought that we had had enough of overriding the native system by purely English financiers in the well-intentioned blunders of Lord Cornwallis; but the experiment, it seems, was to be repeated on a larger scale. Having nearly lost India by a mutiny provoked by inexcusable neglect of caste prejudices, we seemed determined to try how far we could venture on the other tender ground, by committing the exchequer to an officer of the English Treasury, so little prepared by previous study, aptitude, or disposition, that he could not refrain from expressing his astonishment and reluctance when invited to forsake his own more natural career for "a sphere of public duty altogether new." "A year ago," exclaimed the right honourable gentleman, "nothing could have appeared more beyond the range of probability than that I should be now addressing the Legislative Council of India." These were Mr Wilson's own expressions on rising to make his Financial Statement to the little knot of European officials who are permitted to ape the forms and wield the powers

* See the Governor-General's minute of 2d June 1783, prefixed to Mr. Francis Gladwin's translation of the *Ayeen Akbery*. His words are: "It will show where the measures of their Administration approach to the first principles, which perhaps will be found superior to any that have been built on their ruins, *and certainly most easy, as the most familiar, to the minds of the people.*" Akbar's vizier, Abulfazel, the author of this work, ascribes the system which he unfolds entirely to the wisdom and genius of his own master. But this is mere Oriental flattery: Akbar's merit lay in recognising and re-establishing the old Hindu finance, which had been partly restored by his predecessor, Shere Shah.

of a representative assembly on behalf of a hundred millions of unconscious tax-payers.

From a Minister so selected and empowered, we expect not only ignorance, but contempt of the native financial system. Mr. Wilson's Statement is characterised by Sir Charles Trevelyan as "precisely such a one as Mr. Gladstone might have made to the present House of Commons. It includes all the latest improvements in modern finance, and would have been in advance of the House of Commons less than twenty years ago." Now, we are not about to enter into the controversy between these two luminaries of the English Treasury. Sir Charles Trevelyan is not a prudent man; but he has at least the advantage of knowing something of the Indian revenue system as well as the English; and *he* stands aghast at the portentous magnitude of his rival's innovations. Neither do we mean to discuss at length the arguments for or against Mr. Wilson's proposals—his tobacco-tax, his licensing-tax, or his income-tax. Our present object is not so much to examine any specific measure as to indicate the vast, and, as we think, ruinous amount of *change* which is being introduced into all the departments of Indian government, apparently without any definite policy, and even without the knowledge or suspicion of the British Legislature. Let the merits of Mr. Wilson's proposals be what they may, it cannot be denied—1st. That they introduce an entirely new element into the existing taxation of India; 2d, That no calculations have been submitted to prove either their necessity or their financial result; 3d, That we are utterly in the dark in regard to their political effect on the stability of the empire. These are wellnigh admitted facts with all who have attended to the papers laid before Parliament, though it suits the *Times* and other journals, who, knowing nothing of the question, naturally dislike to have to write upon it, to deride them.

1. With regard to the first point, an ingenious—but not ingenuous—attempt has been made to mislead the English reader, which, to do Mr. Wilson justice, does not appear to have proceeded from himself. All that he ventured to promise in his "Financial Statement" was, that his policy should not offend "the *religious views and rites* of our native fellow-subjects;" and in proof of this he adduced the "ancient sacred authority of Menu," coupling his quotation with the poor joke that "the revenue laws of the ancient Hindoos must have been contributed to the sacred compiler by some very needy finance minister of the day." What Mr. Wilson meant by the "sacred" character of the ancient revenue laws, is not very obvious. Probably he confounded the Institutes of Menu with the Vedas or the Puranas, and fancied that those elaborate philosophical treatises were somehow connected with the *religion* of modern India. He might as well have asked the House of Commons to agree to the French Treaty on the authority of Thomas Aquinas. As Sir Charles Trevelyan remarks, "not one in ten thousand of the tax-payers ever heard of the Institutes of Menu, which stand in about the same relations to modern India as the Anglo-Saxon Institutes do to modern England." Beyond Menu, however, Mr. Wilson makes no attempt to reconcile his scheme with any native authority, past or present. This flight of ingenuity was reserved for his colleague, Sir Bartle Frere, and it has been eagerly adopted as a shelter against the damaging exposures of the Madras and Bombay Governments. This lucky afterthought maintains that, up "to 1884-6, taxes on incomes, trades, and professions were levied almost universally throughout British India under various names, and that they were then abolished in parts of Bengal, and throughout the North-Western Province and Bombay, not because they were in theory bad taxes, but because they were so unfairly assessed and unequally levied that it was difficult to reform them in their then existing shape." We fancy we have heard something very like the last objection brought against our own income-tax, and it seems a curious way of recommending her Majesty's rule to the natives of India, to tell them that the great *coup* of

her special finance minister is simply the revival of a taxation abolished under the Company for the unfairness and inequality of its incidence. Unfortunately, it seems there is too much truth in this singular defence. The Madras Board of Revenue also point out that Mr. Wilson's "bill is, to all intents and purposes, the *Mohturfa*, simplified in so far as four fixed rates of taxation are substituted for the numerous varying rates now prevailing, but *extended* in its application, and *declared perpetual*." They complain accordingly of the reimposition of a tax, the abolition of which had actually taken place in the other presidencies, and "had been announced in Parliament and 'promised to the people' at Madras also." Still the novelty of Mr. Wilson's financial policy is nothing refuted by its being also retrogressive and disappointing. The "Mohturfa," though in substance an income-tax, was free from the particular element which in England, no less than in India, is felt to be most objectionable; *it instituted no inquiry into the actual income of the individual tax-payer.* The traders and artisans liable to the tax, were *classified* according to the *ostensible* extent of their business, and each class paid a uniform rate of taxation. No doubt the divisions were unequal and unfair, and on that account the tax was very properly abolished. The "Mohturfa," moreover, admitted what is called the "lump assessment"—that is, the payment to Government of one sum for a whole class, who were left to arrange the individual incidence among themselves. These peculiarities were attended by their proper evils. The contribution was based upon presumption instead of proof; it was liable to be raised or lowered at the discretion of the officials, European and native; it enriched a swarm of rapacious native collectors, and was very unproductive to the State. To an English financier, such results appear more intolerable than the "vexatious inquisition" so much complained of at home. But the natives think otherwise. We have no objection to confide our pecuniary circumstances to the Government; we only object to their being known to our neighbours. But it is exactly the reverse in India: there the Government is the object of general distrust, and the people readily combine, like all subject populations, to exclude it from any knowledge of their private affairs.

In respect, therefore, of its distinguishing feature, Mr. Wilson's income-tax is not rescued from the odium of innovation, by being loaded with the additional unpopularity of the Mohturfa. As for the other exactions with which Sir Bartle Frere compares it, under native government and under our own rule in earlier times, we find it difficult to suppose that such precedents can be gravely adduced in the present day. We have never imagined, and shall not, even on the authority of the Governor-General in Council, permit ourselves to imagine, that her Majesty's rule in India is really to be inaugurated by a recurrence to the Mahratta chowt, or the financial *razzias*, so graphically described by Sir Bartle Frere as still practised "in all native states." The honourable gentleman has allowed himself to revel in Oriental pictures, which have little chance of being seriously proposed for British imitation.*

To return to Mr. Wilson, we say,

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* The following is an extract from his minute of 24th April, 1860:—

"Moreover, the universal practice of a well-governed native state, in extricating itself from financial difficulties caused by war or famine, by past extravagance, or present demand for more than the current income will afford, is, *mutatis mutandis*, strikingly in accordance with what is now proposed for all India.

"It is generally something in this wise: The financial minister represents to the chief or sovereign that the treasury is unable to meet the unusual charge, or that the general revenues have, from temporary causes, fallen short of the sum needed to meet the current charges. The matter is debated in durbar, and at length a scheme is adopted and carried out. A certain amount of pay, perhaps half a month, a month, or two months, graduated according to the necessities of the case and the *favour in which the recipient stands at court*, is cut from all departments, *beginning with the troops* and *ending with the courtiers*. At the same time instructions are sent

that this great measure, in so far as it stands distinguished from acknowledged and abolished abuses, is an entire novelty both in the theory and practice of India. His income-tax is as portentous an innovation on long-established ideas, as a general capitation tax would be; a "good old simple plan," by the way, and one for which the "sacred authority" of the Koran might unquestionably be adduced, if limited to infidels. It is so great a novelty, that no native will understand its operation till the "vexatious inquisition" comes to his own door. It is a novelty which breaks down all our own most approved policy, reproduces abolished imposts, expands and perpetuates exceptional levies, and, reversing the course of legislation which has so long laboured to build up intermediate classes, brings down the Government officer direct on every individual native, and thrusts its hand into that which, next to his religion, he guards with the most inviolable secrecy. To use Sir Charles Trevelyan's words, submitted to, and disregarded by, Mr. Wilson: "This bill has no foundation in our Indian experience. These traditions, by the just observance of which this empire was acquired, and can alone be preserved, have no place in it."*

2. We maintain, further, that no sufficient evidence has been shown, either of the necessity or of the financial results of the new measures. Mr. Wilson avows "a special dislike to prospective budgets," whatever that means; yet he furnishes a prospective estimate (as all budgets must,) of the probable income and expenditure of the ensuing year. The peculiarity is, that his estimate gives the totals, but not the items of which they are composed. Results are stated under the usual heads both of revenue and charge; but the process by which they are arrived at is kept back. Still a balance is struck and a deficit brought out, which the proposed imposts are to meet, just as if a detailed estimate had been given in the usual form. All that we can make out, then, is, that Mr. Wilson does not trust the figures—for figures he must have had—which make up

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to the fiscal officers to increase the imposts on all who can afford it. Rent-free landholders have to pay a certain portion of their *estimated* income; an anna or two in the rupee is added to all land assessments; the artisans and petty traders have to pay extra cesses; and, last of all, 'a benevolence,' proportioned to their *supposed* wealth, is wrung from all great merchants, bankers, capitalists, and persons possessed of capital and living on their means.

"Of course this is not effected without remonstrance and strong opposition. The rajah is besieged, now by a body of retainers clamouring for their full pay—now by a band of blacksmiths and shoemakers, or cultivators, declaring they must starve—by a favourite, indignant at the clipping of a stipend—or by a deputation of merchants and bankers complaining of the badness of trade, and hinting that such heavy imposts must compel them to shut their shops and give up business. His highness is fortunate if his minister has anything like a uniform principle to urge as an argument to parry such demands for exemption—if he can reply that 'the uniform rate is so many annas in the rupee of income, or so many days' pay or estimated profit, and that all must pay alike.' But even in default of such an argument, the assertion 'that the money must be had—that the needs of the state must be provided for,' is generally admitted as valid. The two points most stoutly contended for by the tax-payer are, that the imposts shall *not* be permanent, and that too strict an inquiry shall not be made into private accounts. Permission to assess a lump sum among themselves, and its acceptance under some form which marks it as a contribution to a temporary exigency, generally reconcile the most sensitive body of traders to a demand even larger than their apparent means would warrant. But in one form or another, the levy of a tax on incomes, trades, and professions, is successfully carried out."

It is a curious commentary on these curious precedents, that Mr. Wilson's income-tax is permanent, and not temporary; that it is to be levied on the real, and not the "estimated" income; and that instead of "ending with the courtiers," it was actually proposed to exempt all "parliamentary stipends;" that is to say, the emoluments of Mr Wilson himself, and his fellow-legislators, from any contribution whatever! We have not observed whether this shrewd improvement on native precedent has been persevered in or not.

* Minute, 1st December 1859.

his totals, and wishes to keep Sir Charles Wood's notable expedient in reserve, of taking the chance of one error neutralizing another, so as not to disturb very materially the balance. If this be the reason of Mr. Wilson's "special dislike" to commit himself, it affords but a poor guarantee for the accuracy of his calculations. Neither is this all. When Mr. Wilson does let out a definite calculation, Sir C. Trevelyan stands ready to deny its accuracy. He shows that the decrease in the military charges of Madras and Bombay alone is more than Mr. Wilson has estimated for the three Presidencies;* and he more than insinuates that the "asserted deficit" of six and a half millions includes some large payments for the Carnatic and Tanjore debts, which will not recur another year. In fine, the whole Government of Madras is complained of to the Secretary of State as "making a persevering effort in all their proceedings, from the 20th March downwards, to throw discredit upon the estimates and calculations of Mr. Wilson."† Instead, however, of being subdued by the frowns and censures of his official superiors, the troublesome Governor perseveres to the last in this unaccommodating strain. "After all the sifting which the subject has undergone, I confidently affirm that, if any overgrown native army, including the numerous heterogeneous levies which are neither military nor police, were reduced to a moderate native auxiliary force and a well-regulated and well-superintended police, and the European force were placed on the diminished establishment which this altered state of things would render practicable—and if the public mind were tranquillised and encouraged by the abandonment of the income-tax and the tobacco-tax, the expenditure would be so much diminished, and the revenue would be so much increased *before the end of next year*, that the balance of the finances would be restored; and so great are the resources of this prolific country, and of this vast, industrious, and docile population, that, when the expenditure is once brought nearly to a level with the revenue, a surplus of income is certain to spring up."‡

As for the other side of the account, the *produce* of the new taxes, Mr. Wilson does not pretend to an estimate. He cannot even guess how far the candle is likely to be worth the game. He confesses that he is working absolutely without *data* of any kind. "So entirely exempt has India hitherto been from (similar) taxation, that we have no means of making a computation." We commend this admission to the special notice of Sir Bartle Frere. No language of Sir Charles Trevelyan himself could more forcibly demonstrate the magnitude of the innovation or the utter blindness of the experiment.

It is a great mistake to suppose, as the Calcutta Government would insinuate, that all was smooth and unopposed till Sir Charles Trevelyan perversely disputed their calculations. This view might be readily accepted in Downing Street; but there can be no excuse for it after the publication of the Indian minutes. At Calcutta, it is true that we are allowed to hear of no remonstrance. Whatever may have been represented by the Bengal civil servants, nothing transpires to impugn the statements adopted by the Government. But a very different scene is disclosed in the other Presidencies. Not only does the "insubordinate" Government of Madras, headed by their indomitable chief, and supported by the Board of Revenue and the *élite* of their officers, unanimously refuse their confidence to Mr. Wilson's calculations, but, on the other

* The Calcutta Government defend Mr. Wilson by alleging that he reckoned only the decrease actually ordered at the time he spoke (18th Feb.), and not the estimated decrease of the whole year. But as the Budget was for a year, and the income-tax is *permanent*, the excuse only confirms the justice of Sir C. Trevelyan's strictures.

† Despatch of the 4th June 1860, signed by Lord Canning, Sir H. B. E. Frere, and Mr. Wilson.

‡ Minute, 12th May 1860.

side of India, and from one of the gentlest and most prudent of rulers, they meet with similar distrust. Lord Elphinstone, though "perfectly aware that Mr. Wilson's statement was not sent for any remarks we may have to offer—although informed that his scheme of taxation had already received the fullest and amplest concurrence of the Governor-General and his Council—and though specially reminded that the responsibility of these measures rests solely upon the Supreme Government—cannot reconcile it to his sense of duty to remain silent when new, and in this country unknown, and certainly most unpopular, taxes, are about to be imposed on the people, upon grounds which he holds to be wholly insufficient to justify so extensive a financial experiment."* With this exordium, the Governor of Bombay proceeds to show that "the income of the Indian exchequer may be made to meet the expenditure, without having recourse either to additional loans or new taxes. He remarks that, "for anything which we can learn from Mr. Wilson's speech, he may be working *altogether without data*;" and concludes that, "surely our circumstances are not so desperate as to compel us to take, what I hope I may be pardoned for calling, such a LEAP IN THE DARK as we are now told has been resolved upon." In apologising for the freedom of his comments, the noble lord uses language which, if we did not know the kindly and unaffected simplicity of his mind, might almost sound like a quiet touch of satire. "I can only plead," writes his lordship, "that it is upwards of twenty-three years since I landed at Madras; that during more than half that period I have held the office of Governor of a Presidency; that in the interval between my period of office at Madras and at Bombay, I travelled through a considerable portion of the Punjab, the North-Western Provinces, and Bengal; and I sat during two sessions upon a Committee of the House of Lords on Indian affairs. I have thus had unusual opportunities of becoming acquainted with the views and opinions of Indian public men of different Presidencies, and, if I may so speak, of different schools of statesmanship Upon various subjects of public interest I have of course found a considerable diversity of opinion; but if there was any one point upon which, up to the present time, I believed that almost complete unanimity prevailed, it was, that we ought sedulously to avoid *fiscal innovations*, and to rely for the improvement of our finances upon a judicious economy—upon the gradual development of the resources of the country—and upon the consequent greater productiveness of the existing sources of revenue." These modest but weighty expressions sound like the dying words of Indian experience. The statesmanship of Hastings and Wellesley—of Munro, Malcolm, and Metcalfe—and, scarcely inferior to any, of the great Elphinstone, whose mantle was not unworthily worn by his noble relative—is comprised in this summary.

The Calcutta Government did not fail to answer Lord Elphinstone's minute in an elaborate despatch, written after the noble author had quitted the scene of his labours. We do not mean to impugn their reasoning—that is not our present purpose; we would only observe, that a large part of it consists in complaining that the Government of Bombay, as well as that of Madras, persist in arguing on the military reductions of the whole year instead of those actually completed and reported to Calcutta at the time Mr. Wilson made his statement. If any weight at all attaches to this argument, it shows the rashness of the Supreme Government in committing itself to a financial scheme for all India without previous consultation with the minor governments. Mr. Wilson, of course, could only know what was reported to him; but if the draft of his scheme had been submitted to the other governments before its publication, and if due weight had been given to their statements, all this perplexing array of contradictory calculations might have been avoided. Mr. Wilson might have lost the glory of inaugurating "a grand scheme;" but the

* Minute, 19th April, 1860.

unquestioned talents of Sir Charles Trevelyan would have been preserved to Madras—the great reforms he had there commenced would have been saved from arrest—and all India might have escaped an incalculable risk. As it is, one of the dissentient governors has been removed by dismissal, and the other, alas! by death,—all honour to a memory endeared by many private virtues, embellished by great public services, and tarnished by no shadow of imprudence or self-seeking. The remorseless grave has further closed on the distinguished author of the policy they impugned—his career cut short at the outset—his calculations unverified—his projects still in suspense! Differ as we may from his policy, what generous heart can refuse a tear to his ashes?

Meantime all is at sea. Sir Bartle Frere holds the office, but does not pretend to have caught the mantle of the departed financier. The press informs us that we shall never see his like. India, trembling equally at the crisis that threatened her from his fiscal innovations, and at the gap created by his removal, looks to England for reassurance and guidance. There she sees—Sir Charles Wood charged with the task of tying up all these broken threads, reconciling all these counter-calculations, guarding against all these threatened dangers, drawing order and plenty out of all this confusion; and, for his assistance in the Herculean labour, her Majesty's Ministers deliberating, to the exclusion of the Indian Council, on the most critical juncture that ever called for the special endowments of Indian statesmanship! It is not only a leap in the dark, but a leap imperilled by a fearful stumble on the very edge of the chasm.

3. And now let us see what attempt has been made to fathom the plunge, by ascertaining the probable effect of the new legislation on the native mind. Mr. Wilson himself was, of course, profoundly ignorant of their customs, sentiments, and probable line of action. He dilates, indeed, with some vanity, on the experience acquired in a *two months'* (!) residence in India, and a scamper from Calcutta to Lahore and back again. He tells us that he "visited every city and town of importance over that extensive tract; and the rare advantage of freely discussing all matters of public interest with the civil servants of the Crown at every station;" and, further, "had free intercourse in public *and in private* (!) with the native merchants and bankers at every important town." He is profuse in acknowledgments of "the valuable aid" received from both Europeans and natives, and thinks the latter may "compare with some of the most enlightened classes in Europe." But, with all this, he does not let out *one word* that any of these valuable informants said to him, nor adduce a single witness to the prudence and feasibility of his projects! For all we can see, they may, one and all, have disapproved them in every particular. All we are told is, that Mr. Wilson "has the fullest, amplest concurrence of the noble Earl the Governor-General, and of his other colleagues in Council." That may well be; they would be little likely to throw difficulties in the way of the Minister specially charged by the Home Government with the restoration of their exhausted exchequer. Moreover, it appears that two of Mr. Wilson's taxes, tobacco and licensing, had been previously proposed at Calcutta; while his third, the great measure, the income-tax, was probably brought out, ready cut and dry, with the *imprimatur* of the Home authorities. What we ask for, however, in the first place, is the opinion of the *Bengal revenue officers* on the bills as submitted to the Indian legislature. And we pause in vain for a reply. From Madras and Bombay where the curtain is lifted up, we hear nothing but disapproval and remonstrance. It would be very singular if the civil servants of those two Presidencies should unanimously disagree with all their brethren in Bengal. We should rather infer a similar opposition on the part of the latter, which their Government has taken care to suppress. This is the more likely, because at a later period, when Lord Canning obtained a favourable opinion from Sir R. Hamilton, he hastened to lay it

in extenso before the Secretary of State. The exception is a strong presumption of a rule in the opposite direction.

Next, we make the same inquiry respecting the native advisers who were taken into Mr. Wilson's confidence. Who were they?—and what did they recommend? Again there is an *altum silentium*, or broken as before only by a single voice. *One* zemindar, said to be the largest in Bengal, writes to Mr. Wilson to express approval of his "admirable system of taxation," and to disclaim any desire to be exempted by reason of the Perpetual Settlement. This letter also is eagerly transmitted to the Secretary of State, and rewarded by the rapturous thanks both of the Calcutta and her Majesty's Governments. What further honours may be in store for the sagacious Maharajah of Burdwan, we know not; but as his opinion is declared to have been both unsolicited and unexpected, he was clearly *not* one of the native advisers to whose knowledge and capacity Mr. Wilson professes so many obligations. How strange, then, that not *one* of these should be produced! No, not after the authorities of Madras and Bombay had publicly denounced the unpopularity of the taxes, and thereby, as the Calcutta Government complain, greatly added to their difficulties in enforcing it! We are compelled to conclude, that there are no opinions to produce which would be of the least weight with the native community. We have heard an anecdote of a certain prelate, now living, who solicited an interview with a parochial clergyman of much experience, for the purpose of informing himself on certain points with which his lordship's own career had not made him familiar. At the end of an hour the bishop warmly shook the hand of his new friend, and protested that he had never held so interesting and instructive a conversation. Some one afterwards asked the clergyman what he had said to give the bishop so high an opinion of his abilities and experience. "I said *nothing!*" was the reply; "the bishop talked the whole time himself; told me his own views (of which I did not think much), but did not allow me to put in a single word!" Perhaps Mr. Wilson's interviews with the polite natives were of the same episcopal nature.

Still, his measures were debated and approved in the Legislative Council of India. True; and what is the Legislative Council? Simply the Executive Government of Calcutta, enlarged by the addition of the other Governors, the Judges of the Supreme Court, and a Civil Servant nominated by each of the subordinate governments. The English Judges were not likely to be better acquainted with native finance than Mr. Wilson himself. The two members for the subordinate Presidencies might speak and vote as they pleased; but when Sir C. Trevelyan sent his minutes to Mr. Forbes to enable him to resist the budget, the Supreme Government summoned him before them *at Mr. Wilson's house*, and forbade a compliance with his instructions. It is true that they allowed him to show the papers to the members in private; but they would not permit them to be printed for general circulation, nor read at a legislative meeting where the proceedings are public. It was this order which drove Sir C. Trevelyan to the rash publication which properly occasioned his dismissal. He complained that Mr. Wilson culled, from the reports sent up, every passage which was at all in favour of his view, and suppressed the rest; so producing an impression exactly the opposite of the facts. He therefore demanded that the whole issue between them should be submitted to the Legislature and the public. Mr. Wilson had made his Financial Statement with this avowed object. "We are bound to be frank," he said, "when we are about to appeal to you to aid us in our efforts to retrieve the position in which we now stand. If we call upon the public to bear new burdens, and to make new sacrifices, however slight, we feel that we are at least bound to explain fully their necessity." This statement is printed and circulated throughout India. The Governors of Madras and Bombay accept the challenge. They say the sacrifices are

not slight, but great; and they deny *in toto* the necessity for either of the "three tremendous taxes." Surely it was not an unreasonable request that the arguments and calculations of these distinguished persons charged with the government of half India, and both possessed of far more experience than either Lord Canning or Mr. Wilson, should be heard in the same chamber, and submitted to the same investigation with the budget itself. If the Indian Legislature could not bear this much discussion, we must agree with Sir C. Trevelyan in regarding it as a "sham." An answer, however, was the last thing that could be there allowed; and the pertinacious Sir Charles sacrificed at once his official duty and his interests in the hope of arresting measures which he deemed fatal to the empire. We do not defend an act of insubordination which could only be visited by dismissal, but it says little for the native acceptance of the budget to mark the alarm which immediately pervaded its supporters. "Oliver asking for more" could not have elicited a severer reproof. Sir Bartle Frere labours for words hard enough to express his indignation at "the Governor of Madras proclaiming himself the champion of disobedience, and the open opponent of the measures of the Government of India;" and Sir Charles Wood dismisses the culprit, with the grave condemnation of the whole Cabinet, for the enormity of preparing "an elaborate answer to the speech by which the proposed measures were introduced into the Legislative Council;" and for appealing, by its publication, to the people of India against those measures. Very proper, no doubt, as a matter of official discipline; but, then, what reliance can we place on the approval of the Legislative Council? and what a farce was the invitation to a "frank and free discussion!

In fact, the only approval that seems to have been secured is that of the European mercantile interest, which obtained the advantage of a great reduction of customs-duties under the new tariff forming part of the budget. This is the interest represented in the columns of the English journals, and their approval argues nothing at all for the native masses who enjoy no such compensations to set against the new burdens. Beyond this we can discover nothing but the self-complacent assumption of an orator to whom no one has yet replied. The moment Sir C. Trevelyan's answer appeared, Mr. Wilson and his colleagues were smitten with terror. They were startled even at the word "critical" applied to their plan in an open telegram. They became earnest in supplications to the subordinate Presidencies, to prevent "open opposition;" and when this could not be secured, they are obliged to acknowledge the hollowness of their former confidence. "Up to that time," they say, "the organs of public opinion were, *upon the whole*, highly favourable to our policy; and the measures proposed obtained a degree of support that we could scarcely have looked for" (not very encouraging expressions, at the best); "but the course taken by the Madras Government swept away even that slender support. Already in those newspapers which are published exclusively in the native interests, a very altered tone is observable in the appeals they make to their readers." Lord Canning now complains of "a new and unforeseen risk of resistance." "The cities and large towns," he adds, "will require careful management;" but he hopes that, by experience and great latitude in carrying out the measures most suited to the feelings of the people, "the risk of error will be materially diminished."

This language undoubtedly confirms all the apprehensions of Lord Elphinstone and Sir C. Trevelyan. The budget is foreseen by all parties to be most unpopular with the natives generally: the best that was hoped was to carry it through without any overwhelming resistance. But even this depended on conditions which do not now exist. Sir Robert Hamilton, the only authority in its favour beyond the Council Chamber, expressly stipulates for entire unanimity and unmistakable determination on the part of Government. Without this, "assuredly there will not

only be opposition, but *a crisis may be brought on*, and local disturbances may ensue." In short, Mr. Wilson's budget can only be carried, as the Moghul taxes were, at the point of the bayonet. The united force of the British empire *may* quell the fiscal rebellion, as it has quelled the sepoy mutiny. Sir C. Trevelyan warns us, indeed, that then we had only the Bengal army against us; now it will be the whole people of British India; and Mr. Walter Elliot supplies the agreeable intelligence that, so far from the events of the last three years having cowed the spirit of the native population, they have only familiarised the minds of the masses with the possibility of resistance—"The constant theme of discussion in Southern India, is not the hopelessness of resistance, but the causes which led to its failure." *

Such, then, is our financial "*leap in the dark.*" And we now ask whether it be not high time to lay down the principles on which the Queen's government is to be administered in India, and to provide some efficient means of carrying them out? At present we have done nothing but unsettle and destroy. The prospects of the late Company's servants are dark and uncertain; the military system is in the clouds; the European officers of Government are discontented, and anxious to quit the country; while the native population is threatened with a financial policy, of which the utmost its authors can hope is, that the resistance it is certain to provoke may by care and management fall short of universal rebellion. Such are the measures by which her Majesty's Ministers have recommended their Royal Mistress to the affections of her servants and subjects.

The next great interest to be put in jeopardy is the Civil Service; and its prospects are poor indeed, if dependent on the management of which we have had a specimen. It is from no personal interest or feeling—for the present writer was never himself either in the civil or military service of India—that he seeks to call attention to the necessity of a wiser and more generous policy towards our expatriated countrymen. Such a policy is as essential to the honour and safety of the empire, as a just consideration of the wants and feelings of the natives themselves. It is due to both, to establish some definite system, resting on the approved traditions of India, and guarded from the constant fluctuations of home politics. We are not content to trust the fortunes of India to a cabinet which is continually shifting, and seldom contains a single Minister of Indian experience. The royal army and navy, our own exchequer and trade, foreign and even colonial politics, are more or less familiar subjects with our leading statesmen. India is a puzzle and a bore to nearly all. Yet it is precisely in this department that the most peculiar questions and the most extensive interests lie at the mercy of the Minister. They have a right to demand some legislative guarantee in lieu of that imperfect, but practically effective representation which the Legislature has destroyed in removing the East India Company.

The Council of India, the only Indian element remaining in the Home administration, should be empowered to submit a scheme of government for the consideration of Parliament. Select committees in both Houses would bring to bear upon it all the experience and wisdom of the country; and when matured, it should be promulgated by legislative enactment. Many questions would require careful sifting before the scheme could be complete; but some leading provisions are obvious. If India is to retain any organ in the administration, the position of the Home Council must be settled and sustained. To us it seems not too much that it should be elevated into a Committee of the Privy Council, with a distinct province in the Government, controlled, but not superseded, by the Cabinet. Again, if "amalgamation" is determined upon in the army, the interests both of the late Company's officers and of the country generally should be provided for. The patron-

* Minute, 8th December, 1859.

age of a due proportion of first commissions should remain with the Council, and all else be vested in the authorities in India. The Horse Guards must by all means be prevented from seizing the Indian commands and staff situations for their own favourites. Neither must it be left in their power to withdraw the European troops at pleasure. With all dutiful respect for H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, we cannot be satisfied to leave the safety of India to the discretion of the Commander-in-Chief and the two Secretaries of State. We know how much heavier the nearer alarms of this country would weigh in their counsels than the distant and ill-understood necessities of India. The very anxiety which the illustrious Duke displays not to "cripple the imperial resources" by locking up a portion of the army in India, satisfies us that a legislative provision is indispensable. It ought to be enacted, at the very least, that no regiment should be withdrawn from any Presidency in India without the written consent of the local government.

Another question requiring to be arranged by Parliament, is the relation between the Calcutta Government and those of the other Presidencies. We can see no necessity for the stringent supremacy now exercised by the Governor-General and his Council over every detail of administration. There is no greater fallacy than to talk of India as a whole. There is no such country in existence;—no region where the natives call their land "India," or themselves "Indians." It is a term of western geography, like "America," or "Europe," or "Australia"—and indicates no greater necessity or feasibility of a central administration. The Punjab, the North-Western Provinces, Bengal, Madras, Bombay, and Pegu, are regions as distinct as Brazil and the United States in America,—or as Norway, Prussia, and Italy in Europe. The soil, the produce, the traditions of government, the commerce, social habits, religion, race, and very colour of the people, are different. They never owned a common sovereign till now, and they have no natural, political, or administrative unity. Steam communication brings them all near enough for instructions from home, and some distinct responsibility in the local governments would both avoid such disputes as have just arrested the progress of improvement in Madras, and promote a noble emulation among the rulers. At all events, each Presidency should be at liberty to develop its own resources, and the Crown would derive more information and assistance from the unshackled intelligence of the several Governments, than from melting all thought and action down in the Calcutta crucible. It would be sufficient to retain the supremacy of the Viceroy in matters of war and general politics, and let the internal administration and finance be restored to the local government. Such a division of responsibility would tend to augment the native influence in the councils of their rulers. We cannot imagine the conditions under which a Legislative Council at Calcutta could ever enjoy the confidence of the heterogeneous populations of all India: in the several Presidencies they would have more chance of securing attention to their respective wants and capabilities. We have experienced the advantage of their want of cohesion in putting down the Bengal mutiny, and it seems only fair to make it reciprocal. We cannot but sympathise with the objection made by the people of Malabar and Madura to be taxed for the costs of a mutiny in Oude and the North-Western Provinces, which they not only never encouraged, but shed their blood to put down.

In any case, we repeat, let us have an Indian policy, and adhere to it. Let our foremost men be entrusted with its administration. After displacing the Company which won and kept our Eastern empire, we must not let the Imperial Crown drift into its loss, through the incapacity, the neglect, or the wilfulness, of the new administrators.

JUDICIAL PUZZLES.—THE ANNESLEY CASE.

When the Captain of the Great Britain ran that unfortunate vessel on to the sands of Dundrum Bay, it was urged in his excuse, that so many marvellous tales are told about Ireland, that he was justified in concluding that no obstacle lay in his road from the Isle of Man to New York; that Dublin was as fabulous as Blefuscu; and that the Mourn mountains had no more real existence than the loadstone hill which proved fatal to the ship of Sindbad. The story we are about to tell, might almost justify such incredulity; yet it is only one of many equally strange and equally well authenticated.

In the year 1706, Arthur Lord Altham, a needy and dissolute Irish peer, married Mary Sheffield, an illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Buckingham. They lived together for three years; but in 1709 Lord Altham went to Ireland, leaving his wife in England, where she remained until 1713, when she joined her husband in Dublin. From that time until 1716, they resided together, principally at Dunmaine, in the neighbourhood of Ross, in the county of Wexford. In 1716 they separated, under circumstances which we shall presently have occasion to notice more minutely, and never met again. In 1727 Lord Altham died, and was succeeded in his title and estates by his brother Richard Annesley, who remained in undisturbed possession of both for a period of thirteen years. Lady Altham survived her husband for about two years, which were passed in sickness and poverty, but does not appear ever to have taken any steps to prevent Richard Annesley's assumption of the character of heir to her husband, to which, of course, he would have had no title if she had a son living at the time of Lord Altham's death. In the year 1739, however, a young man of about four-and-twenty years of age, made his appearance in the fleet which, under the command of Admiral Vernon, was lying off Porto-Bello. He called himself James Annesley, stated that he was the son of Lord Altham, that he had been educated and acknowledged as such son until he was nine or ten years of age; that upon the death of his father he had been kidnapped and sold for a slave in America; that he had passed thirteen years in servitude, and at last (after a series of romantic and not very credible adventures, which have nothing to do with our present subject) had effected his escape. Admiral Vernon furnished him with the means of proceeding to England, where he arrived shortly afterwards.

On his arrival in England he went to lodge at Staines, in the neighbourhood of Windsor, and here a circumstance occurred which had no doubt a considerable effect on the subsequent proceedings. One of his associates, a man of the name of Redding, was gamekeeper to Sir John Dolbin, the Lord of the Manor. One morning James Annesley was out with a gun shooting small birds, when Redding called him to assist in capturing a net with which a man of the name of Egglestone was fishing in the river; Annesley's gun unfortunately went off in the scuffle, and mortally wounded Egglestone. There could be little doubt that the discharge of the gun was purely accidental; but Lord Anglesea (for Richard, Lord Altham, had in the meantime succeeded to that title also) seized the opportunity to destroy, as he thought, the claimant of his title and estates. He instituted a prosecution against James Annesley for murder; he was prodigal of money and promises amongst the witnesses; and he declared that he would willingly give ten thousand pounds to get him hanged. The jury at the Old Bailey acquitted Annesley, and Lord Anglesea's machinations recoiled upon himself; for there can be no doubt that they greatly influenced both the court and jury against him on the subsequent trial.

On the 11th of November 1743 the trial for the recovery of the estates came on in the Court of Exchequer in Dublin. It lasted fifteen days, and above ninety witnesses

were examined. The issue between the parties was of the simplest and boldest character. On the one hand, it was asserted that, in the spring of the year 1715, Lady Altham had been delivered at Dunmaine of a son and heir; that all the customary solemnities and rejoicings had taken place; that the child was uniformly acknowledged and treated both by Lord and Lady Altham as their son; that he was shown and spoken of as such to visitors and friends; that when the separation between his parents took place, the mother passionately entreated that she might be permitted to take the child with her, which the father refused, keeping the boy and educating him as the heir to his title and estates. On the other hand, it was denied that Lady Altham ever had a child at all. It was asserted that the very ground of the separation between herself and her husband was the discomfort and disappointment occasioned by her bearing no heir; that it was known to every relation and visitor, to every servant in the house, that Lady Altham never had a child; that the servant who had attended her from her arrival in Dublin to the hour of her death, who had dressed and undressed her every morning and evening, and had never been absent for more than one single week during the whole of that period, was living, and would prove, not only that no child ever was born, but that there never was the slightest chance or probability that Lady Altham would have a child. It is impossible to conceive a simpler issue or one which might be supposed to be easier for conclusive proof one way or the other; yet two juries came to diametrically opposite conclusions, and so positive is the testimony on each side, that it seems even now, after carefully reading the contradictory evidence which is preserved in upwards of five hundred columns of the State Trials, to be impossible to arrive at any satisfactory result.

It is to be observed that the question raised in this case was not one of personation or disputed identity. If Lady Altham ever had a son, it was admitted that James Annesley was that son. Nor was the case one of concealed or doubtful marriage, or obscure birth, such as have frequently occupied the courts. From the arrival of Lady Altham in Ireland until her separation from her husband, a period of about three years, they resided publicly together; kept a large establishment of servants, and visited and associated with persons of the most various rank and position in the neighbourhood. It seems incredible that any dispute should ever have arisen upon a point so easy of proof as whether persons of their rank, and so circumstanced, had or had not a child; and as we read the evidence adduced, the testimony on the one side seems absolutely conclusive, until it is met by contradictory evidence, to all appearance equally conclusive, on the other.

The household at Dunmaine was large and disorderly, consisting of sixteen or seventeen servants, from the English housekeeper, who was "sent over by my lady," and who rejoiced in the appropriate name of "Mrs. Settright," down to "Smutty, the dog-boy, who was very ugly." Poor Smutty! immortalised by his ugliness. He shows his ill-favoured countenance for a moment, and disappears into utter obscurity. Lord Altham had about him also a number of hangers-on, and humble companions; but besides these he associated with gentlemen of his own rank and position; and one of the first witnesses called on behalf of the claimant was a Major Richard Fitzgerald.

The Major deposed that in the year 1715 he was in the town of Ross, having had occasion to go there on account of some business, arising from the death of his uncle, a Mr. Pigott, who lived in the county of Wexford. In Ross he met Lord Altham, who invited him to dinner. The Major excused himself, as he was engaged to dine with some brother officers—

"But Lord Altham said deponent must dine with him, and come to drink some groaning drink, for that his wife was in labour. Deponent told him that was a reason he ought not go; but Lord Altham would not take an excuse, and sent the deponent word the next day to Ross, that *his wife was brought to bed of a son;* and the deponent went to Dun-

maine and dined there, and had some discourse about the child, and Lord Altham swore that the deponent should see his son, and accordingly the nurse brought the child to deponent, and deponent kissed the child, and gave half-a-guinea to the nurse; and some of the company toasted the heir-apparent to Lord Anglesea at dinner. That this was the day after the child was born: and deponent says that he left the country the next day, and went to the county of Waterford, to his own house at Prospect Hall. Says deponent saw the woman to whom he gave the half-guinea, this day of his examination; that he remembers her well, because he took notice of her when he gave her the half-guinea, that she was very handsome; that he did not stay at Dunmaine that night, but came to Ross at nightfall, and was attacked in the road by robbers; that he crossed the ferry on his return home—remembers that Lord Altham was in high spirits with the thoughts of having a son and heir."*

It seems impossible to add to the force of this testimony. No attempt was made to impeach the character or credibility of the witness. Everything concurred to fix the time and circumstances in his mind; mistake appears impossible; and no motive is assignable for wilful falsehood. Nor is the evidence given by the next witness less conclusive. John Turner was seneschal to Lord Anglesea. He had lived at Dunmaine for ten years; he had visited Lord Altham; and soon after his own marriage, which took place in December 1714, he observed appearance of pregnancy in Lady Altham. He says, that the next time he saw Lady Altham she told him she had a son; that he afterwards saw the boy, and had him in his arms at Dunmaine when he was about a year and half old; that Lady Altham led the child across the parlour, and Lord Altham kissed him and called him "Jemmy;" that he saw the child subsequently at Ross, and afterwards at Kinnay and Carrickduff, after the separation between Lord and Lady Altham, when he was treated by his father in all respects as his legitimate son; that in the year 1722, meeting Lord Altham at a tavern in Dublin, the boy was sent for, and Lord Altham said to deponent, "You were seneschal to Earl Arthur and Earl John, and you may be seneschal to the child."†

During the eight-and-twenty years that had elapsed between the birth of the child in 1715 and the trial in 1743, it was to be expected that many of those whose evidence would have been most valuable should have died; amongst them were those who stood sponsors for the child at its baptism; Mr. Colclough, Mr. Cliff, and Mrs. Pigott, members of families still holding high positions in the county of Wexford; but the fact of the christening, the rejoicings that took place, the bonfires and festivities, were proved by servants who lived in the house at the time, and proved repeatedly and consistently.

It is impossible within the narrow limits of an article to give even an outline of the evidence of the fifty witnesses who were called to substantiate the claimant's case. It would seem almost needless to strengthen the evidence of Major Fitzgerald and John Turner. Every conceivable confirmation, however, was given. Friends of Lord Altham swore to conversations with him, in which he had spoken in the most open manner of his son, and of the disappointment of his brother's expectations of being his heir. Witnesses were produced who had been present and assisting at the very birth of the child; and it is very remarkable that, although these witnesses were drawn from every rank of life, no successful attempt was made to impeach the credibility of any of them, nor was any inconsistency to be discovered in their testimony further than might be satisfactorily accounted for by the long period that had elapsed between the events to which they spoke and the time when they gave their evidence. We now come, however, to the most remarkable conflict of testimony which occurs in the whole case. A woman of the name of Joan Laffan was called. She deposed that she entered Lord Altham's service in

* *State Trials*, vol. xvii. 1153.

† *Ib.*, vol. xvii. 1154.

1715; that she was employed as nursemaid to attend on the child as soon as he came from the wet-nurse; that he was at that time three or four months old, and was in her charge for about a year and a half; that he was treated in all respects as their child by both Lord and Lady Altham, who showed great fondness for him, and into whose bedroom she was in the habit of bringing the child in the morning.

She then gave an account of the separation between Lord and Lady Altham. "It was," she said, "on account of Tom Palliser." "My Lord had laid a plot against him, and on one Sunday morning pretended to my lady that he was obliged to go out to dinner. That Mr. Palliser breakfasted with my lord, and they had a bottle of mulled wine for breakfast. As soon as my lord was gone out, Mr. Palliser went into my lady's room, and, the plot having been laid before, a signal was made that brought my lord back; that my lord ran up with his sword, and had him brought out of the room, and the groom came to Palliser and said to him, 'Is this the way you keep my lady company?' and took out a case-knife in order to cut his nose, but he was ordered only to cut his ear. *That deponent was standing by in the room, and she had the child in her hand, and he showed her the blood out of Palliser's ear; it was the soft part of the ear that was cut, and the child pointed at the blood that came out of the ear.*"* The same witness deposed that "she was present when my lord and lady parted; that she saw my lady at the door *with the child in her arms;* that my lord came out of the house in a great rage, and asked where his child was, and upon being told that he was with his mother, he ran up to her and snatched the child out of her arms; that my lady begged very hard she might take the child along with her, but *my lord swore he would not part with the child upon any consideration;* that my Lady finding she could not prevail, burst out a-crying, and begged she might at least give the child one parting kiss; that my lord, with some difficulty, consented, and then my lady drove away to Ross."†

Such is Joan Laffan's story, and we must keep in mind that at a subsequent period it was confirmed by another witness;‡ but in the mean time, let us turn to Palliser's account of the same transaction.

He stated that when he was very young, he spent much of his time at Dunmaine, which was within about three miles of his father's residence, and used to ride Lord Altham's horses hunting. That one day as they were returning home, Lord Altham told him that he was determined to part with his lady; and upon deponent's asking him his reasons, my lord replied, "I find Lord Anglesea will not be in friendship with me while I live with this woman, *and since I have no child by her, I will part with her.*" Palliser then gives an account, in all material circumstances the same as Joan Laffan's, of his being entrapped by Lord Altham into his wife's room, and falsely accused of being there for an improper purpose; he takes off his wig and shows the jury where his ear was cut, solemnly asseverates the innocence of Lady Altham, and declares not only that no child was present upon that occasion, but that "*he never saw a child in the house.*" Upon this the Court, "apprehending that there was some contradiction between the evidence of Palliser and that of Joan Laffan," as indeed they well might, ordered Laffan to be recalled, and the two witnesses to be confronted. Each repeated the story, each was equally clear, distinct, and positive. We have said that Joan Laffan's evidence was subsequently confirmed by another witness, who deponed to having been present at the parting of Lady Altham and her child. The same is, however, the case with the testimony of Palliser, which was confirmed by Mary Heath, Lady Altham's woman, who went with her in the carriage to Ross, and who swore, most positively, that no such child ever was in existence. It is to be observed that Palliser and

* *State Trials*, vol. xvii. 1280. † *Ib.*, vol. xvii. 1168, 1170. ‡ *Ib.*, 94.

Laffan agree that the charge against Lady Altham was false; that Laffan attributes the plot to the revenge of the servants, on account of some mischievous boyish tricks which had been played upon them by Palliser; whilst Palliser himself attributes it to the deeper, and more probable, motive, of a determination, on the part of Lord Altham, to get rid of a wife from whom he hoped for no heir—a motive which, we have seen, gave rise to some of the darkest domestic tragedies that have disgraced humanity. The case, however, is beset with difficulties on all sides; for if we are to accept the evidence of Palliser as true, the inevitable consequence follows, that we must hold, not only Joan Laffan, but Major Fitzgerald, Turner, and many, indeed most of the fifty witnesses called on behalf of the claimant, and who swore positively to the existence of the child, to have been deliberately perjured.

After the separation Lady Altham went to reside at Ross, and subsequently removed to Dublin. Her circumstances were extremely narrow, and her health bad, but she was faithfully attended until her death, which took place in October 1729, by Mary Heath. From her first arrival in Ireland, in 1713, a period of sixteen years, with the exception of a single week, this woman was never absent from her. Whilst she resided at Dunmaine, Heath dressed her every morning, and undressed her every night; and this witness swore in her most distinct and positive manner that *she never had a child.* It seems to be enough to shake one's confidence in all human testimony to find evidence so clear, distinct, and unimpeachable, on each side, to be compelled to admit that on one side or the other there must be the most wilful and deliberate perjury, and yet to feel it impossible to say on which side perjury exists.

Lord Altham removed, shortly after his separation from his wife, to a place called Kinnay, in the county of Kildare, and the issue now assumes a different aspect. It is admitted that there was a child at Kinnay, that he was put to school by Lord Altham and treated as part of his family; but it is contended that he was the illegitimate child of Lord Altham, by a woman of the name of Joan Landy, who had been a servant in the house at Dunmaine, and that he had been brought to the house subsequently to Lady Altham's departure.

In the earlier part of the case the claimant is met with the general denial—Lady Altham never had a son. Prove that she had, and we will admit you to be that son. In the latter part, the defendant says in substance, I admit that, during Lord Altham's residence at Kinnay, there was a boy who passed as his son. I admit that you are that boy; but you are not the heir of Lord Altham, but his illegitimate son by Joan Landy.

The whole of the evidence, therefore, changes its character: when Mary Heath swears that her mistress never had a child, whilst Eleanor Murphy swears that both she and Heath were present at the birth, one or the other must be perjured. But Lord Altham might use expressions as to "little Jemmy" which one witness might understand as being a distinct declaration of his legitimacy, and another might think only conveyed the expression of his affection for his natural child.

During the first period the existence of the child is denied; during the second it is admitted; and we shall now proceed to follow the fortunes of the boy, waiving for the present the question of who was his mother.

Lord Altham, after his separation from his wife, formed a connection with one Miss Gregory, who seems to have exercised an unbounded influence over him. After a short time poor "Jemmy" was turned out to wander in rags about the streets of Dublin. Here, however, he met with friends: a good-natured student in Trinity College, of the name of Bush, clothed and fed him, and employed him to run of errands, till his grandfather told him it was not fit he should have a lord for his servant, when he was turned out upon the world again. He was next taken charge of by an honest butcher, named Purcell, who took him home

and brought him up with his own son. Purcell tells the Court that whilst

"The boy was in his house, a gentleman (who was then called Richard Annesley, and is the now defendant, the Earl of Anglisea) came to deponent's house and asked if one Purcell did not live there, and said he supposed they sold liquors; that the gentleman had a gun in his hand, and sat down, and having called for a pot of beer, asked deponent if he had a boy in his house called James Annesley? To which deponent answered that there was such a boy in the house, and called his wife and told her that a gentleman wanted to see the boy; says that the child was sitting by the fireside, and immediately saw Mr. Richard Annesley, though he could not see the child by reason of the situation where he sat; says the child trembled and cried, and was greatly affrighted, saying, 'That is my uncle Dick;' says that when the child was shown to the defendant, he said to Jemmy, 'How do ye do?' That the child made his bow, and replied, 'Thank God, very well.' That the defendant then said, 'Don't you know me?' 'Yes,' said the child, 'you are my uncle Annesley.' That thereupon the defendant told the deponent that the child was the son of Lord Altham, who lived at Inchcore; to which deponent replied, 'I wish, sir, you would speak to his father to do something for him.'"*

The child's fear of his uncle was not without good cause. About three weeks after Lord Altham's death, Richard Annesley came a second time, to seek for the child, and desired it should be sent to one Jones's in the market. Purcell suspected mischief. The honest butcher shall tell his story in his own words:—

"Then deponent took a cudgel in one hand, and the child in the other, and went to the said Jones's house, when he saw the present Earl of Anglesea (who was then in mourning), with a constable, and two or three other odd-looking fellows attending about the door; that deponent took off his hat, and saluted my lord, which he did not think proper to return; but as soon as he saw the child in the deponent's hands, he called to a fellow that stood behind deponent's back, and said to him, 'Take up that thieving son of a ——— (meaning the child), and carry him to the place I bid you.' After some more language of the same kind from his lordship, the deponent said, 'My lord, he is no thief; you shall not take him from me; and whoever offers to take him from me, I'll knock his brains out;' then deponent took the child (who was trembling with fear) and put him close between his legs."†

Some high words passed, but the butcher was true to his trust; the lord and the constable sneaked off, and the child was carried back in safety. He was not long so fortunate. Fear of a repetition of the attempt to capture him induced him, very foolishly, to leave his friend the butcher. He then took refuge in the house of a Mr. Tigh; but it was not long before the emissaries of his uncle discovered his retreat, forced him into a boat, and on board a ship bound for Philadelphia, which sailed on April 1728. His uncle himself placed him in the ship, and returned to Dublin, thinking, no doubt, that he had heard the last of him. All the details of this nefarious transaction are given with the utmost minuteness, and without shame or hesitation, by the very agents who were employed in it. The share which Lord Anglesea took in the abduction of his brother's child is hardly disputed. The contention is confined to the point that the child was illegitimate. The villany of the act seems never to have struck any of the parties concerned. But this act appears to us to turn the wavering balance of evidence against Lord Anglesea. If this boy were really the son of Joan Landy, it could not be difficult for Lord Anglesea to procure proof of that fact whilst the events were so recent, whilst Lady Altham was still living, and when he had himself, by common consent, been admitted to the title and estates of his brother. If, on the other hand, he knew that the boy was his brother's legitimate son, he had the strongest interest to remove him out of the way before any inquiries could be made, and whilst he was in the obscurity into which his father had permitted him to fall.

Yet a suspicion, almost equally strong, against the truth of the

* *State Trials*, vol. xvii. 1201.

† *Ibid.*, vol. xvii. 1202.

claimant's case, would seem to arise from the fact, that Joan Landy was living, and yet was never called.

The claimant's story was, that this woman was his nurse; that her own child, which was a few months older than himself, had died, when he was four or five years old, of small-pox. Who could be so valuable a witness for the claimant as this woman? Yet she was never examined, nor was her absence ever satisfactorily accounted for. If it is argued that she might have been called by either side—that it was equally open to the defendant to produce her to negative, as to the claimant to produce her to support the story—it may be answered, that she could hardly be expected to come forward to denounce her own son as an impostor. The non-production of a witness who must have important evidence in her power, who was naturally the witness of the claimant, and whose absence is not satisfactorily accounted for, throws the gravest suspicion upon his whole case. To what conclusion, then, can we come? The jury, after a consultation of about two hours, found for the claimant. They must, therefore, have considered Heath, Palliser, Rolph, and the other witnesses who swore to the non-existence of the child, to have perjured themselves. The plaintiff appears to have been disposed to follow up his victory, for an indictment for perjury was at once preferred against Mary Heath. The same evidence was repeated; Joan Laffan was again examined. But the jury found her "Not Guilty." They must, therefore, have considered that Laffan, and all those who swore to Lady Altham having had a child, had been guilty of the crime of which they acquitted Heath. James Annesley does not appear to have taken any further steps to obtain possession of the estates and honours to which the decision of the jury had established his title. He died at Blackheath on the 2d of January 1760. His uncle Richard Annesley, Lord Anglesea, closed his career of profligacy and cruelty twelve short months afterwards. James Annesley left a son, who died an infant, and a daughter, who married, and whose children died young. Thus his line became extinct; and his rights, whatever they were, reverted to his uncle. Such was the termination of the "Annesley Case," memorable for the dark mystery in which it must for ever remain shrouded, and for the curious picture which it affords of the manners and habits of life that prevailed little more than a hundred years before our own day.

ARY SCHEFFER.

THE painter of "Francesca di Rimini" has we rejoice to say, been fortunate in a biographer. The history of so true a man—the development of a genius so great and so benign out of a career so checkered and an epoch so troublous—the ever onward progression of an art which at length essayed such sublime argument,—such a life and such a history well deserved to be recorded. It was Ary Scheffer who, beyond all his contemporaries, strove to make a picture the exponent of noble thought; and now in these Memoirs we are glad to find that the beauty and the pure emotion which breathe from out his works, were but the expression of an earnest life devoted to virtue and religion. Mrs. Grote has brought to her well-wrought task no ordinary advantages. The life of the gifted painter, hidden from the world in home seclusion, is here gracefully sketched, from personal recollection, with all the finish and tender solicitude which intimate and affectionate intercourse could bestow. The career of Scheffer as the devoted patriot, now fighting for his country's freedom, and then doomed to weep over her bondage, is also recorded by Mrs. Grote in colours caught from vivid reality, and with a detail and an anecdote taken from the actors themselves. It has been her object to trace the painter's genius through the patriot's virtue—to look at the artist's works as mirrors into which a noble life had cast its beauteous reflections—shadowy spiritual forms, rising from out the depths of the soul's calm consciousness. In the Manchester "Art Treasures," and in other collections public and private, we have all known and loved the works of this great and good man; and we think it may be interesting and instructive to give, within the limits of the present article, a slight sketch of his life, with an analysis of his genius.

Ary Scheffer was born in the year 1795, at Dordrecht, in Holland. His father, a German, had possessed competent fortune, and pursued painting more from choice than necessity. Under the French Revolution, when Holland became annexed to the Republic, Scheffer the elder was despoiled of his property, and his widow with three children found themselves in necessitous circumstances. We soon learn, however, that Ary, the eldest son, at the age of twelve, manifested a talent so precocious, that in the "salon," at Amsterdam, a picture which he exhibited attracted much attention. Henri, too, showed a promise in the same direction. Madame Scheffer wisely, then, considered that the best course was to foster talents thus early and strongly manifested. For this purpose she transported her family to Paris, the city where, beyond doubt, the best instruction could be obtained. In the year 1811, Ary was placed as a pupil in the "atelier" of Guerin, a disciple of the famed Louis David, the chief of the classic or heroic school. Here for some years he was devoted to the study of drawing, anatomy, and perspective, as the preliminary and necessary elements to his adopted profession. We find, however, that the exigencies of his family impelled him to practise painting for profit before he was eighteen years of age. It was at this period, says Mrs. Grote, "that Ary began to produce those agreeable pictures, in which the expression of the gentler sympathies form the interest and the subject—a description of composition always certain to attract purchasers, and falling within the powers of execution at the command of a youthful hand." To these and some subsequent years belong such familiar yet tender compositions

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Memoir of the Life of Ary Scheffer. By Mrs. GROTE. London: Murray, 1860.
Œuvres de Ary Scheffer, reproduits en Photographie par Bingham d'après les Tableaux Originaux, accompagné d'une Notice sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Ary Scheffer. Par L. VITET. Goupil et Cie., Paris.

as "Le Baptême," "La Veuve du Soldat," "La Mère Convalescente," "Les Enfans du Marin," followed by more mature works: "La Défense de Missolonghi," "Les Femmes Souliotes," and "La Bataille de Morat." But it must be admitted that, in the "atelier" of Guerin, Scheffer's professional education had commenced amidst the ruins of a degenerate school. "The Restoration" of the legitimate government, setting loose the springs of energy, wrought a revolution even in the arts. The classic school to which Scheffer had been bound, "everywhere gave way," says Mrs. Grote, "to the romantic; the conventional, again to the sentimental and passionate. Victor Hugo in dramatic literature, Rossini in lyric music, Géricault and Delacroix in painting—these led the van of the new movement. The young Ary also tried *his* hand, and in 1819 exhibited his picture of 'Les Bourgeois de Calais,' in which was discerned an evident intention to break through old traditions, and to aim rather at compositions clothed in expression and feeling."

But Scheffer soon allied himself in politics to the opposition which harassed the government of the Restoration. He is a frequent visitor at the Château de la Grange, the well-known residence of General Lafayette. He becomes the associate of Augustin Thierry, of Lady Morgan, and others of advanced opinions. He enters warmly into political confederacies, and enrolls himself a member of the "Carbonari." Thus for a time were his energies diverted from his art, and his slender means of subsistence heavily taxed. It is, we confess, with little regret that we find a succession of misfortunes at length drive Scheffer once more to the tranquil and more remunerative labours of his studio. At this fortunate juncture in his destiny, he was introduced to the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, the future King and Queen of the French. From this moment dates the mutual and memorable friendship which grew up between Scheffer and the royal family; a friendship which, year by year, seems to have matured into warmer affection, and which death only could terminate. Scheffer now becomes instructor of the royal children; he is the master who fostered the art talent, and cherished the enthusiasm of the Princess Marie; he is for years a constant visitor at the palace; and yet throughout, to his honour be it spoken, he is ever the honest patriot, whose independence and truth can neither be bought nor biassed. The spirit of the man is noble and uncompromising. A simple drawing-master to the royal children, he yet knew what was due to his self-respect. We find that, cost what it might, he either would maintain his authority or surrender his post. Thus Mrs. Grote relates, that—

"During one of the lessons which, at a later stage, Scheffer was giving to the children of the royal family, one of the brothers forgot the respect due to the master, and used some unbecoming expressions towards him. Scheffer banished the offending prince from the lesson. The Queen interposing to obtain a remission of this penalty, Scheffer resigned his appointment. The brothers and sisters were so grieved and discomposed at the loss of their master, that they begged and entreated him to resume his position; yet he was inexorable, until the King adding his own earnest endeavours, Scheffer was induced to give way, and he presided anew over their artistic studies. But he made it a condition that the mutinous pupil should never more join in the lesson, and he was accordingly excluded. I am afraid," says Mrs. Grote, "it must be added, that this incident was long remembered by both parties."

The high mental culture, the simple yet uncompromising honesty and truth of Ary Scheffer, no less than his skill in art, soon won for him the confidence, and secured, as we have said, the abiding friendship of the Orleans family. Scheffer possessed, indeed, all those qualities which inspire affection and respect. Duty was the law of his being, and self-sacrifice the practice of his life. Engaged in the severe study of his art, secluded in the retirement essential to the unfolding of his genius, he yet ever responded to the call of private friendship and public patriotism. Occupied in works of high imagination, holding converse with the spirits of the great departed, he yet was a man who walked the path

of a simple plodding life; and in the midst of airy reverie, he still preserved a sober, scrutinising eye for the actual world around him. The wisdom of the man was great, and his knowledge, like his sympathy, extended. His whole nature seems to have been given to noble aspiration, either for humanity at large, or for the advance of that art to which he was so ardently devoted. The uneventful epoch of the Restoration, though little to his taste, offered at least no great distraction to the quiet development of his genius. For ten whole years we find him silently working for a livelihood, steadfastly striving to mature his powers, and to make the pictures which he so laboriously executed, the pure expression of the noblest thought. Already he had secured in his art a high position, when the even tenor of his life was again broken, and he was called once more, by the Revolution of 1830, to become an actor upon the stage of public politics—to lay aside for a time his pencil and gird on his sword to fight for his country's rights. In that year of overturning, Paris is in ferment, and hostile parties are likely to come into violent collision. Early on the morning of the 28th July, Scheffer is in the public streets. "The game," he exclaims to a friend, "is begun, and we must play it out." The conflict, indeed, soon commenced, and "Scheffer was among those who fought unceasingly through two of the 'glorious days' which crowned resistance with victory." On the morrow of the third and decisive day, Scheffer, fairly tired out, was resting at his own house in the Rue Chaptal, when he was surprised by the entrance of Monsieur Thiers. The dialogue which ensued is so graphic, that we give Mrs. Grote's own words:—

"'Well, Scheffer,' exclaims Thiers, 'here I am! I want you: I have done everything that was necessary.' 'How! done everything?' calmly inquired Scheffer. 'Well, I mean that I have been to the Hôtel de Ville—seen the members of the Municipal Committee—seen the 'chefs de partis' at Lafitte's—and in short, I am the bearer of a communication to the Duke of Orleans, which you must assist me in conveying to Neuilly.'' Hey-day,' replied Scheffer, 'so you mean that I am to go with you as a kind of commissioner from the leaders of the party?' 'I do,' rejoined M. Thiers, 'and for this reason, among others, that you are known to keep good horses in your stable; for, look you, we can go in no other way than by riding on horseback.' 'That is certain,' quoth Scheffer; 'the barricades would render the passage of a carriage impossible.' 'But stay,' said Thiers; 'how shall I manage about my *monture*? I shall never be able to sit on one of *your* great beasts.' Thereupon Scheffer hastened to the stables of young Ney (son of the Marshal), with whom he was on intimate terms, and, borrowing a small nimble nag for his friend, they started on their important errand.

"The barricades presented, in truth, some obstacles to their progress; but Scheffer being a practised horseman, leaped his horse over them. M. Thiers could not manage matters quite so actively. The mob, however, good-naturedly aided him to scramble through, lifting him almost bodily over the piles of stones, &c., horse and all, laughing heartily at 'le petit commis' for his bad horsemanship. As M. Thiers rode in white stockings and shoes, and wore spectacles, 'I suspect,' observes Mrs. Grote, 'that his personal appearance did afford some scope for the light-hearted jokes of 'le peuple' on that morning."

The two envoys quickly arrived at the Château de Neuilly. The Duchess of Orleans reproves Scheffer for presuming that her husband could accept the proposals offered; but after some debate and delay, the negotiation is ended, and Louis Philippe in due time is proclaimed King of the French. Ary Scheffer becomes, during the ensuing reign, a frequent visitor at the palace. He receives from the King commissions for the painting of pictures for Versailles; he is the constant instructor to the young and gifted Princess Marie; he is sent as the companion of the King's eldest son to the siege of Antwerp: and yet, in the midst of all this royal favour, we find, as ever, that he preserves intact his independence; that his conscience cannot be bought; and that his tongue refuses to flatter. He speaks the truth boldly, and warns the King, when troublous times are threatening, of the impend-

ing fate. But he will not anticipate the current of events. The Orleans dynasty had disappointed Scheffer's too sanguine expectations. He felt discouraged, if not indeed disgusted, by the conduct of the Government, and deliberately held himself aloof from all public affairs. But during these eighteen years, lying in the very prime of his artistic life, he had at least this satisfaction, that in undisturbed rest he was able to labour at his profession. Then it was that were matured some of the highest efforts of his genius. Let us pause in this lull of party strife, and examine at calm leisure the progress which he made.

Scheffer in his Art seems to have exemplified Wordsworth's leading axiom, that poetry is the recollection of excitement in moments of tranquillity. Scheffer felt deeply—acted courageously; his life was often in tumult and disappointment, and even bitter anguish at times filled his cup to overflowing. His art then came as a haven of rest after life's troublous tossings; the storm-dashed bark lay in grateful rest—the heaving and the moaning of the distant sea breaking in ripples, and dying in echoes on the sheltered shore. Howling winds were, in the realms of his tranquil art, softened into gentle whispers; and angry waves, which rose beneath the storm-cloud, sank into rest on the hushed cradle of the deep —a mirror to the sunset and the stars of twilight. After the fever and the heat of day, the art of Scheffer came as the pale, pure moonlight, with silver clouds sailing before the queen of night. It is as if, wearied, outworn, and disheartened, he said to the world, Vex me no more. Let me shut the study-door upon the strife and the uproar, the jealousy and the ambition, which I too have found vanity and vexation. Let art be to me all that I have sought for in life; but, alas! sought in vain. Let it be to me that ineffable beauty which I have loved and cherished in the silent chamber of my thoughts—have seen, it may be, as a fleeting shadow, and then for ever lost. Let it be to me the soul's sweet calm; let it be the promised peace and the bright reward. Shattered wrecks of forlorn hopes lie scattered on every shore; but there is a sky above, cloudless and serene, and sister spirits seem to call and beckon to a blessed abode. Such appears to us to have been the language of Scheffer, and such his faith in art. Other painters there have been who, mingling in life, and fighting in the world, pointed through their works to a widely different moral. The art of Salvator Rosa was not a reaction and revulsion, but a reflex. His pictures in their storm-tossed clouds gloried in the war of the elements; and his bandit-haunted caves rejoiced in plunder and conspiracy. Rubens, indeed, as Scheffer, mingled in political action, and was intrusted with state confidence; but he, too, in his art, like Salvator, gloried in the life which he found in contest around him. His works show no misgiving or distrust. He revelled in all the pomp and circumstance of wealth and high position; his colours are the transport of enjoyment, and the lines of his composition seem to dance for delight. But the pictures of Scheffer tell, as we have seen, a very different tale. Sober and chastened, they seem to say: I have seen all the works that are done under the sun, and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh. I will seek for myself in the world of art a more abiding trust. Great eternal verities cannot change. Essential truths, and forms, and beauties, cannot die away. I will make my art a foretaste of those heavens where the weary may find rest.

In the midst of much discouragement, and oft with a wounded spirit, there was at least one person who could sympathise with Scheffer in his dreams. The Princess Marie, the sculptor of "Joan of Arc," "the finest modern figure to be found at Versailles," had been his pupil from childhood. The life and early death of this gifted daughter of the King comes as a touching episode in the memoirs of Scheffer. From her earliest years, her only delight had been in works of art, and in the best of books. The sudden exaltation of her family seemed to have alarmed her; she was filled with misgiving, she

had a contempt for "the official tribe" around her, and all that was daily passing before her eyes inspired her with disgust. She absented herself from the splendid fêtes" by which Louis Philippe hoped to sustain his waning popularity, and loved rather to retire within her modest studio. "One evening," we are told, "during which she was working in her atelier, in company with Scheffer, there were 5000 people thronging the salons below, wherein dancing and feasting were going on. 'When I reflect,' said the princess to Scheffer, 'upon what is passing down there—what ambition, what avidity for gain, what flatteries—and upon the way in which my father is cheated and deceived by them, I feel happy to be out of it all.'" Such hold, indeed, had her art obtained upon the ardour of her youthful mind, that she would sit up by night, unknown to her parents, in order to pursue her studies. In a simple, heartfelt sketch, written by Scheffer on her death, he tells us that "her settled dream was, to lead the life of an elevated conscientious artist, and thus to exercise a beneficial influence over high art in France. She chose for her studies books calculated to ripen and develop her intellectual faculties. Scientific treatises, imaginative works, everything was read, and read with profit by her. All that seemed great and worthy of admiration she prized at its full value." Death came, as we know, at an early age, and Scheffer mourned her loss. In his studio he placed a bust to her memory in a retired recess, where few were permitted to enter.

Scheffer, as we have seen, made of his transcendental art a kind of quiet refuge; yet even in this his chosen sphere he was for many years tossed about ere he gained a steadfast anchorage. Among his earlier compositions—battles with warriors and bristling lances, and tempests of dashing wave and stormy shipwreck—we find indications of that mental tumult and dramatic conflict which have often marked the salient works of great minds still heaving in unrest. We have seen that in his outset upon life, Scheffer had wellnigh lost his way in political tumults and conspiracies. He had sought in false paths for an impossible ideal, and had been, we fear, misled, in the too generous confidence of youth, into vulgar and noisy democracy. His pictures of this period show a like unsatisfactory conflict. He was beating about without sure guidance. A mere mundane materialism having for the moment seized him by the hand, he walked with unsteady steps, as if uncertain of his footing. Here and there, however, we see indications that the clouds were opening on his future sky; that the star had risen which should guide him on his way. During this doubtful period as of interregnum, when this world and a better were contending for the mastery of his art, his pictures seem, we must confess, unsatisfactory. On the one hand, they are assuredly wanting in the fling, the vigour, and passion which give command to many an inferior artist; and on the other, they stand as yet far off from that pure spirituality which at a subsequent time shone so supremely in his works.

Of this intermediate stage of transition, the well-known picture in the Luxembourg, "Les Femmes Souliotes," is the most important example. In this great work, Scheffer for the moment allies himself to the allurements of that romantic school of which the more carnal Delacroix is still the admitted chief. Here we have the tumult of a disordered composition, the vigorous blackness of deep shadows into which asphaltum has been freely flooded, the intoxication of glowing golden colour which the solemn blue of distant mountains heightens the more into warm and passionate harmonies. This work, indeed, would seem to show that Scheffer might have indulged in the glitter and glory of intensest colour, had he not, as we think, unreasonably deemed that the sacred mission of spiritual art called him to surrender what falsely seemed to him a mere sensuous allurement. Yet, ever and anon thrown in among these more intense compositions of his earlier youth, do we see the dawn of that pale, silvery, shadowy spiritualism, which cast its moonlight pallor over his latent ideal.

His theory on the subject of colour would seem to have obtained for once explicit expression in the picture of "Divine and Terrestrial Love." The love of earth is here seen in golden hair, the flesh flushed in the amorous glow of youth and passion, the flaunting drapery hot with the blaze of restless red. By the side of the terrestrial Venus stands, in silvery light and tempered grey, with upraised hand of admonition, her spiritual sister, thickly draped in the chaste folds of white raiment, as in the statues of "Pudicitia." Ary Scheffer, in this his cherished theory that colour is basely allied to the flesh, was guilty, we are persuaded, of an error alike false to nature and pernicious to art. Perhaps the most solemn and, we may say, the most spiritual, moment which nature knows, is that hour of blushing sunset, when sky, and cloud, and lake are sapphire, and emerald, and ruby. The life of Nature, in her opening spring of promise, and in her closing autumn harvest, is rich in gay and glad attire; it is death only, aged and crowned with snow-wreath, that puts on a garb of solemn sadness, and totters forth in shadowed grey. And again, as sky and rainbow glories, and the sun's dazzling splendour, excel the sober hues of earth, so does heaven show itself more resplendent than the lower world. Hence Revelation ever paints the Eternal City with precious gates and streets of gold, and saints in gorgeous apparel. And hence, in like manner, did the great religious painters of Italy—Perugino, Francia, Bellini, and others—use the richness and fulness of lustrous colour, bright with the light of gems, to enhance to the utmost that hallowed expression for which they sought. There is no doubt Scheffer, in his theory and practice was wholly wrong; nature and authority are indeed against him. The want of colour, it must be admitted, in some degree mars his works; his pictures are proportionably cold in their religion, and their worship is without rapture.

Thus we see that Scheffer was, by a somewhat strange anomaly, at once an ardent patriot and a cold painter. The action which he threw into the world became, in his art reaction, and, by a law known in dynamics, rebounded in the opposite direction. Thus, within the sphere of his profession, an ascetic, he deliberately adopted an austere, self-denying manner, and sought to satisfy the soul's vision through the mortification of the bodily eye. Hence have his works a uniform and, we believe, a studied hardness of line and dryness of handling—a want of roundness and relief, as if the figures were marble bas-reliefs rather than flowing liquid pictures. By a like anomoly and contradiction, while he was bold in political action, he was timid in art execution. It is as if, in religious art, he felt that he had entered on a wholly different region; as if all that belongs to animal courage and self-help was to be laid aside, and that henceforth he had simply to wait for instruction with humbled soul and trembling hand, faltering and stumbling when it did not come. In the quiet retreat of his studio, where, sometimes for days, he sat secluded from the world, which had grown to him a weariness, he would brood in the depths of his highly wrought consciousness, and seem lost save to the visions of his own creations. Hence do we find him powerless to seize with dramatic force a character foreign to his own; and hence even his portraits are often feeble, and his works in general deficient in the vigorous grasp and pointed purpose of a man who could lay firm hold upon the actual. As a consequence, or at least by a natural connection, we find him great and sustained only in the quiescence of repose—incapable, indeed, of force in action, or swiftness in motion. He was, doubtless, the chief among spiritual artists; but yet it must be laid to his charge that he failed in that highest philosophy, which knows how rightly to unite this actual world to the ideal which lies beyond, and looks for the sane mind and the healthful art as the issue of a sound physique.

It seems to us evident, indeed, that physical and political action was with Scheffer not so much the

result of bodily vigour as of mental aspiration. His character and his paintings seem alike to point to this conclusion; and thus considered, his life and his works present no conflicting anomalies. Political contest was, we conceive, with him no mere outburst of restless and turbulent power — no rude animal passion, which loved in democracy an unruly riot; it was rather a holy striving for the true, the beautiful, and the good; it was a duty which his conscience required of him to perform — a service which he owed to his country, and to humanity itself. Thus, at certain periods in his life, at the call of patriotism, he came forth and sacrificed his peace, his safety, and his beloved art, to fight in the cause of freedom; and then, when the urgent necessity had passed, or disappointment dashed his hopes, he relapsed once again into his habitual repose, and, in the quiet of the studio, strove to fashion with the painter's pencil that ideal perfection which his sword had failed to win. Thus, rightly considered, his art and his life compose, we think, into completest harmony.

But though in this sense the artist and his works are united, yet in another aspect they were too widely severed. It had been well, indeed, for the world had Scheffer found it possible to infuse into its rude discord the harmony and the beauty of his heaven-born art; and, on the other hand, for his art it would, as we have seen, have been salutary could he have taken from actual life somewhat more of nature and of vigour. But, as often befalls the artistic temperament, his mind proved too sensitive to sustain the shocks, and to bear up against the reverses, which the conflict for political progression necessarily involves. From the fight, which appeared to him hopeless, he beat a retreat, heartbroken, and turned for refuge, as we have seen, to painting; his wounded spirit uttering its anguish in chastened forms of pathos. This, too, had its charm—the joy which lies in sorrow. "The tendency," says Mrs. Grote, "to depression of spirits which latterly bespread itself over his life, would seem to have had its share in disposing Scheffer to seek, in the speculative and spiritual, a refuge from the poignant disappointments of the everyday world. To this source I conceive that we are in great measure indebted for the peculiar charm which distinguishes his later works, to which this same 'sombre' tone of mind doubtlessly gave the 'key-note' of religious, thoughtful melancholy."

The arts are, after all, for men endowed like Scheffer, the fitting sphere. There will always be rude hands found to do the rougher work of life; always men in abundance for the politics of the world—men whose breath is agitation—moulded in coarse, tough clay, expressly "to bear the whips and scorns of time," "the oppressor's wrong," the "insolence of office." We confess it is with sincere regret that we ever see a sensitive and refined intellect, gifted with literary or artistic power, descend into the arena of party or social strife. Let such modes of action be left for others. Men of these finer faculties, when thrown upon a tumultuous stage, are for the most part wholly misunderstood, and their subtler qualities lying beyond general appreciation, serve only for the slighting talk of idle tongues. An artist and a literary man may promote the best interests of his country and his kind in his own appointed way. Labour enough, disappointment enough, in his own peculiar line of duty, he will doubtless have to bear; yet for him comes the recompense in a joy and a bright reward, with which no stranger shall intermeddle. The poet and the artist find in nature, and in the created beauty of imagination,

> "Another gift,
> Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
> In which the burthen of the mystery,
> In which the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world,
> Is lightened."

And this "serene and blessed mood" was to Scheffer as sweet rest after sore conflict—as healing balm for a wounded spirit. His later works, at least, show that his troubled eye had at length been "made quiet by the

power of harmony;" that even in his sorrow he had found "the deep power of joy," and seen beneath a ruffled surface an inner life of peace. And even now, for us, when

> "The fretful stir
> Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
> Have hung upon the beatings of the heart—
> How oft, in spirit,"

may we turn to pictures such as these by Scheffer, and find a blessed retreat.

We learn that in 1842, after twelve years' trial of the Orleans dynasty, Scheffer's political ardour had at length been effectually damped. He had reached his fifty-second year—"an age when a full experience of men and things usually brings its fruit, in the form of what the French term *désillusionnement*." He had by this time given the world a fair trial, and it was found wanting. Nothing, indeed, can more forcibly impress the truth of our preceding reflections than the following passage from Mrs. Grote's Memoirs:—

"Disgusted by the vulgar politics 'buzzing' around him—further depressed in spirits by the disastrous death (in 1842) of the heir to the throne, on whom he had placed his last fond hope of future better days for France—Scheffer drew closer and closer to his art, ceasing to connect himself with public affairs, otherwise than as a member of the National Guard (in which he held the rank of captain), performing its duties and obligations like other men. In the comparative seclusion of the Rue Chaptal, and with a taste and judgment ripened by long practice and thoughtful meditation—seeing little company beyond a few privileged friends and amateurs of art—Scheffer's imagination had more ample leisure than heretofore for attentive and sustained concentration on lofty and sacred subjects. I believe (in spite of what Diderot says) that in order to excite profound emotion in others, in any walk of art—painting, acting, or singing—you must either experience such in your own person, or arrive at a strong belief in its presence by a previous effort of fancy. Such effort is, however, only fruitful when pursued in solitude, and under perfect abstraction from disturbing forces. The secret of Scheffer's advance in the power of investing his compositions with a deeply sentimental charm, lay, as I conceive, partly in his strict devotion to his art, partly in a greater abstinence from the external commerce of society."

An English critic has justly observed that an artist should be fitted for the best society, but yet keep out of it. "The external commerce of society" dissipates an artist's powers, and takes from the depth and the truth of his feelings. The multitude to whom he is introduced just desire acquaintance with his countenance, wish to hear the tone of his voice, and to scan his manner and his bearing. This done, they, with some threadbare compliment, depart under the self-complacent satisfaction, it may be, that they, too, have part and lot with genius—can comprehend a great man, and even detect his lurking weakness. Scheffer, we are glad to know, used abstinence in this often too seductive dissipation. We hope, indeed, that he possessed that assurance of greatness within his own breast, which makes mere ordinary adulation in no way needful. He cherished, we are persuaded, that finer part in his humanity, and cultivated those higher faculties, which bring their own reward. His works sufficiently manifest a taste which had been educated by converse with the purest minds, and the loftiest products of the human intellect. His life was one long mental labour of no ordinary assiduity. We find that he read in the original tongues the standard works in the literatures of France, England, Italy, and Germany. His translations of the poems of Goethe, Byron, and Dante, into his own sister art, prove how intimately and profoundly he had entered into the spirit of these master creations, and how thoroughly the thoughts and the word-painted characters of these and kindred writers had taken possession of his imagination. We see with what critical skill—with what fine insight—he could perceive the light and the shade, the form and the colour, of an author's meaning, as it played across the page, and ere he fixed it upon canvass. We can well understand that, with a taste so highly cultured, he could endure only the best writers—that he could read

only the choicest books. But of all books, we are told, the Bible was most frequently in his hand, especially during the later years of his life. The New Testament, as many of his most spiritual compositions testify, was to him not only the guide in life, but the inspirer of his art. Again and again would he read of the mission of the Saviour, for again and again would he essay to make the Divine Word dwell in the region of his art. A mind so gentle found itself in perfect accord with the benign genius of Christianity. And that book which tells of the conflict of earth and the sorrow of life, yet leads to a haven of rest, was to him of all books the most conformable to his experience and his need, and the most consonant with the spirit of that art for which he laboured and lived.

Yet, as may be well imagined, Scheffer did not reach his ideal consummation but by long and arduous steps. The demands which he made upon himself were great—the laws which he laid down for the guidance of an artist were by no means easy to be fulfilled. "To be a true artist," he writes, "one must possess within one's self a certain elevation of sentiment, with deep and powerful convictions, worthy of being expressed by one or other of the arts—by prose composition, poetry, music, sculpture, or painting." Thus ever-aspiring, his collected works, brought together in Paris in the course of last year, were specially interesting and instructive, as manifesting the struggles, the transitions, and, withal, the sure progression of his genius. We have already spoken of that period of unrest through which most earnest minds have to pass, wherein Scheffer, tossed upon the conflicting waves of life, seemed troubled as by warring elements. Materialism in his art was then contending against spiritualism—this world opposing itself to a hope beyond. There were obstinate questionings which demanded solution, yet found none; the existence of evil and the triumph of sin lying as dark, impenetrable mysteries. He felt that moral obliquity and physical deformity were marring the loveliness of creation; he beheld innocence betrayed, truth vanquished, justice outraged, and God's likeness upon earth everyway mutilated; these indeed were stumbling-blocks lying in the path of an artist who, like Scheffer, was thirsting for beauty and perfection. And accordingly, as we have seen, Scheffer's early and middle-age creations manifest a mind of which the clear vision was darkened, and the free action oppressed. In literature, a like mental phase is by no means rare. Byron in "The Giaour," Dante in his vision of purgatory and hell, and Goethe in his "Faust" and other works, each gave expression to the soul's longing and agony. Hence can we easily understand wherefore Scheffer found in such authors a kindred sympathy. In the poem of "Faust," he loved to plunge, with his innate German predilections, into the entangled mysteries of metaphysical speculation. The antagonism between man's intellectual and sensual nature—human passion and human weakness working dire tragedy—the tender and the terrible lying side by side—the clear, cold shrewdness of calculating intellect, and the mystic mazes of a mind wandering on a dark impenetrable night; here, indeed, in this drama, was field wide enough for a man who, like Scheffer, was as yet beating about without certain resting-place. Hence the well-known series of pictures taken from "Faust," "Wilhelm Meister," and other works by Goethe. "Faust in his Study," before him lying a large folio, resting on a skull—the jeering Mephistopheles stealing into the distance—is one among many examples of that region of doubt—of dark scepticism fitfully lighted by credulity—high purpose overthrown by insidious stratagem, which the works of Scheffer at this period suggest. "The King of Thule"—the aged, venerable "harper," by whom stands the youthful yet melancholy Mignon—with other kindred works, may be taken as illustrations of a mind struggling to inform the tenement of clay of that mental abstraction and introversion, that metaphysical penetration, that bewilderment of the eye which wanders and then fixes itself

on vacancy — characteristics which signalise some phases of the genius of Scheffer in common with the creations of well-known German authors. There are eyes which seem to look through space and time, dazzled by excess of light, and then veiled in darkness; there are full-crowned brows whereon proud intellect sits enthroned, which yet in deep-knit furrows of gathering perplexity would appear to threaten ruling thought with overthrow; there is the clenched hand of strong resolve, and yet the unsteady steps which cannot carry purpose to its goal; such is that metaphysical art of Scheffer, which essays the highest argument, and yet stumbles on the very threshold—which strives to reveal all, and yet, perhaps from the necessity of the case, in the end is content to elude the difficulty by hiding its face in the veil of mystery.

Passing on from these creations of stern, scrutinising intellect, we enter upon a sphere more suited to the capabilities of art in works of sympathy and emotion. Mignon is the romantic offspring of a poet's fancy. A being more sensitive, subtle, and artistic, never issued from the brain of man. And Scheffer, who had found in Faust a god of reason, seems for solace to have clung to Mignon as the child of affection. When we gaze upon the sad, forlorn, and friendless maiden—poor, wan, half-clothed, half-grown — we feel profoundly touched. In the oft-engraved figures, "Mignon regretting her Country," and "Mignon aspiring to Heaven," compassion is moved by the deep grief of a nature too sensitive for earth—a young heart that yearns for its home where the citron blooms, where soft winds descend from the blue heaven—who weeps, and then again sighs to fly away and be at rest. Scheffer was asked whether this little Mignon bore any resemblance to one who might be near or dear to him. He answered that it was the portrait of his daughter—who came as the solace to her father in hours of sadness, and at length tended his bed in death. Faust's Margaret is likewise a character which, by beauty and calamity, appeals to tenderest sympathy. The pictures of "Margaret at the Well," "Margaret in Church," and "Margaret coming from Church," are as widely known as the poem of "Faust" itself. Scheffer has here painted chastity as of unsunned snow, the budding of the blushing rose, and then comes the canker-worm, and innocence is tainted by shame.

We find in Scheffer, more perhaps than in any other modern artist, the love of ideal beauty. His antipathy to a rude world and a common nature made him fondly cling to an unearthly loveliness. The tenderness and refinement of his feelings seem naturally to have found, in the delicacy and purity of woman, their appointed sphere. Dante had his Beatrice, Tasso his Leonora, and even our homely Wordsworth his "phantom of delight." But where shall we find in poet's fancy, or in painter's vision, forms more lovely, features more chastened and finely chiselled, minds more subtly wrought or highly cultured, than in the works of Scheffer? Certain spiritual moulds of grace and symmetry seem, indeed, to have early taken hold of Scheffer's imagination, by virtue, it would appear, of that law of correspondence whereby mental states seek analogous outward forms in nature or through art. The pale cast of sicklied thought found an echo to its own unsullied purity in silver tones of moonlight pallor. In like manner, on the other hand, by a law well known in the history of art, works closely allied to actual life are substantive and vigorous, rich in colour, deep in shadow, and strongly marked in individual character. In such art, female loveliness comes in a Hebe or a Venus. But the goddess of beauty did not woo Scheffer in such guise. Even when he paints a Magdalen, she is no Titian mistress, but rather an angel of light, who, stranded on this lower world of sorrow, implores, with clasped hands and bleeding heart, that heaven may in mercy receive her back again. In such works as "St. Monica," we recognise the spiritual beauty which comes of an aspiration that cannot rest satisfied with earth. "The Holy Women," again,

is by some admirers deemed Scheffer's masterpiece; and certainly in celestial beauty and rapt expression, they have never been surpassed. Scheffer's women are not of earth; and it must, we think, be confessed, that they are of a temperament and bodily frame little suited for a mere mundane existence. They come as on angel's visits, lovely apparitions, with starlight wreaths around the brow, and twilight softness in their gentle eye. In the well-known figure of Dante's Beatrice, we have, as it were, the remembered vision of a romance, a being fashioned by poet's fancy, treading, it may be, the confines of earth for a season, and then caught up to starry heights, henceforth an object for our worship. Art became, indeed, for Scheffer more and more a kind of shadowy Hades, an intermediate state lying between this grosser life and the world of spirits. Hence, in looking at his works, we are not always sure whether he painted from a model of flesh and blood, or whether in the night watches heavenly visitants entered by his study door, and grouped themselves for pictures. In "Les Douleurs de la Terre," an allegory intended "to teach us that mortal passions and sorrows become purified and refined in proportion as the beings subjected to them recede from this earth," the figures are robed in garments already washed and white; the faces are of beauty chastened by grief; the heaven-aspiring forms are borne upwards as a wail of sorrow, as a lambent flame issuing from earth's great sacrifice; the eyes are turned towards the open gates, and the ears are attentive to the distant song. Beauty, indeed—a heaven-born beauty—let it be known in these degenerate days of inveterate and cherished ugliness—was the idol of Scheffer's worship. His art is, in fact, analogous to the eclectic philosophy of his great contemporary Cousin, who sought to enthrone Beauty, Truth, and Goodness as the three eternal and coequal verities.

We think, by general consent, Scheffer's masterpiece is the "Francesca di Rimini;" a work which, for conception, composition, and treatment, may take rank with the greatest pictures of any age or country. It was first exhibited in 1835, in the Salon du Louvre. It at once commanded universal attention, and was immediately purchased by the Duke of Orleans. Like many of Scheffer's leading works, this picture has been more than once reproduced. A "replica," executed under Scheffer's eye, and receiving the last touches from his own hand, is known to all connoisseurs in the Bridgewater Gallery. Upon a second repetition, Scheffer, we are told, bestowed even more than his accustomed pains. He brought to its execution the added experience of nearly twenty years: fine living models he used throughout for all portions of the nude, and the details of drapery were carefully studied. This glorious work we well recollect as foremost among the collected pictures exhibited in 1859. All, indeed, must remember those two clasped figures in close embrace—Paolo bearing onward through shadowy realms his beloved Francesca—darkness and misery following in the train of ardent desire and fond delight—a white winding-sheet circling, as in one dire destiny, the guilty lovers, with eyes closed in anguish, with entwined arms as of unquenched love; for in death they are not divided.

Scheffer had long in his art hovered on the shadowy confines of existence. He had for years, as we have said, been a denizen of Hades, and figures were accustomed to come to him from the dreamlike land of spirits. We have seen that during the later years of his life the New Testament was his constant study, and accordingly we naturally find that Scripture narrative, and subjects taken from the Christian's hope, were, after all, his most cherished themes. In his "Christ Consolateur" and "Christ Remunerateur," we see the highest types of a spiritual ideal; the peace too, and the blessedness, which come as the gifts of hope and faith. Christ is seated in the midst of imploring suppliants, and gives freedom to the captive and consolation to the afflicted. This is the noble theme. It would seem, indeed, that Scheffer had now, after sore conflict—after a life racked on the rude world—after, even in his

chosen art, much painful struggling for a perfection which ever eluded his grasp—it would seem, we say, that at length in his later works he realised high spiritual longings, and entered in a newly created world upon a final repose and bliss. It was touching to see, in the exhibition to which we have already made frequent reference, pictures which, bearing as their date the very year of his death, seemed, as by anticipation of only a few short days, to hold converse with those serene heavens into which he himself was soon to enter. He appears, indeed, in imagination to have already passed through the gates of death, and to have seen the portals of that city whence so oft had issued pure and beauteous beings, the ministers of his art. "The Angel announcing the Resurrection" to attendant and awakening mortals, still left unfinished when the grave opened at his feet, shows with solemn emphasis the ruling passion strong even in death. But he had lived long enough to give to his art that perfected body which waits on immortality.

All honour is due to the memory of Scheffer. He was a true artist and an honest patriot. In the service of his country he refused to be bought by favour, and was never subdued by the tyranny of power. A high-souled man, he was conscious of having strenuously labored for his country's weal; and when he felt that her liberties had been violated, it was hard for him to bear. The government of Louis Philippe had disappointed his hopes. During the later years of the Orleans reign he wholly severed himself, as we have said, from public affairs, raising his voice only in occasional protest, warning his royal master against the danger of the course adopted, foretelling the catastrophe which inevitably must come. But words of calm forethought were uttered in vain. In January of the memorable 1848, Scheffer, in common with all clear-sighted politicians, became alarmed by ominous signs of danger. He repaired to the Tuileries, on the Sunday which preceded the Revolution of February, to give the usual lesson to the youthful Count de Paris. It was only two days prior to the great "Banquet." Whilst engaged with the Count de Paris, the Duchess of Orleans, looking in at the door, said, "Scheffer, when you have done with Paris, come to my private room; I want to speak to you." The lesson ended, Scheffer went to the Duchess. "What do you think," said she, "about this banquet affair? Do you entertain any apprehensions as to the consequences which may ensue from its being held?" Scheffer replied, "Madame, I think that the precautions which have been taken are sufficient to warrant the belief that no danger is to be anticipated, and that the affair will pass off without any serious results, *for this time.* But your Royal Highness must allow me to add, that, unless concessions are made to the reasonable demands of the nation, some fresh manifestation will not fail to arise, which may not, perhaps, be quite so effectually resisted." The Duchess coloured. "Scheffer!" exclaimed her Royal Highness, "it is a highly improper proceeding on your part to glance even at the possibility of any danger to the monarchy." Scheffer bowed respectfully, was silent, and withdrew. The next day a friend brought him a letter, just received from M. Odillon Barrot, stating that the "Banquet" had been abandoned, from the dislike to provoke a conflict with the authorities. "Give me the letter," exclaimed Scheffer, "I will carry it to the Duchess." He went. Her eyes filled with tears as she perused it. "How good of you to bring me this welcome news, Scheffer; but I must have you come with me into the King's cabinet, to communicate it to his Majesty." "Your Royal Highness must excuse me," replied Scheffer; "the King and I were never very partial to each other; I would rather that your Royal Highness carried in the news alone." After a few minutes, we are told, the Duchess returned. "The King," said she, "is delighted. But do you know that he could not help observing, in his jocular way, 'Only look at these people! No sooner do they catch sight of even the tip of the horn, but they take to their heels.'" The very next morning, Scheffer, having been

on duty as captain of the National Guard since early daylight, towards noon posted himself on the terrace of the Tuileries, beneath the windows of the King's apartments. A great quantity of straw was strewn upon the entrance, to enable the dragoons to ride from the other side of the château, down the steps, into the garden. Scheffer sat, upon the straw, and after some time a voice was heard calling him by name. We will now quote Mrs. Grote's thrilling narrative, as she received it from the lips of Scheffer himself:—

"'Who calls?' cried Scheffer. 'It is I, the Queen.' Scheffer sprang up, approached the château, and perceived the Queen at the 'croisée.' He said, 'What does your Majesty want with me?' 'I want you,' said she, 'to assist in conducting us out of the château. The King has abdicated, and we are going to depart.' Scheffer and Oscar Lafayette immediately entered the château, in the intention to ascend to the King's apartments; but they had not got half-way up when they met the King and Queen, their sons, and sons' children, together with the Duchess of Orleans, and *her* two sons, all coming hurriedly down the stairs. The Queen said, 'Scheffer, keep close to the King; your uniform will inspire respect.' The King gave his right arm to the Queen, and they set out. Scheffer walked close to the King, on his left side; the rest of the party following in the train. Nobody spoke a word, except on one occasion, when an officer, unmindful of a bough of a tree which hung low, was swept off his horse by it. The King suddenly stopped and said, 'Pray, somebody go and assist that officer.' . . . There was a considerable mass of people. Scheffer, knowing the impossibility of getting the royal party away unrecognised, took off his 'schako,' and, waving it in the air, called out to the people, 'Le Roi part, vive le Roi!' The people offered no opposition; but very few voices responded to his cheer. Scheffer then assisted the Queen into one of the 'rémises,' the King after her; then one child after another was taken on to their laps, until five souls were in the carriage, and it could hold no more. The King kept calling out, 'Where is my portfolio? Pray, for heaven's sake, do not lose sight of my portfolio.' Scheffer caught the portfolio from the hands of one of the attendants, and threw it up to M. Dumas, who had mounted beside the coachman. The second carriage having been filled in like manner with the first, the royal party drove off at a rapid pace (still escorted by the dragoons), and took the road to Passy, along the 'Quais.'

"There remained now standing on the Place de la Concorde, the Duchess of Orleans, with her two sons, M. Jules de Lasteyrie, M. Scheffer, and (I think) two or three more royal personages. . . . The noise of the insurgents pouring in numbers down the Rue de Rivoli sounded alarmingly upon their ears. The Duchess now took Scheffer's left arm, and he held the young Comte de Paris with his right hand, followed by M. Jules de Lasteyrie with the Duc de Chartres. They retraced their steps towards the château. When they reached the centre of the gardens, Scheffer heard a loud crash in the direction of the Rue de Rivoli. The mob had forced the iron gates, and were thronging into the gardens. Scheffer called out, 'Vive la Duchesse d'Orleans!' —'Vive le Comte de Paris!' The mob, although offering them no molestation, seemed uncertain whether to respond or not. The young Comte de Paris took off his cap and bowed repeatedly to the populace. The boy manifested no symptom of fear, preserving entire self-possession. One of the mob cried out, 'Un roi ne se découvre pas!'

"They passed out of the 'Grille' on to the 'Quai,' and walked along by the river-side to the Chamber of Deputies. Scheffer stood near them during that terrible, stormy scene, which ultimately resulted in the proclamation of the Republic. M. Jules Lasteyrie, after this was over, managed to get the Duchess out, through the President's garden, and conducted her (as is well known) to the 'Invalides.' The Duc de Chartres was placed during the tumult in some part of the building. Schaffer told the Duc de Nemours that the young boy was in a place of safety, and that the Duc himself had 'better get out of the way,' his person being well known. The Duc asked one of the National Guards to lend him his uniform. The man did so, putting on the Prince's clothes in exchange; and so the Duc made his way out."

In the following June, during the three terrible days, Scheffer fought bravely at the head of his company, under General Changarnier, then commander of the National Guards. On the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency, Scheffer was somewhat hopeful of the march of public events; but "the Roman Expedition" again doomed him to disappointment, and his dream of a "Republic"

ended, as we all know, in the "coup d'état" of December 1851. Scheffer was thenceforth an altered man; he shunned all society, and could for the time neither eat, nor sleep, nor paint. He looked haggard and dejected, and in a few broken phrases uttered the anguish of final despair. His devotedly attached wife, during the few remaining years of his life, used every effort to divert his thoughts. But his mind would still painfully dwell upon the humiliation of his country; he could not endure to see the streets of Paris swarm with troops; and he passed whole days immured in his atelier. His friends and his comrades, like himself, were overwhelmed in the one common calamity and despair. "Among the noble, patriotic, and pure-minded Frenchmen," writes Mrs. Grote, "with whom it has been my good fortune to be acquainted, three of the most distinguished may be said — figuratively speaking — to have "died of their wounds," namely — Léon Faucher, Ary Scheffer, and lastly, Alexis de Tocqueville, of whose mental anguish I have been in each case a sympathising witness." Scheffer's health, indeed, was ere long wholly broken, and life had grown a weariness. His brother and his wife had died, and many of the friends of his youth were gone. And even when the first anguish had subsided, and he resumed once more his accustomed avocations, we find him still agitated and disheartened. In his art, too, he is painfully oppressed with the feeling that his brightest and fondest dreams must remain for ever unrealised. We learn, at this time, that while his critical powers had become keener, and his faculties had attained a higher scope, he himself grew more and more dissatisfied with his own creations. Yet he laboured, we believe, early and late — almost, indeed, without intermission. And now, under pressure and ten thousand misgivings, were executed some of his most intense and spiritual pictures. His "Madeleine en Extase," "Les Gemissemens," the "Tentation," "Christ au Roseau," and "Jesus appearing to Mary Magdalene after the Resurrection," are special examples of that "sombre" tone of mind, that "pale cast of thought," that rapt contemplation and religious melancholy, which constitute the peculiar characteristics and the unspeakable charm of Scheffer's latest works.

We have seen that it fell to the lot of Scheffer to proffer to Louis Philippe the crown of France; that in the storm of February 1848 it was he who conducted the royal household into exile; and now again, two years later, we find that, putting aside all other feelings in presence of the duty which he owed to the royal family at Claremont, he paid the last homage to the mortal remains of "Louis Philippe of Orleans." His tried attachment to the exiled family was nowise diminished in misfortune. During the last years, indeed, of his life, he is found a frequent visitor at Claremont. In England he has kind friends and patrons; he dreads and dislikes, it is true, our climate, but, with Montalembert, he loves our liberty. In England, too, he meets with much in art to interest him. He visits the British Museum, and writes thus of the Elgin Marbles to his daughter: "My dear child, nothing in the whole range of art can come up to them, for beauty, for grandeur of conception, and *for truth*. Those immortal beings must positively have existed; nay, they live even now in these very fragments." He comes to England again in 1857, paints a portrait of the ex-Queen of the French, and spends some days at the Manchester "Exhibition of Art-Treasures." Like other foreigners, he had never understood, or rightly estimated, our English school. He was now delighted. "I had no conception," he writes, "how rich the English school is! There have lived great painters among you; *that* is unquestionable! I have been in a sort of '*Paradise of Art*' for these three weeks past. The power of dealing with colour, especially, possessed by the English artists, fills me with admiration. I only wish it could be imparted to myself!" In July a visit was paid to the house of a devoted friend on the shores of Menai Straits. The picturesque mountains of Caernarvon were round about him; the ships glided by on the blue sea; the peace of this delectable retreat, the exhilaration of the salubrious air,

"combined to infuse into the temper and feelings of Scheffer so efficacious a balm, that it almost revived the whole man. The effect might be likened to one of those serene afternoon skies, which we have all of us frequently gazed upon after a tempestuous day; seemingly arranging itself, as it were, for a calm, radiant sunset."

But Scheffer again returns to Paris, where a fresh shock awaits him. Manin, the heroic defender of Venice, falls ill, and Scheffer is startled by the unexpected intelligence of his friend's sudden death. The funeral ceremony awakens strong emotion, and the disease of the heart, from which he had suffered for four years, was aggravated. Scheffer, indeed, grows so ill that his friends are seriously alarmed; but the attack for the moment passes off, and once more he resumes his painting. "Les Douleurs de la Terre" receives the final touches, and "the Angel announcing the Resurrection" is again in hand. But at this moment came to him the unexpected tidings of the death of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans. His whole life had been a self-sacrifice in the service of his friends, and he at once resolves, at any risk, to pay his last "dévouement" to the memory of the departed Princess. The fatigue of the journey to England, the chill of the sepulchral building, and the emotion induced by the solemn scene and service, were more than his impaired energies could sustain. In the night a bell was heard to ring in Scheffer's chamber, and his daughter, hastening to his side, found him seized with difficulty of breathing. He revived, and with extreme care he was enabled to reach his country house in the neighbourhood of Paris, from whence he had departed only a month before. "The balmy air of full summertide, and the quietude of his retreat, coupled with the presence of those most dear to him—all combined to shed a momentary gleam of enjoyment over the brief space of existence which Scheffer had yet to traverse." To quote the closing and solemn words of Mrs. Grote, Scheffer seemed "to regain at least a tranquil, if not a cheerful frame of mind. He even applied himself to the easel for several days at intervals, painting upon the work which I have spoken of above, the 'Angel Announcing the Resurrection of Jesus.' But the enfeebled organs connected with the heart grew daily more and more incapable of their functions, and it was soon perceived by his afflicted family that Scheffer's precious life was ebbing to its close. A few days later, all hope had ceased, and on the 15th of June this great and virtuous man yielded up his last breath. It was a beautiful summer's evening, the calm splendour of which irradiated the scene of his departure from earth. Not more calm, however—not more serene was the aspect of the heavens than were the conscience and pure spirit of him who thus passed to his eternal rest, to suffer, to strive no more."

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART X.

CHAPTER XXXII.—CLOUDLAND AND A COMING SHADOW.

I AM not much of a schemer, nor extravagantly addicted to the architectural amusement of building castles in the air; but the consciousness that I was now in possession of a fortune much greater than I had ever hoped to obtain by personal exertion, did certainly give some stimulus to my imagination. When I awoke on the morning after my interview with Mr. Shearaway, I was in no hurry to rise, but gave myself up to indulgence in a reverie as full of thick-coming fancies and brilliant phantasmagoria as are the clouds at sunset, when all the hues of heaven are intermingled in gorgeous profusion and disorder, and when aërial forms of wondrous tracery and device rise, float, and dissolve in the molten atmosphere of the west.

Independence, to a certain extent, I had already achieved—that is, I had abjured the folly of trusting to others for a helping hand, and thus had escaped from the degradation of political subserviency and bondage. That was, of itself, no slight matter; because expectancy is not only an obstacle to all honourable enterprise, but it insensibly cripples and enfeebles the mind, depriving it of the power of forming just conclusions, and of discerning between the false and the true. The man who is wholly self-reliant may no doubt be unfortunate, but he never can be despicable. Though his labour may but suffice to gain for him a daily crust, better is that meagre fare than the seat of a sycophant at the sumptuous table of the rich.

Now, however, I found myself all at once not only independent, but free—free from the necessity of labouring continuously for mere existence—free to adopt any career in life towards which I felt an inclination. What ought I, under the circumstances, to do?—what were to be my future avocations? Should I attempt to make a figure in the world, and strive after fame and distinction?—or should I, availing myself of my good fortune, abandon all such ideas, and subside into passive inaction? In the days of my poverty, I had almost reproached Carlton for his indolence in avoiding public life, since he had ample means at his disposal. I had talked somewhat dogmatically to the apathetic Mr. Lumley of the duties incumbent upon men of property and position; and I had even lectured Attie Faunce on his desultory and aimless habits. I was then very proud of myself, and self-gratulatory, because I had worked steadily, and to some little purpose; and it had appeared to me that all men were under a moral obligation to do the like. But I had omitted to take into account the nature of the incentive. I had really no merit in working, for without work I must have starved. There was no help for it; I must either swim or go down, so I set myself to buffet with the waves. I tried to reach the shore, on which I saw other people reposing; and it seemed to me that their quiescence, in contrast with my struggle, was something almost sinful. I wondered why they also did not battle with the stream. At length, however, I felt ground beneath my feet, and began to think that, after all, there might be some sort of difference between forced and voluntary exercise.

My cogitations, as is usual in such cases, had no definite or practical result. I have already hinted that my ambition was never exorbitant in degree; and increased experience, and observation of the world and its ways, had convinced me that those who attempt to climb the highest, and who cannot endure to see a rival above them, make a wanton and foolish sacrifice of much of the happiness

of existence. I am loth to disturb with a rude breath even one filament of the charm-woven gossamer of poetry; but I really must say that I feel no sort of sympathy for Mr. Longfellow's hero, who persisted in carrying his Excelsior banner to the very summit of the Alps, and got frozen to death for his pains. Common sense should have dictated to him the propriety of tarrying at the hospice. This, I know, will be regarded by many as a base and ignoble sentiment; for it is astonishing what a multitude of people are continually urging others to press forward and upward, whilst, for their own share, they are content to remain stationary. They are quite happy to be spectators of the superhuman exertion, energy, and daring of the gladiators whom they can coax into the arena; but catch them deliberately placing themselves within reach of the weapon of the retiarius! So they will applaud — and very loudly too, and sometimes sincerely enough — the feats which are exhibited before them; whether the operator be a politician, who, by dint of vivid intellect and commanding oratory, aspires to sway the senate — or a hero (so long as he is fortunate), who presents himself as the champion of the liberties of his country—or a tauridor in the bull-ring of Seville — or a Blondin, wheeling a barrow on a tight-rope over the Falls of Niagara—or any other character who has nerve enough to approach the confines of the impossible. It is *they* who shout "Excelsior!" and they often continue to do so long after the object of their applause is thoroughly sick of his undertaking, and would fain retire from the post of peril. God forbid that I should undervalue any effort which a man can make when prompted by a sense of duty! I know, and am proud to acknowledge, that there are men — ay, and women too—who have dignified our generation by the most noble disinterestedness and self-sacrifice; who have consecrated their lives to the service of their Creator and their fellow-men with entire singleness of heart, and no thought of the applause of the world; but deeply indeed would I dishonour them if I should say that they were actuated by ambition. Ambition, according to my understanding of the word—for I never trouble myself with the definitions of metaphysical writers, whose alembic seems to me especially constructed for the decomposition of sense — implies the presence of a purely personal and selfish motive. Now, selfish motives are, to a certain extent, entitled to respect. The man who neglects to provide for the wants of his own household, is justly stigmatised as worse than an infidel. There is, no doubt, a meaner and more contracted sort of selfishness than this; but, for the credit of our species be it said, it is not often exhibited, and is always visited by reprobation. But, is climbing the ladder, for the simple sake of the poor brag that you have attained the highest round, a wise thing, or a right thing? I venture to doubt that. Such faculties or powers as God has given to a man, that man is bound to exert for God's service, but not otherwise. Something he must do for himself, for that is the divine commandment, earlier than almost any other; but he is nowhere required to make himself a Nimrod or an architect of the Tower of Babel. Sheikh Abraham was about the quietest and least obtrusive character that ever existed. A man more devoid of personal ambition never drew the breath of life; and yet to him was given the Promise that in his seed should all the nations of the earth be blessed. As for your Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons, your Wolseys, Cromwells, and Robespierres, what can be said of them beyond this, that they were quite as much the slaves of ambition as the hoarding miser is the slave of avarice?

Then, looking around me on those whose ambition was of a more contracted kind, what did I descry? Men of real talent abandoning those pursuits for which nature had designed and culture qualified them, to wrangle and intrigue in the senate; urged on by the hope that one day or other they may attain to political power. Hopes, alas! often miserably frustrated; but when realised, how pitiful does the reality appear! Baited by opponents, reviled by the envious, molested by greedy depen-

dents, haunted by unreasonable fools, sometimes blamed and sometimes most cruelly betrayed by friends,—Is the life of a statesman, with all these drawbacks and annoyances, so very desirable or attractive? Some, no doubt, consider it so, and are willing to make the venture; while others are forced to adopt it from a sense of duty, or from responsibilities which they cannot avoid. But not one out of a hundred who engage in a political career ever attains to the dignity of statesmanship. The other ninety-nine who, by the grace of the electors are privileged to write the letters M.P. after their names, are simply rank and file—fellows of small consideration, who, nevertheless, must go through a deal of dreary work in order to satisfy their jealous and exacting constituencies. These are they who must commence the labours of the day by attendance on committees, and sit on through the watches of the night till the dull debate is adjourned; for in those days no excuse, however plausible, will pass current for absence from a division. The constituent, after a comfortable supper and a glass of hot brandy-and-water, may pull his cotton nightcap over his ears and retire to roost at eleven; but no such happiness is the lot of the member, who must be vigilant as a watch-dog or a sentinel. At his peril let him leave a single letter unanswered! For each act of neglect a burst of wrath, hot as the breath of Tophet, will be wafted against him; for an insult offered to a free and independent elector is treason to the majesty of the people. Other persons may think for themselves, but a member of the House of Commons is not allowed that liberty. He must swallow pledges, as a conjuror swallows clasp knives, by the score, however much they may encumber his digestion. He is sent, not to deliberate, but to vote according to the will of the majority; and woe to him if he interprets his trust otherwise, for the hustings will be transformed into a pillory!

Such is modern senatorial life—let those follow it who have the inclination. For my own part, I much more affect the philosophy enunciated by Alexander Iden, that "poor esquire of Kent," *before* he had the luck to take the head from the shoulders of Jack Cade—which feat being performed, he straightway posted off to London to put in his claim for promotion.

"Lord, who would live turmoiled in the Court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contents me, and is worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate."

My dreams, therefore, were not of triumphs won in the forum or the senate-house. I did not fancy myself standing on a pillar, like St. Simeon Stylites, the object of admiration to a gaping multitude. I contemplated no ovation; I was haunted by no promptings of ambition. But I had visions of sunny Italy, of lovely Switzerland, and, above all, of the lakes and mountains of my own dear native land; and I thought that there I would be content to live and die, if only my one fond hope could be realised. So that in point of fact, that youthful sage, Attie Faunce, was entitled to claim me as a convert; for, now that the impediment of poverty was removed, I could not frame for the future a design more spiritual or exalted than his. In making that confession, I feel no touch of melancholy such as enthusiasts have described as stealing over them when they become aware that, one by one, the aspirations of their boyhood were departing. In early youth imagination usurps the office of faith. We read of and we believe in enchanted castles, and fairy grottos, and errant knights, and marvellous adventures; and these for a long period are accepted by us quite as implicitly, and far more gratefully, than the dry details of history. Next comes romance, somewhat more mundane in its character, of which Arthur, and Charlemagne, and Richard of the Lion-heart are the favourite heroes; and that, too, passes away, or becomes modified in our belief. Then from the past we turn to the future, and with that indomitable

valour and surpassing confidence which is the sublime privilege of the boy, we laugh destiny to scorn, dash aside circumstance, despise difficulty, and make up our minds to beat down opposition, and hew our way to fame and glory with the might and recklessness of the Berserkars. And towards this we are greatly encouraged by the testimony of spectacled elders — those tough, everlasting veterans, who are always to be found on the back benches of meetings for the promotion of social science—to the effect that it is in the power of every man, if he chooses to exert himself, to attain to the highest dignity or place of honour open to a British subject! No doubt such things are on the cards; for, according to the present form of our constitution, there must always be one Lord Chancellor, and one Archbishop of Canterbury. But they might just as surely tell a navvy, that if he will only dig long enough and deep enough, he is certain to turn up a diamond as valuable as the Koh-i-noor! Such teaching has a bad effect, because it fosters in young men a spirit of arrogance and presumption, leading them to undervalue and despise their seniors, who have long ago subsided into the jog-trot pace of ordinary existence, and are content with reverencing dignitaries instead of aspiring to be added to their number. But a few years' experience of the world suffices to bring young men, save those who are incorrigibly vain and conceited, to a more just estimate of their powers. The lawyer who, when called to the bar, had formed the resolution that he would not take unto himself a wife until he could set up a handsome establishment and a carriage, is fain, when verging upon forty, to look out for an eligible matrimonial connection with some young woman who, having a couple of hundreds per annum in her own right, can enable him to keep a better table than the scanty fees of the solicitors have yet allowed him to afford. For ten long years and more he has ceased to dream of the woolsack; and now, if Fortune herself were to appear and offer him what boon he pleased, he would prostrate himself before her feet, and supplicate to be made a county judge. Young Charles James Fox Simcox, heir to a colossal fortune, accumulated by the manufacture of beer, and distinguished at Cambridge by the precocity of his oratorical genius, finds his way, by the aid of some ingenious Coppock, into the House of Commons; and, disdaining, like the knight of Ivanhoe, to touch the shield of an inferior opponent, dedicates his first parliamentary effort to the exposure and demolishment of the most brilliant debater of the age.

> "Heu puer infelix! impar congressus Achilli!"

He is sent spinning, like a teetotum, over the tail of his hobby; and for all time to come the uprising of the Simcox is the signal for unextinguishable laughter. And the young poet, who is to be the prophet of the new era—who considers the old school as effete, and the old masterpieces wanting in inspiration and in power —how fares it with him? His favourite notions are, that to be sublime it is also requisite to be unintelligible, and that elaborate mysticism, divorced from sense, cannot fail to make a profound impression upon the minds of the rising generation. So he consumes the midnight oil in fabricating verses, which, when you read them, suggest the idea that they were extorted under pressure of the nightmare; and, having found a publisher, willing, on being guaranteed against loss, to act as *accoucheur*, he presents his bantling to the public. Brutal, stolid, grovelling, apathetic public—not worthy to witness the avâtar of such a bard—not competent to appreciate the soarings of lofty genius! It refuseth to be stirred by the trochaics—it will not melt to tears at the warbled melody of the iambics! What, in the name of Pegasus, can be the cause of such disgusting indifference? Here are mental spasms portrayed, compared with which the writhings of the cholera are languid—here is anatomy of soul more appalling than the demonstrations of Dante—and yet that wretched, stock-jobbing, cotton-spinning, money-making public, will not

attend to the noble utterances of the heir of time and eternity! As for the critics, poor curs—ha, ha! What are they but a set of base assassins, brothers of the poniard, leagued to murder genius? Who cares for the opinion of the hireling knave, who pollutes his soul by writing infamy for the *Sunday Slasher*? "Unmitigated trash," did he say? Ha, ha! The arrow is in his bosom!

In spite, however, of such excusable ebullitions, the aspiring poet will be found, after a year or two, doing yeoman's duty as a clerk or warehouseman, having very wisely abandoned the notion that he is destined to have a public funeral at Westminster,

"Where lightly may his honoured ashes rest,
That lie by merry Chaucer's noble chest."

Having mused thus far upon ambition and cognate topics, I arrived at the conclusion that it was not necessary, in the mean time, to form any decided plans for the future, or advisable to alter my way of life in consequence of my accession of fortune.

"Which fortune, by the by," said I to myself, as I went through the ceremonies of the toilet, "is at present only to be classed in the category of things *in posse*. For anything I know to the contrary, there may still be a hitch in the business; so the wisest thing I can do is to follow the directions of the old proverb, and abstain from counting my chickens before I am certain that they are hatched."

In my sitting-room I found Davie Osett, of whom I had seen but little since our encounter at Wilbury, absorbed in the perusal of Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Norman," said Davie. "I daresay you wonder to see me here; but this is a slack day with us, and I thought I might as well step up, and hae a crack wi' you about auld times. I fand you hadna come down, so I was laith to disturb ye; and to put by the time, I was reading about the ride of William o' Deloraine. O man, what a pith there was in Sir Walter! Poetry like that sends one's blude tingling to the finger-nails."

"Yes, Davie, no hand like his for kindling the beacons of the Border! But how are your own affairs prospering, and how do you like London?"

"Troth, Mr. Norman, I dinna like it ava; and if it werena for my engagement, and the cash I am to get, I wad just make a clean pair o' heels, and gae back to kindly Scotland. But the money that's here is just something untold; and as I hae got my heuck into the rigg, I'se no desert the shearing."

"Wisely determined. So I conclude you have no want of occupation?"

"You may be confident of that! If I had a hundred hands, like the auld heathen giant, I could find work for them a'. Never was there such a season in the whole annals of the profession! I've been concerned, one way or other, with fifteen lines, forbye the Goatshead and Ditchington that I surveyed; for you see there's a new trade sprung up, that of railway witnesses; and a grand paying one it is for men that are sensible and discreet."

"But, Davie, are you always able to reconcile your testimony with your conscience?"

"Deed am I, Mr. Norman! You must understand, that when I am sent down to take a look of a line, so as to be able to speak about it to a committee, I never fash myself with making particular inquiries. The engineer takes me here, and he takes me there; and it so happens that I aye see the best portions of the line. It's possible, nae doubt, that there may be queer or difficult bits; but how can I tell that when they are no brought under my observation? My rule is, never to speak to anything that I have not seen—that's the safe and honest plan, and the way to win credit and respect. But, after a', it signifies little what the witnesses say. If there are ten stiff chields brought forward on the one side, there are ten as dour on the other; and it's my belief that hoodie-craws are just as fit to form a judgment on the merits of a line, as the maist feck of the members of Parliament."

"No one can blame you, Davie, for making hay while the sun shines. And you do well to avail yourself of the present opportunity, for I have grave doubts as to the endurance of this golden period."

"So you think the cards are pretty near played out, Mr. Norman? Troth, that's my opinion too; and if I were a speculator, I wud lose no time in wurbling out of every concern. I am neither deaf nor blind; and I prophecy that some who hold their heads high enough this day will be in grief and sorrow before Yule!"

"Is that remark merely general, Davie, or does it apply to any one in particular?"

"Baith, Mr. Norman. Men in my position, as ye are doubtless aware, are consulted chiefly as to the laying out of lines, and have nothing properly to do with the finding of the money, or even the contract business. However, there's no one on the staff but has an inkling of what goes on in the other departments; and if there is anything wrong, especially as regards the supplies, we are sure to hear of that immediately. And there's a kind of freemasonry among us, sae that we have a gey guid guess as to our neighbours' affairs. Now there are the lines in the north that folk made sic a sang about. The shares were run up to a perfectly ridiculous premium; and aye the mair engagements the directors entered into, the greater demand was in the market. Weel, they are through Parliament now, and the siller is being called up, and the Lord kens whaur it is to come from, for maist of the holders are bit merchant bodies, clerks, and attorneys, that had little credit to begin wi', muckle less money o' their ain."

"What lines do you allude to, Davie?" said I, a most unpleasant suspicion for the first time crossing my mind.

"Just Beaton's lot," replied the surveyor. "He's a bauld chield, that Beaton, and ventures far; but there's water enough in the sea to drown the biggest man. I winna say but that the main lines might hae answered and paid weel when the traffic was fairly established, but they've been buying up and guaranteeing all manner of trash at prices that were clean extravagant; and I wad like to ken how dividends are to be paid for years to come except out of capital, and that's just shifting siller frae your waistcoat to your breeches' pocket."

Alnascher's basket! Wretched Ned Mather—if through thy negligence this gleam of fortune should pass away like a dissolving view! I caught up a share-list from the table (for in those days share-lists were handed in much more punctually than newspapers), and I sought for the suspected lines. The quotations certainly were somewhat lower than before, but not to an alarming extent, and the transactions were very numerous. I pointed this out to Davie as a proof that his apprehensions were exaggerated. The surveyor shook his head.

"Ken ye sae little, Mr. Norman," he said, "of the way these things are managed, as to suppose that a great concern like that wud be allowed to go down without the sairest fight that ever men made for existence? Mind ye that there's not a county bank in the district but has an interest to keep up the price of stock! They've been lending, sir—lending right and left to Beaton and others, who have been speculating in iron and what not, and flent a security do they hold beyond the shares. There's plenty of that stock in the market—far mair than is wanted by legitimate buyers; but the companies and the bankers daurna let it down, and it's them that are buying in. I hope, Mr. Norman, ye are no a shareholder? If ye are, tak' my advice, and sell out as fast as ye can. Better tine a plack than peril a jacobus."

"I must acknowledge, Davie, that what you say disturbs me not a little. I have just ascertained that Mr. Beaton, with whom I have never spoken, is a relation of mine——"

"Ay?" interrupted Davie. "To be sure, that makes a kind o' difference, for there can be nae doubt that blude is thicker than water. But surely ye are no like to break your heart for the misfortune of a far-off cousin? Three days ago I saw by the papers that Sandy Osett, meal-dealer in the Canongate of Edin-

burgh, who is my father's brother's son, had applied for a *cessio bonorum;* but though I liked Sandy gey and weel, and would blithely have put my hand into my pouch to help him in a reasonable way, I canna aver wi' truth that I grat when I read the news."

"I suspect, however, friend Davie," said I, "you would have felt more concerned if your cousin Sandy had happened to be in possession of all your property.'

"Eh—Lord save us! What's that you say, Mr. Norman? Have ye really lent him money?"

"That, Davie, was fortunately an impossibility. Yesterday morning I should have said that you and I were about equal as far as regarded wealth—perhaps that you were the richer man of the two. But I have since learned that I am entitled to no inconsiderable share of a large sum of money which is entirely under the control of Mr. Beaton; and if your suspicions should be well founded, it may chance that I shall forfeit all."

"Deil a bit of it—deil a bit of it!" cried Davie. "Tell me first—is your claim a good one, that cannot be contested, or thrown into a court of law?"

"I apprehend so—indeed, I am so assured by my own man of business."

"He's no a landlouper about London, is he?" quoth Davie.

"No, indeed. I have the advice of my old and respected friend, Mr. Shearaway, in whose hands I leave the management."

"Ye are right there, Mr. Norman; but maybe Shearaway is no just up to the state of matters in London. I aye mind what auld Jamie Telfer o' the Sorbiehope used to say. Jamie had been sent up wi' some cattle for an agricultural show, and when we asked him what he thought o' London, nae word mair would he utter than that it was the fellest place he had ever seen in his born days for driving through a beast. Faith! a man needs to cock his lugs if he seeks to walk scatheless in London."

"I am under no apprehension on that score, Davie; still, I thank you for the caution. What I should do, under the circumstances, must be matter of reflection."

Davie Oaett regarded me with a look of absolute astonishment.

"Are ye mad, Mr. Norman?" said he. "What is there you have to reflect about? Your interest and your duty is to get your money as fast as you can out of the hands of Beaton, for if you lose the opportunity, my certie, you'll hae to whistle for't. Maybe he'll try to put you aff, but dinna listen to anything o' the kind. Insist on getting your siller, and ye'll get it, whaever's pouch it may come frae; for he's clean gane if he loses credit, which, after a', is like the feet of clay of the image that King Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream, unco brittle, and will snap across as readily as a pipe-shank."

"Well, I shall consult with Mr. Shearaway. You will readily believe, Davie, that I should be very sorry indeed to forego my inheritance; but there are certain considerations which I must keep in view, and these I am not at liberty to explain."

"Mr. Norman," replied Davie, "I hae but ae word mair to say; and if ye werna something like my foster-brither, it should ne'er be spoken by me. You come of gentle kin, I'm but a sma' farmer's son; and I ken vera weel that folk like you and me dinna see wi' the same kind o' spectacles. Gentles—that is, true gentles, for auld blude can breed blackguards, as maggots are begotten in the vera best o' cheeses—whiles tak' up romantic notions, and think that it is a grand and a beautiful thing to abstain from asking for what is their ain. Trow ye that they get ony thanks for that? Deil again! What they lose is picked up by hallinshakers, who laugh at them as fules; and even the man they have lost by, after he has become a dyvour, will feel nae shame in asking them to help to maintain him. Now, simple folks like me—though doubtless you'll find a wheen idiots that wad sooner be rouped out than look after their ain affair—hae but one rule; and that is, pay what you owe, and insist on getting what is your due. I think that the maist feck of what people ca' Political Economy is havers; but

one truth cannot be hidden, and that is—that capital is the accumulation of labour. It matters not whether your grandfather, or your father, or you, have laboured for the capital; but it's yours, and if ye let it slip, and pass into the hands of a swindler, is it not plain that you surrender and sacrifice, if I may so speak, the toil of those who have gane before ye; and are ye no answerable, in a measure, for all the pinchings they have made to benefit the next generation? And now I hae done. Gudesake! I wish Lord Brougham had heard me. Maybe he might have wafted me into a chair of Political Economy, where naebody could contradict my doctrine!"

"I can assure you, Davie, if you were always to speak as sensible as you have now spoken, you would be esteemed a most admirable professor."

"Weel; be that as it may, dinna you be blate. I'm no expecting that the storm will burst for a while yet, but there are kittle signs in the weather-glass; and it's aye a wise thing to put the corn under thack and rape sae lang as the lift is clear."

Honest Davie left me, I confess, rather in a state of perturbation. I knew him to be a shrewd fellow, well able to form a just conclusion from what he saw going on around him; and my own knowledge of the extent of the liabilities undertaken by the directors of the lines in question was sufficient to convince me that any sudden check or panic in the market must lead to disastrous consequences. My breakfast, therefore, was a very uncomfortable one; and no sooner was it over than I sallied forth in quest of my adviser, Mr. Shearaway. He had left his hotel, with an intimation that he would not return till evening. I then went in search of Ewins, thinking it probable that the acute Yankee might have picked up some information that might be useful; but the descendant of Macbeth had gone to the city, and doubtless by this time was in deep colloquy with the bulls and bears. So I had nothing for it but to return to my apartment, and apply myself to the preparation of a leader, which I suspect was not much more cheerful in its tone than a page of the *Sorrows of Werther*.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—MY COUSIN.

Lord and Lady Windermere had continued to extend to me very marked and thoughtful kindness, and I had a card that evening for one of the countess's receptions. I had not mingled very much in society; being, to say the truth, somewhat indifferent to its charms, partly from a sort of shyness which was constitutional, and partly because I felt it a sort of hypocrisy to enact the character of an idler. But an invitation to the Windermeres was not to be lightly regarded, or in anywise passed over; so I went there in pretty much the same spirit as that in which a bashful country member presents himself for the first time at a Royal *levée*.

The company at Lady Windermere's receptions was rather select than numerous, for she had a horror of lionising—that is, of crowding her drawing-room with celebrities, diplomatic, literary, or otherwise; a practice which is resorted to by some great people, by way of showing that they are in nowise insensible to the claims of genius. Few were invited save those who were connected either by family ties, or those of political associations, recognised eminence, or otherwise friendship and esteem: consequently the *reunions* were voted to be tiresome by people to whom excitement had become a necessary condition of existence, but highly prized by those of more sober and intellectual tastes. There it certainly was not to be anticipated that you would meet without fail the utterer of the last flashy speech in Parliament—the distinguished patriotic refugee upon whose head foreign governments had set a price—the preacher whose eloquent neology was attracting thousands of professed orthodox Christians to his chapel—the writer of the recent pamphlet that had fallen like a bomb-shell

into the Cabinet—or the author of that charming novel which everybody was bound to read. But you were sure to find people of sense, intellect, cultivation, established fame, and high unblemished character; and beyond that, surely, there was very little to be desired.

After I had made my bow to Lady Windermere, the first person I recognised in the saloon was Mr. Lumley, whose acquaintance I had made at Wilbury. From what I had seen of him there I liked him very much, for beneath the mask of apathy he concealed much quiet humour and good feeling, and he was, moreover, thoroughly in all respects a gentleman. He greeted me very cordially, and began to talk over the events which had occurred when we met in the country at Christmas.

"I have sad tidings to give you," said he, "of your fair friend, Miss Bootle, who, you may remember, made such a decided set at you on the subject of the Jesuits. Heaven knows what had possessed the excellent old lady, but she took it into her head, after you had left, that you were a member of the order, and absolutely quarrelled with Dr. Wayles, who, regarding you as an excellent specimen of the antique Scotch nonjuror—for you gained his heart by a eulogy on the seven bishops—maintained that you were a second Spinckes. But when the poacher story got wind, Miss Bootle's suspicions became convictions; and in order that she might thoroughly escape from a world, which, in her diseased imagination, is thickly planted with Jesuitical traps, she has entered an Agapemone, or Home of Love, to which she has conveyed not only her esteemed person, but some fifteen thousand pounds, invested in consols, whereunto, according to the rules of heraldry and representation, I ought to succeed, failing heirs of her body, which would be truly miraculous, as she has nearly attained to the respectable antiquity of Sarah."

"I do hope, Mr. Lumley, that I was not the cause, however innocent, of such a catastrophe."

"Most assuredly not: I acquit you entirely. The agent was a red-haired foxy fellow, who had been lurking in the neighbourhood under the pretext of collecting subscriptions for a Patagonian mission. It is wonderful what interest ladies of a certain age will take in savages that are seven feet high! They don't seem to care so much about pigmies. But I really want to know something about that surveyor whom we started in the plantatation. He was a first-rate fellow—fairly puzzled me; and I have a sort of notion, from something that fell accidentally from Carlton, that you are acquainted with his antecedents."

"Your conjecture is right, Mr. Lumley, though I did not recognise him at the moment. I ought to know him well, for he happens to be my foster-brother."

"Well, I have to thank him for as pretty a run as I ever took across a country. But there is quite a Wilbury party here to-night. I heard in the next room the stentorian voice of Sir John Hawkins declaiming to Lord Windermere on the subject of the rights of land to be protected against railway aggression; and there sits a most charming representative of the opposite interest in the person of Miss Beaton, who should certainly command my vote in the event of a division being called for."

I looked in the direction indicated, and there indeed was Mary Beaton, evidently a centre of attraction; for a group of young men were hovering round her, anxious to engage her attention, but apparently not very successful in the attempt. The truth is, that few Englishmen are expert in the science of love-making, and when they attempt to practise it in public, display unaccountable awkwardness. A Frenchman, when addressing a lady, always tries to convey by his manner an impression of gallantry and devotion, which could hardly fail to have its effect, if, at the same time, he did not neutralise it by too strong an infusion of *fanfaronade* and extravagance. He thinks that he is using the language of Bayard, but it is of Bayard only as represented at the *Cirque Olympique*. Nevertheless he has self-possession and a happy audacity, which the Englishman totally wants. The latter cannot turn a compliment, is clumsy in his *petits*

soins, stammers, blushes, or else becomes egotistical, and, foregoing homage, talks incoherently on subjects in which the fair listener can have no manner of interest. It is not at all uncommon among a certain set of young men to hear such expressions as—"Well, by Jove, who would have thought it? Harriet Erpingham, has hooked Jack Newlands." This sounds degrading, not only for the particular fish, but for the whole shoal to which he belongs, yet it is the true confession of a fact. Jack would never have proposed to Harriet, unless she had relieved him of the intolerable nuisance of love-making. He liked her very well—better than any other girl he met with at balls or assemblies; but when he tried to make himself agreeable, he could talk of nothing except hunting, which was his favourite pursuit. Harriet was naturally a devotee to music, but did not dislike Jack, who was a personable good-humoured fellow, and possessed of an excellent estate, and she was ambitious of an establishment. She might as well have quoted the Talmud as have spoken to Jack of the divine beauties of Beethoven or Mendelssohn; so she affected a vivid interest in his tales of the field and its trophies, and by that means won his heart and took possession of his fortune. "Hooking," when we come to analyse it, means simply this, that a clever, well-educated girl, can make conquest of an honest oaf, who ought, by rights, and from the dignity of his sex, to be the ensnarer, but who is so absolute a fool that, for his own comfort and advantage, it is necessary that he should be basketed with the minimum of trouble.

It was very evident to me that Miss Benton was undergoing the persecution to which all heiresses are liable, but not evident that any one of the suitors then gathered around her was likely to succeed. One of them was Mr. Popham, the young aspirant after Treasury honours, who had really nothing to recommend him beyond a vapid kind of good nature, and an aptitude for retailing what he considered to be the *bon mots* of eminent men of his party—platitudes which might have been received as smart enough sayings in the lobby of the House of Commons, but were by no means likely to interest a lady who cared nothing for things political. Another candidate for favour and smiles was a gentleman of limited fortune, but, by his own assertion, of long descent, notorious for his egotistical qualities, and the supercilious and depreciating way in which he talked of others. He was not exactly a tuft-hunter, for he considered himself, on the strength of some dubious interjection of Tudor blood, quite upon a par with any nobleman in the land; but he had studied the Peerage Book with amazing industry; for the purpose of finding out blots in pedigree and unenviable alliances, and of these he had a large stock of instances which he carefully carried in his memory—offensive pebbles from the brook, to be slung at the foreheads of tall aristocratic Philistines. There was not a case of divorce or scandal among the higher circles that had occurred during the last century and a half, of which he could not furnish the exact particulars—nay, he had pushed his studies so far, that he knew all about the plebeian races that in former generations had supplied wives to needy or extravagant patricians. If a living duchess was cited as a pattern of worth and benevolence, Mr. Francis Gorget would inform you, with an air of infinite concern, that her grandfather had vended figs and other groceries in the City. Was an earl quoted as a model of high integrity, Mr. Gorget would contrast his conduct with that of his maternal granduncle, regarding whom he had ascertained the melancholy fact that he was hanged at Tyburn for forgery. These being his usual topics, it was not probable that the small-talk of this accomplished heraldic devil's advocate would find favour in a lady's ear. But there was yet another attendant upon Miss Beaton, if attendant he could be called, who kept staring at her without uttering any word beyond an occasional inarticulate gobble. I surveyed this worthy with some curiosity, because it struck me that I had seen him before; and, sure enough, though the whiskers were somewhat bushier, and the face redder than in earlier days, and

though the capillary honours had departed from his sloping forehead, I recognised the lineaments of our old election candidate, the Honourable Sholto Linklater.

"You see how it is," said Mr. Lumley; "Miss Beaton is not a flower born to blush unseen; nor need she waste her fragrance on the desert air for any lack of admirers. Now there is something melancholy to me, who am, you know, a confirmed old bachelor and cynic, and may, therefore, speak my mind, in such a sight as that. There is a most charming and accomplished girl, well worthy, for her own sake alone, to be wooed by a Paladin, if such a character could be found in our degenerate days; and yet, because she unfortunately has the reputation of being an heiress, fellows of no consideration, and with nothing to recommend them—the mere flesh-flies of society—flock around her, and molest her with their impertinent buzzing. I wish Ashford or some such fine young fellow would come forward and drive them away; but Ashford is a Sir Galahad, who will not bend to love; and others, I suppose, hold back, lest they should be suspected of mercenary motives. After all, wealth is not a decided advantage to a young lady so endowed by nature as Miss Beaton."

"I see," said I, "that a countryman of mine has enrolled himself among the number of her admirers."

"You mean Mr. Linklater?" said Lumley. "I take it that is a very hopeless attempt; unless, indeed, the excellent fellow could procure a dragoman or interpreter. I must needs say, Mr. Sinclair, that you do occasionally send us some strange animals from the north. Sholto came up to town some years ago, under influential Whig patronage, to be licked into some kind of uncouth official shape; for I understand him to be one of that favoured class of well-connected younger sons, who, being guiltless of means and unable to do anything for themselves, must be provided for at the public expense. That, at any rate, is the doctrine and practice of your Scotch Whig magnates, who seem to be provided with harpies, as their fathers were furnished with hawks. But it was utterly impossible to make anything of Sholto. They gave him several chances, but his stupidity was really awful—he could hardly even affix his name to a receipt for salary without blundering. At length the party trainer plainly intimated that the attempt was hopeless; and when the Whigs went out of office, Sholto was turned adrift. Since then he has been grazing, I fear, on rather short commons; but it would seem that he has a noble ambition of his own, and hopes, by a lucky matrimonial speculation, to make up for the double deficiency in fortune and in brains. But, Mr. Sinclair, do you not intend to renew your acquaintance with Miss Beaton?—or are you one of those faint-hearted people who shrink from dowered beauty? Come, I shall assume the privilege of a senior, and conduct you under cover of my wing."

"Miss Beaton," said Lumley, after making his own salutation, "here is one of our Wilbury Christmas party, lost in the maze of the London labyrinth, to whom in charity you should give a clue."

"You are much too learned for my apprehension, Mr. Lumley," replied Miss Beaton. "I must ask Mr. Linklater to explain your meaning. But I have not forgotten Mr. Sinclair."

"I am too happy," said I—stammering, of course, as men always stammer when they lose their self-possession—"to have kept any place, however slight, in Miss Beaton's memory. May I ask if you have heard recently from our friends at Wilbury?"

"O yes!" said Miss Beaton, "Amy is an excellent correspondent. They are all well—I mean the Stanhopes; and—and your friend Mr. Carlton is, I believe, still in that neighbourhood. Does not he communicate with you?"

"Very rarely, indeed—in fact, I have not heard from him since my return to town. Men are generally negligent correspondents, and Carlton is no exception."

"Forgive me for remarking," said Mr. Lumley, "that your assertion requires to be qualified. Men are

vigilant correspondents on all matters that affect their interest. They write fluently and most perspicuously from the head. It is the language of the heart that they either will not or cannot express; and therein lies the marked superiority of the other sex."

"That's very true, indeed. Just so—quite what strikes me," said little Popham, who was jerking about like a grasshopper. "There can be no doubt about the superiority of women! There's that Madame de Sevres—Savigny—you know who I mean—she, you know, who wrote the letters——"

"My dear Popham!" said Lumley, "don't waste time in literary criticism just now. I had no idea you were in the room. Tressilian has been here in search of absentees, and entreats you will hurry down to the House instantly, as a division will probably take place. He said they had put up an old stager to speak against time, but the members were becoming restive."

"You don't say so!" cried Popham. "Then I must be off as fast as a cab can carry me. It's a very hard thing, Miss Beaton, but duty—duty, you know——"

"Nay, Mr. Popham—no apology is requisite for yielding to the call of duty!"

"Very justly observed," replied Popham. "That reminds me of what Peel once said to me, just before a question—I think it was something connected with the budget which was coming on."

"My good friend, think what Peel would say *now*, if you should chance to be shut out from the division," said Lumley.

"Bless me! that's very true," cried Popham, and he disappeared.

"Rather cruel sending poor Popham on a fool's errand, though it is the only one he is fit for," remarked Mr. Gorget, sneeringly. "I have just heard that the debate is adjourned. But Popham has a hereditary aptitude for running messages. I happen to know that his father began life as a clerk in the establishment of Pickford & Co., the van-and-waggon people. His mother, to be sure, was a Pendarves—very fair blood, but she married old Popham out of sheer necessity. Her father was utterly ruined."

"You are quite right, Mr. Gorget," said Lumley; "accurate as usual in your facts. Mr. Pendarves, of whom I have a distinct recollection, was ruined, as you say, and, if rumour is to be credited, through the malpractices of a rascally Welsh attorney—let me see—what was his name?"

"I wish you good evening, Miss Beaton!" said Gorget, hurriedly. "I think I see—that is, I promised to tell Lady Oaks"—and he vanished into the crowd.

"Mr. Lumley!" said Miss Beaton, laughingly, "I shall be seriously angry with you if you continue to play that part of the malevolent enchanter. What right have you to dismiss my poor familiar spirits?"

"I should not despair of your forgiveness, fair lady, if I were permanently to imprison both of them in the caverns of the Red Sea. But my power over them is only momentary, though I use it for your deliverance."

"I wish I had the secret of your spell, Mr. Lumley. It must be a very strong one to have effect upon Mr. Gorget."

"There is really no secret. Gorget was simply foolish enough to display a chink in his armour. I marked the vulnerable point, but merely threatened him; and he, like most people who delight in inflicting wounds, made off in terror of the thrust. The Welsh attorney in question was his uncle. Yet," said Lumley, lowering his voice and glancing at Sholto Linklater, who was helplessly playing with his hat, "it would appear you have another sentinel."

"O, do pray relieve the poor fellow, Mr. Lumley!" said Miss Beaton. "He must be very tired, for he has been on duty the whole evening, and you know that sentinels are forbid to speak."

"To hear is to obey," said Lumley: "and you will, I am sure, pardon my presumption when you remember why I came to the rescue. You were speaking to Mr. Sinclair of my dear little pet, Amy Stanhope, who has adopted me as an honorary uncle;

and I was naturally desirous that neither of the gentlemen who have now dissolved themselves into thin air, should have an opportunity of eavesdropping."

"Thank you, Mr. Lumley; you are always kind and considerate."

"A cold compliment, Miss Beaton, since you will not admit me to the roll of your adorers."

"I am not aware, Mr. Lumley, that you ever offered yourself for enlistment."

"It is my usual fate!" replied Lumley. "In these unromantic days no man receives credit for an undivulged passion. So I shall content myself with acting the inferior part of corporal of the guard." And he moved towards Sholto, who appeared to be mightily pleased by being addressed by a human being.

It is curious how much more confident a man feels after the ice has once been broken. An hour before, I durst not have accosted Miss Beaton; but now the persiflage to which I had listened, and the easy tone of her conversation with Mr. Lumley, so unembarrassed yet so purely friendly, gave me courage.

"Miss Beaton," I said, "the merest chance has given me the opportunity of approaching you this evening, not in the character of a casual acquaintance, which I scarcely should have ventured to do, but as a kinsman, and not one very far removed."

"Mr. Sinclair!"

"Pardon my abruptness. I knew nothing of this when we met at Wilbury; and since then it has been divulged to me in an extraordinary manner. Nevertheless, I have the undoubted right to call you cousin, though perhaps you may feel indignant at the claim."

"Surely not indignant—say rather gratified, Mr. Sinclair; for though the name I bear is an old, and, I believe, was once a proud one, it is now nearly extinct, and there are very few indeed related to us by a family tie. But it is strange! My father, who is sensitive on such subjects, though he rarely alludes to them, never mentioned this."

"I have not the honour of knowing Mr. Beaton," I replied; "and it is very improbable that he should ever have heard of me—therefore there could be no recognition. You may, however, be aware that a person of my name, a merchant who died in Mexico, made your father his executor——"

"O yes! I know all about that. It has often made me sad to think of the old man dying alone, heart-broken and bereaved, in a distant land. But we understood he had no relations beyond ourselves. There was indeed a Captain Sinclair, but he died when young, falling gallantly in action."

"Most true; and it is his son who now claims the honour of addressing Miss Beaton as a kinsman."

"I am sincerely glad to know that, Mr. Sinclair; for you have a very attached and enthusiastic friend in the person of Mr. Carlton, who used to entertain Amy and me with stories of your rambles abroad. So, you see, you are not quite a stranger. But you will see my father soon, will you not? I know he will be most happy to receive you."

"I shall certainly wait upon him, Miss Beaton, without loss of time. Indeed I should have done so before now, but until recently the history of the Mexican merchant was quite unknown to me. One thing, however, let me request: do not say to Mr. Beaton that I have told you this, until he has acknowledged my claim."

"Miss Beaton," said Lumley, "I grieve to interrupt you, but Mr. Linklater craves an audience."

"Tiresome man! However, I shall use him as an escort to Mrs. Delamere, who was kind enough to bring me here, and whose forbearance I must not abuse. Good night, Mr. Lumley—farewell, Mr. Sinclair." And giving me her hand, which I would fain have carried to my lips, Mary Beaton withdrew.

"Upon my honour, Mr. Sinclair," said Lumley, "I think you must possess a recipe for making yourself agreeable, which would be well worth knowing. A few minutes ago I was presumptuous enough to imagine that you stood rather in awe of the charming heiress, and, in the simplicity of my heart, I offered to take you up under cover of the ægis of my effrontery. In requital I am desired to

watch the somewhat ungainly movements of Mr. Linklater, leaving you to a *tête-à-tête* in the course of which it would seem that you have made decided progress. But take care, my young friend, or you may chance to have a smart attack of heart-ache."

"Surely, Mr. Lumley," said I, with as indifferent an air as I could assume, though I felt my cheek burning—"there is nothing very unusual in a few words of conversation being interchanged by cousins?"

Lumley looked astounded.

"Cousins, did you say, Mr. Sinclair?"

"I have the honor to stand in that relation to Miss Beaton. I was not aware of it, however, when we met at Wilbury, and therefore I was a stranger, so you see there is no mystery in the matter."

"Singular good fortune, though, I should say," remarked Lumley. "Cousinhood is a most satisfactory tie. It is neither too close nor too wide; and, like india rubber, is elastic. Without meaning to be impertinent, Mr. Sinclair, I congratulate you on the discovery."

"Thank you, Mr. Lumley," said I, "both for your congratulation and for the diversion you effected in my favour."

"By my honour," said Lumley, "I wish I could do more than that. Hark you, Mr. Sinclair—I felt interested in you when we first met, for even a jaded fellow can admire freshness and energy in others; and since I returned to London, Ashford has told me something more. I like you for the manliness and pluck you have displayed, which have not been exerted in vain, since, without solicitation on your part, you are received in such society as this. So I say to you, in the words of Portia,

'I pray you, know me when we meet again;'

and, if you please, fix an early day for dining with me at my bachelor quarters."

"You are most kind, Mr. Lumley. A few days hence I shall avail myself of your permission to call."

"Do so. And as by that time George Carlton will probably be in town, we shall arrange for a quiet symposium."

I had no inclination, after this interview, to remain longer in the crowded rooms; indeed I felt as if I had need of solitude to calm down the tumult of my thoughts. So I made my escape into the streets, and went homewards in a most excited mood. I had seen her, I had spoken with her, I had felt the pressure of her hand, and she had welcomed me cordially and graciously as a kinsman. That was much. Much! I should have thought myself insane, but two days gone by, to have dreamed of this. And she so sweet and gentle, yet so greatly courted and admired! Now, at least, I was known to her; and fortune too had come forward in my aid, so that the great barrier was removed. Ah! but Mr. Beaton—her father—that worldly, purse-proud, ambitious man—how would he welcome me? This was his sole child, the heiress of all his wealth, for whom doubtless he had toiled and schemed in anticipation that she might attain that rank to which alone does wealth pay homage. Old men are tenacious of their purpose—was it probable that he would lightly forego his, even if I were successful in winning the affections of his daughter? That thought staggered me; but then I remembered what I had heard that very morning from my foster-brother of the doubtful state of his speculations, of the immense extent of his engagements, of the precarious nature of credit—and I could not help seeing that there was more than a possibility that Mr. Beaton's prosperity might, after all, prove fictitious, and that the fabric might be tottering to its fall.

Then came another thought—Would it be generous in me now to press my pecuniary claim—of no trifling amount—upon a man so embarrassed, if he should throw himself on my forbearance for delay? To refuse might be the destruction of my hopes—to yield might be the loss of my fortune. I protest that in weighing that matter I strove to be as unselfish as a man can be—nay, that I felt more than once inclined to let fortune go, rather than be in any way accessory to the ruin of the father of Mary Beaton. But there was much force in the argument of

Osett, that such a sacrifice on my part would not avert his doom; whereas, with the means now within my reach, I could, in the very worst event alleviate the disaster, and perhaps, through it, attain to the dearest objects of my heart.

"Yes!" said I, as I mounted the stairs to my bed-room, "Davie was right. I need have no scruple in demanding what is my own. Money may be the root of all evil—though I never knew any one who carried that theory into practise — but its possessions has advantages; and were I to forego these, the hopes which this night's adventure have raised from the merest spark to a fervid flame might be utterly extinguished."

So I went to dream of Mary Beaton.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—HOW RELATIONS TRANSACT BUSINESS.

Whatever might be Mr. Beaton's views as to the expediency of an early settlement, he showed anything but a disposition to postpone our meeting; for, next day, I received from him a letter, formal of its kind but politely worded, requesting a personal interview at his house at an early hour of the following morning. Shearaway, when I informed him of this, urged upon me very strongly the propriety of bringing matters to a speedy conclusion, observing that he had never, in the course of his long experience, known a single case in which postponed Count and Reckoning had not been attended with unhappy consequences.

"Squaring accounts, Norman," said the excellent Writer to the Signet, "is a Christian duty as well as an extraordinary comfort and convenience. Titus, the Roman Emperor (who, you mind was son to the man that first levied a tax upon fulzie), made a point of balancing the books of his conscience every night before he went to bed, and left no scores to be settled afterwards, showing himself thereby to be a God-fearing man and an upright. If clients in general, and lairds in particular, would take a lesson from him, and insist upon having an annual redding-up of their accounts, say at Whitsunday or Martinmas, there would be less complaining than there is about the hardness of the times, and the exorbitant charges of lawyers, who, it stands to reason, have no other resource, in default of ready money, than to calculate interest on arrears. And in your case, Norman, there is especial reason why you should proceed *sine mora;* for you hold no kind of security whatever for your money, being therefore less favourably situated even than an agent who, at the worst, has a lien over title-deeds. Not that I doubt Mr. Beaton's sufficiency, though, truth to say, he has ower many irons in the fire; but it's aye best to be regular and exact, even if you are dealing with your brother."

I concluded from this speech that Mr. Shearaway, notwithstanding his habitual caution and professional acuteness, entertained little or no suspicion that Mr. Beaton's own affairs might be in a critical or embarrassed state. Nor was he singular in this. When I reflect now on the transactions of those memorable years, nothing strikes me more forcibly than the partial blindness which seemed to affect people, who had nevertheless discretion enough to doubt the soundness of the movement. They would shake their heads and remonstrate with men who were recklessly dealing in scrip, and subscribing contracts for sums infinitely larger than the whole amount of their wordly means. They saw, without obstructed vision, that a course so opposed to the principles both of prudence and of fair-dealing must have a wretched end; but while they thus lavished their pity and commiseration on the minnows of the shoal, it did not seem to occur to them that the larger fish, the originators, projectors, and instigators of the schemes, might be in equal, if not greater danger. It was, I suspect, a common impression, that in process of time the big fish would turn round upon and swallow the fry —a notion, in some instances, not altogether without foundation; but few were so clear-sighted as to perceive that around them all, without dis-

tinction of size or weight, the net of retribution was being drawn.

It was remarkable—at least I thought so at the time—that on that very day there was a decided rally in the value of all kinds of shares pertaining to what Davie Osett had tersely denominated "Beaton's lot." There was no apparent cause for this. A parliamentary contest with another great company was still impending, which, it was thought, would be influenced by the decision of the Board of Trade, or rather the select committee to which such matters were referred; but that oracle had hitherto been mute, and its deliberations were reported to be as fenced and guarded from espial as those of the *Vehmegericht*, or of the mysterious conclave of Venice. Fluctuations were by no means uncommon; but this seemed to be a steady rise, which hardly could have been produced except by a preponderance of buyers, or some gigantic operation on the part of a great capitalist. For me it was a favourable symptom, because it diminished the chances of there being any extraordinary pressure on the financial arrangements of Mr. Beaton.

Moreover, in the course of the day, I encountered Ewins, who was, he told me, as busy as a gobbler in a field of maize.

"It's go ahead now, and no mistake!" said the Yankee. "I've got hold of the cypher, and I guess it's as good as second-sight."

"Any new discovery, Mr. Ewins?"

"Wall, I reckon it ain't new neither. I allers had a kinder notion that it was possible to screw the cork out of every bottle; and it's all crankum to tell me that folks are closer here than they are elsewhere."

"Since you are so deeply engaged in speculation, Mr. Ewins, I conclude that you do not anticipate a reaction?"

"Not before the fall, Squire, according to my thinking; but then let folks look out for chilblains."

After this Delphic utterance, which the Yankee seer enforced by a wink of preternatural sagacity, there was nothing more to be said; so at the appointed time I repaired to the mansion of Mr. Beaton.

It was that gentleman's fancy to transact all his private and railway business at his house rather than in chambers; an arrangement which gave it very much the appearance of a public office, so great was the throng that resorted thither of a morning. In answer to my inquiry whether Mr. Beaton was visible, the porter, who seemed duly impressed with the dignity of his function, solemnly asked—"By appointment, sir?" and being certified of that, handed my card to a footman, who ushered me into the dining-room. There were already congregated nearly twenty people,—country agents, contractors, surveyors, and nondescripts,—all waiting eagerly for an audience of the railway monarch, who certainly appeared to have a quick way of getting through business, judging from the rapid manner in which the servant called the roll. Still, however, there were as many entrances as exits. Several who had arrived after me had priority of presentation, and I began to think that my card must certainly have fallen aside. At length the gentleman in the plush uniform made proclamation for Mr. Norman Sinclair, and then intimated to the remainder of the company Mr. Beaton's regret that he could receive no more visitors that morning.

"A mighty cool proceeding this," thought I, "on the part of a London merchant! Why if he were Prince Metternich, transacting the affairs of the Austrian Empire, he could not behave more cavalierly."

I was ushered into a handsome library, where, at a table covered with plans and papers, the great man was seated. He was tall and portly, with an upright carriage, a hawk's eye, compressed lips, and a countenance expressive of determination. Like all shrewd negotiators, he kept his back to the light, a position which gives the advantage of scrutinising the faces of others, while it partially conceals the expression of your own. He rose up immediately, but without advancing a step, and extended his hand.

"Before entering upon business, Mr. Sinclair," said he, speaking very slowly, and honouring me with a fixed regard, "it is my duty to greet you as a relative, which I do with all sin-

cerity. Blood, sir, has its claims; and I trust I shall never be found deficient in consideration towards those who are scions of my family tree."

This was an unfortunate salutation, for it roused that ancestral pride which burns strongly, however quietly, within the bosom of every genuine Scot.

"I thank you for your greeting, Mr. Beaton, and am proud to be acknowledged as your kindsman; at the same time allow me to remark that your family tree and mine are quite apart. I am a cadet, though a remote one, of the noble house of St. Clair."

"Doubtless you are right, Mr. Sinclair—that is, according to strict heraldic rules," replied Mr. Beaton, evidently, however, a little annoyed at the rebuff, not being prepared to receive an answer of the kind. "You must overlook the inaccuracies of a plain London merchant, who is unfortunately too much engrossed by the cares of business to give that attention to pedigree which you seem to have had leisure to bestow."

I remembered the adage about the impolicy of shaking a red handkerchief in the face of a bull, so I contented myself with making a bow, and took a seat without solicitation, the rather that Mr. Beaton had resumed his chair.

"You have been abroad for some time, Mr. Sinclair—at least so Poins informs me," resumed Mr. Beaton after a pause. "May I ask if you have travelled much?"

"A good deal in Europe," I replied, "and but little beyond; though I have been in Egypt and the Lebanon."

"Indeed! those countries are very interesting to us in a mercantile point of view. Have you studied their products and their trade?"

I was at no loss to comprehend the drift of this query. Mr. Beaton wanted to find out in what capacity I had travelled, whether as a tutor, a courier, or a commercial agent; he being utterly in the dark as to my present position, which I had cautioned Mr. Shearaway not to disclose.

"I regret to say I can give you no information on such subjects, Mr. Beaton. I travelled solely for the purpose of studying foreign art and literature."

"A most delightful occupation, though I believe rather an expensive one?"

"Not expensive to a man who knows what his means are, and is determined not to exceed them."

"A very just remark," said Mr. Beaton. "And have you been long in London?"

"For a few months only."

"Do you not feel it dull for want of society?"

"I cannot say I do. It seems to me, on the contrary, that in London one may be easily tempted to sacrifice too much time to society."

"Society, however, is a word of expansive meaning. I hope, Mr. Sinclair, I may be of service to you in giving you some introductions; for I should very much regret if, with your prospects, you should make acquaintances which it might be difficult hereafter to shake off."

"I think you would hardly advise me, Mr. Beaton, to shake off, as you term it, the acquaintances that I have formed, or to forsake the houses to which I have the honour to be admitted. I need merely mention the names of the Earl of Windermere, Colonel Stanhope of Wilbury, and Mr. Osborne, to convince you that I do not stand in need of your offer—for which, however, I am sincerely grateful."

Mr. Beaton's face, on this announcement, would have been a capital subject for a caricaturist.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Sinclair, that you visit at such houses—Lord Windermere's, for example?"

"Certainly I do, Mr. Beaton; and I am at a loss to understand why that should astonish you. Bating the dignity, we hold, in Scotland at least, that the poorest gentleman of coat armour is fit to associate with a duke. In England, so far as I have observed, heraldry is dispensed with altogether."

"Upon my word, my young friend," said Mr. Beaton, assuming a friendly tone, instead of that of patronisation—a transition which he accomplished very creditably, and which would have been perfect, but for a slight huskiness which he could not conceal

—"you have taken me entirely by surprise. Now, don't be angry—but I will fairly admit to you, for honesty is the best policy—" (ah, Mr. Beaton, had you firmly believed that it was so!) "that when you entered this room, I regarded you, being utterly ignorant of your antecedents, as a young man struggling with difficulties, to whom I might offer assistance. I am very glad, indeed, to be assured that no such offer is necessary."

"The kindness of your intention, Mr. Beaton, remains the same. I have never made pretence to fortune, which indeed would have been a gross falsehood on my part; and I have had difficulties to contend with, though these have in a great measure disappeared. It was from no ostentation that I named those who have honoured me with their friendship and countenance, but solely for the purpose of making you aware that, in one respect at least, the distance between us is not so great as you possibly may have been led to imagine."

"I rejoice to hear it," replied Mr. Beaton. "It is an agreeable surprise to find that, instead of a young man of imperfect education and unformed manners, I have to treat with a kinsman who possesses the rare faculty of making his talents known to and appreciated by men whose mere recognition is applause. For, to be quite frank with you, I was under some apprehension, before this interview, that my newly-discovered cousin might be one of those raw specimens of humanity imported from the north, for whom an ensign's commission in a marching regiment is the highest attainable prize."

There was something in this speech that jarred disagreeably on my nerves. Possibly it was not meant to be sarcastic, but it sounded very like a sneer; and, remembering that my poor father, who died fighting for his country, was a Scottish cadet and soldier such as Beaton had contemptuously described, I felt somewhat exasperated.

"Mr. Beaton," I said, "I am not a candidate for military honours, but I must nevertheless say that I hold the profession of arms in the highest respect, and consider it to be the most honourable in which a gentleman can engage. It certainly is not so lucrative as the occupations of trade, or commerce, but these, and even greater things than these—the liberty, the power, and the glory of the British nation—are guaranteed, protected, and maintained, by the army and the navy. God knows, the service is ill requited by a country which boasts of its enormous wealth—but this I will say, that if I had been the rawest lad from the Highlands, of gentle blood, who was an applicant for a pair of colours, I would deserve fully more consideration, and be entitled to more courteous treatment, than the youth whose ideas of promotion commence with a stool and a desk in a counting-house."

"Surely you are unnecessarily warm, my friend," said Mr. Beaton. "I had no intention of offending you; and, indeed, I do not exactly see why you should have put in such a strong plea for the military profession. I am not one of the Manchester men who believe that the millennium will follow on free trade and the unlimited importation of cotton. Persons who hold such views are either knaves or idiots; and the experience of a few years will show to which category they belong. But don't let us get into discussion upon abstract points, when we have real business before us; for, Mr. Sinclair, you and I have an important settlement to make."

"Pray, then, proceed, Mr. Beaton."

"Here, then, are the executory accounts, examined and taxed, by which it appears that I am indebted to you in the sum of £42,000 odds, being your share of the estate of our deceased Mexican cousin. Your title has been examined by Messrs. Poins and Peto, and is fully substantiated. I only regret that your attention was not earlier drawn to the advertisement."

"I have not the slightest doubt," said I, "that the calculation is quite correct; and I am ready now, without giving any further trouble to you or your solicitors, to give an entire acquittance."

"Would it not be more satisfactory to submit the papers to your legal

adviser? I am a strong advocate for method in all matters of business."

"Your well known character for precision and accuracy, Mr Beaton, renders any further examination superfluous."

"Well, then, since you are content to rest satisfied with my statement, you have simply to execute the deed of discharge, which I have directed Mr. Poins to prepare. But—pardon me for asking the question—have you made up your mind as to the disposal of this considerable sum of money? It does not amount to what we city men, who have rather enlarged notions about capital, consider to be a fortune; but it is sufficient, if judiciously laid out, to beget one, especially at a time like this, when money is circulating with almost miraculous rapidity. I should like to do something for you; the more especially as money is precisely the commodity which is most scarce with me just now, and were I to realise at present in order to meet your claim, the immediate sacrifice would be little compared with the prospective loss."

'*Diavolo!*' thought I to myself, 'I must be cautious how I deal with this old gentleman. Sorcerers work by fumigation; and already methinks I can discern a palpable odour of shares!'—"I understand, Mr. Beaton," said I, "that the sum in question was of the nature of a trust-fund."

"No doubt it is, Mr. Sinclair; and had I been aware of your existence, not one penny of it should have been invested otherwise than in Government securities. But please remember that, failing your father's family, I, as executor, was entitled to the whole estate of our Mexican relative; and when, after minute investigation and repeated public advertisements, we could trace no representative of your father, I was legally entitled to assume that no such heir was in existence. Indeed, I was so particular on that point, that I scrupulously abstained from drawing the money until I received an opinion from eminent counsel to the effect that, under the circumstances, I was perfectly justified in doing so. If you desire it, that opinion, along with the case submitted to Sir William Follet, shall be placed in your hands."

"That is quite unnecessary, Mr. Beaton. I am thoroughly convinced that in everything that has been done you have acted as a man of honour."

"I am gratified by that assurance," replied Mr. Beaton. "Honour, Sinclair, is a jewel of the highest value. It is even worth more than credit; and, believe me, it is prized by the merchant as dearly as by the noble."

Sentiments of this sort are very beautiful to listen to, and are often received by simple souled people as equivalents for performance; just as promissory notes are taken in lieu of cash payments. But it so happened that, a day or two previously, I had been reading the *School for Scandal*, and the apothegms of Mr. Joseph Surface were still fresh in my recollection. Moreover, in my capacity of journalist, I had occasion to observe, from several rather curious disclosures which had come under my notice, that the laws of honour were not always held in strict observance by members of the mercantile order, but that, on the contrary, a vast deal of villanous fraud and hypocritical imposture was practised under cover of the convenient cloak of respectability. So that Mr. Beaton's asseveration as to the high principle of his class had the effect rather of putting me on my guard than of disarming my suspicions.

"Now," continued Mr. Beaton, "I am quite aware that you must think it a strange thing that a man of my reputed means—and perhaps, in this instance, the public voice does not much exaggerate—cannot easily, at any moment, command large sums of money. That certainly would be strange, if it were so; but I wish you to understand that, although I can always command the money, I cannot always do so *easily*. That will happen occasionally to the greatest financiers of Europe. I remember one occasion when Baron R—— had the utmost possible difficulty in whipping up a paltry sum of £90,000. He had just transacted a loan of millions to the Austrian Empire, and wanted that little advance for some domestic purchase—pictures

or furniture, I know not what it was. Would you believe it? There was a tightness then in the money market, and the Bank insisted on exorbitant terms, to which R—— must have yielded if I and another, who happened then to have reserves, had not prevented the scandal. Well, in like manner, all my money is now engaged —invested in such a way as must bring a return of nearly fifty per cent, if time is allowed for the operation. Your money is also so embarked—as I have explained to you, through no fault of mine. I now make you the offer—and it is one upon which you will do well to pause and reflect—that, instead of giving you a cheque for the sum to which you are unquestionably entitled, I shall transfer to you the railway shares which have been purchased by your own money, and which are now worth far more than the sum they originally represented, provided that you leave the disposal of them in my hands for six months from the present date."

"Mr. Beaton," said I, "now that we have advanced so far, frankness is an absolute necessity. You propose to become my trustee. I am very much obliged; but I would rather that we should remain independent of each other. Without questioning the sufficiency of the securities which you indicate, or discussing the probability of the advantages which might accrue from such an arrangement, I must tell you at once that I have hitherto abstained, for weighty reasons, from all connection with railway enterprise, and that nothing shall tempt me now to swerve from that deliberate resolution."

"Oho!" said Mr. Beaton; "so you are one of the prudent people who would rather have their money lying barren in a bag, than secure a handsome return by using it to stimulate labour? Why, even a South Sea islander has sounder and shrewder notions. Be advised, Sinclair! Do not throw away a chance which may never again present itself to your reach. Fortune, you know, is a female goddess, and, true to the instincts of the sex, will avenge herself if slighted —and do not deprive me of the power, which I am most willing and anxious to exert, of making you a wealthy man!"

I had entered the room sheathed, as I believed, in the full panoply of resistance, but I now felt as if the buckles were giving way. Armida had no great difficulty in disencumbering Rinaldo of his cuirass; and, although old Beaton was not exactly an Armida, I could not forget that he was at least the father of my enchantress. I hesitated.

Mr. Beaton saw his advantage, and pursued it.

"Come now, Sinclair," said he, "you see how the land lies. I have explained to you what your interest is—I now appeal to your generosity. The payment of this money at present would hamper me very seriously. Let it stand over for a little. You will be no loser by agreeing to this—on the contrary, I can insure you a large addition to your capital—and, moreover, you will lay me under a great obligation."

Short-sighted Shearaway! Wherefore didst thou forbid my presence when thou wert negotiating with the agent, and yet leave me to grapple single-handed with the far more dangerous principal? Like one of the Roman mob under the spell of the rhetoric of Mark Antony, I was rapidly changing my mind. Here was an opportunity of making a favourable impression upon Mr. Beaton, and —what was more—of gaining access to the bower which, otherwise, I never might enter!

I was about to yield, when, by one of those habitual tricks, to which people labouring under the influence of agitation often unconsciously resort, I put my hand into the pocket of my waistcoat, and found there a small scrap of paper which I had picked up from my desk in the morning, and stowed away without perusing its contents. I now opened it, not from any feeling of curiosity as to its purport, but simply from mechanical impulse, and there I saw, written in pencil, the following words:—

"MR. NORMAN, HAUD THE GRIP!—D. O."

Had my good genius sent me a telegraphic message, it could not have had a stronger effect than this

laconic note, the significance of which I thoroughly understood.

"Mr. Beaton," I said, "I do not consider it advisable that this interview should be prolonged. I have listened to you with profound attention; but nothing that you have said has in the least moved me to alter my resolution as to hazarding any portion of my capital in railway speculation. But I should be extremely sorry to put you to any inconvenience by pressing my pecuniary claim. There is, however, a mode of settlement with which, as a mercantile man, you must be familiar, and which will obviate all difficulty. Give me your acceptance for the amount at any date you please, and I shall be perfectly satisfied."

Sudden as the explosion of a mine burst forth the wrath of Beaton.

"No!" cried he, with a deep oath, "I will submit to no such degradation! Has it come to this that Richard Beaton, who can command millions by a stroke of his pen, is to be bearded and insulted in his own house by a runagate boy, who, for anything I know to the contrary, may just have emerged from the kennel? Leave my house, sir, and never hope to enter it again. As for your paltry debt, go down to Mr. Poins as speedily as you choose. He shall have orders to settle it this afternoon — ay, mark me, sir, this very day! and so I shall be rid for ever of an ungrateful whelp, who I believe from the bottom of my soul to be a braggart and an impostor!"

"Sir," said I, "I am at a loss to understand how, as a gentleman, you can justify to yourself the use of such outrageous language and abuse. Your unworthy taunt I scorn and despise. Were I a braggart, I would tell you that the sanctity of your own roof alone protects you from my anger. But you are safe anywhere from me. The violence of age calls rather for pity than resentment; and I, at least, shall not forget our common blood, though in your veins it would seem to be mingled with that of a churl. I go, sir, without one bitter feeling save regret that a kinsman should have demeaned himself so unworthily!"

The expression of Beaton's countenance was absolutely fiendish. I knew him by report to be a man of uncontrollable will, but I never could have imagined that passion would so utterly overpower his reason.

"No kinsman of mine!" he cried. "I disown you, sir — I revoke the name. Hence—begone! And harkye —tell this where you go, and proclaim it on 'Change if you will— that Richard Beaton, the merchant, the member of Parliament, humbled himself so far as to crave that you would grant him time to make a paltry money payment, and that you —ha, ha!—refused him! Tell that —tell that to all the world if you will, sir! It is a rare boast for a beggarly Scot, and for once you will be speaking the truth!"

"Silence, old man!" said I. "If you have no respect for others, at least respect yourself. The beggarly Scot is more of a gentleman than you are, and even richer, since he can afford to give you his pity. Farewell, sir! May God restore to you your reason, and forgive you for your gross injustice!'

So terminated my interview with the father of Mary Beaton.

THE COURTESIES OF WAR.

In making use of the trite phrase of "the horrors of war," none except soldiers are fully aware of what is comprised in that category; nor is it the object of the writer of this article to dwell upon this part of the question; but, on the contrary, to show by a few anecdotes how these horrors may be, in some degree, alleviated by practices of courtesy among the belligerents, which are adopted by the armies of civilised nations during continuous campaigns, partly from innate chivalrous feelings, and partly for their mutual advantage.

The true principle, which is one worthy of the fullest recognition on all sides, is to do as little harm to one another as possible, consistent with the real object of the contending armies.

In a battle, each party must knock over as many of the enemy as possible, individuals as well as masses, in order to subdue or drive him from the field; but even then, if the man is disabled, the object is gained as well as if he were killed, and therefore no liberal-minded soldier would wish to do more. In the ordinary course of the campaign, however, of what advantage is it to kill, wound, or make prisoner, an unfortunate individual or two, who may happen to be in your power? With armies of very many thousand men, what real injury is done by the loss of a few men in that desultory manner? Besides, the same system will be acted upon by both sides, so that its advantages, if any exist, will be counterbalanced by the reprisals of the opposite party.

Therefore, we would say, apply all such courtesies as can reasonably be used to the enemy; respect one another; let your proceedings be "as sharp, but as polished as your sword."

There is an extraordinary story, impossible as told, but probably based on some foundation, of the conduct of the French and English corps of Royal Guards, accidentally opposed to each other at the battle of Fontenoy — that the British politely called out, "Tirez, Messieurs les Gardes Françaises." The others replied, "The French Guard never fire first;" upon which their opponents, having given them the option, put an end to the chivalrous contest by opening their fire and annihilating their adversaries.

There is certainly somewhat of the extreme and absurd in this story; but at the same time, many true anecdotes may be told of the courteous behaviour of the soldiers of civilised nations towards one another in more recent days, and especially during the protracted campaigns in the Peninsula.

The French Emperor in 1807, taking advantage of the imbecility of the Courts and Governments of Spain and Portugal, took abrupt possession of those countries, and, by military exactions and overbearing conduct, drove the nations to a general and formidable outbreak against him. The British Government sent out expeditionary forces to support this resistance, which ended in a continued warfare in those countries until the peace in 1814. During that period, the ordinary circumstances of war were frequently relieved by acts of respect and courtesy, between the French and British troops, which came to the knowledge of the writer, who was present throughout the whole of those campaigns.

The first landing was by the small force under the Duke of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley), in Mondego Bay, which led to the battle of Vimiera, and Convention of Cintra. By that convention, the French garrison of Almeida was to be embarked at Oporto and conveyed to France. It was accompanied during the march by a small body of British troops. On arrival near the populous city of Oporto, the exasperated citizens made threatening dispositions for an attack on the French. The commanding officer appealed to the captain commanding the British detachment, who at once declared that against such a breach of faith they would be marshalled together as one force, and that he would stand by the French

party to the last. This, being made known to the Portuguese, had either the effect of a reproof or of intimidation, and the embarkation was not interrupted.

The main body of the French army embarked for France at Lisbon, under the same treaty, with their arms and baggage. Great complaints, however, were made by the Portuguese, that a quantity of effects which had been forcibly taken possession of in the country, during the French occupation, was being removed among the baggage.

One fine conscientious old French General, touched, it is believed, by the justice of these complaints, which were mentioned to him by the British officer who was about to succeed him in his billet in a private house, called up the proprietor, and said to him, "Monsieur I think you will bear me witness that when I entered your house on my arrival in Lisbon, I brought with me two portmanteaus." This being acknowledged, he turned to the British officer and said, "You will now bear me witness, sir, that I am retiring with but one!"

At the battle of Talavera, the French had been repulsed in their first attack. The weather was hot, and there was a partial cessation of fire in parts of the field for an hour or two about the middle of the day. During this time, the soldiers of each army went down to get water at the same little stream, and were near enough to hold amicable intercourse together, renewing the battle again immediately afterwards.

The French finally retired, but returned after some days with an increased force, before which the Allies found it necessary to abandon Talavera, and to leave their sick and wounded at the mercy of the enemy. So far from these unfortunate men suffering by the change, the French marshal, Mortier, immediately organised a good hospital for them, by beds and other conveniences demanded from the inhabitants, and placed them in a very superior position to that in which they had been under our own arrangements. One very fine young officer, who had lost a leg, seemed particularly to attract Mortier's sympathy. He supplied him with money for his drafts and other conveniences; and, when he was well enough, gave him leave and credentials to enable him to return home through Paris, where he was present at the fêtes for the marriage of Napoleon I. to Maria Louisa of Austria.

No unnecessary harassing warfare was carried on between the outposts of the two armies; on the contrary, there were frequently amicable understandings between them. Sometimes in changes of position or circumstances, partial alteration would be required, or one party have to retire more or less; this would be frequently settled by a polite message, or, if in movement, by a wave of the hand, when, if the party appealed to saw that it was reasonable, they would give way.

Thus after the close of the battle of Busaco, a French outpost remained in a village nearer to our lines than was justifiable in our relative positions. Instead of attacking them, General Crawford sent a message to request them to remove to a greater distance. The officer commanding the post said that he had been placed there by superior authority, and could not retire, unless obliged by force; upon which the general ordered out one of his field-pieces, and fired a round or two into the village. This satisfied the honour and responsibility of the officer, who made a bow and withdrew his party, which, in fact, we could have annihilated.

In the retreat to Corunna, our cavalry halted one evening at Benavente, and took measures for destroying the bridge. Napoleon in person followed us as far as this spot. During the night, the French patrols came several times on their end of the bridge, to ascertain whether we still held on; but on being challenged by our sentinels, retired. One dragoon advanced farther than the rest, and one of our sentinels, of an Irish regiment, called out, "Will I shoot that fellow?" "By no means," replied his officer, and the dragoon hearing the hubbub, speedily withdrew.

At the battle of Corunna, our wounded were carried off the field,

and we retired at nightfall and embarked. A French drummer, with others, the next day, was wandering about the field, in hopes of picking up something of a little value, and in fumbling over the body of a British officer, discovered that he was not dead. Upon giving that information, the officer was removed, taken great care of, and finally recovered. He was one of the heroic Napiers.

After the action of Fuentes d'Onor, the village was between the two armies. Men from each were scattered over it, somewhat mixed, in search of chairs, or utensils or conveniences, to take out to their respective bivouacs. To prevent confusion, or perhaps quarrels, they drew a line of demarkation along one street, which neither party was to pass; and this amicable arrangement was respected by both.

At the lines of Lisbon, as they were called—but, in fact, some twelve or fifteen miles in advance of that city—the two armies lay in front of one another quiescent for some months; their advanced posts in some parts so near, that friendly communications frequently took place between them. The British had the fine city of Lisbon in their rear, where every sort of comfort could be obtained; the French had no such resources within reach. It happened, on more than one occasion, that the French officers at the out-post would ask of ours to obtain for them some little luxury from Lisbon,—a box of cigars, coffee, stationery, or other object,—which requests were always readily complied with.

Perhaps one of the most interesting anecdotes of the courtesies of war is that beautiful trait of the French dragoon, who came across Felton Harvey of the 14th Light Dragoons, in a cavalry skirmish. Harvey had lost an arm, and, as they approached each other, instinctively raised the stump to endeavour to save his head from the coming blow; but the Frenchman perceiving the disabled condition of his opponent, instead of cutting at him, dropped his sword to the salute, and galloped past.

An exchange of prisoners was sometimes made by agreement between the two generals. Where both parties were so far from their own countries, the transmission of prisoners was embarrassing, and might well be spared where each was content with an exchange. Sometimes an officer, who was a favourite of one, would fall into the hands of the other, and a request to have him back for another of equal rank, to be named by the opposite party, would always be acceded to. At times, when an officer was taken, his baggage, a little money, &c., would be sent in to the enemy's outposts for him by a flag of truce.

On one occasion an *attaché* to the army, of no defined rank, was taken, and when questioned by the enemy as to his position in the army, with reference to a more general exchange than usual put so high a value on himself, that Lord Wellington would not confirm it, and he suffered a continued imprisonment in consequence.

Several private gentlemen came out to the army, during short periods of excitement, as pleasure excursionists, such as Mr. Edwin James was a short time ago with Garibaldi. One of them was made prisoner in some affair; and being questioned as to his position, as he bore no uniform, declared himself to be an amateur! The French general turned up his eyes, and said that he had heard of amateurs in painting, amateurs in music, &c., but he never heard before of an amateur in war!

The British had greatly the advantage of the French in the position of prisoners; so many of them found means to escape by connivance of the natives. The feeling of the Spanish nation was so absolute and universal against the French, and so chivalrously honourable, that there was not an instance, during the whole war, of a British soldier, officer or man, having been betrayed by them, or not obtaining every possible assistance from them; that is, when in a state of absolute dependence on their aid; for when the English army marched into a town, in all their force and glory, none could show a higher tone and bearing of independence, or a greater determination to resist oppression or insult, than the Spaniards.

In their routes through the country, if the prisoner could by any contrivance get from under the eye of his escort, and among the inhabitants, he was invariably concealed and harboured till an opportunity offered of forwarding him to the army, during which time all his wants were scrupulously attended to.

When Colonel Waters, a fine old soldier, and noted for understanding how to make the best of any circumstances, was caught during a reconnoitring excursion, the Duke of Wellington was asked whether they should send his things in for him by a flag of truce; but he said, "By no means; Waters will soon find his way out;" and in he came, sure enough, in a very few days. He was a great man for field sports; and being allowed by the French to ride his own horse, which, though not showy, was a capital jumper, in passing through a somewhat close country, he put spurs to him, cleared, in fox-hunting style, a stiff stone-wall fence, and galloped across the country, bidding adieu to his escort, who could only follow him with their eyes, an oath, and a flying pistol shot or two.

At the siege of Burgos, the Engineers were in very small number; so much so, that the same few individuals were as much in the trenches as the necessity for refreshment would possibly admit. One, in particular, who had a more general superintendence than the others, commenced early to try and take a few liberties, by crossing the open from one part of the trenches to another, of course very charily at first, till by degrees the enemy became accustomed to him, and would allow him to do what they would not permit to others. Of course he received the compliment with respect, and did not attempt to take impertinent or obtrusive advantage of his privilege. Among his comrades, the peculiarity was in joke thought to arise from a very particular kind of coat, down to his ankle, which he wore, being a new and outrageous fashion just arrived from England.

At the first storming of San Sebastian, which was unsuccessful, an officer, a very young man, was very forward on the breach, wounded, and taken prisoner. Among the first of the enemy who came up to him was a French grenadier, who, in admiration of his gallantry, which he had witnessed, ran up and kissed him. A day or two after that town was taken, the garrison having retired to the castle, and everything being still in confusion, one of our officers pressed on to the buildings at the foot of the steep hill, to ascertain and fix the limits occupied by the French. He walked into the open doors of a church which was backed against the hill, and so cautiously up the centre aisle, when he heard a voice from the arched ceiling calling out, "Retirez vous, retirez vous!" Looking up, he could see nothing, but became at once aware that the enemy had access to the ceiling from the hill, while they had abandoned the floor, and there were probably a musket or two directed on to the floor from some holes, from whence, of course, he might have been shot but for this courteous conduct. He of course took the hint, made a bow and retired.

The Duke of Wellington rode out one day attended by some officers and a cavalry escort, from the front of Bayonne, to reconnoitre the river Adour, when it was proposed to force a passage across it. He had to pass round a portion of the fortress at a mile or two from it, and in going through a village, a number of French soldiers, stragglers from the garrison, and unarmed, rushed out of public-houses into the street, in confusion. We could have swept them all away into our lines, but scorned to take such a useless advantage; so, after a few polite cursory remarks and questions, we parted very good friends.

Such are specimens of amenities which may pass in war between the contending armies, and which, when kept within reasonable bounds, cannot be too much admired. They will be practised in proportion to the state of civilisation of the nations engaged, and to the length of the periods during which campaigns may last. We did not find the same refined spirit in the Crimea, among the Russians. They had a hard sense of irritation, and, to all appearance, of individual personal rancour, even to

the extent, it is confidently asserted, of bayoneting the wounded. This refers, however, more particularly to the soldiers; the officers, in general, were brave and courteous.

The French and English treat their opponents in a more chivalrous and civilised manner than other nations; and it was quite an exception to the usual French practice, when the first Napoleon suggested bringing up a dozen or more field-pieces, slyly to open a volley on any assemblage of mounted officers, by which "quelque petit général" might be killed. In fact, it was in that way Moreau fell in 1812.

There is a wrong and somewhat delusive impression entertained, as to the feelings by which we should be actuated were the soil of England to be polluted by the foot of an enemy. It is frequently asserted that it should be then war to the knife, and no quarter; but why with regard to England more than to the attack of any other country, is not easily to be understood. Besides the barbarity of the feeling, we must recollect the reciprocity it produces, and that will be far more severe on the inhabitants of a country who venture on such a system, than on the army which invades it. Men, women, and children sacrificed, the innocent as well as the guilty—houses burned, and property plundered and devastated—are all considered legitimate retribution for acts of aggression by an unorganised population.

It should be understood that the preceding remarks do not apply to an armed and organised system, under certain regulations, for the distinct purpose of an irregular and harassing warfare, such as may probably be pursued by large bodies of our volunteers; and although desultory attacks on individuals or parties, on a small and uninfluential scale, are to be deprecated, yet if important effects to the final result can be anticipated, of course such advantage would not be foregone. Nor are individuals to be allowed to reconnoitre or to perform other useful services to the enemy. This, however, can generally be prevented in the manner already pointed out, by warning off the parties concerned, and giving them at least the chance of retreat before proceeding to extremities.

The distinction, however, may be considered as clear between those cases and a state of constant annoyance and suffering, inflicted to no really good end. The slaughter of a solitary individual, merely because he forms one of the many thousands of an enemy's force, and by which no ultimate advantage can be gained, is a useless piece of barbarity. Aggressive measures should not be taken without a view to secure advantages which may hasten the final result; and if war be a necessary evil, everything should be done to mitigate that evil, so far as lies in our power. Let us fight in our country's cause with all our strength; but us let not be carried away by the bad passions engendered by warfare, to confound the murder (for it is little less) of helpless individuals, with the one object we ought to bear in view—that of using every effort to bring the war in which we may be engaged to a glorious termination.

DANDO, THE OYSTER EATER.

[Since the death, a few years ago, of this remarkable man (the only man, probably, who ever followed oyster-eating as a regular profession), a good deal has been written about him; but nothing, so far as we are aware, in what our friend HOGG used to call "Blanks." This seems the more extraordinary, as of late that style of composition has, in various forms, greatly prevailed among us; affording, it may be reasonably presumed, in a good many instances, strong confirmation of the worthy SHEPHERD's experience of it, as stated in his own memorable words:—"When I write blanks, I am never perfectly sure whether I am writin' poetry or not." We are far from saying that, in the following lines, we ourselves have been without some misgivings on this point; but we hope the indulgence of our friends, and more especially of our *oyster-eating* friends, may be extended to an attempt, however feeble, to supply what seems to have been an omission on the part of our brethren of the *verso sciolto*.]

WHILE yet a child, and on his father's knee,
"Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,"
But one large oyster-shell the live-long day
(Marvellous instinct! for the fish itself
No man surmises that he yet had seen)
He sucked unceasingly. The father smiled,
And wondered what his eldest-born might mean.
For to the doting sire 'twas then unknown,
That, on the mother's side, there once had been
A MAYOR of COLCHESTER, who, it was said,
Married a mermaid, and would sometimes eat
Half his own weight of oysters in the day.

At school 'twas still the same. Not bat, nor taw,
Nor hazel-nut, nor apple-stall for him
Had any charm. He walked or sat apart,
A silent, meek, and much-enduring boy,
Whose thoughts were all of oysters, and his dreams
Of tales no *waking*-thought might realise
Of PANDORE and POLDOODIE.

Passing now
From pupilage to verge of man's estate,
The Mayor and Mermaid "cropped out" more and more;
And as the mighty Poet of that day,
When asked of what profession he would be,
Raised his hand to "the pulse of his young brow,"
And said, "I'll be A POET,"—even so,
When of the youthful DANDO 'twas required
To name his future calling, fin-like hand
On pulse abdominal he placed, and said,
"I'll be AN OYSTER-EATER—something *here*
Says it must be the business of my life."

And so, through life, for eight months of each year,
From oyster-house to oyster-house he went,
"Astonishing the NATIVES." All the tales
Of feats of Aldermen of amplest mould,
In their most favoured oyster-eating hours—

All, save the legends of the good old MAYOR,
Seemed now as nothing. The old Mayor himself
Had wished that witness of his former might—
Witness at once and weapon—that good blade,
His own old OYSTER-KNIFE, now treasured up
Among the archives of his native town,
To be at once placed in the living hand
Of such a son.

On some far-distant shores
There are who seek the oyster for the pearl
She sometimes brings with her—a priceless dower.
Dando not only sought her *for herself*,
But never did he desecrate his love
By any show or symptom, great or small,
Of "common medium." And as it proved,
Not much the need of it; for most men said,
When their last oyster they had seen engulfed,
And the insolvent calmly stood confessed,
"What can we do with him but let him go?"

Yet sometimes harder measure was dealt out
To him unmoved: base men would have "their own" –
And they would bring him fairly face to face
With good SIR PETER LAURIE. But the hand
Of good SIR PETER ever lightly fell
On his friend DANDO. No doubt he might say,
"What sort of place would this of London be,
If *Everybody* thus should lay his hands
On *Everybody's* oysters?"* But a threat
Of what might be if he came there *again*,
Was commonly the end of the affair.

During those four sad months wherein is mute
That one mysterious letter† that has power
To call the oyster from the vasty deep,
What shall be said of Dando? What but this,
That none who saw him ever could forget
The blight that came upon him. Shrimp and prawn,
And oyster in the pickle, he essayed,
But all in vain: the last seemed still the worst,
As mocking him with melancholy sense
Of what it *had* been. A well-meaning friend
Once said to him during this dreary time,
"Have you tried COCKLES? They appear to me
In their own way not very far amiss."
A milder man than Dando never sat
Beneath a broad-brim; but he now was moved
To something like asperity of speech.
Cockles (he said) might be not far amiss
To those who liked them; but he fairly owned
He rather would not hear of them again.

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* These, if we remember rightly, were very nearly the words attributed to the worthy magistrate on one of the occasions here referred to.

† It is well known that the eight *oyster*-months are distinguished by the letter R, which does not occur in the other four.

His friend had never known that in the heart
Of him who loves the oyster, there resides
A feeling towards the cockle, which 'twould need
Space far beyond our limits to explain.

Yet those four dismal months, for many a year,
Dando survived; and, as September came,
Still reappeared—at first an altered man,
But speedily to be himself again.
We have already said that, now and then,
He was "in trouble;" and we now will say,
That no good Londoner who ever heard
Of Dando's "troubles," but was glad at heart
To meet him once more on his daily walk.

For there are few of us who do not see
In any man, in any walk, possessed
By any one idea, and whose life
Is passed in still embodying the same,
Something that takes its hold upon the mind:
And all true oyster-eaters saw in one
Who loved THE FISH "not wisely, but too well,"
Much that they could not weigh in common scales.

In CLERKENWELL there is a lowly grave
That has become "a place of pilgrimage:"
And not "the cockle-shell" the pilgrim bears,
But shell of shapeliest NATIVE—to be placed
In glistening row around that humble sod,
By row on row thus circled. Nor in vain
Shall we to-day have penned these simple lines,
If thus we only may be said to place
One other oyster-shell upon that grave.

IRON-CLAD SHIPS OF WAR.

"WHAT! put an engine and screws into the Royal Albert?" said, in 1849, the best of the naval shipbuilders in England, if not in the world. "Turn that ship, sir, into a steamer! Never while I live!" The Royal Albert was then on the stocks, and the Agamemnon's keel was being laid in Woolwich dockyard. Five years afterwards, that worthy old man was in his grave, and the Royal Albert was a screw three-decker, and flag-ship to Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons. The world will wag on in spite of the school of naval architecture. "What!" exclaim others to-day, as good and as true as Oliver Lang—"what! put our Benbows, our Hawkes, Nelsons, and Victorias into armour?—cover our heart-of-oak with iron, sir? Have a care!" Yes! alas! we say, good sirs, it must be so. Men of the sea, and men of the dockyards, may, like the worthy Canadian who first saw a vessel move under steam, throw up their hands to heaven, and exclaim, "Croyez vous que le bon Dieu permettra tout cela!" and yet the world will wag on. Gunnery, steam, rifled muskets and rifled cannon, have called into existence certain safeguards, such as stouter earthen and granite parapets, better mantlets, securer magazines, and lastly, iron plates to resist for a while the terrific strokes of Armstrong's and Whitworth's projectiles. The thick parapet, the mantlet of stout rope, the magazine deeply buried in the ground, are out of the power of sailors to adapt to their ships; but the iron plate—which is perfectly proof to shell, to hot-shot, to grape-shot, and to congreve rockets, and only to be penetrated, when overlaying an elastic substance, by the heaviest solid shot, thrown at the close distance of 200 yards—affords to our navy an amount of security equal to that found by soldiers behind their parapets of earth, or in granite casemated fortresses; not immunity, remember, but partial security. To the unprofessional inhabitant of the United Kingdom, the immediate adoption of these iron plates, as a security against some of the great risks of a sea-fight, would appear to be a natural and sensible measure. "Surely," he argues, "if it be found that the wooden sides of our ships, whether of oak or teak, no longer afford partial protection for the seamen at their guns against the strokes of Armstrong shells, at even a mile distance—and Whitworth boasts that his 3-pounder (which is about the weight of the grape-shot of the old 68-pounder gun) will likewise pass into a vessel at a greater distance—if it is known that an Armstrong's hundred-pounder shell, bursting at the water-line in the wooden side of a man-of-war, rends a hole that will assuredly sink her, in spite of all the shot-plugs in the navy—if a solitary red-hot shot, planted in a ship's side, sets her on fire—or if either it reaches, or a shell bursts in, the magazines or handing rooms, the entire ship and crew will be hurled into eternity—and it is found that a 4½-inch armour of wrought-iron materially reduces all these risks—it must be better to apply it, even should it not be entirely invulnerable, until some better invention is discovered. It may not be perfect," he would argue, "but it is a step in the right direction, and evidently an improvement upon wood alone." Our unprofessional man is simply rational upon this point of ship-armour, because he happens to be untrammelled with any preconceived notions upon the subject. It is far otherwise with the majority of naval officers and naval ship-architects. They are just as intractable upon the question of covering their wooden ships with armour as he (the landsman) would be if the matter were one of Puseyite innovation, church-rates, town-drainage, or municipal taxes. Bearing this in mind, therefore, let us not rail at the old and experienced seamen and shipwrights, who are so hard to convince upon the desirability of employing this new invention; but try to con-

vince them, by meeting all their objections, and by pointing out the proved and probable advantages of iron-clad ships over wooden ones.

We will first point out the causes that have called into existence this novel mode of protecting ships from the destructive effects of modern artillery. When the Russian war of 1854 broke out, there was a general opinion in naval circles, shared by ourselves, that a fleet of line-of-battle ships, manned with good seamen gunners, would batter down any fortifications, if it could be laid sufficiently close for the purpose—namely, at about three hundred yards' distance. If any one demurred to this opinion, and quoted the case of the line-of-battle ship that, in the Walcheren expedition, was beaten off by a couple of howitzers worked through a gap in a dike — or the severe punishment of the Pompée and Tigre, under the heroic Sir Sidney Smith, by a solitary martello tower—he was at once met by the very just reply, that naval gunnery was then unborn ; and all objections were overruled by the triumphant enumeration of Lord Exmouth's exploit at Algiers, and of Admiral Stopford at St. Jean d'Acre. There, you were told, fleets had recently succeeded in fighting fortresses, and only required to be well led to do so again. The fact that it was in both cases a mere contest between European and Eastern skill and courage, was ignored —and that at Algiers, as well as at Acre, our fleet was tamely permitted to proceed deliberately into position, and open fire at its own time and convenience, was not sufficiently borne in mind. However, our fleets had hardly sighted the fortifications of Russia, and had a taste here and there of the quality of their metal, and precision of their practice, before the fact of the extreme insecurity of the wooden ship as an engine of modern warfare, dawned on the intellect of those immediately taking part in the operations. If the Czar Nicholas would have made war according to rule, and sent his wooden ships out to fight our wooden ships, no doubt our fleet would have handled him as effectively as the Russian fleet did that of the Porte at Sinope. But that is exactly what the Russian did not do. He had no distant colonies to defend — he estimated at their proper value the man material of his fleet; and he logically argued that a crew of seamen gunners behind a shot-and-shell proof parapet upon the coast, must be a far more formidable force for our fleet to tackle, than if they were behind a wooden wall through which every projectile could pass. That he judged rightly, the history of our naval proceedings in the Baltic and Black Sea thoroughly proves. A steam-frigate of ours grounded a few miles from Odessa. She had fourteen heavy guns, throwing 32-pound shot and shell, besides two pivots of the most formidable description in the navy. She had two 24-pounder howitzers, and two field pieces (a 6-pounder and 12-pounder.) The Russians despatched from Odessa a battery of four 24-pounder or 12 pounder howitzers, with a portable furnace for heating shot. There was a fog at first; when it lifted, the frigate and battery commenced action at short range. There was no wind to affect the practice, and the only thing against the frigate was, that she could only fire a portion of her battery — yet the weight of metal was all in favour of the ship. The frigate was thoroughly searched by the enemy's fire, the shell from the howitzers of the enemy passed easily through her sides and decks, bursting and spreading destruction everywhere. The hot shot lodged in sail-bins, storerooms, and amongst other inflammable matter. The ship was soon on fire in many places; the captain was mortally wounded—poor Giffard could do no more than die in the execution of his duty. Threatened with explosion of the magazines, the frigate surrendered, and the Tiger fell a prize to the Russians. A court-martial acquitted officers and men of all blame ; * but the

* The facts of the case speak for themselves: A heavily armed frigate, stationary

facts ought to be very instructive, and incontestibly prove that even light shells and hot shot, thrown from guns whose crews are properly sheltered, will generally master heavy artillery, where the men have only a wooden parapet. The bombardment of Odessa, for the purpose of destroying the shipping within the mole, was our next lesson. So far as numbers, weight, and efficiency of the guns upon the side of the Allies was concerned, all was in our favour. Yet prudence forbade the fleet taking up fixed positions, and deliberately engaging the open batteries and field-works of the Russians. The attacking force had to keep moving to disconcert the fire of the enemy. This measure told both ways, for our vessels, instead of hitting the fortifications alone, often missed them, and spread their shot all over an open and harmless city. We subsequently visited Odessa, and the impression left on our mind was a very painful one; for the people fancied these stray shots were intentional; and, indeed, their numbers obliged one to confess that the practice must have been very bad. We do not know whether it is so still, but all those numerous shot-marks on the houses, churches, boulevards, shops, or palaces, were then surrounded with two black circles forming a riband, on which was inscribed, "Holy Saturday, 1854," as a memento of what in Odessa was considered an attack gloriously repulsed. Of course we do not think so; for although no landing was effected, no trophies carried off, yet our object was attained; we burnt the shipping with rockets, and destroyed the Russian means of transport. Still the general result seemed still in favour of land-batteries over wooden vessels, however great the disparity of force in guns and weight of metal. We need not go into details; but amongst those engaged, there were several who readily allowed that the employment of hot shot by the Russians, to the extent that they used them, added undeniably to the dangers of ship-fights; and one vessel was often quoted as an instance of the effect of a single hot-shot well placed. She was struck by such a missile, and it rolled down near the lining of the magazine; this vessel had to cease firing, go out of action, and turn the energies of her crew to the discovery of the shot and the extinguishing of the fire. We may safely say that a naval action, upon the plan of the Odessa bombardment, will not again be repeated. It may answer, as it did at Sveaborg, to have a fleet of heavily-armed gunboats, rattling along, and firing broadcast over the area of a fortification, just to distract attention from mortar-vessels, or heavy ships that are really doing the pounding; but the issue of the combat must rest with the latter; and at Sveaborg the mortar-boats were judiciously placed at an extreme range, where the heavy guns of the enemy could not reach them with effect.

On the 17th October 1854 the final experiment of wooden ships against granite and earthen walls was made, never, we believe, again to be repeated until iron-clad ships range up in line of battle. The allied fleet was repulsed. The Agamemnon, the Albion, Sanspareil, and other ships, did all that skill, gallantry, and daring could accomplish to silence that Fort Constantine. They did not succeed; neither will the Russian official ac-

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because aground, is knocked to pieces and captured by a trumpery battery on a cliff. "I think, sir!" observed an American engineer in Russian employ, "that your Tiger's affair was caution number one. I'm cussed if I'd like to come at these chaps' hot-shot and shell in your wooden boxes!" Our Yankee friend was right to some extent; and after that affair there was more attention paid towards procuring shelter for guns' crews, especially on the upper decks of our steam vessels. Instead of letting bulwarks down, and allowing sixteen men to stand in a group to be a target for every missile, ports were more generally introduced, and bulwarks of wood again appeared. It was traditionary to use wood; "it had answered against spherical, chain, and bar shot—why not against shell and rockets?"

counts acknowledge that any damage was inflicted other than injury to the guns and parapet of the crown of that fortress where the cannon and men were exposed. To Bomarsund we need not allude, further than that it defied a huge allied fleet, but went down like a fortress built of a pack of cards when a small division of troops were directed upon it, and when our ship guns, instead of being fought behind parapets of wood, were placed on shore, and the crews properly protected.

Our huge batteries of wood, of 120 guns, and 90 guns, and 80 guns, having shown themselves unable to attack with effect such places as Sebastopol or Cronstadt; gun and mortar boats came into existence. They carried one, or at most two guns; they moved with rapidity, and were hard to hit by artillerymen accustomed to practise at fixed objects; and mortar-boats could be placed out of reach of ordinary guns. These little vessels did all the work which, at the outset of the war, it was expected would fall to the lot of our corvettes and frigates, as well as line-of-battle ships. With them the burning of the arsenal of Sveaborg, and the sweeping away of the Russians from Kertch and the Sea of Azov, were accomplished; but for a fair stand-up battering match against Russian fortresses, they were not a jot more efficacious than any other wooden vessels would be; and remember, rifled cannon were not then in the hands of our enemy.

The position was for a while very humiliating to the naval prestige of such a power as Great Britain. We still blustered, and kept on building wooden vessels, which no Ministry would have dared to direct upon Cronstadt. The French sailing fleet frankly gave up the question; they landed their guns in Kamiesh Bay, and actually constructed earthworks to defend their ships against an attack. Napoleon III. went on constructing *steam* line of-battle ships, improving upon that noble vessel the Napoleon; but we do not believe they were intended to be used against Russians, or simply as fighting ships. They played their part, and an important one too, in subsequently carrying a French host into Italy, and tearing to pieces the Treaty of 1815; but of course he did not tell us what his object was; and, with true John Bullism, we merely grasped the fact that the French were building steam line-of-battle ships, and forgot that such vessels were useless for the purpose for which *we* needed them. Louis Napoleon needed a fleet which would land a French army in Italy, Egypt, or England, as policy might require. We, mistaking his purpose, went on sinking millions up to 1859, and suddenly found ourselves in 1860 with a noble fleet fit to carry troops, but without the real engines of naval warfare which our astute ally had been all the time preparing.

General Paixhan,* who invented the mode of throwing bombs or shells from guns in a horizontal position, pointed out that plates of wrought-iron, of a certain thickness, were a sure protection against such shells; and, upon experiment, it was found that shot would not penetrate such armour. Whether it ever entered into his head, or that of any other person at that time, to apply these plates to wooden sea-going vessels, is very doubtful. In 1845 an American, named Stevens, of much repute as the designer of war steamers, carried out a series of experiments, and arrived at two important facts — that a wrought-iron plate of one inch in thickness was impenetrable to every description of shell projected from guns, and that a six-inch-thick plate was not to be penetrated by any shot, whatever its *size, range, or charge*. The reader must bear in mind that that was

* A gentleman, Mr. J. P. Drake, has for many years turned close attention to the question of applying iron plates to forts and ships, and he has, we believe, forestalled most inventions of that nature. We trust his genius and industry will now meet with its reward.

the year 1845, and that Mr. Stevens's experiments only embraced the ordnance and projectiles then known in Europe. Men talked over these facts; and they were, no doubt, duly acknowledged, recorded, tied up neatly, docketted, and placed in official pigeon-holes. That first ship bombardment of Sebastopol, and all its incidents, fell heavily on the heart of this nation; and somehow, since then, the Navy, which had hitherto stood in the front, as the best force in Britain, fell at once in public estimation to a second-rate position. Shipbuilders and old sailors played the part of children on a sea-beach, who try with tiny shovels of sand to stop the incoming tide. A cry of "More wood, boys! more wood!" was only heard in our dockyards. Ships grew longer and deeper, more unwieldy, more expansive, more showy, and more useless — because they became still more vulnerable, still more easy to be struck by shell, hot shot, and rockets, and still more difficult to handle in narrow, shoal, or stormy seas. The genius of Napoleon III., aided by the unprejudiced men with whom he had surrounded his council-table, was working out the problem in another way. He went on constructing steam line-of-battle ships of wood. They could at any rate match ours, if need called for it; and they were the cheapest and best transports he could command: they would be wanted one day. But rapidly he experimentalised, and discovered that floating fortresses, coated with Paixhan's plates, would again secure to the powers that possessed them the command of the seas, and insure the destruction of fortifications accessible to such engines of war, unless they likewise were similarly clad in armour; and even then the movable ship-battery would possess advantages over the fixed one. Satisfied with the facts arrived at in the experiments upon the iron plates of 4½-inch thickness, the French Emperor looked next to the draught of water of his iron-clad floating batteries. The allied line-of-battle ships could never get near enough to the work. He determined that this should not be the case with these new vessels; and going, we think, from one extreme to the other, from vessels that dare not go into less than five fathoms of water, the French jumped to the conclusion that it was possible to construct sea-going vessels drawing only eight feet. The result was the launching of six formidable but very unhandy batteries. Urged by our energetic ally, we followed his example, but with apparent ill grace. We ought to have grasped at his discovery, and have improved upon it. The engineering and shipbuilding skill of this nation of sailors should at once have been directed to the creation of something worthy of her. Instead of that, tied up with prejudices, we wondered, sneered, asserted that a solid 68-pound shot of *wrought*-iron could be forced through 4½-inch plates—forgot all the other advantages his scheme possessed, and satisfied ourselves with launching fac-similes of the French models—arks which we cannot help thinking were a disgrace to the naval architecture of Great Britain, and bore upon them the stamp of disbelief. They would neither sail nor steer, stay or wear. Yet bad as they were in this respect, they were still tremendous engines of war, and no unprejudiced sailor, who visited those batteries when they reached the Black Sea, could fail to be impressed with the fact, that we were on the eve of another vast revolution in naval warfare. Our authorities tried to get these vessels out to the Crimea in time to take part in the bombardment of Kinburn batteries, but failed, owing to the difficulty of towing such unwieldy craft. The French, having a shorter distance to accomplish from Toulon, were more fortunate, and on Oct. 17, 1855—exactly a year after the first futile bombardment of Sebastopol—three French iron-clad ships took up a position 800 yards off the strong battery of Kinburn, and fought with almost impunity to themselves, but with fatal result to that fortress. "The floating batteries of the French opened with a magnificent crash at 9.30 A.M.," says Mr. Russell, who was an eyewitness,

"and one in particular distinguished itself for the regularity, precision, and weight of its fire throughout the day. The Russians replied with alacrity, and the batteries must have been put to a severe test, for the water was splashed into pillars by shot all over them." At 10.10 A.M. our mortar-boats opened fire at a distance exceeding 2000 yards, and eventually the whole fleet came into action, and the place soon after fell. "The success of the experiment" (iron-cased batteries), says Mr. Russell on the following day, "is complete. They were anchored only 800 yards from the Russian batteries. The shot of the enemy, at that short range, *had no effect upon them;* the balls hopped back off their sides without leaving any impression, save such as a pistol-ball makes on the target in a shooting-gallery. The shot could be heard distinctly striking the sides of the battery with a sharp smack, and then could be seen flying back, splashing the water at various angles, according to the direction they took, till they dropped exhausted. On one battery the dints of sixty-three shots are visible against the plates of one side, not counting the marks of others which have glanced along the decks, or struck the edges of the bulwarks; yet all the damage that has been done to that vessel is the starting of three rivets."

Such was the French account of the damage received, and the testimony of an unprejudiced eyewitness. We know that the force opposed to those iron batteries in Fort Kinburn consisted of fifty-one guns and twelve mortars. The former were long 18 and 24-founders, and the supply of powder and projectiles was unbounded. The three iron-cased batteries, which only mounted twenty-two 50-pounders each, could only in all have had thirty-three guns actually engaged with the Russians; yet, by Mr. Russell's testimony, they fought at those odds from 9.30 A.M. to 10.10, or forty minutes—quite long enough to have sunk, or blown them up had they been vulnerable. The practice of the Russians must have been excellent, to have struck fairly, not counting grazes, sixty-three times. For instance, it may not be generally known that in the action of the Shannon and Chesapeake, an action in which the gunnery of the British frigate has often been extolled, she only put twelve round-shot through the sides of the Chesapeake, and thirty exceeds the number of "hits" of round-shot received by the captured vessel. The Shannon, moreover, could only point to fourteen shots as having been fairly delivered through her sides. - We say, therefore, with Mr. Russell, that the French iron-clad batteries did receive a heavy and well-directed fire, and that there was everything to encourage us in still farther carrying out Paixhan's idea, modifying it and improving, as well as adapting it to the requirements of our navy. Instead, however, of doing so, we merely shook our heads, muttered about the 68-pounder gun being able, at musket-shot distance, to penetrate the plates, and tossed the iron-clad batteries aside, just as we did Lancaster's rifled cannon, without taking the trouble to follow up the subject, or remedy discovered deficiencies.

The peace came in 1856; England was satisfied to go back into her old groove of tradition. The gunboats, as if no improvement could even take place in them, were drawn up with a view of being preserved for ever—the Lancaster guns and rifled ordnance were pitched aside, and the question of mail-clad ships was not even entertained. Yet there were naval officers who urged the adoption of some imitation in iron of the granite casemates, with which military engineers were hastening to cover the artillery of our sea-defences. The French, on the other hand, went on experimentalising and adopting, with modifications, both the rifled cannon and the iron-clad ship, and even despatched gunboats armed with *canon-rayés* to China in 1856, when neither in our naval nor military arsenals such a weapon did exist. Silently, but swiftly, Louis Napoleon arrived at certain conclusions, adopted rifled cannon for his field batteries, and, whilst we were still incredulous, took the field against Austria, and swept away her hosts with that

terrible artillery. More than that, he had constructed *iron-clad gun-boats*, and held his iron-clad batteries ready to bombard Venice or Trieste, if the issue of the war had remained long doubtful.

Great Britain awoke at last to the danger of her position. Who knew the day but that she, like Austria, might find her policy at variance with Bonapartist interests? Were we, too, to be rolled up in a three months' campaign? A general movement took place, and the energy and intelligence of the nation soon forced us, assisted by the engineering resources of England and Scotland, into a safe position upon the important point of rifled cannon. But how about the ships? And here came the old prejudice again. Oh! we only want *steam* line-of-battle ships, so much longer, so much deeper, so much faster, and, they might have added, so much more unwieldy than our sailing fleet of the same class. "The French have fifty line-of-battle ships —we must have as many," urged the public. The money was granted by Parliament; they were soon in the water. "The French have more steam-frigates than we have—we must have as many," again urged our wiseacres. The money was granted, and they likewise were soon seeking for water deep enough and seas wide enough to cruise in—and yet, what use are either of these to us to-day? We don't want the former for transports, and of the latter we may say with the Gosport waterman, "They are precious handsome, sir, but useless for doing frigate's work."

Whilst our yards resounded with the labour of shipwrights upon wooden line-of-battle ships and frigates, the French building-slips were vacant. The attention of the Emperor and his admirals was engrossed with the question of how to place the armour tested at Kinburn upon perfectly handy, seaworthy ships. Aided by a M. Dupuis de Lome, who had studied shipbuilding in England and Scotland, the subject was soon reduced to practical shape. The result of their investigations and experiments may be briefly stated. It was decided that the lofty sides and vast area of line-of-battle ships was an error in these days of good gunnery: that a three-decker of wood offered an area of ten thousand square feet of inflammable and penetrable matter; whilst a frigate iron-clad would be invulnerable to all shells, hot shot, and nine-tenths of the solid shot in existence, whilst only offering an area of about four thousand square feet: that the smoke of the guns in such single batteries would clear off sooner than in vessels of two or three decks: and that there were a multitude of advantages in the long low vessel, over the lofty castles called three-deckers. To carry a heavy battery as well as their coat of mail, the displacement of these vessels was required to be equal to that of wooden two-deckers; in fact, an iron frigate must be as big as our Agamemnon. The next thing done, was to commence upon the construction of ten frigates, which, if the calculation of those who believe in them be correct, are equal in force and fighting qualities to about thirty sail of the line. Had the capabilities of the French dockyards been equal to the genius and energy of the Emperor, the sudden apparition of such a force in the English Channel might well have occasioned a sensation at the Royal Exchange. There were, however, many questions that could only be solved by practical experiments on board such ships; whilst, therefore, the shells or hulls of all the ten were progressing steadily, one frigate, the Gloire, was hastened as an experimental vessel. Speaking of her, Mr. Scott Russell says, that, "in justice to M. Dupuis de Lome, the Gloire, although a great success, must not be considered her builder's *chef d'œuvre*. She was built to meet the peculiarities of the circumstances in which a builder in France at that date inevitably found himself placed. Had he lived in an iron country like England he would probably have adopted an entirely different construction, but, like a wise man, he made the best of the materials he had at hand, and has been rewarded with corresponding suc-

cess. I say this much because I have heard the question mooted of our proceeding to make imitations of the Gloire."

From this statement, together with what we hear in other quarters, it is to be inferred that the French architect advocated vessels built entirely of iron, but that the want of that metal, together with the comparative cheapness and abundance of wood, compelled the French to adopt wooden shells covered with plates of iron. There are many reasons why the structure of these armour-clad ships should be entirely of iron, when circumstances will admit it. The more rigid and unyielding the basis upon which the armour-plates rest, the more impenetrable the plate. A four-inch plate covering a solid block of granite is said to be perfectly impenetrable. Then we know that a vessel or shell of iron of a thousand tons may be made to be lighter and stronger than one of wood. Safety may be better insured by iron-plate compartments in the interior, as well as a cellular skin, or ship-within-ship mode of construction; and lastly, iron vessels alone, it is found, can be sufficiently well fastened about their stern frames to stand the shaking of the screw propeller at a high speed without leaking very seriously.

The Gloire, as we all know, was launched, and went on her maiden cruise this summer in the Mediterranean. Those on board returned perfectly satisfied with her performances, and reported most highly of her. They said she more than realised every just expectation. The French press sounded any number of trumpets; we still doubted. "Oh! only let her be caught in a gale of wind," growled out our old sailors, "you will never hear any more of her, or of iron-plated frigates." Well, she was caught in a gale of wind while escorting the Emperor to Algiers. There was no flourish this time; the fact was, the French found we were beginning to be inquisitive. "Ah! told you so," chuckled the ancients; "utter failure, depend upon it — Frenchmen ashamed of their Gloire; heart of oak is your real armour for British men-of-war, sir!" One morning the *Times'* correspondent from Paris wrote as follows, and there was sudden sorrow amongst the prophets:*—"At a cabinet council held a few days since, at which the Emperor presided, it was resolved that a number of steel-cased frigates should be constructed, on the model of the Gloire; Admiral Hamelin, Minister of Marine, Vice-Admiral Bonet-Willaumez, and Rear-Admiral Dupony, spoke in favor of the measure." This was pretty conclusive, and set at rest, in the opinion of most of our younger officers, the question of the general sea-worthiness of these ships in armour. They might not be perfect, but the probabilities were, that in qualities as sea-boats they were quite equal to the new steam-frigates and line-of-battle ships. They could hardly strain more in heavy weather; they might leak a great deal less, and their expenses for wear and tear in a cruise could not possibly be greater; and so far as fighting qualities went, it was a question capable of almost mathematical demonstration, that the odds at gun for gun were ten to one in favour of the Gloire.

We have thus brought the history of the French armour-clad ships up to the present day. Let us turn to our own land, the land of Athelstane the Unready, and see what we have been about. The state or strategical reasons—motives for the mystery in which many of the experiments have been wrapped—we will not presume to question; but if it, in some respects, renders our history imperfect, the fault will rest with others; enough has been, however, made known, to enable us to arrive at conclusions as likely to be correct as the majority of deductions drawn from published data.

The conclusion of the Russian war left the Admiralties and War Offices of Paris and London in a most op-

* See *Times'* Paris Correspondence, October 15, 1860.

posite condition of mind as to the naval requirements of the two countries. Like those two eminent lawyers who accepted the same premises, used the same arguments, yet arrived at exactly opposite conclusions, the heads of the executive departments of the two countries differed entirely as to the utility or advantages of these iron-clad batteries which had been first tried in 1855. We remember, indeed one of our best and most valuable admirals—one whose recent experience under fire added to the weight of his opinion—pointing to those French batteries, and assuring us that, in England, they could drive shot through and through them—at least he was told so. Yet he allowed something must be done to stop shell, hot shot, and rockets; and he cordially took up the invention of Captain Cowper Coles for shielding guns' crews with iron cupolas, and urged its adoption upon the attention of the Admiralty. Captain Coles had, in effect, adopted the shield of 4½-inch iron, but with certain modifications and many decided improvements. That Lord Lyons and Captain Coles were not singular in the opinions they held, the annexed official report will show.*

We point to this raft of Captain Coles, because it shows that the necessity for an iron shield to protect guns' crews had taken a firm hold of the minds of the naval officers immediately engaged in the operations before Sebastopol. Another officer recommended an adoption of this armour to our gunboats for the protection of the very exposed crews and engines. Sir Edmund, afterwards Lord Lyons, it will be seen, concurred in the necessity of both these measures; but the advice or opinion came from young officers, and, with the peace of 1856, these projects appear to have been dismissed as utterly unnecessary. The perseverance of the French Admiralty, War Office, and, above all, that troublesome Emperor—who not only keeps all his own people up to the mark, but makes us likewise continually wipe our spectacles—did not leave our builders of wooden ships quite at their ease. Rumours would ooze out of certain designs and projects, based upon very satisfactory experiments, by which our Gallic friends expected to render the ship in armour as fleet and as seaworthy, and fivefold more powerful, than the ship without armour.

We pooh-poohed the idea, and said it was one of the freaks of genius—good in theory, bad in practice. Yet, somehow there was not the

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* "H.M.S. Stromboli, Kazatch, in the Black Sea. 18*th November* 1855.

"Pursuant to an order from Rear-Admiral Sir E. Lyons, Kt., G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, &c. &c. &c., we, whose names are hereunto subscribed, have repaired on board H.M.S. Stromboli to inspect a gun-raft proposed by Commander C. P. Coles, R.N., and we are of opinion that the invention is one of the greatest practical value.

"It appears, by the model which Commander Coles produced, that the raft combines many advantages, amongst which are—1st, Light draught of water; 2d, Facility of propulsion; 3d, Simplicity and rapidity of construction; 4th, Great buoyancy—one heavy gun or mortar can be used on each with great precision of fire; 5th, Protection of the crew.

"Looking to the probable nature of future operations against our present enemy, we are further of opinion that this proposal merits the immediate attention of H.M. Government; and in order that the full benefit may be derived from it, we venture to think it desirable that Commander Coles should be directed to proceed to England and personally to explain his proposal to their Lordships.

"We further suggest that under the present circumstances, *secrecy* is desirable.

"*President*—Rear-Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, K.C.B., Second in Command.
Capt. Arthur Cumming, R.N.
Capt. E. A. Inglefield, R.N.
Mr. Rumble, Chief Engineer of H.M.S. Royal Albert.
Carpenter of H.M.S. Hannibal.
Captain H. Hay, H.M.S. Hannibal."

perfect ease which people enjoy who feel they are thoroughly in the right. "Early in 1857," says Capt. Halsted, "preparations were made with a view of testing the sides of the Trusty at 450 yards." It is evident some one had misgivings. Nothing came of it, and a year passed without certain progress in one direction or the other. We suppose that some gallant artilleryman had again driven a hole through a 4½-inch plate with a solid 68-pounder shot at 200 yards. There was feverishness, however, in spite of the pretended calm, and we are told in the *Quarterly Review*, by a writer who appears to be sure of his authority, that "as early as 1856 designs for an iron-plated corvette with fine lines, and destined for high speed, very similar to those now being constructed (in 1860), were submitted to the Admiralty." *

The clouds that were gathering over Italy towards the close of 1858 drew fresh attention to our defences, naval and military, and the question of the penetrability of iron plates again came up; but before we proceed to consider the fresh experiments, we must remind the reader that one fact had evidently been arrived at by all authorities, that shells, filled either with explosive or inflammable matter, were the projectiles with which speedily to bring wooden-ship actions to an issue; and that all batteries placed near the sea ought to be furnished with furnaces for heating shot. The inflammability of men-of-war, and the accessibility of their weak points—the engine-room and powder-magazine—were thus acknowledged. Seamen-gunners swore by shell-guns, and the 10-inch gun became quite a pet; its shell carried 5 lb. of powder; its explosion would silence for some time, we were told, any deck of guns on which it lighted. We armed the great frigates, built in imitation of the United States' Niagara and others, with this wonder-working gun; whilst our cousins across the Atlantic armed such line-of-battle ships in disguise with shell-firing guns alone. Some of their vessels had actually no solid shot whatever on board, and we were fast following the example. We beg the reader to keep this in mind, for no one now denies that shells are useless against iron-clad ships. We will now relate how the Trusty and iron plates were next maltreated, in what, with all due deference to Woolwich and the Excellent, we consider a series of tests very unlike what a ship in armour would be subjected to in a naval action.

In January '59 the first experiment was made with an Armstrong gun, a 32-pounder, that had a range of 9200 yards, or 5¼ miles. Fourteen shots were fired with 6-lb. charges of powder at distances the maximum of which was 450 yards, and gradually closed towards the Trusty's sides, until there was an interval of only twenty yards! The shot used were cast-iron, wrought-iron, and steel ones. Only two of the steel balls succeeded in fixing themselves into the joints between the plates; and, says Captain Halsted, the Armstrong 32-pounder "*was powerless to injure seriously the complete protection of the ship's side.*" We own we were astonished at this statement, but don't wish to take advantage of it to any serious extent in support of our opinions, because we consider the attempt to drive in iron-plates, bolted on to wood, with Armstrong guns, even with his 3-pounders, at twenty yards, must in time have proved successful; but nothing could have been more unlikely than that an iron-coated ship should be subjected to any such treatment upon the high seas, except from another iron-coated opponent. A wooden vessel approaching the Trusty to try such an experiment would, in the language of sailors, have been sent "to glory"! —and if it was Fort Constantine that the Trusty was engaging, her captain must be an idiot to close it to such a distance as twenty yards, when the recent experiments on the Sussex martello tower with Armstrong's guns, as well as the

* See *Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1860.

four miles, the Gloire would be hitting the Musquitoes from the time they came within 5000 yards, whilst the Musquitoes might as well fire at the moon as at the Gloire until they are 450 yards off, at which range a seaman gunner will hit a gunboat moving at any pace. The crew of the Musquitoes, if they still exist, come then within easy range of every missile, from the revolvers up to the diaphragm shell of the Gloire, whilst her people can only be injured by the passage of *solid* bolts of cold iron into the ship. Whose position would be most enviable then? And supposing every man in the Musquitoes to have ten lives, and to be as brave as Julius Cæsar, we still think it would go hard with them.

"Ah! but I fire one flat-fronted shot at her below water, and down she goes," says Mr. Whitworth. No such thing, dear sir; we will meet that fallacy presently; and did those who believe in practice below water, ever see a flat-headed bolt making ricochet practice? "A chance shot," as the American one-gun privateer observed to the captain of a 50-gun frigate, "may knock the devil's horns off;" and a chance Whitworth may have passed through 30 feet of water, and penetrated a wooden bottom; but to make direct practice, his gun must be within 20 feet of his opponent. And we should like to see Mr. Whitworth trying his experiment in action at that distance in the present day; or rather, for his own sake, we hope he never may, except in an iron-clad ship, or one of Captain Cowper Coles' iron cupolas. As to concentrated broadsides in a sea-way, we say with the sapient Mr. Glasse —first catch your hare. Lastly, Mr. Whitworth must not, in speaking of his projectiles and their effect upon iron-clad ships, forget to keep in mind that, if dangerous to them, such projectiles must be far more destructive to wooden line-of-battle ships. It is this comparison which must constantly be kept in view by those who wish to arrive at any safe conclusion upon the subject.

There is a tale of the past war with France, which bears much upon the present question: Does security for the men at their guns add to the chances of victory on board of a ship; —and, though a digression, we may be pardoned for repeating it. In the year 1796, a frigate called the Glatton was cruising in the North Sea. She had been originally an Indiaman, and, with others, had been bought into the navy in consequence of the lack of ships. She was of such remarkably stout scantling, that to be as strong and slow as the Glatton, was, we have heard, a proverb in those days. She naturally was able to carry heavier metal than vessels of her class. One July night, stout Henry Trollope, her captain, sighted off the coast of Flanders four large French frigates, and they were afterwards joined by two corvettes, a brig and a cutter. Many men would have avoided such odds—the Glatton's captain did not. The enemy formed in line; old Stout-sides stood steadily on, and, by the first watch of the following night, tackled them. Tradition has it that the fast sailing-ships of the enemy were prancing with delight. We can easily conceive it. "Vill you ishstrike," shouted out the Frenchman to the challenge of the Glatton. "Yes," was the quiet remark of the gallant Trollope, "and d—d hard too!" and he tumbled his old tub amongst them, taking their fire with comparative impunity, and knocking them about with his guns in a manner which astonished them. Figure to yourself, reader—because you need not be a sailor to understand it—one ship of 56 guns, with strong sides, enveloped in the fire of four frigates, of 50, 38, 36, and 28 guns, two 22-gun corvettes, a brig and sloop, driving them before into port, and yet having herself none killed and only two wounded. Amongst other curious incidents of this noble action, which appear to bear upon the argument we seek to deduce, the 26-gun brig and 8-gun cutter actually for a while took up a position under the Glatton's stern, where only musketry could be brought to bear upon them; yet they did not, it appears, turn the tide of battle. As the French fled, and their losses were never known, we cannot report of the damage they

experienced off Flushing, but we can easily understand how much they must have desired that the Glatton's sides could have been easier pierced by their 24 and 12-pounders. James, the naval historian, we are aware, attaches much importance to the Glatton mounting 68-pound carronades. Her armament may account for the damage to the enemy, but not for the trivial casualties among the noble Trollope's crew; that must go to the credit of stout oak or teak against the cannon of those days. With respect to sinking armour-clad ships by means of firing shot at them below water-line, we say that these vessels may be so constructed as to receive more shot below water with impunity than any wooden craft in existence. A cellular skin, upon the Great Eastern principle, together with a number of perfect internal compartments, and steam pumps capable of delivering a large volume of water, will make the sinking of such ships as the Warrior a very difficult feat indeed. No wonder, we say, if the Admiralty and Horse Guards were harassed with such fears and objections, that they have hesitated to go heartily into the new system.

Happily all inventors of rifled guns have not agreed with Mr. Whitworth. Sir Richard Armstrong tells General Peel, late Secretary of War, "that if we can produce iron-cased vessels, attaining anything like the same speed, and as sea-worthy as ordinary men-of-war, no other vessels will have the slightest chance against them." This is strong testimony. Sir Richard has been passing his shells through the stoutest wood-butts with ease; he has breached martello towers, and shaken granite walls; but he knows that, except when placed over a yielding substance, no shell or shot that he has invented — not even his 100-lb. solid shot—can penetrate slabs of wrought-iron; and it appears to be immaterial whether the projectile have a flat head, sharp point, or punch point! The last experiments against iron-walled embrasures at Shoeburyness are conclusive on that subject; and, convinced of it, he frankly yields that, after all, the French are right. All honour to him. He deserves well of the navy for having said so; for we believe, had he still been sceptical, we should have still gone on thumping away at these plates for years to come. Expense was the next bogie; it still stands its ground. We are told on unexceptional authority, that the two large mail-clad frigates now building, the one in the Thames, and the other in the Clyde, will cost the pretty figure of a million sterling! A very dear million's worth, in our opinion; but we are always expensive in Britain when we desire to be energetic. We shall build iron-clad vessels for much less than that some day; but if ever we should not be able to do so, an officer, who for years has had his attention directed to the subject, assures us that one gun covered by a shield of iron on board a ship, is equal to ten guns mounted in an ordinary three-decked line-of-battle ship of wood; and as the broadside of our Royal Albert counts sixty guns, the iron-clad vessel of six guns of a side would be her match. The Warrior or Defiance, therefore, with their 36 guns, are each equal to three of our largest three-deckers as engines of war. Why, then, be so startled because they cost as much? Captain Coles estimates the value of the largest frigate (iron-cased) of 36 guns at £320,000. The value of three Royal Alberts or Dukes of Wellington would be about £600,000; and as an investment for public security the former would be the better property, although not quite so ornamental. The relative fighting powers of guns and crews properly sheltered, from those placed in ships previous to every missile, is very remarkable; but no one can form a better estimate upon the subject than the gallant officer above quoted, for his experience extends through every action in which our wooden fleet was engaged in the Black Sea, and we entirely adopt his opinions. After the expense of these vessels, the next question has been their sea-worthiness and speed, combined with their capability of carrying guns well above water.

So far as sea-worthiness goes, the question can never have been dispassionately considered, or there would not have been a doubt upon the subject. To bring it home to the minds of the general reader: Let us suppose that the Duke of Wellington of 120 guns, and with nominally three, but actually four fighting decks, be taken into a basin —that we cut off from that towering structure all the wood, decks, and sides above her lower gun battery, leaving her say sixteen guns of a side; and that we throw into a huge scale and have weighed, all that oak, teak, bolts, treenails, plank, and beams; add to that the 88 guns and carriages, with a hundred rounds of shot and powder for each of those 88 guns, as well as other fighting gear; then let the 800 seamen belonging to those decks be requested to get into the scale with their clothing and three months' provisions, as well as six weeks' water, and an aggregate of weight removed out of that three-decked ship would appear on the index of the steelyard which would astonish most people. For instance, we have calculated roughly, and at the lowest figure, what the fighting gear alone upon those three removed decks would be, and the result is no less than 1100 odd tons weight.* Now, we maintain that, if on the remaining portion of that ship's side, iron be spread equal in weight to that removed, there cannot possibly be any sound reason why such a cut-down three-decker should not be a better ship than when all those weights were piled upon top one of the other to a height of fifty feet? Will not the same steam-power move the same weight faster when the hull offers smaller resistance to winds and beating seas, and when the masts and spars are proportionately reduced? Will her weights be worse, or more trying to her sides in a tempest, because they are lower and nearer the element that supports them? Assuredly not. And, if we take care that on the displacement, or bottom, so to speak, of the razéed "Royal Albert," we take care to place a less weight of armour than it had to carry in timber and metal when she was a three-decker, will not her lower tier of guns be higher out of water? Of course they will. Then all we have to do is to keep this in mind —to take care that the displacement of these new Warriors is equal to the weight to be carried; and they will then be fleeter, safer, stouter ships at sea, and as good a protection to Old England for years to come, as our wooden walls were in years gone by. We should only tire our readers by dwelling longer on the point of sea-worthiness, which, after all, is attested by the Gloire, and we hope will very soon be by our Warrior and Defiance. Speed is the next hobby-horse of the opposition. They will be of no use unless they are faster than wooden ships, they argue. Why so? If they are as fast, surely they will be as good; and there is more nonsense talked of the speed of our great frigates and liners of wood, than unprofessional men are perhaps aware. The measured mile at Stokes' Bay, upon which depends the question of the constructor and contractor, the school of naval architecture and the engineers, fulfilling all expectation of a confiding Admiralty and a generous country, is one thing; a knot by the ship's log three months afterwards against a moderate breeze and head sea in the Atlantic, is, as the Spaniards even know, quite an "*otra cosa.*" When the reader takes up the *Times*, and finds that H.M.S. Screamer, of 90 guns, went in Stokes' Bay 13.8 knots, equal to so many more miles, and only required the length of Plymouth Breakwater to turn in, he must not run away with the idea

* Taking each gun—its gear, shot, shell powder, &c.—as 12 tons, it gives 88 × 12 = 1056 tons, × 50 tons for arms and ammunition of the 800 seamen and marines. This estimate will be a low one, because there are a multitude of small stores supplied for the service of a man-of-war's armament, all of which would be wonderfully reduced in cutting a three-decker down to a single-decked ship.

that it will often be so. Ten knots will probably be her natural speed,—a very good speed, too,—and against a double-reefed breeze and head sea, proud must be the naval centurion whose bark will go steadily half that number of miles per hour; and in either case we should be very sorry to pay the bill for caulking seams, docking for leaks, or repairing defects of the Screamer. We dare not tell all the stories we know on that head; but great speed in great ships is a popular error, except when the wind is fair, or water nice and smooth. But allow that ten knots can often, under favorable circumstances, be steadily maintained in wooden vessels, is there any reason why as much should not be done by our mail-clad ones? For our part, we think handiness and light draught of water far more important points, and urge that they should not be sacrificed to speed. Actions are never fought at high steaming speed. There are fifty reasons against doing so. Chasing is all very well; but a long pair of legs will only insure occasional safety, not victory, against the Gloire. Our long-range guns place a wooden enemy under fire at three or four miles distance; he would have to come as near as that to know what the slow ship was made of. Honour would forbid that the wooden Screamer of 90 guns should leave the 86-gun Turtle without trying a throw, and then God help the Screamer! On the one side, immunity from every projectile but solid shot, delivered at a half-musket range; on the other 900 gallant men, working over magazines of powder and shell, furnaces and boilers, contained within a hull of wood —a huge target of living creatures and explosive inflammable matter, through which every hellish invention of shell, hot shot and rockets, can run riot. Heaven help brave men thus sacrificed. Oh! but you have your weak points, too, insist the believers in wood. You fight in a casemate; but then your ports must be open, and through them, by aid of my rifled guns, I throw shells filled with inflammable matter, and hoist you in your own petard. We demur to this statement on two grounds. In the first place, we can fight without even opening a port-hole; and, in the next, a correctly-constructed war-ship should have no wood whatever employed in her hull or lower masts—nothing to ignite except her stores. The mode in which men-of-war can be constructed to fight their guns, and elevate or train them without exposing an aperture to the enemy's fire of more than 3½ inch diameter, involves a long mechanical explanation, ill adapted to the tastes of our general readers. We must, therefore, ask them to accept our statement for the present that the difficulty has been met by Captain Coles, and that we believe a modification of his cupola may be even applied to the ports of such ships as the Warrior, and keep out, at any rate, shells, rockets, or hot shot. These cupola, or shield-ships, will be hereafter described; models of them may be seen at the Royal United Service Institution; and the difficulty of fighting a gun without opening a huge port has been solved.

Let us pass to the consideration of the two next objections, which are brought forward with a view to frighten us. It is disheartening, says one statesman, to think that, after all the exertions and lavish expenditure of the two last years, there is reason to fear that it is time, material, and money thrown away. We have just got fifty screw line-of-battle ships, are they to be burnt? or, like our sailing three-decker and screw block-ships, to be consigned to the limbo of the mistakes of this century?

We think all this alarm—all these fears—uncalled for. Keep all the wooden vessels of war that we now have, but build no more, until the new experiment in iron has had a fair trial. If, as we firmly believe, the Gloire and Warrior class prove to be steps in the right direction, all we shall have to do will be to cut down the big three-deckers, in the manner we have already described, and put the wooden frigates into armour. Iron plates over wooden shells will not be as strong and perfect as

iron plates over iron shells or hulls; but inasmuch as our great naval rival France is, from necessity, obliged to adopt the former mode of carrying armour, let us, for convenience and economy's sake, do likewise. Our new 50-gun frigates may be converted into 8-gun corvettes; our corvettes into mail-clad gun vessels. Ships that cannot carry 4½-inch plates had better carry 3-inch ones, rather than none at all; for it is known that a plate of *one inch* in thickness is impenetrable to every description of ordinary shell and hot shot. Let us go to work with a will upon the subject, earnestly, not recklessly. France is building no more wooden line-of-battle ships, but next spring she is to have ten Gloires in the water, it is said. Why should we not on the 1st May have as many wooden ships in armour? We can, at any rate, with these hold our own, whilst the entirely iron vessels are preparing at a steadier and surer pace.

To the royal navy, and the sailors, as well as merchants of England, the problem to be worked out by these iron-clad ships is one of the deepest interest—the deepest moment. The Report of the Royal Commission on the Defences of Great Britain tacitly admitted that, in our wooden walls, England could no longer rely for security against insult and invasion. We who, in times gone by, with ships of oak, swept our enemies from the seas, can with ships of iron do as much for the future. We have the iron, the coal, and the skill in this country to preserve to us our proud supremacy, and to enable us to repeat at Cherbourg or Cronstadt the deeds of Copenhagen and the Nile. In the words of the Prussian Marshal, "Forward!"

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IRON-CLAD SHIPS OF WAR.

PART II.

We have been earnestly requested by an old lady to go to the War-Office, and before finally deciding in favour of iron against wood, to inspect some excellent photographs of the effects of rifled cannon against the poor Trusty and other mail-clad targets. She touchingly adds, that her son is a naval officer, that the great ambition of her life has been to see the dear boy a captain of a three-decker, with her three rows of ports, gilt figure-head, and ensign drooping so gracefully over the stern; that she should have died happy could she have once seen him "make it eight o'clock" on board the Duke of Wellington; everybody saluting him, the colours going up, yards going across, bands playing, all the boatswains'-mates chirruping, all the midshipmen running about, and one thousand men watching the nod of her swan-like boy. We feel for her deeply; we know that her son, who is almost goose enough to make one a convert to competitive examinations for the rank of captain, must by her family interest very soon get such a ship, and we would spare her feelings by letting him have one as soon as possible; but it must not be. We have had enough of these now useless, over-grown, but highly ornamental ships, mere dreams in wood; and duty compels us to take a common-sense view both of her motherly object and proposal.

In the first place, we have seen sufficient of the effects of round shot and rifled balls to readily believe that there has been fracture, splinter, and wreck. The man who fancies that iron vessels are indestructible, must be a simpleton; but we again repeat, that the only way in which such destruction can be inflicted will be from guns equally or better shielded in iron casemates. Those photographs go to prove that fact, and no more; and they bear in no way upon the relative destructibility of armour-clad ships as compared with ordinary wooden vessels. To do so, photographs should have been taken of the effects of an equal quantity of missiles, at equal distances and under exactly similar circumstances against a wooden vessel of ordinary size and scantling. The comparison then would be of some service, and we should be by no means afraid of the issue.

We will suggest an experiment which would fairly test the question. Take the Trusty, and one of our useless screw block-ships—the Blenheim, for instance; equip them perfectly for a sea cruise, but with old stores. Take any vessel that we may possess,

equipped with Armstrong's guns, and proceed on a fine day to sea, so as to obtain a 6000 or 8000 yards' clear range. Commence action against the Blenheim, leaving in her dummies instead of her crew, and close her steadily from a distance of 4 miles, at a speed of 4 miles an hour; use every missile, shot, shell, rocket, &c.; and at the end of the hour, when alongside of her, if she exists, take photographs.

Then take the Trusty, and treat her in exactly a similar manner, with equal quantity of projectiles. The comparison between the two sets of photographs will, we think, be highly instructive and convincing. We say that the closing rate should be 4 knots per hour, because it would, in chasing, require a vast superiority of speed to come up with an unwilling foe at a greater rate.

At the same time another set of experiments should be tried. Take a wooden line-of-battle ship; an iron battery, with upright sides; and a floating butt, constructed on the model of the ship, with the angulated armour patented by Mr. Jones: put these three objects at the same distance from solid 68-pounders, or 100-pounder Armstrongs; then open fire on them, and let us see which is first shattered into a wreck. If the iron vessel with the sloping armour sinks first, we will promise no longer to urge the adoption of iron plates as a defence for ships of war; but until experiments of some such comprehensive character are carried out, we shall, relying upon accessible data, urge to the utmost this most necessary measure. Of the ultimate success of iron-clad ships we have no misgivings. There will be failures. The Gloire and Warrior, within ten years, will be superseded by improvements upon the ideas of Jones's angulated side, and Captain Coles's shot-proof battery; but the grand fact will steadily work its way, that iron-clad ships are the only ones fit for warlike purposes.

The *Times*, amongst all its great acts of public utility, never did Great Britain a better service than when, with the co-operation of its brethren of the press, it placed this question clearly before the people of this country; but for that aid, such men as Captain Halsted, however earnest, would have been equally successful had they tried to make converts of the Horse-Guards' clock or the lion over Northumberland House. They have smoothed the way for this great reform, and our progress now depends upon the energy and expenditure of the Emperor Louis Napoleon and his Admiralty. His frigate the Gloire has tested the fact of iron-clad vessels being seaworthy or otherwise; he has satisfied himself that gunboats can and should likewise carry a shot and shell-proof battery—he is going to have 300 rifled cannon afloat in iron-cased ships of war by the spring of 1861. We shall, no doubt, follow suit, and sooner or later be ready to make as good a show. It would not be natural to expect that this change should be wrought without a deal of official grumpiness. We don't mind that ill-temper a jot; on the contrary, we enjoy it with philosophical complacency, provided they move on—"Growl-and-go" we hold to be a very good dog. We smile when we are told to go and read Sir Howard Douglas's fifth edition,* wherein he says—"It is generally believed that iron vessels, however convenient and advantageous in other respects, are utterly unfit for purposes of war;" and that he is sure "iron vessels are, and will be found, unfit for all purposes of war," even to carrying troops: because we remember the fable of the shield with two sides, on one of which some men alone will persist in gazing; and we can point to the Gloire and Warrior, and say we utterly and entirely disagree with Sir Howard Douglas. We enjoy amazingly the wrathful indignation of committee-men who for years have been pondering over the question and have not arrived at sound point-blank conclusions; above all,

* This eminent writer on naval gunnery—the founder of it, we may say, in Britain—deserves every respect at our hands; although we are perfectly willing to be guided by him upon questions of artillery, still, on all the many professional points involved in iron-clad ships, we cannot think him a safe or impartial guide.

do we cheer with delight when an indignant Bumble expresses a desire to know, sir, "How the what's-his-name, Printing-House Square, the *Quarterly*, or *Blackwood*, could know anything about the subject, when neither one or the other were present at the siege of Badajos, or the battle of Algiers?" Ah! ah! how should they, indeed? Yet they do; it arises simply from the fact, that professional men are probably the writers in all cases, and that it is a common-sense question which, as in the great case of "Brown Bess *versus* Miss Minné," could be appreciated by most intelligent people.

We will now to the more serious part of our task—that of conveying to the reader the nature of all the vast changes proposed, and to show how much has already been learnt since the Gloire entered her natural element, on the 9th July 1860. In the first place, it is found that a ship of war propelled by a screw requires to be constructed upon the following general principles, in order that her steam-power yield the most favourable result, combined with ship seaworthiness: Her length requires to be seven times as much, and her draught ought to be about half as much, as her extreme breadth. The breadth, it will be observed, is therefore the most important quantity, for on it depends length and depth—*ergo*, size and capacity. In a man-of-war this breadth—or beam, as it is called—depends upon her armament; and up to the present day heavy guns require greater beam than small guns, unless, as in our gun-boats, the heavy gun works on a pivot in the centre of the vessel, and becomes a starboard or larboard broadside gun as occasion may require. In all other vessels, however, including the Gloire and Warrior, the old fashion of broadside guns is adhered to; and, consequently, the builder has to allow, in estimating the beam of his ship, for the guns on each side being brought, when square, perfectly within the ship's side, to enable them to be loaded; then a passage-way has to be left between the breech of the guns and the hatchways; and, lastly, the width of the wide hatchways has to be taken into consideration. The beam, therefore, of an ordinary man-of-war may be said to be—thickness of sides + waterways + length of the guns + gangways + width of the hatchways — or five items, of which the guns and hatchways are the most important; and as the guns have been increasing in length and weight, so have ships been increasing necessarily in qualities which render them less handy, less able to navigate shoal or narrow seas; and, inasmuch as size requires more horse-power of steam to drive it, engines have been increasing, consumption of fuel augmenting, and the expense of naval fleets, year by year, arriving at a still more frightful figure. Beam, therefore, is the difficulty, let that be borne in mind, and we will pass on to give a general idea of the Gloire; and our reason for not being too minute in details is simply this, that we do not think she is at all the model for England to copy, any more than the Lave was a floating battery which we should have closely imitated in 1855.

Let the reader picture to himself a vessel of 250 feet in length, and 21 feet beam, with almost a vertical stem, a French stern, and considerable sheer in her upper deck-line; she has twenty small ports of a side, each of them considerably wider than they are high; and out of her peer nineteen rifled 50-pounders of a side. The ports, at the lower edge or "sill," are about 6 feet out of water, and the top of her bulwark nearly 15 feet from the load water-line. She has only two pivot-guns on her upper deck, but there is an iron redoubt, the captain's post, which is loopholed, and within it the upper-deck steering apparatus is fixed. She has three schooner-looking but heavy lower masts, stuck with a thoroughly military air—bolt upright—at ordinary distances. These masts have very long mastheads, as if to give support to a topmast when the lower rigging is cut away or cast adrift. Gaffs and booms denote a fore-and-aft rig. Her bowsprit is a movable one, apparently like a heavy cutter's, and the funnels of her engines stand between the main and mizen masts. Her engines are of 900-horse power, and her crew are 600 stout Frenchmen. Such is the

Gloire — in outward appearance a very different craft indeed to our pretty coquettish corvettes and long dreamy frigates of to-day. But she possesses fighting qualities of which none of them can boast. The whole side of the Gloire is overlaid with an iron mail, said by excellent authority to be really of steel, which, although it possibly varies at the bow and stern, is, we know, in the centre, of 13 centimetres, or 5.1 inches, thickness; and she can steam, under favourable circumstances, 12½ knots per hour.

In the construction of this strange vessel, Mons. Dupuis de Lome has estimated that she shall carry more than the usual quantity of ammunition and projectiles for her ordnance, and three months' provisions for her crew. Her great steam-power, and consequent consumption of coal, naturally reduces the lasting power of her coal-bunkers; but at *full speed* she still carries five days' coal: and when it is remembered that that speed is 13—and the Gloire assuredly goes 11 knots easily—the distance which she can traverse between her coaling stations will be 1300 miles, and ample for all practical purposes for operations in European waters between the Sea of Azov and Gulf of Bothnia, where there are no coaling stations so much as 1000 miles apart. We must not forget to mention, either, that the upper deck, or roof of her casemated battery, is eighteen inches thick, so as to give partial security from a vertical fire; and that her stem is so clear of all the usual fancy-work, that the Gloire may, whenever necessity calls, use it as a means of running down a disabled enemy. This vessel is now going from port to port, testing her qualities by an autumnal cruise, and enabling the officers at the various naval establishments to visit and report upon her. As yet, the opinions of the French authorities are all in favour of the principle upon which she is built; the other nine vessels, whose shells have been prepared, are about to be armoured; and such faith has the success of the Gloire given to the Minister of Marine, and Emperor, that a hundred gunboats have just been ordered, all of which are to carry armour in a greater or less degree; and by the time the violets bloom in 1861, France will have three hundred rifled guns afloat in iron-clad ships of war—of one class and the other—vessels that will laugh at all the brick and mortar, stone and earth, of our new coast defences.

It is, however, right to mention that, having a vertical instead of an inclined armour, the Gloire labours, so far as mail-clad ships of war are concerned, under the disadvantage of having ports upon the ordinary principle, as well as being obliged to confine the crew in hot weather to such a casemated dungeon. Of course, this first of sea-going and fast iron-clad war-ships has defects; but this, at any rate, she has fully proved, that the Gloire is as good a sea-boat as any of our new heavy ships, and does not strain or rack a jot more. From the citadel being spread all over the vessel, she floats as deep as a line-of-battle ship, and her ports can no more be opened in a cross sea, when going full speed, than could be the lower-deck ports of our Renown or Hero. But with her speed she will naturally select her own time and weather for action; and when it is remembered that this Gloire is actually afloat, and possesses the following peculiar advantages over every vessel of war in our fleet, she is indeed a craft to make the thoughtful ponder:—

She is faster than any vessel we possess, packets and yachts excepted —they are vulnerable to shell and hot shot, to which she is perfectly invulnerable. Rifled balls will tell on our wooden ships at 5000 yards distance—the Gloire is invulnerable, even to those missiles, until approached to within 400 yards: these facts speak for themselves.

Let us now turn to the Warrior—English mail-clad frigate — rapidly being perfected in the works of the Thames Iron-ship Company at Blackwall. We will go down to her together, taking a ticket at the Fenchurch Street Station, and leaving so as to reach the Warrior during the dinner-hour of the workmen, and thus avoid the terrible noise of

all those thousand hammers playing away upon as many rivet-heads.

We are shot out at the Blackwall terminus; the day is fine, and the platform is alive with all those pleasant people seen where sailors most do congregate. There has been a launch at Woolwich and Deptford of some wooden frigates; and the people of whom we inquire for the big man-o'-war building somewhere near Blackwall, insist upon our taking the next steamer up-river, whilst a very unwholesome-looking waterman unblushingly says, "Pull you about for a shilling, sir; take you to Woolwich quite as fast as the steamer, sir;" and we occasion great scandal to two very demure-looking young ladies, displaying the latest thing in Magenta and Solferino, and whose cousins, they declare, are mates aboard of the Indiaman in the river, by confounding the false waterman, in the words of Mrs. Malaprop, "That no mortal man should ever pull us about." The ladies say, "Oh! I never," but look forgiveness as we hasten over the swing bridge, and steer, as it were, a little lower down the river. A brass plate is at last found on a little door in a dead wall, behind which, by the demoniacal noise of riveting, we feel assured that something even worse than an iron-clad vessel must be constructing. We sign our names, and tumble into a wilderness of old scraps of wood and iron, cross a very dirty-looking ditch which once represented a tributary of the Thames, and stand beside the largest ship in the navy—yet the first-born of our future fleet of iron-clad vessels. If this is the baby, we exclaim, what will the full-grown man be? However, there is no time to apostrophise; the workmen suddenly announce something to one another with cries which make us for a minute suppose that all hands are on the point of being blown up! We stand breathless; every hammer stops as if by magic; the cries cease, and out and away on all sides they rush and are gone, with a celerity only known to a dockyard mattie when it is time to cease work. It is one o'clock, and all the workmen are off to dinner. Mr. Bascomba, the naval supervisor of the contract for building the Warrior, is good enough to stay and explain. He has been probably all his life building wooden ships, and now, in the prime of life, just when he might look forward with justice to immortality in launching his own three-deckers, finds himself—most cruel fate—placed at the commencement of the uphill task of constructing iron-clad ships of war. We feel deeply for him; the subject is one far too painful for us even to allude to; we press his hand, however, with sympathetic grief, and internally pledge ourselves to be sparing in our criticisms of these honest wooden ship-builders, and to say as little as possible when we find them plastering tons of useless ornament on to bows and sterns which should be sharp and clean as those of a whaleboat.

We stand under her keel—a long line of 360 feet. That keel, however, is within the iron skin, which is here 1¼ inch thick; and this skin gradually decreases in thickness as it approaches the water-line, or rather to 5 feet 6 inches below the water-line, where it bends sharply inwards, forming a recess in her side to the depth of about 22 inches. Forward and aft the bottom of the Warrior is sharp, and augurs great speed; but amidships, we regret to see, that instead of being almost flat, the floor has a considerable rise on either side from the keel, forming a midship section much more like a V than a U. This promises to encourage her rolling propensities; and as if there was anxiety upon that point, we see, by way of checking such a tendency, four little ridges or rolling-pieces fastened on to her bottom in lines parallel to the keel. Should the Warrior touch the ground anywhere—and her business will be to get as close to an enemy's fortress as possible—those anti-rolling pieces will readily come off, and she will then, we think, roll most cheerily. Her stern frame is rather backward, owing to the care necessary in working the huge masses of iron required for her two stern-posts and the connecting keel-piece. Forty-five tons of wrought-iron stand before us in two solid vertical masses, connected at their base; through the foremost one, in a huge loop, will

work the screw-shaft, and upon the after stern-post will hang the rudder—quite weight enough, we say, suspended at the extreme end of such a fine wedge-shaped after-body; and looking up, we express anxiety lest one pound of unnecessary matter should be put on to the stern of the Warrior.

Now for the stem; "What a glorious bow," is the involuntary exclamation of all, as we see it springing up in a perfect line, for form, speed, and buoyancy. We pat the sharp fore-foot in love and good-will, and think of the bright days and stormy nights during which that keen wedge of iron will cleave, please God, through the blue ocean, making a way of safety and of glory for the brave hearts that tread her decks. The worthy superintendent understands and appreciates our praise and admiration. Look to your racing laurels, oh Gloire! Here comes the keel that will match, and, we doubt not, beat you, so far as greyhound qualities are concerned. To get a better view of the Warrior's beauty, we advance and look upwards. The eye runs up a perfect line for some distance. When—no! yes! there is no mistake! By the shade of the immortal Brunel, here, on a stem and bow as fine as—ay, finer than—that of his Great Eastern, they are building something—a nose, a head, a thing, an excrescence—which, since the days of the Henri Grace-à-Dieu, builders have considered it necessary to stick on to the fore-end of our ships. "How can walkee suppose no have got eye?" inquires the sagacious shipwright of Canton, when you remonstrate with him on the folly of painting an eye two feet long on either bow of his junk. Surely we are as silly to pile useless weights upon the extreme edge of that long wedge-like body. But there it is, twenty tons at least of iron and wood, to be finished off, no doubt, with a colossal figure of an admiral's daughter carrying a full blown tulip, or the hook-nosed effigy of a heathen god, with a brass helmet for the black-listmen to polish.

"Oh! Mr. B——," we exclaim mournfully; "oh! Mr. B——, why not have done away with that head-knee, we will not say like the Gloire, because we agree with you that we need not imitate any one; but surely the beauty of the Great Eastern, the ease with which her sharp straight stem cleaved the great seas of the Atlantic, justified us in trying to adopt it in the navy." "Lord, sir," says the worthy shipbuilder, "do you think so?" I wonder at your eye having become so depraved, he seems to add, for he smiles pitifully at our taste, and, describing a curve of beauty in the air, pronounces that straight lines to stems are offensive to orthodox and naval eyes in general. We could find fault, but will not unnecessarily, for, after all, the Warrior cannot be perfect; and one defect, more or less, signifies little. We shall be wiser some day in the matter of long bowsprits, heavy heads, figures, and cutwaters. They should have gone out when long lean bows came in.

We now reach to the inclined plane, which enables us to ascend the scaffolding against the sides of this naval leviathan, and here meet a communicative friend, who throws much light upon the vessel. "Pray," we remark, "why was the first attempt to build an iron-clad sea-going vessel carried out on so ponderous a scale, for this craft is the tonnage of two Royal Alberts?" "Because," replied he, "this vessel is simply constructed to beat the Gloire." Just in the same way, because the Yankees launched unwieldy frigates, we considered it necessary to do the same. "Humph!" we ejaculate; and we arrive where the iron skin from the keel falls sharply inwards, forming a recess in the Warrior's side. In this recess, which extends for 213 feet longitudinally, and from a depth of 5 feet 6 inches below the water line, to the height of her main deck beams, a double layer of teak beams is firmly secured; one of 10 inches thickness, passing longitudinally; and the other 8 inches thick, vertically. This wood-work, called the packing, is then overlaid by the armour-plates, of wrought iron, 4½ inches thick, the whole filling up the recess in her side, and forming a united thickness, of wood and armour, of 22

inches. This does not include the inner skin, and a perfect network of diagonal and vertical angle-irons, which serve to support the ponderous sides of the Warrior. The armour, it will thus be seen, merely extends over 213 feet of the 426 which the Warrior measures over all, leaving 207 feet unaccounted for, as an armour-clad ship. She is only, strictly speaking, an iron-clad ship at her centre, with two weak or ordinary ends, and may be looked upon in the light of a formidable citadel floated by the displacement of its own body, and assisted by two huge caissons, one at either end. We do not dislike the idea; it promises many good qualities—seaworthiness, speed, buoyancy—the perfect separation of the abode of the seamen from their fighting quarters—the perfect division of the casemate from the barrack. "Bono, Johnny," we exclaim; "let us now see that the citadel be perfect, and able to defend the little town in which it stands."

We climb the side, and enter the main or fighting deck at once. Bless us! what a lot of huge port-holes and hatchways; the areas, unshielded, are almost equal to that of the shielded parts. The sides of the Warrior are stout enough where they exist; but that *vertical* armour, pierced with those huge port-holes,* we, who have faith in the mechanical genius of our country, feel assured will soon be obsolete. Overhead the deck, with only a rise in the arch of 7 inches, looks wretchedly weak: it consists of half-inch iron-plates, under 4 inches of wood. The gunners, therefore, on the main-deck, under such a covering, will fight in no casemate, since a very ordinary mortar will drop shell through the upper deck of the Warrior. We inquire why more strength was not applied to the upper deck, and can get no explanation, unless it be that the strength there has been sacrificed to enable the Warrior to carry upper-deck guns. What! upper-deck guns—guns on an open deck, with ordinary wooden scantling, in an iron-clad ship?—surely you are joking, Mr. B——! He does not look, however, as if he was; and, we firmly believe, does not see a single joke in the Warrior. She is to carry 36 guns at any rate, and here on the main deck casemate we have only thirteen ports of a side, or space for twenty-six guns; where, suggests a friend, are the rest to go, but in the two ends and on the upper deck? Better, we say put only twenty-six guns, and three or four hundred men, in a proper place for fighting an action, than plant more where slaughter is inevitable. There is another serious defect: the citadel, according to the present plan, is cut off abruptly at either end by an armour bulkhead, and consequently the really defended part of the Warrior can neither fire a gun ahead nor astern. This strange oversight will prove, we think, fatal to her efficiency as a ship-of-war; for it will be compulsory in action to place guns and men in the two weak ends of the vessel, where the sides are only ½ths of an inch thick, and where, in these days of rifled cannon, the men must be butchered like sheep; and, in addition to that, every ounce weight placed at the extremes of the Warrior will neutralise her buoyancy in those parts where it will be most essential that she should be lively in a sea-way.

Having found fault, we are bound to provide a remedy, or deserve to be enrolled amongst the grumblers. We therefore say—Let the spirit of the casemated battery be carried out to its fullest extent; sacrifice, and it may be done easily, every superfluous weight and gun, and inch of plank, above the crown of the main-deck battery; arch that crown of the casemate 18 instead of 7 inches; and instead of carrying the mail-clad bulwark straight across the fore and after ends of the battery as at present, throw them back in a curve to admit of either one or two cupolas being mounted, so as to provide for firing ahead or astern without exposing men and guns in the present unprotected places. Let the present main-deck be the proper upper deck,

* The ports of the Warrior are, we rejoice to be able to say, being very materially narrowed; and critics of our first article, who challenged our assertion that it was possible to do so, may yet see the grand fact achieved.

with a heavy casemated battery amidships—it will not be very pretty to look at, but we have had enough of handsome ships of late years. First invent something that will fight a severe action with an enemy, whether on shore or afloat, and then let us ornament it with as much gingerbread-work as is desirable. What we have suggested will at any rate put the Warrior to sea, as a most formidable craft of thirty or thirty-four guns, for deep-sea cruising, instead of, as at present, being a weak vessel of war compared with the Gloire, although she may possibly steam one knot per hour faster. It is as well, too, to remind our readers, that our suggestion is not purely original, for the idea of providing against being raked by means of Captain Coles's invention was recommended in the following words by the committee of naval officers appointed to assist the Royal Defence Commission: "A method of mounting guns in cupolas on revolving tables has been submitted to the Committee. No trial of this plan has yet taken place, but it appears to offer several advantages—amongst others, the ports may be very small: and if bow and stern guns were thus mounted, great protection from being raked would be afforded."*

Big as looks the outside of our first mail-clad ship of war, it is not until you stand on her upper deck that you realise her ponderous length. Then it is that the feeling of awe at man's ambition comes home to the mind. A length of 420 feet, a breadth of 58 feet, a tonnage of 6177 tons, and a draught of about 5 fathoms water, is at once comprehended by the sailor. He carries himself on an ugly night into the Baltic, Gulf of Lyons, or Black Sea, fancies that huge hulk under canvass with but little sea-room—for remember, the man-of-war is not built to disport herself in the wide Atlantic, she must do sentinel over an enemy's arsenal, hug the ugly shore, *coax* herself amongst shoals and rocks on dark nights and in dirty weather, just when the enemy would hope she was farthest off; and then it is the anxious captain will wish for a shorter, handier ship, and sigh to think the craze of the day should have been applied even to our new class of vessels; men-of-war which otherwise would have been *so* formidable to England's foes—so safe, so secure for her sailors. Here, again, the sailor portion of the late Royal Defence Commission may justly point to their advice too little attended to, but which we here re-echo. Build, they wisely said, vessels of 2000 tons burden, drawing 16 feet water, or a little more; let them steam about 10 knots; look to your Armstrong guns (breech-loaders) to enable you to carry more guns in the same space, and strive to discover a gun-carriage with a less recoil.

Such is the gist of their matter; we repeat it as we go down into the Warrior's hold, and regret that the chairman of the committee did not put his opinion forward more decidedly, less wrapped up in verbose diffidence. The bottom of the hold of the Warrior, for some 25 feet on each side of the keel, is constructed upon the cellular skin principle, similar to that of the Great Eastern; and four huge keels, or tubular columns, extend in a fore and aft direction to give the ship longitudinal rigidity, and to bear the weight of her boilers and engines, which are to be of 1200-horse power. Should the ship ground and tear away her exterior skin, she will still float upon her inner lining; and at the same time there are about a dozen perfect compartments extending across the vessel, to confine leakage to any one particular spot. With the exception of the bottom of the ship, the only other place to which this cellular mode of construction has been

* The Report of this Committee to the Commission figures in painful small type at the end of the Blue-book upon the Defences of Great Britain; and as we firmly believe that before another twelvemonth every sensible person in this country will see the folly of erecting forts of stone or earth for iron-clad ships to laugh at, we would earnestly commend that naval opinion to the attention of the public. The Commission dismissed it with considerable "soft sawder," but the names of Captains Fishbourne, Arthur Cochrane, son of the Earl of Dundonald, Nolloth, and Cowper Coles, are a guarantee to the country that some of the younger names of the navy were there employed.

applied to her hull, is at the fore and after ends of the armour-plated portion. The difficulty of connecting a body nearly 2 feet thick, as the centre of the Warrior is, to two extremes of only ⅛th iron, was ingeniously met by bringing on to the 2-feet butts a cellular skin of the same thickness, and tapering it away forward and aft into the ordinary shell of an iron ship. To each transverse compartment we observe that a pipe of nearly eight inches diameter would lead, connected with a powerful pump worked by steam—a precaution by which the risks of sinking by shot-holes received below water would be very much diminished; and we note the ingenious wing passages, with screens, intended to check splinters, as well as to enable shot-holes below water to be easily reached. The strength of the vessel in every detail was most marked. Indeed, when we were told that the armour only weighed 900 tons, we thought there was, if anything, an unnecessary amount of strengthenings, although the fact, of that armour being placed vertically, instead of at an angle of 30 or 40 degrees on the ship's side, will cause great lateral strain in rolling, and perhaps, until thoroughly tested, it is as well to err on the safe side. The iron beams of this great Warrior are well worth notice. Hitherto the beams of iron vessels have consisted of vertical plates of iron running across the ship, with a row of holes along the top edge, to which, by means of rivets, two angle-irons were attached, forming a sort of letter T, the upper part serving as a platform for the deck; and to the extremes of the two arms of the T the planking of the decks was fastened. These beams abutted necessarily on each end against the sides of the ship, and at right angles to it; the consequence was, that when the side plate was struck by rifle balls, such was the violence of the concussion communicated through the whole length of a beam, that all the rivet-heads would fly off, and become so much langrage, most dangerous to the men stationed within the casemated battery. This defect of the old iron beams has been remedied by the lately invented process of welding the edges of iron together by means of a powerful blow-pipe worked by steam; and consequently those on board the Warrior are solid masses of welded iron, without a rivet at the angle-iron. The interesting fact that a mechanical remedy for a defect has been so quickly discovered and applied in the above instance justifies the hope that each one of these new iron-clad ships will be an improvement upon her predecessor; and hence, the less expense we rush into at first the better. *Pas à pas on va loin*, ought to be our motto—keep moving, but move steadily. The ingenious means by which the iron plates on the sides of the Warrior are almost united together, is another marked improvement over that heretofore applied. The edges of the armour-plates are fitted with a groove or lip, to allow each plate to be closely connected to its neighbour—thus avoiding a single weak point into which a wedge-shaped bolt might force itself, and forming one great sheet of armour, which would be perfect, but that *it requires to be inclined, and ought to have no ports cut through it.*

We may delay no longer, but descend again to *terra firma*, and take a good look at the Warrior's majestic proportions and beauty as a whole. A noble ship indeed; and well may Sir Baldwin Walker be proud of her. Her grace and elegance, her power and speed, come down to us of the now expiring fleet of wooden ships; the few faults we have found with her belong to past times, and with them we will endeavour for a while to bear patiently.

"Come and see the steam-ram," urged our companion. Oh! a steam-ram. Well, let us go towards it; but what is a steam-ram? So we hurried on; and were told on the way, that, in addition to building iron-clad ships of war for purely fighting purposes, many intelligent officers and sailors, as well as civilians, were urging the Admiralty to construct vessels capable of cutting ships down, or sinking them, by simply running at full speed against their sides with a sharp strong stem. The words of Admiral Sartorius were quoted in which he expressed it as his opinion, that a

single steam-ram could, with her beak, inflict a greater amount of damage in a few minutes than many ordinary frigates could accomplish in as many days. "She was to get in among a fleet at night, sink two or three ships, and disperse the rest." She might run into such a port as Cherbourg or Spithead at one end and out at the other, cracking the shells of wooden ships *en route*, and doing as much damage as a bull in a china-shop.

"Friend!" we exclaim, "let us be moderate; we will go with pleasure to look at a steam-ram, a steam-whistle, or, as one naval friend suggests, a steam squirt, firing a stream of molten lead; but, as a worthy commodore once observed to us, in our salad-days, when in one of her Majesty's screws we were about to charge an iceberg—piano! piano! —if we are not careful, we shall steam-ram, steam-whistle, and steam-squirt our iron-clad ships of war into disrepute." The Warrior stares us in the face; she is only an armoured ship in her centre, and before you have got her into the water, you want to pile a mountain of iron and steel on the beak of a similar vessel, only a good deal smaller, and expect her to be seaworthy. We perfectly agree with Admiral Sartorius, that such vessels as his rams will be wanted, will be built, and will be most formidable; but it assuredly will not do to test the question upon a hull that has already sufficient prejudices to master, sufficient queries to solve, sufficient triumphs to achieve, as an iron-clad vessel of war—*pur et simple*. However, let us look at this Resistance, building on the Isle of Dogs. She is like the Warrior in all respects, except that she is smaller and about a hundred feet shorter, and her stem is adapted to run down vessels. It resembles a letter D, and provided the necessary strength has been acquired without sacrificing any other qualification, we shall not find fault; but we say, to be a perfect steam-ram, a vessel ought to be constructed especially for it, and that, as yet, it is premature to try and make an iron-clad ship perfect as a fighting-ship in line of battle, and, at the same time, to call for this new and as yet untried quality of *ramming*. Let us be clearly understood to have no misgivings as to the possibility of building rams capable of doing all that Admiral Sartorius suggests. All we say is, construct them with that object especially in view.

Time will not admit of our dwelling any longer upon these vessels; it now only remains for us to pass to the consideration of how the defects of the Warrior and Gloire class are to be remedied; in doing so, we are happily much assisted by the ingenious inventions which are daily coming to the aid of all seriously interested in the question. In the first place, it has been discovered that if the armour be inclined to an angle of from 40° to 50° from the direction of a projectile fired at such armour, it cannot penetrate;* and this inclination of the sides is additionally advantageous, for it throws the weights in towards the centre of motion, it relieves the strain on sides, beams, and fastenings; but if it still remains essential that the platform or deck (of which the sloping sides form the glacis) must be of such a prodigious width as the Warrior's—namely, fifty-eight feet—the beam of a ship with sides sloping down to the water from such a platform, will be something frightful; and we have already shown, upon a ship's main beam depends length, draught, size, and handiness. It stands, therefore, to reason, that the narrower the platform or deck required, the more easily shall we be able to adopt the inclined armour, or, in truth, the inclined side.

On the other hand, supposing we are able to show that that desideratum has been attained, there will still be certain drawbacks in very narrow fighting platforms and sloping sides

* The patentee of this idea, Mr. Josiah Jones, of Liverpool, has fully established that fact in a series of experiments carried on at Portsmouth during the months of August and September last; it had been supposed to be the case for some time, but was never tested, although the Thunderbolt battery, built in 1855, had sides inclined to an angle of 36 degrees.

for sea-going vessels. What we have taken away from the vertical sides of the ship is disadvantageous in two ways. There is nothing in the shape of the side to prevent a ship rolling very deep to leeward, or to prevent the sea washing up, and perhaps over her, to windward; and the narrow fighting platform, crowded with gun-gear, affords no space as a working-deck for the crew, in manœuvring, exercising, &c. Fancy, for instance, seamen being sent to sea in a vessel whose section should represent two ⧋'s joined together—a pleasant life they would lead, for sailors must live somehow upon the apex of the upper Λ as an abiding-place, and without any ports, scuttles, or ventilation along the sides of the pent roof, because, forsooth, every such hole would be a weakness to the armour. We have no hesitation in saying that the Black Hole at Calcutta would be a joke to such a craft. However, just at the nick of time, Captain Cowper P. Coles, of the Royal Navy, comes forward with a series of plans and models, the result of years of labour and earnest research. He gives us a narrow fighting platform with a wide upper or weather deck; he gives us sloping armour combined with the upright sides inherited by sailors from Noah, the first of wooden ship-builders; he promises us an impregnable citadel defending a habitable and sea-worthy vessel; in short, we think, Captain Coles's invention combines, to a greater extent than any other proposal yet put forward, the following qualifications:—

Firstly. A sea-going ship, whose form shall be the perfection of naval architecture—that is, a fine entrance or bow, a fine run or stern and quarters, a good flat midship section for displacement and stability, and a vertical side which shall assist her buoyancy when rolling.

Secondly. A thoroughly fortified and casemated battery, without ports, or any aperture sufficiently large for an enemy's shot or shell to enter; and the armour at the same time so placed as to offer the greatest amount of security to the fighting men, and to be least trying to the frame of the vessel in a sea-way.

Thirdly. The guns, instead of being placed against the ship's side, are all brought immediately amidships, over the centre of motion; and at the same time he gives us more power of training to the right or left; a far greater power of elevation, so as to fully develop the capabilities of the rifled cannon; we can fire four guns right ahead or astern; and, lastly, his vessels, when boarded by an enemy, will be more difficult to carry than any other craft at present in existence.

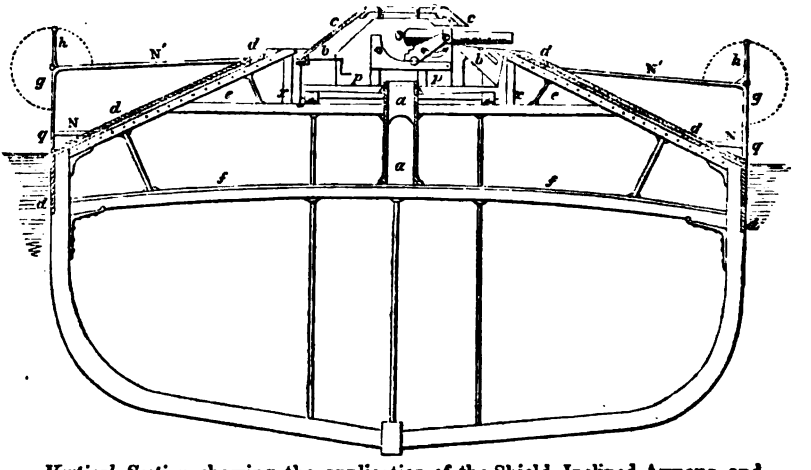
Fourthly. The whole space occupied by a pair of rifled 100-pounders and their crews is a circle whose exterior diameter is 20 feet, and horizontal area 314 square feet, whereas the same guns and crews in the Warrior will extend over a space the sides of which will be 31 feet by 25 feet, and the horizontal area 775 square feet—a point (apart from the mere question of increased area, representing a larger target) of the utmost importance, and involving the whole question of the length, breadth, size, and speed of these new war-ships.

We will try to convey an idea of these vessels, supposing that Captain Coles had received permission to carry out his views in every respect, and that he was simply ordered to produce a 14-gun ship, upon his own principle, out of any of our present three-deckers.*

He would, in the first place, cut down a three-decker to the present water-line of flotation when she has her men, stores, &c., on board, ready for a three months' cruise; this would leave her bottom and orlop-deck intact, and the centre portion of her old lower-deck would likewise be serviceable. (See Diagram 1, *e. e.*)

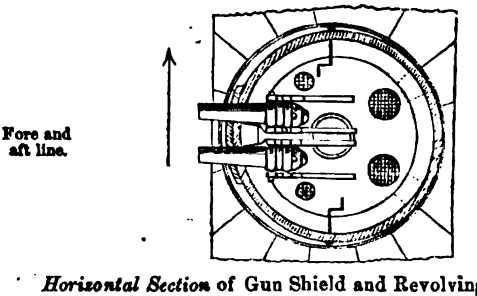
* Captain Cowper Coles would very naturally prefer to test his inventions in an entirely new iron vessel, constructed to give them full development and justice; but when we remember the enormous amount of wooden material now upon our hands, we feel that any application of his plans to the present fleet will recommend itself to public opinion on the score of economy, and promote the end which the gallant officer must have in view.

Diagram 1.



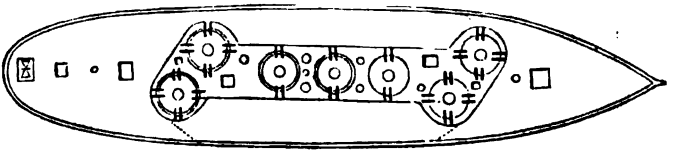
Vertical Section, showing the application of the Shield, Inclined Armour, and Vertical Side to a Wooden Line-of-battle Ship.

Diagram 2.



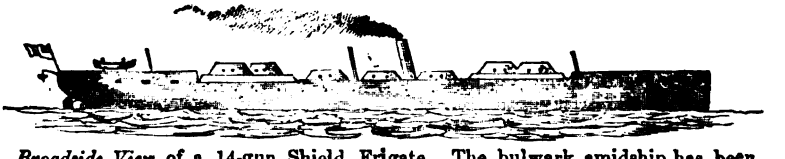
Horizontal Section of Gun Shield and Revolving Platform.

Diagram 3.



View of Deck, showing the positions of the Revolving Shields in a 14-gun Frigate.

Each shield has, properly speaking, only two guns: the extra lines are drawn to show the power of training on each side, ahead, and astern.



Broadside View of a 14-gun Shield Frigate. The bulwark amidship has been lowered to allow the guns to be seen. Her masts and sails would be those of an ordinary frigate.

The armour is now applied, covering the centre of the ship's side for a length of 150 feet, from 4 feet 6 inches below water to a certain height above the lower-deck level; and, as our diagram shows, sloping in at an angle varying from 40° to 50°, according to the beam of the ship—the two upper edges of this iron glacis being only 24 feet apart, the width necessary for the gun platform. A glance at our diagram will best explain this; *k d d* representing the armour seen edgeways. The exterior coating is 4½ inch wrought-iron over 2½-inch plates, the two layers worked in opposite directions, the one horizontal, the other vertical. The armour thus consists of 6½ inches of iron, without any wood, and is fastened on to an ordinary iron frame, well braced, and diagonally secured as well as supported by wrought-iron spurs or stancheons.

This citadel, 150 feet long, slopes equally at the fore and after ends, and rests upon the orlop-deck. Wing-passages may, however, be left for increased ventilation, as well as to promote the great draught which, naturally as well as mechanically, will be made to pass upward between the upper edges of the inclined armour. The deck *f f*, within the area of the armour, is not intended as the usual abode of the crew or officers. All within the armour should be the casemate to which the crew retire in action; and the space within the casemate should, under ordinary circumstances, be simply devoted to warlike purposes and necessary munitions, including powder and shell magazines, as well as boilers and engines. The barracks for the officers and men will be without the casemate, as we will shortly point out. But, to return to the armour-clad battery, it will be observed at a glance (see Diagram 1), that if we sent a vessel to sea with such sloping sides as represented by *d d d d*, she would be very like a half-tide rock, and that the weather-deck would be useless for any general purpose. To meet this deficiency, Captain Coles ingeniously suggests that the armour be placed, as it were, within an ordinary iron ship's side of ⅛ths thickness, represented by *g g g g*, carried up to about the height of the lower-deck ports of a line-of-battle ship, 6 to 7 feet, or to a height dependent upon the height the gun is to be placed above water, and with a flying bulwark *h*, working inwards or outwards. This vertical side should be connected by two iron decks to the face of the armour, as at N N N′ N′, the upper one serving as an ordinary upper-deck for the crew, and the lower platform as a place to stow boats or other light gear. The flying bulwark *h*, similar to those now in use in the navy, would mask the battery effectually until fire was opened, and shelter the crew in bad weather from wind and sea. There are so many advantages in this mode of construction, that we might occupy pages in detailing them all, but refrain, and merely point to two, and the most important. Any sea breaking over the vertical side will only fall as far as the inclined face of the armour, and again flow off; whilst in rolling heavily, the whole resistance of the side *g g*, instead of the slope *d d*, will assist to check that motion, and enable her to recover her equilibrium.*

We now come to the two ends of our ship beyond the 150 feet of battery. Those two ends are equal to a length of 110 feet. They may be built of the lightest iron consistent with sea-going efficiency, although, looking to the fact stated in the annexed note, it is likely that ⅛ths or ¼-inch iron would be the best thickness; and everything might be done in a sanitary point of view to insure the crew comfort, whether in

* We have lately heard of a curious circumstance, corroborative of the haste with which we cast novelties aside without sufficiently testing them. It appears that during the experiments in 1850, and subsequently, in firing at butts representing iron vessels of ⅛ths of an inch thickness, out of seventeen shots from 32-pounders, fired at the distance of 450 yards, with charges varying from 2½ to 10 lb. of powder, sixteen shot were shivered to pieces on passing through one plate of ⅛ths iron, and *converted*, says General Sir Howard Douglas in his well-known work (p. 126), *into a cloud of langrage too numerous to be counted.* Here

warmth or ventilation. This is at present utterly out of our power in wooden ships of war—fighting quarters are first looked to, then comfort. The consequence is, that in inclement weather the sickness on board our fleets, in spite of every precaution, is still very great, as an inspection of the sick returns in the late Baltic fleet will testify. In these new vessels, their qualities as men-o'-war and comfortable homes for our seamen need not clash. Each may be made perfect for its especial object; but we will have no importation of antiquated ideas—no heads, no tails, but just a bow and stern, anchors carried well aft, not at the extremity of a fine bow; and the rudder, head, and steering gear as simple as possible, and secured from shot.

Take a broadside view of this new craft as she is completed, but not yet armed. Her lines are as graceful as any ship in the navy. We may paint ribands or ports, gild her stem, or smear her stern with vermilion, and make her as coquettish as anything that ever floated. Her armour is masked as well as her armament; and we know that she is just threefold stronger than any warship in a longitudinal direction, because she has no great ports weakening her sides, and only sufficient scuttles in the two light ends to insure due ventilation.

We will now proceed to arm her; and here comes the rub. We propose to do so upon an entirely new plan,—by placing *our guns in the centre of the ship, and not at the sides.* "Good God!" says Baggles, "you must be insane!" Not a jot. We are convinced that, inasmuch as we gain stability and invulnerability by the sloping armour, so shall we obtain steadiness of platform, and a marked improvement in the height of gun above water, as well as the power of fighting our guns in almost any weather, by having our guns amidships, instead of at the sides.

Our fourteen breech-loading Armstrongs, 40-pounders, or 100-pounders, whichever are available, are arranged in pairs on platforms, as in Diagram 2.

Each platform is constructed upon the principle of railway turn-tables. The ship-gun platform works upon a strong pillar *a a*, equal to a strain horizontally of 1000 tons, and a series of rollers *x x*; it is moved round, or right and left, by very simple mechanical means applied from above or below. The guns, therefore, need not be moved for training; and all the labour and men now requisite to train ship-guns are at once dispensed with. Each pair of guns is placed as close as possible together; and apart from recoiling and going out again upon a slide of a new and ingenious description, they may be said to be fixed to the platform. We need hardly point out that these guns become larboard, starboard, bow, or stern guns, as may be necessary; or that the guns' crews, five men to every 100-pounder, move round upon the platform as it revolves; and it will be observed that the arrangement of the gun-platforms admits of four guns firing right ahead or astern, as shown in Diagram 3.

We will now proceed to shelter the guns and crews with what perhaps is the most ingenious part of all Captain Coles's plan. Over each pair of guns, and resting upon the platform *p p*, a cupola-shaped shield, *c c*, is placed, having an aperture of 3 feet diameter in the flat crown, and two small holes in the side, through which the outer part of the guns protrudes, and in which the guns fit quite tight at the sides, but with 3½ inches play above and below.

The guns and crew fight thus within a 4½-inch iron dome, training or elevating their gun as may be

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was a strange fact, most invaluable to us at this moment, but which was then simply converted into an argument, as may be seen in the work above mentioned, against the unfortunate Simooms and Birkenheads of that day. We say, if one plate of ⅝ths iron is really found to break up a shot into fragments, although it penetrate it, at what distance should the next plate of ⅝ths iron be placed to stop the broken fragments, and render them harmless? Follow up this cue, which comes likewise from Captain Coles, and perhaps we may strike upon some fact still more valuable—something that shall yet supersede very heavy armour for ships' sides.

needed, without having any port or embrasure open, and with a perfect glacis of iron in front of them.

The dimensions of each cupola or shield, as the inventor styles them, and its platform, are as follows: greatest external diameter, 20 feet; width of fighting platform, 16 feet; height from platform to crown of cupola, 7 feet; height of crown of cupola above the upper edge of the glacis, 4 feet; and entire weight of each cupola, platform, guns, &c., 45 tons. Whilst, to sum up all its merits, we may say that, when the line-of-battle ship's lower-deck gun would only have been 6 feet 6 inches above water, the guns mounted upon such platforms would be 10 feet 6 inches hi h; and it is self-evident that such guns can only be put under water when the ship is fairly on her beam-ends; whereas, under ordinary circumstances, a roll of 19° puts most broadside guns into the sea.

The relative training or elevating powers of Captain Coles's plan, compared with present guns, is as follows, in general terms:—

	Elev.	Depress.	Range right and left.
An ordinary lower-deck gun, . .	11°	7°	45° to 30°
Gun in a revolving cupola, . .	20°	7°	180° to 57°

It is difficult, in a paper intended for the general reader, to make ourselves thoroughly understood, or to meet all the objections and difficulties which may arise in their minds, without descending into minute technical details; but a careful inspection and comparison of the diagrams, together with the sketch of the new ship, as seen from a broadside view, with just enough of her bulwark down to exhibit the gun shields, will convey, we trust, a satisfactory idea of the great proposed change in all preconceived notions of ships of war.

The cupola is of 4½-inch wrought-iron, overlaying wood or iron, as may, on experiment, be found to answer best; and it is ventilated and cleared of smoke in action through the aperture of 3 feet diameter, corresponding with the hollow in the centre of the column upon which the cupola or shield works, *a a*. Out of this the smoke from the breech and vent of the guns is forced by a current of air flowing up from the lower deck, where it is set in motion by fanners; and we need hardly point out, that all the smoke from the explosion of the charge, which in ordinary ships comes in through the ports of 12 feet area, is kept out in these cupolas by the extraordinary closeness with which the gun is fitted to its port-hole. The aperture in the crown of the cupola serves another purpose. It is from there that the captain of the gun takes his aim. For this purpose there is a small screen *s*, with a slit through it, fitted with sights; and on a plane only 2 feet 6 inches above the bore of his gun. Through this the captain of the gun, instead of having his vision limited to the width of the port, can cast his eye all round the horizon, and use his own judgment as to range and elevation; whilst, for close action, there is another fine slit made along the line of sight proper of the gun, which will enable him to correct his aim to an inch.

In the event of such a ship being boarded by an enemy of greatly superior force, the arrangements for repulsing boarders are most formidable. The cupolas sweep the decks in every direction with grape and canister, whilst the enemy are prevented descending into them by a slide which fills up the 3 feet aperture, as well as by the fact that every cupola sweeps the crown of the adjacent one; and should the boarders descend upon the lower deck, the fore and after inclines of the armour will be found loopholed for riflemen to drive them on deck again; whilst the spare seamen in the space *f f* can sally out by the wing-passages before referred to, and with field-pieces sweep away any of the enemy who may have the hardihood to endeavour to establish themselves in the vessel outside the casemate. This great power of repelling boarders is a very important element in Captain Coles's vessels, because it will neutralise the tactics of an enemy of superior force and speed, who, tired of her hard hitting, may try to rush at, and carry her offhand—a stratagem

which will assuredly be put in practice against vessels of the Gloire or Warrior class, and with considerable prospect of success, if their rifled cannon do not sink a wooden adversary before she ranges alongside. Lastly, we have to point out that the cupolas at the fore and after end of the battery are higher than those in the centre, to admit of a plunging fire ahead or astern, and to diminish risk to the iron deck when firing in that direction.

It now remains for us to show, in thus metamorphosing the huge plaything called a three-decker into a terrible vessel of fourteen 100-pounders, that we have not sunk her hull any lower into the water by overweights.

The reader will remember that in our first article we roughly computed the fighting gear and guns alone of the three removed decks at about 1100 tons. Here, then, are the computed weights we put on in lieu:—

	Tons.
4½-inch iron plates for both sides and ends of a battery 150 feet by 50 feet, ...	588
Seven shields or cupolas complete,	315
Armour for spaces between shields, &c., ...	15
Total,	918

Thus we solve the paradox of having an inclined armour, a narrow platform, small ships, and no gun-ports—a shot and shell-proof citadel in the midst of a habitable sea-going ship.

We dare not occupy further space with a full detail of all the merits of this novel yet sound plan of Captain Coles, but will conclude with finally pointing to a very remarkable feature in these iron men-o'-war. We have produced a vessel which can go to sea in any weather—pass, we believe, with impunity to herself and crew into any clime; and one which, in her terrible character of an engine of war, can do more than the proudest three-decker of to-day; and that is, engage at breaching distance with effect any land battery, be it the Digue of Cherbourg or the forts of the Neva. Yet this craft would be perfectly fought and handled by a crew of two hundred and fifty officers and men, instead of the one thousand men a three-decker requires. Here at once we strike the key-note to an important revolution in our navy, and a grand improvement in the financial expenditure consequent upon its man material, and the great difficulty experienced in procuring trained men-o'-war's men to use the arms of precision now placed in the hands of sailors. These new iron-clad vessels will, it is true, cost more than one three-decker, yet their force will represent the value of more than two such castles of wood; and the economy of men, the saving in pay, pensions, stores, and provisions, will fully counterbalance the first cost of this new navy; and even if it were not so, we should have the consolation of knowing that the Gloires, Warriors, and shield ships which we so earnestly call for, will be able to do the service for which navies are especially created, instead of having, as at present, a fleet which can neither attack fortresses nor cope with the mail-clad navy of France. In advocating so distinctly as we have done the invention of Captain Coles, we have been guided simply by public motives, and a firm conviction that it is as yet the best brought forward; but we do not, at the same time, mean to say it is perfect; for so little has really been done in testing the question of ship armour, that as yet we are very much at sea as to the best description of iron or steel that ought to be used, the angle at which it can be most effectually applied, or the form and nature of such armour. It is only ninety days since the enterprise and genius of a gentleman, Mr. Jones, placed beyond doubt the fact, that projectiles could be deflected by inclining the plate-armour. We do not, up to to-day, know for certain the nature of the iron laid over the sides of the Gloire. Some assert it to be steel, some say it is wrought-iron, and others again aver that it is a peculiar patent, the exterior inch of the plate being excessively hard steel, and that the iron becomes more soft towards the inner face. The French say that thirteen shot must strike in the same spot on their plates to fracture or penetrate them, and that

they have easily driven rifle balls through plates of wrought-iron sent over for trial by our manufacturers. The question naturally arises, therefore, in our minds—Are our gunners able to drive 68-pound shot through these plates at four hundred and fifty yards, because our plates are not made of proper material? Then, again, we receive notes from individuals of all classes offering suggestions, few of which have been tried, relative to adopting all sorts of armour instead of the uniform heavy plate. For instance, one ingenious gentleman, Captain John Kempthorne, of the Cornish Volunteers, says: "A plate of iron 1 inch in thickness and 4 inches square, when rolled into a tube, would be capable of withstanding a force at least sixteen times as great when applied to the end of each tube than when received on the surface of the plate." He then proceeds to say, that if a ship was covered with a section of a honeycomb, or two sections, we will suppose, of 2½ inches thickness, great lightness, combined with perhaps almost an equal amount of invulnerability, would be acquired. In the same post that brings us this clever idea, which is decidedly worthy of being tested, and probably contains the germ of a great discovery, another writer modestly says: "I also add a small idea, a *very* small one, and that is, if this suggestion of Captain Kempthorne be tried, that the tubes externally and internally (the honeycomb, in fact) be plated over with thin iron, so as to form water-tight cells, adding to the buoyancy of the iron when immersed in the water." One person insists, and he no mean judge upon such matters, that the *plate* armour is the most primitive form in which the idea could be carried out; and that there are many forms, and angles or curves, fourfold more capable of resisting the stroke of projectiles. We merely point to these as proofs that much has to be done, and that in the best spirit too, to work out the question to a satisfactory result.

We have for some time been chuckling with the idea that the Frenchmen were all wrong in their iron-clad vessels: they would not float or fight in a sea-way, and that we were inventing rifled cannon which should crack the sides of their ships as fast as they chose to put them in the water. We made a huge mistake; let us be candid and acknowledge it. We are told that Armstrong's 100-pounders and the solid 68-pounders lately tried on a 6-inch plated embrasure at Shoeburyness, *made no impression, although the stroke was so violent that one projectile actually recoiled back into the traverse where the committee were watching for the effect;* and at the same time similar projectiles working against solid granite, carried off such flakes of stone, that the gun's crew within the granite fortress would have been decimated. Can anything be more conclusive? Do not wait for a war, to do things in haste and repent at leisure. Pitch secrecy to the French, call in the mechanical and engineering skill of England and America openly in the face of all nations, and let others match us if they can. For our part, we have faith in the genius of our sailor race; and though England be slow to adopt innovation, it will assuredly be no easy task to preserve the lead against her government and people, when earnestly labouring for a common and holy end—defence, safety, and the commerce of the world. We beat France in our Enfields and Whitworths, we beat her in our breech-loading Armstrongs; it will be strange indeed if we do not match before long that fleet of 300 rifled cannon in iron-clad vessels of war which she is straining every nerve to produce, and, it is averred, will put in the water, by *May*, 1861!

THE ROMANCE OF AGOSTINI.

CONCLUSION.—CHAPTER XXII.

Francisco's plans were changed after that St. Peter's Eve. The kindness of Monsignore moved him as such kindness should, but does not always do. He whom the English Lucy had bound her bright young life to, and who had been able to awake so much affectionate interest in the breast of that saintly old man, was not to fall into alms-receiving because his expectations were so great. Surely no! This incident touched a spirit, in which there was no lack of generous impulses, with that spur of gold which finds out the mettle of the steed. Francisco went to his work next morning, though all the world was making holiday. He finished his Beatrice, though he was sick of her. He made haste with all the other incomplete works he had, which were commissioned from him by the picture-dealer or copy-dealer who specially patronised Francisco, and carried them home to the dingy shop in the Babuino, where they were destined to be hung up among the other Beatrices and Auroras of all sizes and manners, which baited that trap for the Forestieri, and took home with him some other commissions, to which he set himself without delay. His fever was over; he saw Rospigliosi only when he could not help it; went much less frequently to Teta's; lived and contained himself in his little apartment four stories high. If sometimes his thoughts, which he could not withdraw with his person, strayed to that great subject; if in imagination he went over the trial, its witnesses, its pleadings, its adversaries, till the hot occupation of his thoughts made his hand tremble, he gave battle bravely to these overpowering thoughts, and if he could not overcome, at least resisted them, and kept on with a resolution which had little to aid it in anything he could see around him at his everyday labours. Thus he worked through the fervid July, when every window in the Piazza but his own was elaborately closed, shutting out the hot air and sunshine, and when only in the green half-light stealing through the Persiani existence seemed tolerable to his neighbours. When he could endure it no longer, Francisco shut up his little apartment, took his canvasses and colours, and set off to the hills, where Mariuccia's spare chamber—spare in more senses than one—dark, cool, neutral-coloured apartment, with its red tiles growing grey with the dust of years, its dim grated window, its rustling lofty mattresses of maize, and its dark Madonna on the wall—was most reverently and joyfully got ready for him. Mariuccia spread her best coperta, soft warm cover, quilted with cotton, and splendid with Chinese vignettes in red and yellow on a blue ground, upon the bed, and did everything that it was possible to do in the way of ornament. To be sure, it did not occur to her to clean the window, but neither did it occur to Francisco, who had found an attic with a roof light where he could paint. He painted Mariuccia in full costume to please that good woman; and he painted a pretty daughter of Gigi, who did more credit to the scarlet jacket and pretty headdress, and who, moreover, if needful, with her smooth black hair, and bright eyes, and olive cheeks, rosy with the mountain air, made a picture which the dealer in the Babuino would not scorn. Francisco, if he pleased, might have gone often enough to that Cæsaretti villa, where the Advocate lived in villeggiatura; and did spend many an evening with Monsignore, who took him up to the roof of his house, and showed him the stars through that great telescope which was the wonder of Rocca, and told the dreaming youth, whose mind was a hundred miles away—or perhaps more like two thousand, wandering after his English Lucy—about suns and systems which, to be sure, the young man knew nothing about, and cared still less for. Monsignore's society, however, was good for Francisco; though the pursuits of the old

priest, who was fond of a gentle kind of science, and amused his placid days with his garden and his telescope, had but small attraction to the young painter with that splendid but agitating light upon his horizon. The two spent many an hour together. Monsignore, always ready to hear and soothe the perturbation of Francisco's thoughts, and Francisco proving at other times an excellent listener, as young people will who have their own visions at hand to escape to, and who have still the faculty of keeping up two threads of interest, and dropping in an answer now and then as if they heard, though their hearts are ever so far away.

In the village Francisco's steps were watched with a secret half-stealthy affectionate reverence, which, it may be supposed, in the depths of his heart, was very flattering to him. Of all nations in the civilised world—partly, heaven help them, by dint of long service under strangers, and government of unloving rulers, from whom the heart behoved to conceal itself—there is none so quick at the art of communicating its sentiments without words as the Italians. Rocca, in mute gossip, had concluded with itself upon Francisco's rights; mutely they made their obeisances to him, kissed his hand, did him all the honours of the village. They called him Don Francisco invariably, and Illustrissimo, addressed him only in the third person, and conducted themselves like a delighted cliqne of innocent conspirators, all of whom were in the secret, which only by-and-by, after due preparation, was to burst upon the rest of the world. This secret homage, which had in it something of affection and familiarity as well, brought the young man acquainted with the honours to which he began, with less wonder and more composure, to look forward. Perhaps it was Monsignore's refining society; perhaps it was the simple adoration of these villagers; but, however it came about, it is certain that Francisco changed, even to himself, day by day. He had made no advance whatever in education, none in wealth; in personal comfort, ease, and light-heartedness, the very reverse of improvement; yet nobody could have seen him now among the crowd of young Romans on Pincio or the Corso, and supposed him simply one of them. Without any help of training from society, a certain distinction of look and manner had fallen upon the young man. The few strangers travelling in the heat of summer among these hills—and they were very few—when by chance a passing party of them encountered him on Monte Cavo, where he went often, never failed to ask who he was; and as he sat there, looking with the eye of a painter over that wide and solemn panorama, the Campagna falling off into long wistful stretches of purple mist, and San Pietro all alone, Rome disappearing in the distance, standing out upon the plain like the magnificent plaything of some giant's child—thoughts new and strange to him began to rise in the thoughtless young heart, which up to this time had neither political creed nor settled opinions. He went to gaze down upon Nemi, with its sparkles of villages, its sweet olive-woods, and that white palace-front where he was born; perhaps to dream over other scenes than that one already so deeply stamped on his memory—that miserable picture of drawn curtains, and closed doors, and whispering women through the midst of which comes the peasant in her scarlet jacket, with the outcast baby concealed under Cenci's shawl; perhaps to think of a sweeter Duchessa, who will need no curtains nor confidants. But as he sat and mused, other thoughts visited Francisco. He himself was perhaps to be a power and influence in this sad, lovely, silent country—silent, still untouched by the fiery breath of revolution, but with many a thought in its heart. Would it be better or worse for him that he was a son of San Michele, a villano of Rocca? or should he fall into just such a Duke Agostini as all the Dukes Agostini had been? These thoughts came grave and memorable over his youth; and the change grew and increased day by day, when the young painter laid his brushes by, and spent his summer leisure upon far-seeing Cavo in the silence of the hills.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The days and the months, however, went on languidly in spite of Francisco and his thoughts. The Duchessa still lived, and was like to live, in the unloveliness of her old age; and there was no immediate prospect that Donna Anna, who wanted Rospigliosi's villa for her nursery, would come soon into her kingdom; therefore the Avvocato had no immediate spur of haste to quicken him out of the ordinary routine of law, slow everywhere, and no way ameliorated, as one may suppose, by recognising for supreme authority a bench of bishops, and adding a certain ecclesiastical confusion and intricacy to its natural tedium. All Rome was in possession of the evidence to be given long before it came before the Tribunale; and if the good Monsignore, and his still more powerful invisible little English ally, had not so early taken possession of the field, it is like enough that, in the curiosity, interest, and flattery of the cafés, the young hero might have lost himself. As it was, Francisco held fast by his pictures. If he did not improve in his art as such devotion to it merited, it was most probably because his mind was agitated by the uncertainty and suspense of his position. He added two or three more Beatrices to the stock in the Babuino before that winter was over. He began to have rather a *specialité* for Beatrices, perhaps because he had done so many that his hand moved freely, without much help from his mind, upon these accustomed traits. The winter passed like other winters; the Forestieri came and crowded out the Romans from those tall houses in the strangers' quarter; murmurs of English, chatters of French, placid growls of German, diversified the sounds on Pincio in those cheerful afternoons; —but there was no Lucy to refresh the eyes of the young painter. Perhaps she was gay in some other gay capital, forgetting her strange, secret troth-plight—perhaps in that wonderful big London, of which the fame had reached Francisco's ears; for the young man was not aware, in his simplicity, that the English barbarians chose wintry weather for *their* villeggiatura. It was now a full year since Lucy had said "Farewell" and "Remember" out of the carriage window. He had need of all the excitement of his position to keep up in his mind the visionary bond of that betrothal. Yet who could tell? Any day, according to their fantastic youthful agreement—any moment, while the Avvocato tediously dawdled through his preparations, Lucy herself might come to the rescue of her lover with her English fortune in her hand.

The spring was so far advanced again that Teta's tall house was half emptied of its annual guests, when Teta's mother, released by special grace for the day, came to pay a visit to her daughter. Climbing up that long stair was somewhat hard work nowadays to Cenci. She reposed herself, breathless, in the rococo chair when she had received the salutations of the mistress of the house, and took off her bonnet to enjoy the air more freely from the open window. The hair was very scanty on that old uncovered grey head, on which Cenci, according to the custom of her country, wore no cap; but her life had been a more innocent and virtuous life than that of her mistress, and her face had fared better than the Duchessa's. Nevertheless, with her gay shawl and her heavy earrings, and her thin locks gathered up into a scanty knot on the top of her head, Cenci, in her old age, was not so pleasant a figure to look at as the ample Teta in her Roman fulness. In Italy the old women have not reached to that sweet art of cleanness and whiteness, and sober apparel, which contributes so much to the beauty of age.

"I rejoice myself that thou hast had a good season, my child," said Cenci; "but it has been otherwise in the Palazza. Ever since this unfortunate young man has been talked of, the Duchessa has done nothing but rage and scold. Holy Madonna!

one can do nothing to please her," cried poor Cenci, loosening her heavy mosaic brooch out of her gay shawl with a great sigh.

"This unfortunate! and why should you call by such a name our noble young Don Francisco, madre mia?" cried Teta; "a youth who would do honour to any house, if it were a king's. Ah, you should see him! out of a hundred you could tell which was he."

"Hush, my child; I have seen him," said Cenci, still sighing: "if we are to suffer for him, one might as well have it to say that one has seen the cause of one's dolours. Yes, he has sufficiently the air noble, I confess it; but what will that serve him, the unhappy one? The Duchessa wills it otherwise; and who can help him, the poverino! against the Duchessa?"

"My mother, you have lived so long in the palace that you think the Duchessa can do anything," said Teta, with a little pity of her mother's limited experience. "Do you think the Tribunale will listen to the Duchessa? do you think even in Rome, where everything goes by favour, and where the idle frati count themselves better than the galantuomini who work for their children—do you think even here that your Duchessa can corrupt all the judges, and keep Don Francisco out of his right? Holy Santa Theresa! if it was possible, the very women would pull the prelates from their seats."

"You think you know better than your mother, Teta mia," said Cenci; "you know the world and the Forestieri; but I, my child, know *life;* I know it is the great one who gains, and the poor one goes to the wall. Where has he money, this unfortunate, to resist the Duchessa? and, besides, she no longer cares for her reputation; she has done so much for the good of the Church that the Santo Padre himself would command her but an easy penance. She will come to the trial—if it comes to be a trial—and tell the Tribunale that he has no rights, this unhappy one. Ah, figlia mia! the Duchessa is very bold when it is necessary. She will overwhelm him with shame, even though she shames herself in doing it. You call him Don, you others; yet even in her own bedchamber, as Mariuccia well remembers, the Duchessa forbade us to call the infant Don; and hard as it seems, Teta mia, she was kinder to the child than you. You call him Don, you kiss his hand, but when he has fallen out of these great hopes, he will hate to see you; he will think you have wronged him. These are flatteries, my child—nothing more."

"Madre mia, the Duchessa scolds so much that you have the pain at the heart," said Teta. "When one feels bad at the heart, one believes in nothing except what is miserable. Here is your chamber always ready, and why will you still remain a cameriera, to go and come at the pleasure of an ingrate like the Duchessa? When she dies, you must leave her, my mother. Grazia a Dio, thou hast had thy purgatory in thy lifetime! and yet for love of her, who does nothing but scold, you leave your Teta alone in this great house when all the Forestieri are away. Figure to yourself that I make an indiscretion, my mother? I am not so old or so ugly that it should be impossible. Gaetano is gone half of the time, and my mother will not come to take care of me. Yes, Teta poverina! thy mother loves the Duchessa better than thee!"

"Hush, bella mia," said the old woman, "you were always wise till you met with Gaetano; and though I thought it a very poor marriage for my daughter, I am very well contented now, and so I know art thou; so away with thy indiscretion; I do not believe in it. Ah, but it is hard servitude to serve the Duchessa! That is true. Indeed, it is true; only thou knowest I have been her cameriera since she was a bride."

"If it is hard now, what will it be when the Signore Avvocato Rospigliosi," said Teta, dwelling on the name as though some spell lay in its long syllables, "brings thee before the Tribunale, and thou art obliged to tell what happened within those curtains in the Genzaro villa? It will be necessary, my mother, that you tell it before all the world."

"What!—I?" cried Cenci; "me! the child is mad! Madonna Santissima, the Duchessa would kill me!"

"I believe it well," said Teta, calmly; "put poison in thy coffee, my poor mother, as they did to the Banchini the other day; and yet you will willingly procure me this sorrow, and stay to be killed rather than come to the house of your only child!"

Cenci did not immediately answer to this moving argument. She put away the little bonnet which lay on the table, and took off and folded her shawl with hands that trembled a little—"Do not you eat maigre to-day?—it is a fast, Teta mia—yet I smell something," said the old woman, making a nervous diversion from the conversation which pressed her too close—"ah, my child, I fear you forget the duty you owe to God and the Holy Saints."

"Benissimo! I need that you should be here to watch over my soul," said the bold Teta; "for see, mamma mia, I hold it for certain that an umido badly cooked—and it is necessary I go to look to it, for that woman Maria cooks everything badly—makes evil to the stomach, but not evil to the soul; that is my opinion! You have left me too much to myself."

"Ah, child, thou art too much among the Forestieri," said Cenci with a sigh—"these strangers, I have never loved them, for my part; and there is that Madame Margherita, Teta, who put fantastic robes upon the unhappy babe whom you call Don Francisco. You will perhaps tell me that before this Tribunale of thine—she is to be there?"

"Sicuro!" answered Teta, promptly.

"Blessed Madonna! she! And what do you suppose she knows of the Duchessa?" cried Cenci, touched in the tenderest point—"she who never saw my lady, except perhaps for a moment in the chamber of some Signora Inglese, who ought to have been in her own country at such a time—never saw her, I tell thee, till she came to Genzaro when the Duchessa was ill, and then stayed but some ten days or so, troubling our souls with her modo Inglese, and thinking of nothing but the child! What can *she* have to tell, do you suppose? It is true, I am only thy mother, and not one of these English who turn thy head—but see, Teta mia, for one word that Madame Margherita could say I can tell thee three!"

"Do not I know it?" cried Teta. "Madame Margherita may be good, but thou art three times better; and the Signore Avvocato knows it also, and will no more dispense with thee than I would dispense with pomid'ori when I make the sugo. It is necessary that you should be there—that you should tell your tale: but I would have you consider well, my mother, whether after that you can go back to the Palazzo, and how long time you imagine the Duchessa would give you to repent."

"Thou art too hard upon thy mother, Teta mia," said Cenci, wipping a tear tremulously from her eye, "if I knew how to leave my padrona; but enough—enough, we will speak of it another time. If thou hast to look to thy umido, go, I will set myself in this great chair. It is easy to a marvel, this great chair. Ah, anything is pleasant that is one's own! and to rest at one's ease where there is nobody to ring a bell or to pierce one's ear with a 'Cenci!' like the stab of a stilette—this is sweet, Davvero!—this is sweet!"

"My poor mother!" said Teta, stooping to kiss the old woman as she left the room, "and thou art too old to eat maigre. Bisogna that you have to-day such an umido as you never tasted since you were born!"

And perhaps, not unmindful of this umido, the fragrant flavour of which stole through the house, Cenci sat all alone in the big rococo chair, looking out across the house-tops upon Pincio in the sunshine, and soothed unawares by the tinkle of the little fountain in the courtyard—soothed out of her fatigue and harassment, till, secure in the safe shelter of her daughter's roof, she dropped to sleep in an exquisite and unusual calm. Poor worn-out faithful old slave of an ungrateful bondage! how strange the contrast between the present occupant of the big rococo chair

and the fiery young man full of hopes, who had put it to the use of his dreams so often!—how strange the great throbbing world of life, with young Lucy and Francisco at one side, and this old Cenci, in her grateful moment of repose, at the other, which could revolve within the narrow walls of Teta's little room!

CHAPTER XXIV.

The time of the trial had at last arrived; another summer and autumn had brought Rome to the beginning of another "season," and it was in the midst of the quickened traffic and gaiety occasioned by this annual infusion of new blood into the veins of the old city that decision was to be made of Francisco's hopes. The young man all this time had kept like a hero to his pictures, though latterly it had been with some sickness of heart that he smoked his silent cigar upon his little loggia when light failed him, and when nobody shared his thoughts but silent Trajan on his column. Perhaps even more painfully exciting than the impatience with which he looked forward to the decision of the Tribunale, was that with which he examined the weekly list of arrivals, and waded through crowds of barbarous names of unknown Forestieri, to see if perhaps Milord was among the arrivals, bringing back the English Signorina to see the conclusion of her lover's dreams. Perhaps it was well for Francisco that the bond which united him to the distant lady of his love was of so entirely visionary and imaginative a character. Most likely the young Roman could have very ill sustained the test of a year and a half's letter-writing. But in his present circumstances this engagement was entirely congenial to his feelings; his heart kept its warmth after this long interval, as if it had been only yesterday that the little white figure, tiny but indomitable, had disappeared down Teta's stair. But Lucy's name did not appear in these lists. Lucy remained in the silence which had never been broken since she left Rome, lost out of all cognisance. He did not know where to seek her, if he had been free to offer her his suit to-morrow. He had learned a little of her language for the love of Lucy; but that was the only thing which had any way tended, by help of outside circumstances, to keep his little Signorina Inglese before his eyes.

However, the day came for the hearing of Francisco's case. Before this time, so well known had the case become that Francisco no longer needed to be wholly indebted to Rospigliosi. The chances appeared so strongly in his favour, and the property at stake was so great—not to speak of the less amiable motive of dislike to the family of Lontoria, into which Donna Anna had married, and which was by no means popular in Rome—that Francisco might have found friends and backers by the dozen, had he cared to forsake his first resolution. To withhold himself from a ready acceptance of these obliging offers, and to remain simply Francisco the painter until the matter was decided, was no small trial to the young man; but, Roman as he was, and quite unaccustomed to resist the pleasant seductions of ease and gaiety, Francisco remained faithful to his fourth-floor lodging, to his Beatrice—one is afraid to count how many Beatrices went to the Babuino that year from the Piazza of Trajan!—and to Rospigliosi. Now the end of this long interval of sickening uncertainty had come. The suit began prosperously—the case was well stated—the first witnesses delivered their testimony steadfastly and with credit. Romans of all degrees pressed to hear the evidence, or to report it. A crowd kept about the Palazzo in which the Tribunale sat. When Francisco was visible, going or coming—as the young man did frequently, with a natural restlessness—the whole crowd uncovered to him with a cheering recognition. Whatever might happen afterwards, at this moment he was a popular hero. The very Carbonari—Carbonari [illegible]

and not figurative, Roman "roughs" of the first water—exhibited a gleam of white teeth in their black faces as they threw down their rustling sacks of charcoal and hailed the son of San Michele. With something of a pang Francisco turned away from these salutations. What if, after all, he should fail? What if, out of all this sympathy and support, he should drop down lower than any of these humble sympathizers, disgraced and nameless—no man's son, and the heir only of shame? The vile possibility crossed him by moments like the forewarning chill of fever. He kept out of the way as much as he could—he was afraid of the kind salutations of the crowd.

The last person to be examined was Cenci, who had been kept behind, partly because she was very nervous, and deeply afraid of the Duchessa, from an assault by whom Teta carefully guarded her mother, who had yielded to her solicitations, and left the service of her old mistress some time before; and partly because she was of all others the most important witness. Francisco had followed the different portions of her faltering testimony with such breathless interest as may be imagined, especially the tremulous descriptions which she gave of Il Duca, whom the young man longed to hear of, but whom everybody had slurred over hitherto. Il Duca had increased in importance now. As Cenci proceeded, all a-tremble, to tell how the Duchessa and he were very good friends, though they went each their several way of pleasure-seeking with a bland tolerance of each other's foibles; when she certified her knowledge that the Duke was perfectly aware of the existence of the unlucky infant, whose fate as a man was now to be decided; and when she gave her testimony that the Duchessa remained on good terms with her husband till his death—was with him during some part of his last illness, and was left by him with almost more than the ordinary amount of trust reposed in a wife, the bearded face of Rospigliosi grew radiant with content and satisfaction, and even the judges of the Tribunale exchanged glances which would have been very satisfactory to the young hero of the day, could he have noticed or understood them. As it was, Francisco neither looked, nor saw, nor perhaps cared. His heart beat too high with the force of nature. Were those his parents who had abandoned him, of whom that faltering voice was telling? Those old scenes which passed so many years ago, were they passing dimly now, a gliding panorama, before the dim eyes of that old woman, who had seen his own birth, and who must know the truth? When Cenci's evidence was ended, the young man, unable to control his excitement, went out to draw breath in the fresh air, and calm himself down. His thoughts went wandering and yearning about that dead man, who lived in Cenci's memory—his father! It was something to have a parent thus hidden in the pious mists of death, whom one could suppose it was possible to have loved or been loved by. So he thought, taking a refuge from himself in that filial idea. As he came into the street, his attention was attracted by the rapid approach of a carriage, which came at unusual speed toward the great door which he had just left, and darted under the arch of the gateway, almost running him over. It was the carriage of the Duchessa; and inside was the witch-face of the Duchessa herself, accompanied not this time by her *dame de compagnie*, but by an old priest, almost as wrinkled as she. Francisco stood still in a kind of stupor as they alighted. He watched them enter; he stood still there under the arch, as if all power of motion had been taken from him, close to the wall where the carriage of the Duchessa had driven him. Some of the loungers about, waiting to hear how the trial was going on, accosted him, but he did not hear them. Some others, ancient acquaintances of his own, cried "Viva il Duca!" close by his ear. "Il Duca is dead!" cried Francisco, unconsciously, in the fever of his mind. Dead, oh so many years ago!—dead beyond all power of knowing now what was *his* mind. The young man groaned at the thought, in the bitterness of his heart; perhaps the only filial tribute,

the only yearning of nature, that had ever existed for the dead Duke Agostini, was in that groan.

The slow moments went on as they go in a fever, while Francisco stood by that wall: he could not tell whether they were minutes or hours. While his heart beat loud with feverish anxiety his limbs refused to move, and his mind refused to re-enter by those doors of fate. She must do what she had come to do, that woman who was his mother; she must do her will if it were to ruin and disgrace him. When he had roused himself gradually from the stupefying shock which her face had given him, he went forward to the door, and stood there waiting in a proud silence. The very extremity of his excitement delivered him from its usual bonds; his passion of highly-wrought feeling raised him above all practical results for the moment. He stood with a smile on his pale lips, waiting for his fate. He could almost have fancied that he heard voices, highly raised, and an unusual commotion above, though he knew at the same moment that to hear anything down that echoing staircase, and through these long corridors, was next to impossible: but perhaps even his ears were quickened by the indescribable tumult in his heart. Even the bystanders drew aside, and left him with an instinctive appreciation of the crisis. The courtyard of the Palazzo was cleared of all but one or two motionless figures; the very crowd outside grew silent. Now and then somebody came softly under the arch of the great doorway to see if anything had happened. They had an eye for a situation, these inquisitive Romans. They recognised with universal common intelligence the dramatic elements of the scene.

After a while—a short time, endless as it seemed to Francisco, there came sounds really audible from the Hall of the Tribunale. The doors were thrown open, voices and steps came out upon the stairs; voices, one shrill and high-pitched, one round, unctuous, and bland, the well-known voice of Rospigliosi. Francisco's heart beat so loud in his ears that he could not catch the sense of those violent and sharp exclamations with which the Duchessa made her way down the stair; but it was impossible to mistake the tone of disappointment, rage, and mortification. She had failed in her purpose, whatever that purpose might be. And, coming out of the hall enraged and discomfited, had caught at the arm which the Avvocato offered to support her, without either observing or caring that it was the champion of her son who afforded her that necessary help. People had ceased to contend for the honour of attending her to her carriage nowadays, the poor old Duchessa! As she came in sight, descending the stair with the aid of the Avvocato's arm, Rospigliosi's round big voice was heard in reply. He had wrongs of his own to avenge upon the faded beauty, and he did not lose the opportunity when it came.

"Bella Duchessa," said the bland lawyer, "you complain of the laws, but see how necessary they are. Every one knows how entirely you women have us in your hands. You can do—what can you not do, conquerors as you are! But it is necessary that we put some limit to the powers of your bel sesso. If the bella Duchessa had not been so influential with the illustrious Duke, then she might have said what she would to the Tribunale; but your Signoria must perceive that the prelates up there cannot comprehend how a man should be so great a fool as you know you have made him. There is something, still something, which a woman cannot do, most revered Signora. One cannot, were one the most lovely of one's sex, persuade the law out of its dogmas; one cannot——"

"It is enough, Signore Rospigliosi," cried Francisco, his voice sharp with indignation and excitement, as, springing forward with the noiseless rapidity of extreme emotion, he thrust the astonished Avvocato away. "The Duchessa has no further occasion for your services; Madame, I pray you to permit this honour to me."

The ghastly old woman stared at him as he took her hand; she made a gasp as if to speak, but could say nothing, and fell trembling with a

sudden weakness, incomprehensible to herself. He did not look at her, this young man who was her son. He led her, his face white and rigid with a passion more lofty than she knew anything of, his head held high in involuntary sympathy with his mind, and his nostril dilated, to the door of her carriage. The whole proceeding was so rapid, so noiseless, so strange—for Francisco's strong excitement influenced the others unawares, and made even the footman, who sprang from his lounge by the stairs to open the carriage-door, do his business with a speed and silence entirely against the usage of that splendid functionary—that the effect upon the Duchessa was much that of being seized upon by some strong wind of youthful passion, and carried off to a great incalculable distance by the sudden impetus. She had only walked half-a-dozen steps by Francisco's side, but it might have been miles so far as the sensation was concerned. And he did not look at her, as he led her like a young prince, indignant and magnanimous! Not poor old Cenci before the prelates on their seat of judgment trembled more than did the Duchessa at the touch of this incomprehensible boy. He put her into her carriage with a certain angry tenderness of care, bowed his head over her gloved hand, and kissed it as he let it go; then himself shut the door, and waved his hand with an imperative gesture to the coachman. The priest, who was following slowly behind, ran forward in dismay as the carriage dashed off under the influence and authority of Francisco's sustained and silent passion; but nobody in or about that equipage had time to think of the priest, or durst wait for him. The startled coachman drove at full speed through the arch, and took the homeward direction as fast as his horses would carry them; the startled footman sat by his side in dead silence, shaken out of half his wits. Inside, upon her soft cushions, the poor old Duchessa sobbed and trembled: he had not looked at her—the blessed Madonna pity her!—and he was her son.

Francisco took no notice of the old priest, who scowled at him from under the loops of his heavy beaver-hat, and would fain have remonstrated, ere he took his discomfited way on foot through the gateway. He took no notice of Rospigliosi, who lingered ere he returned to the hall of the Tribunale, very willing to inform him of what had happened, though somewhat affronted by the usage he himself had met with. The young man could not have spoken to any one; he paced up and down the courtyard for a time, ineffectually trying to calm himself and recover his composure: then he went home. With the impulse of his strong excitement strong upon him, he went back to his Beatrice, glad of the impossibility of working at it, which he had to contend against, and did, holding a sheaf of ineffectual brushes in his hand. But he would do something; he would spoil the little picture, and that was some relief to the whirl and flood of his own feelings. All was quiet in the Piazza of Trajan; nobody there stopped to consider how the prelates pondered on the bench, and the Avvocato waited for the judgment; nobody collected under that wintry sunshine to hear the decision. All Rome, seen from this point, was calm as Trajan upon his column, while elsewhere they were deciding a man's life and fortune; and here Francisco stood speechless, in a voluntary haughty defiance of himself, with his sheaf of brushes in his hand, and a tempest in his heart.

CHAPTER XXV.

All that evening, and all the next day, Francisco remained in his own apartment. He had been disgusted in the middle of his hopes: into the deep eagerness which possessed his soul a poisonous drop had fallen, making it bitter. He was of a race to which asceticism has always been easier than moderation. He could not wait steadily in full command of himself for the decision, whether adverse or favourable. He was too

proud to show all his anxiety in the fever of disgust which had taken possession of him; accordingly, he turned his back upon the whole subject, shut his ears to it, kept far away from the Tribunale, asked for no news; but remained devoured by anxiety, which he endeavoured to conceal, even from himself, working night and day, to the entire destruction of the Beatrice, at that vain and unavailing work.

Late in the evening of the next day, when the Ave Maria had just sounded, and workmen of all sorts were going home, some commotion in the Piazza attracted the notice of Francisco; he would not hear it, yet he did, with faculties miraculously sharpened by the recent excitement which devoured him: he distinguished Gigi's voice sounding loud and triumphant, and he heard a carriage draw up below. Not for a kingdom would Francisco have looked out. He stood there in his young perversity, touching with a hand that trembled more and more at the face of that unfortunate Beatrice, one cheek of which was rosy red and the other grim-pale, and somewhat ghastly to look at in the light of the lamp. His little room was on the fourth piano. Three floors-full of respectability lived beneath him. How was it likely that these visitors were for him?—much more probable that the Signora Antonietta on the primo piano was returning from her drive; or that Ser Giovanni, the doctor, was called out to some sudden patient. Nevertheless, the noise increased, and drew nearer, as though these steps were ascending his own stair; and again chuckles of Gigi's voice from the Piazza seemed to ring in Francisco's ears. After a while some one knocked at his door. "Favorisca!" said Francisco, with an effort; but the word was said with such a gasp under his breath that it was impossible any one could have heard it. Then he went faltering to the door. On the threshold stood Monsignore and the Advocate. But the eager words on the lips of both were dashed by the sight of the young exhausted passionate face that looked out upon them. Monsignore took the young man's hand, and then threw his old arms round him, after the fashion of his country. The old man was sad and sorry to see the change wrought in that face. He did not hail him with any burst of triumph. "Chichino mio, thy cause is won," said the good priest softly in the young man's ear. The kind voice seemed to say to him, Command yourself—control yourself; but Francisco was too far gone for that caution. Out of Monsignore's arms he dropped into a chair and burst into tears. Won! He had never been trained to reticence, that young Roman—his custom was to express his feelings as freely as a savage. He burst into a flood of rapid unrestrainable tears. Won! —then it was a lie that vile possibility which to his heart had disgusted him with the entire business! He could think nothing more nor further, as in that first moment of conscious victory he buried his face in his hands.

"Victoria!" shouted Rospigliosi, "never was a more glorious end to a hard battle. I congratulate the illustrious Duke: viva il Duca Agostini! Monsignore would come with me, Don Francisco, to moderate my triumph; but there is a friend of your Signoria below who will not be moderated. Bravo, Gigi!" cried the excited Avvocato, rushing to the window, which he threw open. "Bravo, amico mio! The Duke hears you; viva il Duca Agostini! The battle is won!"

"My son," said Monsignore, "it is not the time to weep; look up—for thy friends' sake it is necessary that thou shouldest take thy triumph. God, and the blessed Madonna, and the holy saints, bless thee in thy new station. Rise up, my son."

Francisco rose up in mechanical obedience. He was dizzy and dazzled as if with sudden light. He understood it was his duty to rejoice and thank his companions, but he did not understand much more clearly what had befallen. The miraculous change in his own position, which he had contemplated for months, almost for years, had come about in a moment, and was no longer a dream; but Francisco was still unchanged in his own person, and could not realise himself under an-

other name. He cast a wondering glance round the bare walls, hung with unframed pictures, which had not expanded, and at the open window, where Rospigliosi's big figure, gesticulating to some one below, filled up the whole space, and shut out everything but some gleams of sky about the Avvocato's black head. Perhaps it was that touch of nature peeping in,—nature so oddly, almost so ludicrously framing Signor Antonio's bearded head, and leaving his big person to lose itself as it might against the darker background of the opposite houses—that more than anything else recalled Francisco to himself. He smiled at the pictorial effect, as instinctively he held his head a little on one side, and took a step apart to note it; and it occurred to him only then in reality, with a sudden start and shock, what a mighty difference, in these few minutes, had passed upon himself.

"This is the lodging of Francisco the painter; there is the Beatrice he has ruined," said the young man, with a somewhat tremulous smile: "here he has lived, and worked, and slept, and ate, for two long years; but, Monsignore, I pray you to tell me, of grace, who we are who stand here now."

"His Excellency the Duke speaks to you, Ser Antonio," said Monsignore with a smile.

"Pardon," cried Rospigliosi, coming in immediately with his broad full person, which half filled the apartment, and seemed to crush into one central spot the light of Francisco's lamp; "I am excited—it is natural. We have not left the enemy a foot to stand upon. Your excellent mother had to fly from the contest; no one had a word to say against your unquestionable rights. Permit that I offer you my respectful felicitations—Evviva, the Duke Agostini! and your Excellency will permit me to say that there have been few Dukes Agostini more worthy of the name."

"My son, God bless thee! thou hast done well—take with a joyful heart," cried Monsignore, "the reward of Heaven!"

And while Francisco submitted to the violent shaking of hands with which his advocate expressed the fervour of his feelings, and bent his head to receive Monsignore's blessing, Gigi's shout, swelled by some other willing voices, ascended into the little room—"Viva il Duca Agostini!" The shout rang over the Piazza of Trajan, startling the calm echoes which Francisco's many thoughts had never disturbed. The name came to the young man's ear with a thrill and reverberation in that familiar place. The clouds passed from his head; he knew now that it had happened, this grand unbelievable event. He laughed a short laugh of momentary, irrestrainable triumph; then he went to the window, and called Gigi loudly to come up. When Gigi, half crazy with joy, clambered up the stair, and kissed, falling down on his knees, half in gratitude to Heaven, and half in homage to Il Duca, his Excellency's hand, that familiar voice and genuine joy brought the common nature back to Francisco's heart. "Eccellenza, we are all ready to make festa at Rocca—there is not a villano but will keep it like the day of his espousals. It is too great an honour for us to think thou wert bred amongst us, Illustrious Duke!" cried Gigi, with many pauses and much effort. Then the good fellow paused to find words worthy the occasion; but, overcome by his honest ecstasy, only burst forth with a familiar benediction—"And God bless thee, Chichino mio!" blubbered honest Gigi, weeping over Francisco's hand.

"And thanks, a thousand thanks, dear old friend," cried Francisco, suddenly released from all his youthful pride and self-importance by the big unquestionable rank which swallowed them up, "for thy kindness to little Chichino. I should have had a cold childhood but for thee and Mariuccia, amico mio! This is the galantuomo who would have mortgaged his vineyard to help me, my friends! This was the first protector I ever knew. Stand up, my Gigi; assure yourself, while Francisco lives, thou shalt never want a friend.

"Ah, Eccellenza, it is too much of honour!" cried Gigi; "but your Signoria will give me the beautiful picture which he painted of my little

Marietta. Grazia a Dio!—there are no more pictures to go to the dealer in the Babuino. But that her children may know how honoured she was, Signor il Duca, your Signoria will give it to me?"

"And if we come to gifts, your Excellency will remember the Cæsaretti villa," cried Rospigliosi, with a gleeful chuckle, rubbing his hands in victorious satisfaction with himself.

"And, my son, thy alms to the poor!" said Monsignore, stretching out his hand with a smile. Francisco laughed once more the short momentary laugh of incredulous triumph. He had in his little purse at that moment a five-scudi note and three silver pauls—not two-and-twenty shillings altogether—yet he could bestow that gift of the villa just as easily as the other gift of the picture; and what magnificent incomprehensible sums might there not be at the young hero's disposal for these alms to the poor!

CHAPTER XXVI.

"It is very astonishing to me," said Cenci, "how you young people, who are revolutionary, will still speak evil of Monsignori the Prelates. What goodness! what justice! what humility! To think that they who would not hear the Duchessa took the trouble to listen to *me!*"

"And they would not hear her—6 vero?" asked Mariuccia; "Madonna Santissima! what courage they have! I would rather spend the rest of my life in one of the huts on the Campagna than meet the Duchessa now, after being so bold as to witness against her——but to be sure it was for the sake of my young Signore. But for Don Francisco, Sora Cenci, the secret would have been safe with me."

"Ah, the Monsignori are good judges," said Cenci. "It is to be supposed, indeed, that they should know the truth better even than the Duchessa; and old Fra Angelo, my lady's confessor, what could he know about it? To be sure, he baptized the little unfortunate—blessed Madonna! I mean the illustrious Duke; but what do you suppose an old monk such as he could know about a baby? I indeed—or thyself, Mariuccia mia—or even Madame Margherita—but Monsignori the judges knew better than to listen to an old monk."

"Nonna, Nonna! I see the Signore Don Francisco coming along the street," cried Gigi's pretty daughter from the window of a front room communicating with Teta's sitting-room, where she had placed herself. "He walks along just as if nothing had happened," cried the excited girl. "He wears the same coat—ah, and how kind he is! he is throwing his alms into the blind man's box—though I have heard him say at Rocca how troublesome they were with their bajocchi rattling in the tin box. See, Nonna, how he comes, just the same Signore Francisco as when he painted thy face!"

"Ah," cried Teta, with a little nod of superior knowledge, "he comes to say good-by to us before he goes away."

"Where, then, is he going?" cried Cenci and Mariuccia in a breath.

"Listen, my friends," said Teta, triumphantly. "Before long there will be another Duchessa. Ah, the poor child! have not I held her in my arms when she was going away, and would not even leave a message for him, with her pretty English pride. They are inexplicable when they are in love, these Signorine Inglese. I could not any more understand my sweet Miss Lucy, though she spoke very good language—not, to be sure, the bocca Romana, but as good as if she had been born at Subiaco or Ostia, or some other out-of-the-way place—I could no more understand her, I tell you, when she came to talk of Don Francisco, than if she had spoken English to me. She loved him, to be sure; but she would not look at him, nor write to him, nor hear him speak—and all because she would not break her faith with that old Milord, who persecuted her, as grandparents will. You may be sure she will never break her faith to her husband, that little English girl. I am sorry thou hast a prejudice against the Forestieri, mamma mia, for Il

Duca, you may be sure, will not lose a moment in bringing home his English bride."

"The Forestieri may be very good, but they are not like one's own country-people," said Cenci, shrugging her shoulders; "but I am out of the service of the family Agostini, and it does not matter much to me; only, Teta, if thou art in favour with the new Duchessa, thou should:t give her some advice. There is a great difference between that cold country and Italy. I hear in Inghilterra that people perish with the cold—or was it in Russia? Va-bene! it does not matter; they are all Forestieri alike; and there are some customs they have——"

"Of dressing the poor little children," cried Mariuccia, with horror. "Madonna Santissima! to think that perhaps the babies of my dear young padrone should be dressed in the modo Inglese. Ah, it is very sad—very sad! If I saw it, I should be too melancholy. You do not understand it, Sora Teta, or you would not laugh."

"And they drink aquavitæ quite early in the morning, instead of coffee," said Cenci, shaking her head. "I have heard a great deal about the Forestieri, when the great ladies among them came to see the Duchessa. They walk about so covered up with fur that they look like wild beasts. Teta mia, Gaetano tells thee the best of them, and keeps the other side to himself."

"Benissimo!" cried Teta, with a laugh of satisfaction and amusement. "She does not drink aquavitæ nor wear furs, my sweet Signorina Lucia. But hush! is not that the step of Il Duca upon the stair?"

Francisco came in with a little haste, and an atmosphere of emotion and excitement about him, happier and more effusive than the excitement and emotion in which he had lived for many months. His face was cleared of its clouds, and carried no longer that heavy weight of care over the eyebrows which had overshadowed every landscape with a kind of mental scirocco for many a long day to the anxious young man. His heart was liberated now. He did not feel the actual and positive gain, vast as that was, half so much as he felt the liberation, the freedom, the certainty which renewed his life. But to be calm was just now impossible; there was no tranquillising power in his astonishing change of fortune, nor even in that sweet fluttering figure which glided white and bright about his horizon, among the stars of his new life—Lucy! But Lucy had still to be sought and to be won.

With Francisco—though even Gigi's Marietta had no eyes for the saint of Rocca at that moment—came Monsignore, who, half because he liked the lad and took pleasure in his joy, half because he found it difficult to believe that Francisco might not do something extravagant and extraordinary if left to himself, had kept by him since he heard the news. The young man had spent the night at Monsignore's town lodging, and was the guest of the good priest; for, to be sure, the fourth piano in the Piazza of Trajan was no longer, even for one night, a dwelling-place fit for the Duke Agostini. And after these two illustrious personages, dropping in at Teta's great door, and stumbling up the long stairs about ten minutes after them, as he had followed them all the morning, came Gigi, who had by no means recovered his wits. All the friends of Francisco's life were gathered in Teta's room—his nurses, his supporters, his consolers under all his youthful troubles. Mariuccia, in her scarlet jacket and white veil; Teta, with her glossy black hair and long earrings, and Roman amplitude of bust; then Gigi, the honest kind fellow, who had helped the little Chichino to all his boyish diversions; and Monsignore, who had touched him with the chrism of confirmation—his spiritual father—and who had taken up his cause with strength superior to the others, though with no better will. They were all there whom the young man could depend on to enter fully into either his joys or his troubles. He needed to have no fear of his own feelings in that little assembly. He dared either laugh or weep, as it happened that either of these common channels could carry best the transcending tide of his emotion. Of all places in the world there was

none where he could be so perfectly at ease as in that little sitting-room of Teta's, with the present little company assembled there.

"Dear old friends," said Francisco, "what do you suppose I can say to you? can I thank you? You are as joyful of this change as I am, and it is you who have done it. I know not any more what to say; you have been my friends all my life; you are my friends still, and will be, as I hope. I am not less indebted to one than to another; and that for which I am most indebted of all, is a thing which cannot be paid by thanks or words, or even by deeds, but only in kind, amichi mei — I mean your love!"

At this agitated pause in Francisco's little speech, Mariuccia uttered a fervent ejaculation to the Madonna; Cenci held up her hands in astonishment, strangely mixed with gratitude and disapproval; Teta hid her face in her handkerchief; and Monsignore took a pinch of snuff; while from the door, where little Marietta stood, half concealing and half concealed by her father's cloak and person, with the tears running down her pretty face, there came an indistinct blubber of sound, half laughter, half sobbing, from Gigi, who for twenty-four hours had been inarticulate. Men and women (they had little regard for committing themselves, being undisciplined Romans, not staid English) had the greatest mind to fall into a common burst of inarticulate joy and kindness, laughing and crying; and perhaps the reason why they did not do so was nothing more or less than that indomitable little sprite of a Lucy fluttering upon the warm Italian horizon of the new Duke. However that may be, it is certain that the young man made an effort and restrained himself, and, after a moment, recovered his voice.

"I go as soon as I can away from you for a time, my good friends," said Francisco; "and when I return, if God wills, I will bring one with me who will be like light to our eyes; because, you understand, her name is Lucia," said the young lover, with a tremulous pause, half-playful, half-pathetic; "and I pray you all to wish me buon viaggio, and God-speed."

With that the little speech of Il Duca — who, by some bewildering trick, was still merely Francisco the painter, and whom it was impossible somehow to disjoin from that familiar individual—came to an abrupt conclusion. The good wishes of the assembled party poured out upon him thereafter in the most overwhelming profusion. They wished him not only a good journey and success in his undertaking, but every good thing in earth and heaven; for Cenci and Mariuccia at least, old women both, did not stop at the limits of mortality. Then, with many advices, praises, and blessings, they let him go reluctantly at last, Monsignore, somewhat appalled by this sudden apparition of a mystic wife in prospect, still accompanying the young man. An English Protestant Lucy, of spirit indomitable, able to assume on occasion the English look of stone, was not likely to become a Lucia to the eyes of the good priest. He was the kindest of men, but he did not like that conjunction. He thought Tenebra would have been a more appropriate name.

And while Monsignore went his way with the new Duke, Gigi prepared to return home. His mother and daughter had places engaged for them in a vettura, which presently, with much tinkling of bells and clinking of horses, came up with a flourish to Teta's door to take them up; while he himself jogged off, solitary and triumphant, to his favourite Osteria, where the polenta was almost equal to the polenta in Trastevere—where he put his horse to his homely cart, drank a fogliett of wine with much satisfaction of heart, and taking his seat under shelter of the triangular shield of matting stretched upon two poles, which stood up like a sail from the centre of his cart, in defence against the sun, took his way across the Campagna towards the slopes nearer at hand than his own mountain village—the soft olive slopes which embosom that little town of Frascati, where Chico, famous for fireworks, lived and pursued his art. Gigi made the programme of the festa in his own mind as he jogged silently over that calm brown expanse, where the wild cattle fed, and

where no other sign of life was visible. Rocca had never seen such a high holiday as that which rose before Gigi's honest imagination; and between himself and Chico of Frascati it would be odd if Monte Cavo, that night if no other, did not gleam a mountain of fire through the blue distance to the astonished eyes of Rome.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Far more impatient than he had been before the trial, Francisco chafed now at every hour or day that interposed between him and his lover's journey. He had a great deal of necessary business to attend to before he could leave Rome, and the Avvocato had no particular inclination to lessen the amount of it, or to let his young client escape. He found it agreeable to introduce his friends to the hero of the day, and to be courted in consequence of his connection with the new Agostini—a pleasure which of course would cease entirely when Francisco left the town. Monsignore too, good man as he was, did not hesitate to throw what gentle hindrances he could in the way of the young lover. Monsignore did not pretend to be pleased with the heretical Duchessa who dawned upon his firmament. Perhaps even the old Duchessa, with her beauty, and her passions, and her wickedness, weaknesses of nature, was safer than a seducing little heretic good and pure, whose goodness might prepossess the easily-deluded people in favour of her faith. So between the two the young man was kept back as much as it was possible to keep back his eagerness. These days were quite intolerable to Francisco. After many cogitations on the subject, and answering with very nearly a flat refusal the advice of Monsignore to seek acquaintance and reconciliation with his mother, he did, notwithstanding, nobody knowing of his intention, present himself at her door; but the Duchessa refused to see him—refused to see any one, her servants told him; was ill and nervous, and saw nobody but her confessor. Neither would Donna Anna take any notice of the unwelcome young brother thus springing up to disinherit her; and there were even appearances among the greater houses of Rome of an intention to follow Donna Anna's example and ignore the new Duke; so at least Monsignore, alarmed for his protégé, imagined. Francisco cared for none of these things. He had gladly dismissed the trial from his mind as soon as he knew it was over. He did not ask—not because he was afraid to be answered so much as because he could not suffer any talk about his mother—what she had meant to say before the Tribunale when the judges refused to hear her. He had no wish to retain the "case" within his memory: even now, in the excitement of the moment, Francisco had no desire to talk of it as Rospigliosi had, and seemed to find no pleasure in going over all the skilful arrangements of evidence and felicitous force of pleading—a thing which much astonished the worthy Avvocato. Already, though nothing could be more entirely removed from arrogance than the demeanour of the young Duke, he disliked allusions to his "wrongs," and held his honours lightly, as if he had been accustomed to them. Perhaps it was magnanimity, perhaps it was shame; but before he had been a week in possession of his new dignity, every one around Francisco knew that while they were quite at liberty to speak of his youth at San Michele, of his peasant childhood, of his pictures and poverty, any words which insinuated hardship and injury—anything which inferred a reproach upon his mother or the dead Duke—anything, above all, of surprise at their motive or wonder at their conduct, immediately brought a flush of haughty resentment to his face. Beyond the decision of the Tribunale he would not go. They had examined the matter, and placed him in this position; the evidence on either side was now nothing to him. So he chose it to appear.

And in the mean time an anxiety still more absorbing occupied his

days. He had been comparatively at ease about Lucy while he was still in his garret in the Piazza of Trajan; now he was devoured with impatience to seek her. What if, in those very days which he lost, some one should come between him and his prize? What if Lucy somehow heard of his change of fortune, and sat by a window somewhere, sick at heart, wondering why her Roman lover, to whom she had promised to go honestly and bravely with her fortune in her hand, did not come to her? He tormented himself with this idea, upon which he rang a hundred changes. Sometimes he saw her in the midst of some gay assembly of the wandering English, hearing the romantic Roman story, nobody knowing her interest in the hero. Sometimes Lucy sat by herself reading the report in a newspaper; always it was the steadfast bright face of the little English maiden looking out for him, waiting for him, growing pale, and wondering why he did not come. Doubts of her fidelity to that visionary engagement did not trouble Francisco. He only thought with impatience uncontrollable that he himself would not be the first to take her the news, that she might hear of it, and wonder why he did not come.

And still they continued to put every possible obstacle in his way. He had to take possession of his property—so much of it as could be his before the death of the Duchessa. He had to manage firmly, but courteously, his dealings with the family of Lontoria, with the expectations of which he had interfered so sadly. He had to curb and moderate Rospigliosi, who still conceived himself entitled to manage his young client's affairs, and who, much elated by his triumph, was somewhat apt to conclude that everything must yield to the man who had gained the great Agostini cause. He had to show himself in public places, and to enter into the new world which opened its arms to receive him, in spite of the coldness of Prince Borgia and the Princess Coromila. Francisco made something of a sensation in the society which was so new to him, the secret of his power being, not so much his romantic story—for the Roman great ladies, like all other great ladies, were quite disposed to patronise and smile at the young hero suddenly raised to such an elevation, and whose head might naturally be supposed to swim a little, and feel the dizzying effect of that unusual height and atmosphere—but his preoccupation, which entirely puzzled his patrons. Francisco was not dizzy with his extraordinary change of circumstances; he was not dazzled by the beauty, and the smiles, and the sweet flattery of interest which so many professed in him. He bore his honours with a gravity and unconsciousness which, more than anything else could have done, impressed his countrymen. He was not a *parvenu;* he was apparently quite at his ease and unelated by his title and rank; the secret being simply that he was preoccupied, his eyes bent towards another quarter, his thoughts not at leisure to canvass the manner of his reception, or the effect his appearance produced. Monsignore, looking on, and finding it somewhat unnecessary to give himself all the trouble he had intended as social godfather of the new-comer, stood aside and wondered, and was pleased, and could not make it out, never thinking of the future little heretic Duchessa, or any share she might have in the good manners of her lover. Rome murmured and rustled through all its feminine oracles the warmest approbation, by voice and gesture, of the young Agostini. The Duchessa, hypochondriac and miserable, shut up with her penance and her confessor, heard in her dismal seclusion of the young man's *succès*, and remembered with a tremble of strange attraction that one supreme moment in which his indignant youthful lips, pale with passion, had touched his mother's hand. Even Teta heard of Don Francisco's popularity, and did not wonder; while Francisco kept up the charm of the whole, quite unwitting of the spell, by dreaming perpetually of an English little maiden at a window looking out for her hero, and growing pale with wonder why he did not come.

There are some circumstances in which mere necessity, often most unwillingly yielded to, does all for us

that the most exquisite contrivance could have done. Business and Rospigliosi compelled Francisco to stay in Rome, where his preoccupied heart and thoughts gained for him a place which his mere rank could not have attained; and just at the critical point when the lively Romans might have begun to tire of that preoccupation, nature and youthful impetuosity prevailed over Rospigliosi and his businesses. The young man broke away out of his bonds in search of Lucy. He could not keep himself under control any longer. He went off suddenly, leaving that lively, brilliant, gossiping world full of gossip and interest. Where had he gone to, the young paladin? Had he disappeared again into the unknown as suddenly as he came? Everybody, as one may suppose, was charmed with the new Duke, who gave them so soon a second subject to talk and be curious about. Come back when he would, he had made his reputation. Though the great houses of Borgia and Coromila had not deigned to smile, everybody else did: and Monsignore was satisfied. Was satisfied, but shrugged his old shoulders and took snuff, and wondered within himself which might be the most vulnerable point of the new heretic Duchessa; for, alas! the new heretic Duchessina, the little indomitable Lucy, was inevitable now; unless — a chance which Monsignore devoutly took into his consideration—the Madonna herself might graciously interpose.

Meanwhile Francisco, thinking neither of his *succès* nor of his sponsor's anxious regard, nor of the goodwill of society which he had been so fortunate in securing—of nothing at all but Lucy, who must certainly have heard by this time, and by this time, doubtless, must have grown indignantly amazed at his delay—Francisco, with a retinue of servants proportioned to his dignity, embarked, all eager, impatient, and anxious, on that sea which respects neither dukes, heroes, nor lovers. Now she might indeed sit at her window, that little English maid. The road was long, to be sure, and the evening skies were wistful, but the true knight was on his way!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Francisco made all haste to Paris, travelling night and day—his eagerness and anxiety only growing greater as he approached the termination of his cares, and all the usual train of passing fears and suggestions of evil, which always crowd to us when we are close to our object, thronging about his heart. In Paris he made a pause, half compulsory; for the young lover did not of course prefer to appear travel-worn and overfatigued before the lady of his love. He stopped to improve his toilette—to fit himself better than he had as yet found time or inclination to do for the exigencies of his new rank. He was now alone for the first time since he came to his kingdom; nobody with him but new, strange, unfamiliar servants, who had neither the power nor the privilege of recalling to him his former life—that life which had fallen away from him like a dream, yet had left him to his own consciousness, under the cover of his wealth and his dukedom, still Francisco the painter. His mind went back to that past time with a comfort and facility unknown to him, while he lived under the eye of Monsignore and the observation of "the world." And Lucy was the star of that past: he could not think of her without remembering himself of his light-hearted youth, when he painted portraits, and made copies, and lived cheerfully in his fourth-floor apartment, and enjoyed himself with Roman temperance at his café, before any splendid hopes came to distract his life. But for these splendid hopes he must have resigned himself to the necessity, inevitable and not to be conquered, of losing sight of that Signorina Inglese who had woke him out of the happy carelessness of his youth; and must have consoled himself as he best could, up yonder in the Piazza of Trajan, in his harmless, useless, unprogressive life—a Roman—nothing in the world possible to

him because he was a Roman, except the craft to which he had been trained, and the condition in which (as he supposed) he had been born; while the star which he called Lucia must have twinkled calm and distant above him, inaccessible as the heavens, light to some other eyes, but not to his. Now he was the temporary tenant of the finest rooms of a splendid Parisian hotel, his windows commanding those gay gardens of the Tuileries, with all the luxuries of that luxurious capital at his disposal, and soft-voiced obsequious attendants waiting on the lightest wishes of Monsieur le Duc. And he was going to seek his bride, going to claim Lucy, as she had bidden him! going proudly to lay the Agostini honours at the little Englishwoman's feet! Francisco laughed to himself as he remembered his own rage at Milord, and revengeful intentions of humiliating him. He had no desire to humiliate anybody now. If he could but get fairly upon that road which the little maid watched from her window! if he could but see her start of sweet surprise and pleasure when she perceived him on the way!

Thinking thus, Francisco got up, out of pure restlessness, and, because it was not possible to start immediately on his further journey, went languidly and dreaming down the stairs, to weary himself with a stroll through those fascinating Parisian streets. Somebody had just arrived at that palace of public entertainment—somebody who had come in a handsome plain travelling-carriage, at present unpacking before the door. Francisco cast a careless glance at the cozy English vehicle, with the shawls and books and cushions, out of the midst of which the travellers had come—at the confused English maid with a veil over her face, whom somebody drew aside out of the way of Monsieur le Duc as he sauntered to the door—and at the broad back of the courier, who was paying something or somebody at a little distance, and who, it occurred momentarily in passing to Francisco, presented at that distant view a contour not unlike the stout Roman build of Gaetano, Teta's courier-husband. It was quite possible it might be Gaetano. Il Duca resolved to ascertain when he came back; in the mean time his own condition of excited suspense was not favourable to curiosity. He sauntered towards the Champs Elysées, remembering, indolently, perhaps with his old painter instinct, the soft half round into which that shawl had dropped on the warm cushions of the carriage, dropped from some pair of dainty shoulders, all warm and light in its soft folds, with the books which had amused the traveller fallen under it. Somehow it haunted his memory that shawl. Somebody's Lucy had thrown it off as she stepped out of that *tête-à-tête* carriage. Perhaps such a shawl and such a carriage might by-and-by help the Duchessa Agostini to bear the journey to her new home.

He came back sooner than he had intended, vaguely interested. The broad-shouldered courier, with his black beard, jovial and polyglot, was standing on the steps at the great door, a well-known and justly-prized individual, whom everybody was disposed to honour. If it had been a less personage than Monsieur le Duc, the warmly-affectionate waiters who surrounded him would scarcely have given way, but they disappeared before the advance of Francisco. The courier looked up quickly to see who the illustrious stranger was, and with a sudden exclamation took off his hat, revealing the indisputable face of Gaetano. The greeting was warm on the side of Francisco, respectful on that of his old acquaintance. The Duke condescended to give the last news of Teta and Cenci, and to ask where Gaetano and his "party" were going. With a smile which expanded his red good-humoured lips out of his black beard, the courier told his somewhat indifferent auditor, whose preoccupied thoughts had wandered already, that he was in attendance upon some ladies, former lodgers of his wife, who were going to Rome. "All for the Holy Week," Francisco said languidly, and turned his eyes through the large dim hall towards the staircase which some one was descending. Nobody but a confused English waiting-woman, whose life was overcast by dread of a strange

language and strange "ways," could have come dropping and stumbling after such a fashion down those great stairs. She saw Gaetano in the distance, and Gaetano was the only hope of the distressed woman's life; sorely conscious of the observation of waiting men and women, who smiled sweetly with French politeness at her awkwardness, she made her way towards the courier who could speak everybody's language. Francisco's eye had traced the progress of this nervous doubtful figure, perhaps with some amusement, unawares, for some time before he observed her features. When he did at last glance slightly down at her face, she was almost close to him, on her way to Gaetano, and at the same moment she raised her eyes to see who the stranger was. The result was a mutual start and recognition. "La!" cried Reynolds, clasping her hands together on her breast. Then without another word she turned round and fled up-stairs again, wild with fright and eagerness. Francisco did not hear Gaetano's explanation—scarcely knew what he was doing—saw only before him, a single step in advance, the flying figure of the waiting woman, in pursuit of whom, with long noiseless strides, he devoured the way. He cried out, "Where is Lucy?" first in Italian, then in the scanty English he had learned; but he could not make sure that his voice had been audible in the extreme excitement of the moment. The woman at least did not stop to answer. She ran along the polished shining passages, and stumbled against the door of a sitting-room close to his own. The door burst open, the woman fell not fainting but breathless, and out of her senses, into the room where somebody rose up startled. Francisco, rushing after her, took no time to think of the privacy on which he intruded. He clutched at the fallen woman, put her on the nearest chair, and was in the room with his cry of "Lucy, Lucy!" before the startled somebody who had risen from the table had time to assail him. Lucy, Lucy! "Lucia mia!" light of his eyes! Before he had got to the further end of the large room with his cry, and his searching eyes, and open arms, Lucy herself stood at a door waiting him, startled out of all her pretty proprieties and reticences by that simple honest voice of love calling upon her, undoubting, eager, careless of everything but that she was there. He took possession of her with a shout of joy. He thought of no obstacles, nobody who could come between them, nothing that stood in the way; he felt no explanation necessary, never observed her black dress, nor thought of her companion, nor asked himself what she was doing here; only cried aloud in his youthful pride and delight as he caught out of the distance and the silence which had so long hidden her from his sight, the little English Lucy of his dreams.

The somebody by the table was an English relation of Lucy's, a reluctant chaperone going with that misguided young woman to find out her Roman lover, and endow him with herself and the fortune which grandpapa had left her when he died. That event had happened some months before, and Lucy, like her lover, had chafed with sad and restless impatience that she could not go at once to Rome to redeem her promise. She had not been waiting and watching at that window, but struggling, like himself, among baffling cares and friends, and wondering, if Francisco had heard, what he would think of her! What they thought of each other now was not unsatisfactory. Lucy, perhaps, was a little disappointed that he had come to his fortune without any help of hers; and certainly was horrorstricken to find that she had, in honest affectionate simplicity going to seek the young painter to whom she had been betrothed, walked into the arms of the Duke Agostini instead. Lucy's unwilling chaperone, however, on the contrary, was much conciliated by Monsieur le Duc. She forgave that burst into her room, that total disregard of herself, that unreserved furor of lovemaking to his Signoria, when she never could have forgiven it to Francisco the painter. Neither of the two travelling parties went further. Gay Paris, sparkling and sunshiny, had its attractions to the young people in their heyday of

happiness and youth; and Francisco, as it turned out, was in no special haste, having once secured her, to carry his bride to her home.

So that it was not till some time later, when the old Duchessa was dead, and that extraordinary link of mingled attraction and repulsion which subsisted between herself and her forsaken son had come to an end for ever, that Francisco carried home the Lucia, the light of his eyes, who had chosen him in his poverty. But the wanderings of the two in the mean time in that *tête-à-tête* carriage, where the shawl had dropped from Lucy's shoulders, were sufficiently agreeable wanderings; and the only individual who did anything but smile to welcome the young people home to their bright Genzaro villa was Monsignore, who added to his congratulations a secret sigh over that sweet Duchessina—little Duchess, as they called her with caressing tenderness—who, good and pretty as she was, alas, was still a heretic! The sun shone upon dark-blue Nemi—Nemi bluer than the skies; the autumn winds rustled through the famous avenue of elms; Monte Cavo looked down blandly curious, with the cloud feathers in his cap; and even Monsignore, though he sighed over the heretic, did not refuse to join in the universal congratulation which welcomed the Duchessa Lucia to the house where her husband was born.

A VISIT TO THE TRIBES OF THE RYHANLU TURKMANS.

Amongst all the wild nomade tribes that range about the plains and mountains of Syria and Asia Minor, many of whom have been actively engaged in, and mixed up with, the recent massacres of Christians, there is none more remarkable, as differing from the rest of the Bedouin family in every respect, save only as regards pilfering and lying, than the Ryhanlu Turkmans, who spread themselves over mountain and valley and plain in one almost uninterrupted line from the defiles of Latakia and Antioch to the perpetually snow-capped Taurus range, at that point where the stupendous natural gates of Kulek Boghaz afford an impregnable and impassable barrier to all invaders approaching from the vast plains of Asia Minor, embracing in this sweeping curve the cities and towns of Latakia, Antioch, Aleppo, Killis, Marashe, Scanderoon, the plains of Issus, Tarsus, and the city of Adana. They are a people unique in every sense of the word, and utterly at variance with all other nomade tribes, inasmuch as that, although they wander to and fro in the winter and autumn, they have fixed residences and town gardens and fields during the spring and summer, to which they return almost to the day, year after year. Then again, they fare well, and even luxuriously, living upon dainties which many a Bedouin has never even set eyes upon; and they differ from him in another respect—that whereas the one is noted for unostentatious and simple-hearted hospitality, the Ryhanly Turkmans are the most inhospitable and selfish people in the East: morose in disposition, and never rendering a service unless well satisfied beforehand that the recompense will tenfold repay them. On the other hand, although they would jump at an opportunity to sack or pillage any town or village so long as they hoped to escape detection or recognition, they would refrain from bloodshed and other detestable crimes, perpetrated by those Arab tribes which took an active part in the tragedies of Damascus and Dur-il-Kamar, not so much, perhaps, from any moral restraint, as from a notion that such participation would eventually prove a deathblow to the commerce they now carry on with the Europeans, native Christians, and Jews, and upon which alone they subsist, and are enabled to live in that ease and luxury which they so dearly love. It must be remembered that when we speak of the "*luxury*" of the Ryhanlu

tribes, we mean as in comparison with the self-denying and abstemious principles of their other nomade Arab brethren, who dwell in tents, and whose wealth is in flocks and herds.

It was at the instigation and invitation of a venerable old camel-driver, who was a great chief amongst the Ryhanlu, and who had for years been carrying merchandise to and fro between Aleppo and Alexandretta, on the Gulf of Iskanderoon, that we assembled a considerable party of English, French, and Italians, bent upon a six-months' nomade life amongst this strange and interesting people, promising ourselves much sport by the wayside in a country literally teeming with game. Besides which, we were for the most part invalids, and the change of air and scenery, added to the leisurely method we adopted in travelling, could not fail to be beneficial. We hired the half-dozen camels belonging to our grey-bearded chaperon, which were well laden with tents, bedding material, culinary utensils, and such creature comforts as were not procurable where we were going, including much bottled ale, wines, spirits, and a choice assortment of quinine and other medicines. Our party and the servants followed the caravan on horse and mule-back, and we carried with us some very fine greyhounds and English pointers. Thus prepared, we wended our way through the precipitous rocky defiles of Beilan, travelling on an average six hours a-day, and devoting the rest of our time to coursing, shooting, meals, sleep, and now and then pleasant little excursions over plain or up hilly rock-side in search of botanical specimens, or rude caverns and remains of antiquity, with which the whole of the mountainous districts which border on the vast plains of the Amuk are so plentifully besprinkled. We had no sooner reached the foot of the mountain than we came upon a little tributary stream called the Kara Sue, or black waters, so named from the dark colour of the surface, arising out of the clayish bottom of the stream. Here we fell in with the first encampment of the Ryhanlu Turkmans, and in the tent of their skeiks found shelter and hospitality, through the influence of our friend the old camel-driver.

The encampments of these people vary according to the neighbourhood they may have fixed upon, or the nature and quantity of the pasturage around them. Sometimes, as at Kara Sue, there are from six to ten tents, but mostly they encamp in single families, one or two miles apart from each other, and so, stretching over an immense extent of ground, prevent the possibility of any bickerings between them as regards the pasturing of the cattle or felonies committed by or upon their stock of poultry. We found the structure of their tents or habitations extremely simple, consisting of an oblong wall built of loose stones piled one upon another, and about four feet in height, covered over with a rough material made of black goat-hair, and supported by a dozen or more poles driven into the centre of the hut, so that the middle is elevated to upwards of nine feet. In the interior there is a stone partition which shuts off the women's apartment—by far the largest portion of the building; and another stone wall, between the outer one and the men's apartment, for the accommodation of the most valuable horses of the proprietor. The rest of the horses and cattle are kept, as in the case of Kara Sue, in caverns, which abound in these calcareous hills. In the central parts of the plain they erect large pens for them, which are also covered with goat-skin material. The men also, especially about the borders of the Afrin, a small river that intersects the central part of the plains of the Amuk, build themselves much larger huts, nearly fifteen feet in height, which they cover with the rushes that grow so plentifully by the borders of this stream, and which constitute a thatch impervious to all wet. The men's apartments are covered with carpets inferior only to the best Persian, and which serve as beds for strangers or the unmarried members of the family, the married retiring to their respective harems. Amongst the wealthier families of the Ryhanlu tribes they have a kind of portable tent, made of wood, and not unlike a parrot's round cage. The entrance shuts up with a small door,

and the whole is covered with a large white woollen carpet. These tents are exclusively for the use of ladies.

Next morning we took our departure long before sunrise, having first enjoyed a bowl of goat's milk, into which we took the liberty of pouring a *leetle* drop of veritable Jamaica, just as an antidote for ague; and, leaving a fair bukshish for the Sheik, rode forth into the fresh air of the morning, like giants refreshed with wine. Our tents and luggage had remained unpacked, by which means we escaped much delay; and the last faint bark of the Turkmans' dogs just died away in the distance as the sun arose in all its eastern glory, and myriads of larks welcomed his golden advent as they poised themselves high up in the air, and poured forth rich floods of melody. Never was there such a choice of sport and amusement for the lover of the field and its enticements. In huge swamps, at every hour's interval, were congregated web-footed birds of every description and size, from the stately swans down to the teal and widgeon, and the pretty little yellow-legged waterhen. In the lowlands that surrounded these marshes were an infinity of snipe, and by the edges of the water sandpipers innumerable. As we came upon more elevated ground, covered with thick brushwood and wild myrtle, there were perfect clouds of starlings, thrushes, black and brown, and blue and grey jays. As the brushwood grew taller and the land higher, we encountered plenty of that delicious game, the francolin—a bird almost exclusively confined within the limits of the pashaliks of Aleppo, Marashe, and Adana; and further on, amongst hard sandhills, whose sides were tufted with impenetrable furze, red-legged partridges in abundance; whilst at the foot we startled a herd of gazelles, that seemed to fly rather than run over the vast plains before us. Two of their number, however, that paid tribute to a steady aim and unerring rifle, convinced us to the contrary. On emerging on to the plains again, at every hundred yards we started a hare, and had some glorious coursing. So that, by the time noon had come, and the heat was getting intolerable, without much let or hindrance to our progress, we had marvellously well-filled game-bags, and the backs of the camels bore a striking resemblance to those winter-coaches which enter the metropolis about Christmas time, laden with good cheer. In about half an hour's time we reached the large encampment of which our camel-driver was the chief, and which was close on the one side to the widest and deepest portion of the Afrin (that, taking its rise near Kelis, empties itself into the lake of Antioch), and not more than two hours' ride from the noted hot sulphur springs known all over Syria as Hummamat, and very much esteemed as a cure for rheumatic and other complaints. Here we alighted, and made our headquarters for ten days, pitching our own tents conveniently near to the Turkmans', and frequenting our friend's tent regularly of an evening. As an exception to the generality of his tribe, he was honestly hospitable, and would never permit ourselves or servants to cook or eat save what was furnished by his own harem. And hard work the ladies had of it; for what with horse and foot exercise, early hours, and frequent bathings either in the river or at the hot springs, we were individually as hungry and carnivorous as vultures.

These tribes were originally a wandering people, like the Bedouins of the desert, but they have now, as has already been stated, become cultivators of the soil, with fixed residences for certain seasons of the year; and their chief riches still consist in cattle. Their horses, though inferior to the breeds raised by the Arabs of the desert, are nevertheless strong, and well adapted for mountain labour. Their necks are short, and heads large and thick—in short, the whole make is clumsy and unsightly. These Turkmans, contrary to the Arab practice, ride the horses exclusively, selling the mares, excepting such as are kept for breeding purposes. At the time that some of these tribes migrate towards Armenia, they buy up buffaloes and Arab camels, which they exchange in Armenia for a better breed of camels, and for

cattle, which they dispose of in the markets of Aleppo. The Armenian or Caramanian is a taller and a stronger camel than the Arabian, with the neck more bent, and the upper part of the thighs profusely covered with thick hair; and whereas the Arab camel only carries six hundred weight, or one hundred and twenty rotolos, that from Armenia suffers no inconvenience from a burden of eight hundred weight. This powerful breed is produced with a male dromedary and a female Arabian camel; and the people of Anatolia keep these dromedaries exclusively for this purpose. The Caramanian camel feels all day by the mountain-sides, browsing upon brushwood and thorn, and deriving aliment from dried-up roots and other substances, the sap from which has long since evaporated. As the sun sets, they come with a long gauky trot towards the camp, where each one receives as his portion a ball of paste, made of barley and water, and weighing about one pound. So that all the expense these useful creatures put their proprietors to is a handful of barley per diem. The Turkmans never milk their camels, but use them exclusively as beasts of burden, and at all seasons drive a profitable trade with Aleppo, which they supply with immense quantities of firewood, cut in the Kurd Mountains. The Kurds themselves have no camels, and are compelled to sell their labour and wood for a mere song. Besides the produce of the fields they cultivate, the Ryhanlu supply Aleppo with sheep and lambs, wool, butter, and cheese, in spring, and a variety of home-made carpets and rugs; and at certain seasons occupy themselves in transporting merchandise to and from Aleppo, Antioch, Scanderoon, and Latakia.

Notwithstanding all this, our ancient host and chaperon assured us that the profits were usually entirely consumed by the time they reached their homes again, for repose, and to look after their property in land and cattle. They had to meet the demands of their families for cloth, coffee, sweetmeats, and various other articles of Eastern luxury, seldom leaving any cash to take back with them to their tents. For the greater part, the tents were clean, and the floors of the men's apartments, besides being well carpeted, were furnished with divans, leaving only space for a mangal or brazier in the centre, where a continual bright charcoal fire burnt of an evening to cheer the company, keep out the damp, or measure and furnish a continuous supply of strong coffee, besides serving to light their pipes or narghali. They drink an astonishing quantity of coffee, and in cups at least three times the size of the ordinary finjans used in Syria. Whenever the coffee-kettle is handed round, they help themselves to two and three successive cups before giving it up to their next neighbour, so that the last served not unfrequently comes in for more grits than anything else. The servants roast and pound the coffee just before it is used, so that the aroma is delicious; and they are so used to pounding away in a large wooden mortar, that the slaves of six or seven tents set to work together, and keep up capital time, producing a very sleep-inspiring sound. As a rule, the Ryhanlu seldom taste flesh, the exceptions being on such occasions as the arrival of strangers like ourselves (when whole sheep, and lambs, and battalions of poultry were slaughtered daily, besides an immense supply of game of every variety—every soul in the camp feasting mightily), or in cases of marriages or circumcision. Their usual fare is bourghul, boiled and soaked in butter or olive oil, rice, eggs, honey, dried fruits, and sour milk, or leben, they using none but goats' milk. Their bread, like that used all over the north of Syria by the natives, is the thin unleavened loaf, as flat and as round as an ordinary table plate, and which is always baked just before meals, on a red-hot iron plate, in less than a minute's time. Our host breakfasted at 8 A.M., which was very agreeable to all of us; and our principal meal was immediately after sunset. In the heat of the day, there was usually a repast of honey and dried fruits, with sometimes cream-cheese, or kymac, and now and then we procured a camel-load of delicious figs and melons, besides abundance of cucumbers. After which repast, we Europeans deemed it wisest to

dip into our canteens and extract therefrom sundry cognacs, which, diluted with water, we thought a possible safeguard against cholera.

In starting from Beilau and Kara Sue, we had struck off in a N.N.E. direction, which led us over a tract almost entirely unknown to travellers, and unbeaten, save at periodical seasons, by these tribes of the Ryhanlu Turkmans. Humumat was the nearest place where chance or malady brought wayfarers from the surrounding cities and towns of the plain. Thither we usually repaired at nightfall, taking advantage of a beautiful cloudless moon: at that hour we were pretty sure to have the hot springs to ourselves, and at the same time that they revived and braced us up after the fatigues of the day, the gallop home to our tents acted as a delightful soporific; and never before or after has sleep come so readily—so quiet and refreshing. There was, however, another incentive for this practice—a desire to be thoroughly purified after dipping into a dish of curdled cream, with a spoon twisted out of half a loaf, by which process we contrived usually to spill more than half we took up over our chins and hands, whereas the Ryhanlu guests never lost a drop, so adroit were they become from long practice. These sulphur springs were originally covered over with masonry by the Egyptian government, but they have been suffered to fall into decay, and literally the walls crumble away to the touch, so powerful has been the effect from the vapour exuding from them. The stench that assails one on first entering is almost intolerable, but one soon gets reconciled to it; and then the sensation experienced is truly delightful, and the water so buoyant, that although it should reach above the shoulders of a middle-sized man, the perpetual succession of bubbles that burst up from the earth and immediately under your feet, keep you bobbing up and down like the cork of a fishing-rod. And, apropos of fishing, we found the Afrin, where it was closest to our own camp, teeming with carp and barbel, which Turkmans have no idea of catching, though they are partial to Fish. Our servants, however, set them an example which they doubtless imitate to this day: digging a trench at about a yard and a half distant from the banks of the river, and of a greater depth than the stream itself, they opened a channel, so that the waters of the river soon filled the trench. They then, assisted by young and old amongst the Ryhanlu, armed themselves with spare sheets, which they pinned to the lower extremity of their inexpressibles, and, thus prepared, jumped into the stream at opposite extremities of about a hundred yards on either side of the entrance to the trench, which they then approached with the most awful howling, and screeching, and beating of deibekirs. The terrified fish fled before the invaders; and, finding an opening for escape, rushed pell-mell into the trench; it was the work of half a minute only to fill up the channel, and in half an hour afterwards the whole encampment was feasting on fish all alive—oh!

The tents of the tribe we were located with, were surrounded by three or four more wretched hovels, the abodes of the unhappy fellahs and their families, who here hold permanent residence, and cultivate the Ryhanlu lands for them. They are the remaining peasantry from the many abandoned villages in the plain, or some poor straggling Kurds. The Turkmans find the necessary seed, and in return get one-third of the produce, which is collected by a few of them who remain for this purpose (by turns) all the year round. These fellahs live wretchedly; and even if they contrive to scrape together a small pittance, their rascally masters take it from them under pretence of borrowing. The best dish they can afford is rancid oil and coarse bread, and they never taste meat except when a cow or ox, disabled by illness or age, has to be killed. The greater part live literally on bread and water, neither fruit nor vegetables being yet sufficiently abundant to meet the wants of these impoverished serfs. Despite all this, however, they are a cheerful, good-natured people. The young men play, sing, and dance every evening, and, without an exception, they are

better tempered than their haughty masters.

We found the Turkman women very frank and chatty, mingling freely in the conversation out of doors, though the girls seldom entered the men's apartments. Their figures are elegant, their features regular, and complexions fair as that of Europeans. The elderly females, however, who are more exposed to glare and sunshine, have the appearance of gypsies, and the very old ones are perfect witches and hags. Their morals are chaste, as the Ryhanlu law inflicts death, by the hands of father or brother, on any unhappy damsel who has submitted to be kissed. Several instances are on record where this demoniacal law has been enforced. The Ryhanlu ladies dress in the style of the Syrian women: their head-dress is adorned with strings of Venetian sequins, gathered together, probably, in the days when Venice had upwards of forty wealthy merchants established at Aleppo, in the palmy days when the commerce of Ind passed through that city. They are very laborious and industrious, besides being very skilful. In addition to housekeeping, which in itself, with churning and baking, is no sinecure, they work the tent-coverings of black goat-hair, and weave woollen carpets and rugs, inferior only to those of Persia. The looms they use are of primitive simplicity, and they use no shuttle, passing the wool with their hands, which renders the manufacture a tardy one. Every daughter eligible to marriage has worked one of these carpets of more than ordinary beauty and texture, which she carefully treasures up against the bridal-day. These people have made great progress in the art of dyeing, and their colours are exceedingly brilliant. The indigo and cochineal, which gives the requisite blue and red dyes, they purchase at Aleppo; but the ingredients of all others, especially a most superb green, are obtained from herbs, which they gather in the mountains of Armenia. The green itself would prove a fortune to such an enterprising gentleman as Mr. Perkins, of purple notoriety; but, unfortunately, the dyeing process is kept as a national secret by the Ryhanlu, and descends as an heir-loom from family to family. The horsemen of the tribe wear wide loose trousers of blue cloth, and the regular Turkish fez; the wealthier sport turbans of flowered stuffs, and even valuable Persian shawls. They are the most indolent of the indolent when at home, their sole pastime being comprised in feeding their horses and camels at sunset, and lounging the remainder of the day upon their divans, smoking and drinking coffee, visiting each other, and talking about the weather or the prospects of sport. We could hardly reconcile these people as being the same with those noisy, screaming, litigious camel-drivers, who, the very morning of our first starting on this cruise, danced about with huge shillelahs in their hands, engaged in deadly encounter with an opposition caravan, who wanted to appropriate to themselves the lightest bales. Were the young men at all active or enterprising, they could soon convert the whole plain into one vast garden, a mine of untold wealth.

In our wanderings amongst this people we could not fail to remark that they lived together in suspicion of each other, and were always provided against an emergency. In fact, they measured other people's worth and integrity by their own distorted standard. The Ryhanlu never leaves his tent, even for ever so short a ride, without being armed to the teeth. Yet, unlike other nomade tribes, they are very neglectful of their firearms, suffering them to rust, and then expressing surprise and discontentment at their pieces missing fire. They have no gunsmiths nor artisans of any description amongst them; and, happy people, no lawyers. As a body they are very illiterate, and possess no books; and, though professing Islamism, they confine themselves to the outward signs and prostrations, being utterly ignorant of the text of the Koran, or any form of prayer. They marry very young, and grow old prematurely; yet many of them reach a goodly old age, when they have the appearance of being thoroughly sun-dried and wind-shrivel-

led, and look not unlike a thoroughly-smoked bloater. When the sons attain a marriageable age, the father presents them with a couple of camels and a horse; and when the father dies, the property is equally divided amongst the sons and daughters. They bury their dead anywhere and everywhere, as convenience best suits.

Such is a brief account of these Ryhanly Turkmans, who have permanent homes, from a district seven hours distant to the north-west of Aleppo, tothe extent before alluded to. Their best known villages are Termeneda and Dana, both on the high-road to Aleppo from the sea-coast. Those least known are Tellade, Houry, Tellekberac, and Bab. Most of the country they stretch themselves over can boast of an excellent soil; and on every hill-top more or less, are to be encountered the ruins of villages and towns, marvellous in structure, many of which must have been supplied with water from aqueducts long since demolished. Some of the beams were thirty feet long, and they were all cut out of solid stone; many had the appearance of unfinished buildings; none had inscriptions of any kind; and all had braved centuries of time—hurricanes and convulsions of the earth. We returned to our original starting-point by way of Tarsus and Adana, and over the plains of Issus. Here were several Ryhanlu encampments, and we purchased some carpets of the women, which were very beautifully interwoven with peacock-tail feathers, and which we thought absurdly cheap. Keeping along the western bank of the Gihoon river, we reached the village of Ayas, near the north-east extremity of the Gulf of Scanderoon, just in time to witness some capital sport amongst the crew of a British steam-frigate, who had come over in boats from Alexandretta for the express purpose of catching turtle, with which these lagoons swarm. That evening we bade adieu to our old guide, who had business to transact at Adana, and crossed over to the other side in the man-of-war's boats.

THEORIES OF FOOD.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the pages of Maga for March 1858, and subsequently in the *Physiology of Common Life*, Liebig's celebrated Theory of Food was examined at some length. The conclusion there arrived at was, that the theory is erroneous in Method, and erroneous in its applications; it is neither to be justified by philosophy, nor by experience; but is simply a brilliant hypothesis, very ingenious and very captivating, by which chemistry attempts to explain a physiological problem.

That an attack on a generally accepted theory would provoke counter attacks from some of its advocates, was, of course, foreseen. Had it been received in silence, I should have been disappointed. As the question is one of some scientific interest, perhaps you will permit me to examine briefly the arguments, pro and con.? I have not the slightest wish to reply to any observations that affect me personally; such things naturally and silently right themselves; but the discussion of arguments on scientific grounds ought not to be shunned.

There are three eminent critics who challenge attention, as defenders of Liebig's theory, and these are—1st. Dr. Daubeny of Oxford, who in that University delivered a lecture on "*Animal Nutrition, with reference to remarks on that subject contained in Lewes's 'Physiology of Common Life;'*"* 2d, Prof. Bischoff, the distinguished embryologist, who reviewed the German translation of the *Physiology;*† and, 3d, A writer in our leading medical organ,‡ whom, for brevity, I shall style "the Reviewer." Dr. Daubeny treats his antagonist with that perfect courtesy which ought to reign in all controversy; Bischoff is angry for his friend and master, Liebig; and the Reviewer is angry for some one else.§

The objections I raised were against the radical vice of philosophic Method, which attempts to solve physiological problems by chemistry alone. A large part is of course to be assigned to chemistry, which must furnish indispensable aid; but, on *a priori* grounds, I argued that chemistry cannot successfully cope with truly vital questions; and, on *a posteriori* grounds, it was shown that no success has yet followed the immense labours of chemists in this direction, not one single practical result for the feeding of animals having been achieved. To meet these objections, therefore, my critics would have to show that success is possible, and that it has been attained in such measure as to warrant the continuance of the Method.

Bischoff disposes of all that has been urged on these heads, by scornfully calling me "a vitalist of the old school." But this proves the extreme carelessness with which he has read the work he criticises, since not only is that work in unequivocal antagonism to the vitalist doctrine, but contains a cautionary disclaimer against this misinterpretation, placed as a note to the very passage which condemns the chemical method. After a mistake so glaring, Bischoff finds no difficulty in the following

* Printed in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, December 24 and 31, 1859.

† *Allgemeine Zeitung*, 30th and 31st May 1860.

‡ *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*, October 1860.

§ He writes thus: "Mr. Lewes's tendencies are so decidedly iconoclastic, that there is nothing which seems to delight him so much as smashing the *idola* of what he deems an erroneous system. He appears to forget, however, that this is a game at which two can play, and that possibly some one of those whom he has treated so cavalierly may upset the *idolon* which he would set up in his own shape for the worship of his admiring followers." Can it be that the reviewer is one of those who have been cavalierly treated?

deduction:—"Thus, as Herr Lewes fails to understand the right principle of the application of Physics and Chemistry to Physiology, it is conceivable that he should require of them unreasonable demands. He falls into the common error of believing that when Physics and Chemistry at any time fail to explain a phenomenon in the organic world, this is a proof of their inapplicability to such phenomena. An unexplained phenomenon is to him a proof against any chemical theory." Upon this we remark that, had Bischoff read with reasonable attention, he would have seen that I do not deny the applicability of Physics and Chemistry because of *one* unexplained phenomenon, but because *no* phenomenon of a truly vital character has ever been explained by them, and because none can ever be explained by them alone. "The chemists," I said, "whatever we may think of them, will continue their labours, analysing, weighing, experimenting, and propounding hypotheses; and it is right they should do so; all honour and success to them! But if the question of Food is to receive any practical solution, it must no longer be left in their hands; or only such details of it left in their hands as properly belong to them. It must be taken up by the physiologists, who, while availing themselves of every chemical result, will carry these into another sphere and test them by another method. Not a step can the physiologist advance without the assistance of the chemist; but he must employ chemistry as a means of *exploration*, not of *deduction*—as a pillar, not a pinnacle—an instrument, not an aim. The chemist may analyse fat for him; but he, on receiving this analysis, will request the chemist *not* to trouble him with hypotheses respecting the part played by fat in the organism; for although the chemist may accurately estimate the heat evolved in the oxidation of so much fat out of the organism, the physiologist has to do with a vital laboratory, extremely unlike that in which the chemist works, and he has to ascertain how the fat comports itself there." In other words, although the chemist may successfully show how much heat would be evolved by the oxidation of a given amount of fat, he has no right to assume that this oxidation is *all* that takes place in the organism, and that this amount of liberated heat is the *only* purpose subserved by the fat.

Dr. Daubeny does not fall into this error; but, being a chemist, he not unnaturally seeks to defend the claims of his science. He would have us hold fast by Chemistry until Physiology is in a condition to enable us to dispense with it. He says—

"The remarks which I have made in the course of this lecture with regard to diet and nutrition, will not be thrown away if they only serve to sharpen inquiry by showing how much remains to be done before the most ordinary processes of the animal economy can be regarded as explained. In this respect, indeed, there is no difference between myself and the ingenious writer of the popular work so often alluded to in this lecture—a work which I strongly recommend to the notice of my hearers as one highly calculated to awaken an interest in questions of physiology, not only from the lively and graphic manner in which the facts are placed before us, but also from the variety of information brought together from so many distinct sources. My only complaint with the author is, that because Chemistry is confessedly unable to explain much that is taking place within our microcosm, and because it has presented us with questionable explanations of some of the phenomena with which it has dealt, he would discourage us from accepting its guidance altogether, forgetting that for nearly all we know for certain with regard to animal heat, respiration, and digestion, we are indebted to the researches of the chemist."

Dr. Daubeny is correct in awarding to chemists the credit of having discovered the major part of the little that is accurately known; but little *is* known, and one reason of this is because the physiologists have left these subjects to the chemists, who can only furnish explanations of chemical processes. In vital phenomena there are physical and chemical processes at work; for these we need the aid of the physicist and chemist; but over and above these,

there are processes dependent on complicated and special conditions which constitute vital phenomena, and which, because they are complicated and special, and *unlike* the simpler phenomena exhibited in the inorganic world, cannot be deduced from the laws of inorganic phenomena. My protest was against our accepting the plausible hypotheses deduced from the laws of chemical action out of the organism; these hypotheses are not only fallacious guides in practice, but are injurious because they satisfy the intellectual craving for an explanation, and thus prevent the true explanation being sought. "It is a fact," I said, "that physiology is at present in too incomplete a condition to answer the chief question raised respecting Food; and this fact it was desirable to bring into the clear light of evidence; for on all accounts it is infinitely better that we should understand our ignorance, than that we should continue believing in hypotheses which enlighten none of the obscurities gathering round the question. It is in vain that we impatiently turn our eyes away; the darkness never disappears merely because we cease to look at it."

On this general question of Method the Reviewer says nothing. Let me therefore now proceed to examine the defence set up for Liebig's theory of food, which is the more special topic under discussion. The theory propounded by Liebig may be thus briefly stated: Animals require food for two purposes, to build up the *fabric*, and keep up the *temperature* of their bodies. The first, called *plastic*, or tissue-making food, is furnished *only* by certain organic substances which contain nitrogen as one of their elements. The second, called *respiratory*, or heat-making, is furnished by certain organic substances destitute of nitrogen. In other words, nitrogenous substances are tissue-making, non-nitrogenous substances are heat-making. Albuminous substances are those which form the animal fabric, and bestow on it its vital properties. Carbonaceous substances—fats, oils, starch, sugar, alcohol, &c.—are, on the contrary, quite incapable of entering into the composition of the tissues; they are, however, of great use in the organism, being "burned" there by the oxygen taken in during respiration, and thus furnishing the heat required. Besides these nitrogenous and carbonaceous substances, there are several inorganic substances —salts, iron, water, &c.—which must be regarded as accessories for the physical conditions of the organism.

Against this theory a long list of objections was advanced. To the proposition that nitrogenous substances are plastic, and non-nitrogenous heat-making, I opposed the *admitted* facts that nitrogenous substances are heat-making *as well as* plastic, and that the non-nitrogenous are plastic as well as heat-making; consequently the distinction between the two, as one of kind, falls to the ground: both substances are nutritive, and not the former only, as Liebig asserts. Bischoff and the Reviewer attempt to get rid of this objection by saying that Liebig is aware of the fact that albuminous substances are also heat-making. This is true; but his theory disregards it, and most explicitly denies that the non-nitrogenous substances are plastic, or have any claim to be ranked as nutritive in the proper sense.

"The division of food," I said, "into nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous, is a chemical division to which no objection need be made, for it expresses a chemical fact. But when the fact that albuminous substances form a necessary proportion of organised tissues, is made the ground for specially distinguishing them as plastic; and when the presence of nitrogen in these substances is made the ground for specially distinguishing nitrogen as *the* plastic element, the percentage of which is to afford the standard of nutritive value, we see a striking example of chemical reasonings applied to physiology, which a confrontation with nature suffices to upset. For observe: while it is true that 'albumen is the foundation, the starting-point of the whole series of peculiar tissues which are the seat of vital actions' (Liebig)—while it is true that the *peculiar* characteristic of organised tissues is that they contain albuminous substances as necessary ingredients; not less is it true that the *other* substances, thus arbitrarily ex-

cluded from the rank of tissue-makers—namely, the fats, oils, and salts, all destitute of nitrogen—are *as essential* as albumen itself. *Not a cell, not a fibre, can be formed, nor can subsist, without a certain amount of fat and salts.* Not a tissue can come into being, nor continue its functions, without a large proportion of non-nitrogenous materials—a proportion greatly *exceeding* that of the nitrogenous."

"This is an anatomical fact which must surely discredit the idea of selecting one element out of several, all indispensable, and assigning to it alone the character of nutritive. If tissues were composed of albumen, or any other nitrogenous substance, *without* the admixture of fats, water, and salts; and if albumen did not likewise disengage heat in its transformations, Liebig's classification would be strictly accurate: but in the face of anatomical evidence which shows that *no* such tissue exists, and in face of the physiological evidence that even albumen undergoes chemical changes accompanied by the disengagement of heat, the classification must be rejected. Indeed, the anatomist must ask with surprise, whether what he calls the adipose tissue is, or is not, chiefly composed of fat? Is the fat which exists in the muscles, cartilages, and bones an accident—a thing not worthy of being taken into account? The answer cannot be dubious. In 100 parts of muscle there are only 25.55 parts solid matter, and of these no less than 4.25 are fat. In 100 parts of the white substance of the brain, fat bears the large proportion of 18.9, whereas albumen is only 9.9; in the grey substance of the brain, the proportion of fat is 4.7 to albumen 7.5. If after this it be said that fat does not help to form tissue, is not an essential integral element of tissue, and consequently *plastic*, in the most rigorous sense of the word, the anatomist must confess that he fails to understand the language employed.

"The reader need not be informed that Liebig is fully aware of the facts which can be brought against him, and that if he errs it is from theoretic bias. He is a chemist, and views these questions in their chemical light. To the chemist muscle is not a compound substance; for all those substances over and above albumen which he finds in it, he regards as mere *accessories:* the essential and characteristic element for him is the albuminous substance. But to the anatomist *all* the substances are essential, because it is by their *united* properties that the muscle performs its peculiar offices. A muscle deprived of its water will no longer act *as* a muscle: the anatomist therefore regards water as *essential* to the muscle; the chemist regards it as an accessory. In the laboratory the water may be disregarded: it will not interfere with chemical reactions. In the organism, the water is just as essential to the functional activity of the muscle as the albumen itself. Liebig, however, regards water and fat as having only a physical influence:—

"'Many of the physical properties of organs, or tissues, depend on the presence of their non-nitrogenous constituents—namely, of water and fat. These bodies assist in the changes and processes by which the organised structures are formed. Fat has a share in the formation of cells; and on water depends the fluidity of the blood, and of all other juices. So also the milk-white colour of cartilage, the transparency of the cornea (of the eye), the softness, plasticity, flexibility, and elasticity of muscular fibre and of membranes, all depend on a fixed proportion of water in each case. Fat is a never-failing constituent of the substance of the brain and nerves; hair, horn, claws, teeth, and bones, always contain a certain amount of water and fat. But in these parts water and fat are only mechanically absorbed, as in a sponge, or enclosed in drops, as fat is in cells, and they may be removed by mechanical pressure, or by solvents, *without in the least affecting the structure of the parts.* They never have an organised form peculiar to themselves, but always take that of the parts, the pores of which they fill. They do not therefore belong to the plastic constituents of the body or of the food.' A little further on, he repeats the statement that 'they take no direct share by their elements in the formation of organs,' and that they have 'no vital properties.'

"By these expressions it is clear that, in his view, organs are not formed out of fat and water, *as well as* out of albumen; but that these substances are merely accessory, and afford the requisite physical conditions; just as, when we use chloride of potassium, the water in which the salt is dissolved counts for nothing in the chemical agency of the salt. And from several conversations I had with this distinguished philosopher, in which he stated his point of view, I am persuaded that this is the explanation of all the differences which exist between him and those physiologists who oppose his hypothesis. My answer then was what it is now—namely, that to the anatomist, nerve-tissue without fat is no longer vital nerve; and blood without water is no longer vital blood. To suppose

that water simply gives fluidity to blood, when in truth it is as much an integral constituent of blood as albumen itself, is equivalent to saying that heat only gives expansion to steam—steam itself being, as all know, the product of the operation of heat on water. If fat has no vital properties in itself, neither has albumen in itself. To say that fat and water are 'mechanically absorbed,' is to contradict anatomical evidence, which shows them to be *structurally combined*, and always in constant quantities, varying within very small limits.

"A classification of Food, more or less imperfect, would not trouble us, did it not lead to important errors, as in the present case. No sooner do we accept the idea of nitrogenous food being *the* plastic material, than we are landed on the proposition that 'only those substances are in a strict sense nutritious articles of food, which either contain albumen, or a substance capable of being converted into albumen'—a proposition elsewhere expressed in even a cruder form: 'Only nitrogenous substances are capable of conversion into blood.' Such passages as these are only intelligible, coming from so eminent a writer, when we remember that the chemical point of view dictates them. To the chemist, indeed, only nitrogenous substances are capable of conversion into Blood; but to the anatomist every substance which enters into the normal structure of Blood must be reckoned among those capable of conversion into it. He cannot separate one part of the Blood from another, as the chemist does—he must take the whole structure as he finds it, for it is with the whole structure that the functions are performed."

I pause here to confess that in the succeeding sentence I fell into an error which the Reviewer very triumphantly exposes. The error is in the statement that the proportion of nitrogenous substances in the blood is only 80 in 1000 parts; whereas my own figures show, as the Reviewer points out, that the proportion is 202 to 1000. How this error of calculation was made I do not profess to understand; but the Reviewer will hardly expect me to admit (or expect others to believe) that it is an example of my wilful misrepresentation and reckless audacity of statement when I have "any point to gain;" for the error in the calculation does *not* affect my argument. The argument remains undisturbed. Against Liebig's assertion that "*only* nitrogenous substances are capable of being converted into blood," the objection was raised that nitrogenous substances form less than a tenth of the blood; and when the Reviewer's correction is adopted—when the tenth becomes a fifth—the objection remains as valid as before, since the *remaining four-fifths* are indispensable constituents of the blood. I will go further,—I will imitate the Reviewer, and discard water altogether from the calculation—although in several places I have insisted that water is as much an integral constituent of the blood as albumen is, and as constant in its quantities; yet even thus restricted, we find the blood contains 14 parts of non-nitrogenous to 202 parts nitrogenous, and these 14, although small in proportion, form an indispensable integer in the sum: "without them, blood would cease to be blood."

Liebig founded his theoretical distinction between plastic and heat-making foods, and declared that non-nitrogenous substances could only be considered as heat-making and accessory; my answer was, that anatomy very explicitly declares these substances to be as truly constituent of the tissues as albumen itself. No one disputes that I am right as to the matter of fact. Dr. Daubeny says—

"Mr. Lewes, in objecting to Liebig's theory of nutrition, states, with perfect correctness, that the oily and saccharine materials which are taken into the system, do more than merely minister to the production of animal heat; fat, which is one of the constituents of the animal body, being derived from those portions of our food. This is, however, in entire accordance with the views of Liebig, who attributes the accumulation of fat in the system to the excess of those materials taken in, beyond what is expended in the production of heat; the only apparent discrepancy between the two statements being that Liebig would seem to represent the fat as excrementitious—that is, stored up to meet the demands of animal heat—and not to fulfil any specific function in the organism; whereas Lewes points out that it forms a necessary constituent of the brain, and that it is not entirely got rid of even from other parts of the body

in cases of starvation, where the tissues have been largely drawn upon for the maintenance of the heat necessary for vitality."

It appears to me that the discrepancy is much greater than Dr. Daubeny states. Liebig regards fat as an accessory, without vital properties; anatomy regards it as an essential, having vital properties. Liebig says fat is *not* structurally combined with the tissues, and takes no share in the formation of organs; it is merely so much stored-up fuel to be burned. In direct contradiction, I refer to the undisputed teaching of anatomy, that fat *is* structurally combined with the tissues, and constitutes an essential plastic element. Indeed, so clear is anatomical teaching on this point, that the Reviewer turns rather contemptuously against Liebig:—

"We are far," he says, "from desiring to uphold the Chemical Theory of Food, as crudely and dogmatically put forward by Liebig in the first instance. It is perfectly clear that the fitness of any particular substance to serve as plastic or flesh-forming material cannot be estimated by the per centage of nitrogen it may contain. It is clear, too, that either fat, or some non-nitrogenous substance which may be turned into fat, is required as a constituent of food for the purpose of forming tissue. Mr. Lewes is fully justified in the statement, that 'not a cell, not a fibre, can be formed, nor can subsist, without a certain amount of fat and salts.'"

Having thus given up Liebig, the Reviewer turns upon me with this remark: "But we are utterly at a loss to comprehend how Mr. Lewes, with the facts before him (respecting the composition of the blood), can go on to say—'Not a tissue can come into being, nor continue its functions, without a large proportion of non-nitrogenous materials—a proportion greatly exceeding the nitrogenous.' The materials of tissues are, of course, derived from the blood: it is in the blood, therefore, that we are to look for this 'large proportion' of non-nitrogenous substances. Will Mr. Lewes kindly enlighten our ignorance, and show us how to find it there?" This avowal of ignorance is, of course, an oratorical artifice; yet if I do not take the Reviewer at his word, I shall be unable to defend myself by stating what are the facts implied in the passage thus questioned. Instead of addressing the Reviewer, which might seem an impertinence, I will request the reader to consult the tables compiled from the best and latest authorities by Moleschott, and published in his *Physiologie der Nahrungsmittel* (1859), and there we shall learn that even the muscles contain in 1000 parts no less than 798.90 of non-nitrogenous constituents—namely, 32.70 fat, 31.10 salts, and 735.10 water. The proportion in nerves is, of course, still larger, being 221.11 fat, 8.52 salts, and 570.78 water. Still larger is the proportion in the spinal chord—namely, 236.14 fat, 8.66 salts, and 685.25 water. Now, as muscles and nerves constitute the peculiarly *animal* tissues, those on which the activities of life draw most largely, we need pursue this inquiry no further to find the amplest justification for my assertion that a large proportion of non-nitrogenous substances enters into the composition of every tissue.

It may seem strange to the unscientific reader that tissues, which draw their materials from the blood, should nevertheless contain so much more of any substance than the blood itself contains; and this paradox seems to have puzzled even the Reviewer. But the composition of *no* tissue corresponds with the proportions found in the blood; often the figures show an extreme divergence, as in the case of bone, which contains 611 parts of salts, and only 90 of water, in every 1000 parts, whereas blood contains about 7 of salts, and 784 of water. The explanation is, that the blood is constantly fluctuating, and the tissues constantly accumulating; each tissue draws from the blood those particles needed for its own growth, and suffers the others to pass on to supply the wants of other tissues. It would be a paradox and an absurdity to suppose that the tissues contained more of any substance than was *ever* in the blood; but it is as easy to understand why the tissues should contain more than can be found in the blood at any mo-

ment, as to understand why a man whose salary is only six guineas a-week may have two hundred pounds stored up at his banker's.

My answer to the Reviewer therefore is, that in every tissue the proportion of non-nitrogenous substances necessary to its existence and vital properties as a tissue, is large; and this fact remains, though in a less conspicuous eminence, even if we omit water altogether from the calculation. But can water be fairly omitted? No account is taken of the water used in a steam-engine, indispensable though it be; the engineer founds his calculation solely on the amount of coal consumed; in like manner—it has been argued—water may be indispensable for the vital activities, but yet be disregarded in a question of Food, our attention being mainly given to the albuminous substances. There is a fallacy in this argument. Water happens to be so abundant as to cost nothing; it is therefore omitted in calculations of cost; but it is not omitted in practice or in theory. If water had to be purchased by the bucket or the pint, engineers and physiologists would give it a very prominent place in their calculations—one before that even of coal and albumen. Now, the theoretical question raised by Liebig is not one of cost, but one of constituents; and as water is not only an invariable indispensable constituent of every tissue, but a constituent which, within narrow limits, is constant in quantity, it cannot theoretically be disregarded. But, as I said before, although insisting on this point of view, it is by no means necessary to my argument—if all the water and all the inorganic materials be entirely set aside, and only organic substances allowed to fix the attention of the disputant, even then Liebig is certainly wrong in excluding fat from the category of plastic materials, seeing that fat forms a constituent of all tissues, and of some tissues it forms the larger proportion.

It is necessary to remind Dr. Daubeny and the Reviewer that they wander from the question when they set up, as a defence, that fat is the most efficient heat-making food. The theory propounded by Liebig is one of organic laws, not of economic selection. He says that fat is heat-making, and not at all tissue-making. He is answered by proving that fat *is* tissue-making. Hereupon the Reviewer declares "it is admitted on all hands that the presence of fat is necessary for the generation of tissue; consequently neither fat nor the non-nitrogenous substances capable of being converted into fat can properly be regarded as non-plastic and purely calorific." Then why does he oppose me for showing this, and how does he rescue Liebig's theory? Simply by affirming that fat is the most efficient and least costly food for the requirements of animal heat. This may or may not be the case; it does not get rid of the objections to Liebig's theory.

Liebig's theory was disputed on three separate grounds. First, as a question of Method, the pretensions of chemistry were denied: and no one has been able to vindicate these pretensions on philosophic grounds. Secondly, as a question of anatomy, I disputed the assertions on which Liebig founded his division of plastic and respiratory food—and on this head Liebig's error is admitted by his advocates: they confess that nitrogenous food is both plastic and respiratory, and that non-nitrogenous food is both respiratory and plastic. Thirdly, as a question of practical experience, I argued that Liebig's theory was not only proved at fault in every direct experiment in cattle-feeding, but did not exhibit that general and approximative concordance with fact, which even an imperfect theory might exhibit, when the basis on which it rested was sound. Of these three separate counts, the two first I have already examined, and on them I may consider myself admitted to be right by my critics. Let us therefore now examine the third.

First, I must remark that every attempt to determine the relative value of foods according to their percentage of nitrogen, has been a striking failure. To give only one example. Wheat is confessedly superior to beans, pease, and lentils in

nutritive value; yet it is so much inferior to them in percentage of nitrogen (about one-half), that Liebig is forced to attribute its nutritive superiority to its larger proportion of phosphates! But by this method of arguing, the nutritive value may be withdrawn from the nitrogen altogether, and assigned to the phosphates: "if nitrogen is *the* plastic element, and its percentage afford the true nutritive standard, the presence or absence of the phosphates can have nothing to do with it." When the chemists, following Liebig, draw up tables of the comparative values of different articles of food, they rely on the percentage of nitrogen; and, logically, they can rely on nothing else, if they believe that it is only nitrogenous material which can form tissue. But the physiologist who should attempt to act upon such guidance would be incessantly at fault, and would not find a single substance answering to such provisions. Nay, even the albuminous substances themselves — those which Liebig declares to be the only substances that are, strictly speaking, nutritious — are found, when taken alone, to be incapable of nourishing. To feed an animal on albumen alone is to starve it; it perishes as inevitably as if no food at all were given.

Passing from the examination of particular articles of food to the diet of nations and classes, I found that, while there are some facts which give countenance to Liebig's views, there are many others so diametrically opposite, as to indicate a radical mistake in the theory. It appears to me that neither Dr. Daubeny nor the Reviewer has properly appreciated the significance of these facts. The Reviewer remarks, "In selecting his facts to throw discredit upon Liebig's theory, Mr. Lewes has confined himself to those which happen to suit his purpose." True enough; and it is the objection which may be made with greater force against Liebig; we have both selected the facts needed for our argument, and neglected the others. But there is this difference: Liebig, to prove the truth of his theory, adduces certain examples which confirm it; to prove that the theory does *not* correspond with the facts, I adduce the examples which show that *want* of correspondence. There is no theory which cannot boast of facts to support it, but a true theory embraces all the facts; and when any contradiction appears, it is held to be an indication of some imperfection in the theory, until it can be explained by reference to some other law.

If carbonaceous food is *only* taken to keep up animal temperature, and not to furnish materials to the tissues, it is clear that the inhabitants of hot climates, who waste their tissues in all vital activities, and who require comparatively little animal heat, ought to take less of this carbonaceous, heat-making food, than the inhabitants of cold countries. This, indeed, is not only the rigorous deduction from Liebig's principles; it is the unequivocal statement he himself makes. "We expire more carbon," he says, "at a low than at a high temperature, and require more or less carbon in our food in the same proportion; and consequently more is required in Sweden than in Sicily; and in our own country an eighth more in winter than in summer. If an equal weight of food is consumed in hot and cold climates, Infinite Wisdom has ordained that very unequal proportions of carbon shall be taken in it." In direct contradiction to this, I cited the fact of millions of Hindoos subsisting chiefly on rice and butter; that is to say, in a hot climate, selecting heat-making food, not as an agreeable variety, but as a staple. According to theory, the Hindoo (except when he is in the colder mountainous regions) ought to eat very little carbonaceous food; according to fact he eats very little else. Nor is this all. The Hindoo not only subsists on butter and rice, but he is forced to eat enormous quantities in order to extract the necessary amount of nitrogen, rice only containing 7 per cent of that element. Liebig calculates the proportion of plastic to non-plastic material in rice as 10 to 123, whereas in beef it is 10 to 17. What, then, becomes of this enormous surplus of

heat-making food in a climate where the heat is very great? There is an issue from this dilemma: It is possible that the starch and dextrine of rice are not converted into heat, but only the fat is so converted. I say this is possible; but Liebig has not appealed to such a possibility, for he could only do so by destroying the very theory he had to defend. If the starch and dextrine are not heat-makers, then his classification of the carbonaceous substances as heat-makers is at fault, and the part played by starch has to be discovered; if, on the contrary, they are heat-makers, as he assumes, then we must ask why the Hindoo consumes them so largely?

This is only one of the examples selected, but I am content to let the decision rest on it. How is it handled by my critics?

"Moral, religious, and political considerations," says Dr. Daubeny, "no less than the natural promptings of appetite, influence the individual and community in the preference for certain articles of food and the rejection of others. If the Hindoo, for instance, lives on rice and butter, it must be recollected that his religious scruples preclude him from the use of animal food." If the kind of food were a question of taste and fancy, I could understand this argument; but inasmuch as physiological laws refuse to obey moral, religious, and political considerations — inasmuch as a religious dogma cannot convert a heat-making substance into one yielding no heat—we must reject this defence altogether, although the Reviewer refers to it with approbation. Liebig affirms the carbonaceous food to serve no other purpose than that of furnishing heat. I pointed to the fact that the Hindoo, who wants considerably less heat than the European, subsists mainly on this heat-making food; whereupon I am told that the "religious observances greatly influence the result." This is the first time I have heard that a chemical fact obeys a theological edict; and that a law of nature changes in obedience to a religious observance.

The Reviewer, after thus explaining away the difficulty presented by the Hindoo, remarks that the evidence furnished by labourers subsisting mainly on potatoes, and labourers who eat largely of animal food, proves that a greater amount of work can be got out of the latter. But since I have myself (p. 174) very explicitly stated this fact, the Reviewer might have hesitated before adducing it in defence of Liebig. We must say the same of what follows: "And in like manner, when a comparison is made between the experience of individuals or bodies of men exposed to different temperatures, it is found that the diet on which heat can be adequately supported in even the colder temperate climates, needs to be supplemented by an additional proportion of fat, or of some other efficient heat-producing material, to make it fit for the maintenance of the vigorous calorification needed by those who have to endure the rigours of an arctic winter." Now it is difficult to state more explicitly than I have done the "fact that, in cold countries, fat and oil are greedily devoured; and *it is the most striking fact that can be adduced in favour of the hypothesis now under discussion.*" But instead of leaping to the conclusion that this fat must necessarily be demanded for animal heat, and nothing else, I said, "We have yet to learn that fat is simply so much 'combustible material.' The demand for fat in cold countries may arise out of various conditions." Indeed, it is obvious that until the part actually played by fat is determined, the experience of arctic voyagers can only be an index, not an answer. According to universal experience, cold causes a greater demand for food, and that food animal food. On the chemical theory, this increased demand would not be for nitrogenous food, since that merely supplies the waste of tissues, but for carbonaceous food (or let us say fat only) which can be burned, to supply the needful heat. Now, while it is a fact, well worth considering, that the Esquimaux consume large quantities of fat, and thus countenance the chemical theory, it is no less true that they consume enormous quantities of flesh; and this puts the chemical

theory in embarrassment. While the average European diet may be taken at six or seven pounds daily, the Esquimaux are said to eat twenty pound of flesh and fat daily. Assuming the correctness of the statement, we must ask two questions: First, is it the greater waste of tissue in the arctic regions which renders this enormous increase of food necessary? If this be so, then we need not be surprised at a larger amount of fat being necessary. Secondly, is it only to supply the increased demand for heat that so much fat is required? If so, then why is not the increase of food confined to the oily substances, and why is the consumption of flesh so enormous? Thus, whichever way we view it, the testimony of arctic voyagers can only be cited in support of the chemical theory, on the condition of fixing attention solely on the fat, neglecting the flesh eaten in quantities so far surpassing the demands of an European. The Reviewer cannot have considered this difficulty, for, after referring to the twenty pounds of flesh and oil daily eaten by the Esquimaux, he says—

"That by far the larger proportion of this fat must be 'burned off,' to use Liebig's phrase, without ever being converted into tissue, we apprehend that every well-informed physiologist must be ready to admit. For let us look what monstrous assumptions are required by Mr. Lewes's doctrine, that no food is applied to the maintenance of heat, until it has been first subjected to the process of tissue-formation, and has been then set free by the waste consequent upon exercise. In the first place, it must be assumed that, by some wonderful process of transformation which Mr. Lewes does not attempt to explain, fat to any amount can be turned into muscle. That muscular fibre can be generated at the expense of anything else than albuminoid material, combined with a minute proportion of fat and the requisite salines, we may safely challenge Mr. Lewes to prove."

The challenge is a very safe one, no hint of such a proposition having escaped me; nor do I understand how a physiologist so very well-informed as this Reviewer unquestionably is, could have supposed that by "waste of tissue," only muscular tissue was meant. I said that "it is the tissues which are burned (if burning there be), and not the food itself;" and it is to this cause that animal heat is chiefly due: the Reviewer is therefore not justified in speaking as if muscle were the only tissue, and in asking how fat can be transformed into muscle.

We return, then, to our position; if physiology is embarrassed to say what becomes of the immense amount of fat eaten by an Esquimaux, not less is the embarrassment created by the immense amount of flesh. Supposing all the fat goes to sustain animal heat, what becomes of the surplus flesh? This question will be seen to have a more formidable weight when we learn that, according to the careful and elaborate experiments of Bischoff and Voit, no sooner did the amount of flesh given to their dog reach a certain figure, than the dog ceased to "burn" any fat, and supplied the whole of its animal heat from its nitrogenous materials

It is unnecessary to prolong this controversy. The defenders of Liebig have failed to show that his Method is the right one, and that chemistry alone can successfully deal with vital problems, of which food is one. They have failed to show that the anatomical distinction on which that theory rests is one which an anatomist can admit. They have failed to show that the practice of various nations, and the experience of cattle-feeders, have justified the previsions of the theory. These were the three points on which my batteries were erected; and, until those batteries are silenced, the defence will be in vain.

I will not trespass on the reader's time by any notice of the Reviewer's remarks on the views I have put forth respecting the Nervous System. There is in them so obvious a want of candour, as well as of good hard-hitting in the way of valid objection, that anything like rational discussion becomes impossible. Instead of wasting valuable space with such controversy, it will be better to conclude this letter with a glance at the very remarkable work published by Bischoff and his assistant Dr. Voit, which professes to place Liebig's theory in a somewhat new light,

while confirming its principles by the most indisputable evidence. It claims to be nothing less than the *Laws of Nutrition in Carnivorous Animals established upon New Researches.** Remarkable for the patient care with which its researches have been made and tabulated, this work is also interesting to us as furnishing some of the most conclusive evidence against the very theory it is meant to uphold. What degree of confidence is to be given to its method and calculations, I am unable to say. These will in due time be appreciated by scientific inquirers. For the present I am content to accept as indisputable all its facts and figures, merely to show how irreconcilable they are with the chemical theory of food.

The experiments, which extend over a period of three years, embrace great varieties. The dog is kept without food for several days, and the waste of tissue calculated. The dog is fed on meat alone, freed, as far as possible, from fat; then he is fed on meat and fat, in varying quantities and proportions; then with meat and sugar; with meat and starch; with bread and starch; with bread alone; with meat and gelatine; with gelatine and fat; and with gelatine alone. The same dog is the subject of all these experiments, and his mode of life is rigorously uniform.

It is said by Liebig and his followers that fat is burned at once in the organism to supply the requisite animal heat, before it is converted into tissue; and the surplus which is not burned, is stored up among the tissues as so much accumulated material ready for burning when needed. One confirmation of this view is held to be the gradual loss of fat which takes place during the winter-sleep of hybernating animals, and the effect of starvation seen in the sudden leanness of the starved animal. Now, one of the constant results of the starvation-experiments of Bischoff and Voit is in direct contradiction to this hypothesis. They state it as a law of the organism that the waste of tissue in a starving animal, for the supply of heat and motor-power, is always proportionate to the mass of the animal. "This relation of mass to waste is preserved also with respect to the separate parts of the animal, its flesh and its fat; and a certain interchangeableness is observed between the two. An animal rich in flesh wastes more flesh; an animal rich in fat wastes more fat." It thus appears that the amount of waste is not determined by the greater or less suitability of stored-up fat as a heat-producer, but is simply determined by the amount of fat which is exposed to the destructive oxygen. If the dog has a moderate amount of stored-up fuel with a large amount of good flesh, he does not, as the chemical theory would require, begin by burning all that fat before drawing upon his muscle; on the contrary, he spares much fat, and wastes much muscle. The truth seems to be, that both fat and muscle are subject to waste, to supply heat and motor power; and not that the fat supplies all the heat, and the muscle all the power. This result is confirmed by the experiments of feeding the dog on flesh alone. When a certain amount of pure flesh, containing not more than one per cent of fat, was given, the dog not only developed the requisite heat, but developed *more* than when a large proportion of fat was given with a less amount of meat.† In another direction this is confirmed: the dog fed on meat and fat, stored up the fat, and did not burn it, when the quantity of meat reached a certain amount.‡

Thus, from three several sides, Liebig's hypothesis is shown to be at fault; and neither the fat in the food, nor the fat stored up in the tissues, can be rightfully claimed as supplying the whole of the animal heat. That fat, *when* burned, will yield heat, no one ever thought of disputing. But the question at issue is, Does fat serve any other purpose in the organism besides that of fur-

* *Die Gesetze der Ernährung des Fleischfressers durch neue Untersuchungen festgestellt.* Von Dr. T. L. W. Bischoff und Dr. Carl Voit. 1860.

† Compare Bischoff and Voit, pp. 59, 66, 100. ‡ Ibid. 252.

nishing heat, and is it required simply as so much respiratory food? The untenableness of Liebig's view is fully shown when, to facts like those just named, we add his own confession, that nitrogenous substances also, when burned, yield heat. The only distinctions he pretends to rely on are two: First, that nitrogenous substances are never burned until after they have become plastic, and have served their plastic purposes, whereas fat is burned simply as combustible material, and never becomes plastic; this we have already seen to be entirely erroneous. Secondly, that although nitrogenous food will furnish animal heat, it is a much more expensive means of supplying heat than by a due admixture of fat. This may be true, or not true; at any rate it is an economic, not a physiological question.

It is right that I should add that Bischoff and Voit, in spite of the facts they themselves adduce, uphold Liebig's theory. But they do so on grounds which we have already seen to be untenable; they persist in affirming that fat and carbonaceous substances only serve the purpose of producing heat, and that although nitrogenous substances also, and inevitably, furnish heat, yet they do so at considerable expense. "Like everything else in the animal organism, this relation between nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous foods, as respects the demands of motor force and heat, is most advantageously and simply constituted. If a large amount of nitrogenous substances is metamorphosed, and much force set free, then fat is spared and stored up, because in this metamorphosis the requisite amount of heat is also developed. If, on the contrary, no such amount of force is demanded, and a smaller amount of metamorphosis is necessary, then there is the fat ready to furnish the required heat, and save the tissues." Now, to answer this chemically plausible, but physiologically absurd, argument, it is enough to say that, were it true, violent exercise would make men fat, and idleness make them lean; because in violent exercise there would be such a consumption of tissue as to supply the requisite heat, without any call upon the fat. But really the arguments put forward are so weak, and so utterly oblivious of the real problem which has to be solved —namely, the nutrition of a very complex organism—that I am not disposed to trespass further on the reader's patience. It is enough to have shown that the facts collected by Bischoff and Voit furnish decisive arguments against the theory maintained by Liebig. In showing this, I have added one more justification of the criticism on the chemical theory which is made in *The Physiology of Common Life*. — Yours truly,

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

OUR ONLY DANGER IN INDIA.

A LEARNED judge, in passing judgment lately, declared that all lawyers must feel ashamed of the number of conflicting decisions bearing on the case before him. When a class of men devote their attention to a particular branch of physical or social science, they feel that it is not creditable for the public at large to see that there are wide differences of opinion among them as to the results of their study and experience. If two of the initiated lay down diametrically opposite opinions, one of them at least must be wrong, and the uninitiated murmur that some of these wise men are no better than their fellows, for the most ignorant invididual generally knows sufficient to be able to give a wrong opinion upon any subject. In contemplating the recent legislation regarding India, and especially regarding the Indian army, we wonder how statesmen and soldiers can hold up their heads. The blue-books are one mass of contradictory opinions from men claiming to be high authorities on the subject. If a governor propounds one scheme as the panacea for those evils which affect our military system, a lieutenant-governor immediately decries it as certain to involve the empire in ruin. If a commander-in-chief devises a plan to organise the army, a military member of council at once steps forward to assure us that the disorganisation of the army will be effectually secured by its adoption. The public feels little enlightened by these discussions, and may reasonably doubt whether its rulers feel enlightened themselves. We are half afraid the Indian question is too intricate for the little wisdom with which the world is governed, and most hope that the measure of amalgamating the Indian and home services, which has been adopted amid doubts and difficulties, may, in spite of our forebodings, prove to be a step in the right direction after all. It would, we believe, be no difficult matter to fill many pages with curious extracts from the minutes of evidence recorded in the Blue-book on this subject, but we shall merely give one from the elaborate minute by Sir James Outram. Sir James is the great opponent of amalgamating the armies, and he is a man whose antecedents entitle him to be heard. He has shown himself a brave commander in the field, and his uncompromising honesty as a politician threw him temporarily under a cloud, from which he emerged only to shine more brightly than before. Yet in Sir James Outram's scheme for organising the army, the first physical qualification of which the cadet must bring a certificate, is that of being an expert swimmer—a useful accomplishment certainly, but which might surely be dispensed with in officers of any other cavalry corps than the horse-marines. Sir James proposes that an officer who passes certain examinations for the adjutant-general's department shall be made a captain, after which, if he qualifies for the quartermaster-general's departement, he becomes a major; and if he then pass an examination for the judge-advocate-general's department, he becomes a lieutenant-colonel—a pleasant arrangement for those who burn the midnight oil, but not for those who watch by the bivouac fires. We could add some equally curious extracts from the suggestions of Sir James's opponents, but they would serve nothing to our present purpose.

"Our only danger in India," said Lord Ellenborough, "is the native army;" and this being the case, we have no hesitation in saying that, while we hold India, our most important duty is to keep the native army obedient and contented. There may be other duties more pleasant and apparently more profitable, but those who neglect this one to help the spread of education, or improve the communications and resources of the country, have no claim to our approbation. If we only keep our army in order, but do nothing towards educating and civilising our fellow-subjects, we grossly neglect to fulfil the responsibilities of our situa-

tion in India; but we are still more culpable if we allow our army to fall into disorder and mutiny while giving our whole attention to the peaceful arts. The blessings of increased civilisation are too dearly purchased at the cost of fair cities pillaged and fair districts ravaged — of military law established over the length and breadth of the land—of human beings brought by hundreds to the gallows, and shot by thousands in the field; and we ourselves will not be compensated by the pleasure of governing a hundred and fifty millions of people for having our countrywomen periodically murdered, and our countrymen brutalised by becoming the instruments of wholesale executions. But if our native army is not kept in proper order and discipline it will again rise, and the year 1867 may equal 1857 in its horrors.

There is a great danger that, while we admire the splendid acts of heroism displayed by our countrymen during the mutiny, we should lose sight of the discredit which the mutiny itself casts upon our Indian administration. Those who believe that greased cartridges were the real cause of the mutiny, have an easy manner of getting rid of this question; but we do not believe that "grease causes revolutions," and cannot accept a solution which would relieve us of responsibility by attributing to one solitary error of judgment what was really the result of half a century's neglect. The Hindoos, it has been said by some, have at any rate no right to complain of the miseries inflicted on them during the suppression of the mutinies, for it was the act of their own countrymen which entailed such a terrible punishment. We might as well tell a Yorkshire farmer whose pocket has been picked in the Strand that he had no right to complain, because his pocket was picked by an Englishman instead of a Frenchman. "If the rebels were our countrymen," a Hindoo might say, "they were selected from among us for service under the British Government, and it was after the training they had there received that they revolted; but, whoever or whatever they were, the broad fact remains, that never during the incursions of the Afghans or Mahrattas has so much blood been spilt or so many homes been rendered desolate, in one year, as has happened under the British Government of 1857."

We disclaim any intention of selecting a particular governor or commander-in-chief on whose shoulders to lay the especial blame of neglecting our native army; but we maintain that the army was shamefully neglected by the Government generally; that the warnings of experienced officers were received with impatience, and a system permitted which must have ruined any army, although composed of far more durable materials than the sepoy army of India; and there can be no subject more important for those who have the welfare of India at heart, than the study of that system which so nearly brought our empire to the dust. Its principal fault was over-confidence, arising, we are afraid, as much from the long exercise of undisturbed power, and from an indolent dislike to consider a subject suggestive of danger, as from more generous feelings. The Governor-General and his advisers at Calcutta had more congenial matters to engage their attention. Possessed of unlimited power, and really anxious to use it for the good of the governed, they encouraged the spread of education and the construction of railways and telegraphs, sure that their endeavours would meet with the applause of their countrymen at home, if not with the gratitude of their fellow-subjects in India; and in the day of our disaster the rapidity with which the Indian peninsula had been covered with telegraphs met with its own exceeding great reward, for the drooping fortunes of the empire were more than once sustained by those slender wires. But our Indian statesmen, placed in the agreeable position of having the will and power to do good, and of being handsomely paid for doing it, did not sufficiently keep before their eyes the one tender point of the system — the hereditary disease which must always prevent it from becoming perfect. They were aliens to the nation whose interests they strove to advance; and if the husbandman at

his plough, or the weaver at his loom, cared little who held the reins of government, there were many more ambitious spirits who might, from selfish motives, aspire to raise themselves to wealth and power by the overthrow of the British, even if they were destitute of that feeling which would lead them to regret the misgovernment of the old dynasties, because

> "Our tyrants then
> Were still at least our countrymen."

It is, indeed, too common for Englishmen to indulge in the flattering idea that the nations of India feel grateful for the civilising influences of our government. A nation never does feel grateful to another nation. The Spaniards always hated Wellington and his soldiers, and they hated them more after the battle of Vitoria than before the battle of Talavera. The Hindoos believe there is some good in our innovations, and are not slow to take advantage of them; but they feel as grateful for them as a schoolboy feels grateful to the schoolmaster who keeps him in the schoolroom. A generation has arisen which never fled before a Mahratta or Pindarri raid, and cannot fully appreciate the advantage of a settled government, and protection for life and property. If the modern system of universal suffrage was applied in India to-morrow, there can be no doubt that the unanimous vote of the people would be to place themselves under native rulers; and there can be as little doubt that if they were polled again in five years, a large majority would desire to reinstate us — just as the French, after ten years of revolution, joyfully bartered their liberty in exchange for the firm government of Buonaparte.

Those classes who aspire to the higher offices of government, and the priests who are desirous of upholding a mythology which fades before the light of education like a mist before the morning sun, must ever be our bitter enemies; but the merchants and peasantry who, from long habit, may not now appreciate the security they enjoy, would learn, amid the confusion and strife which must follow our departure, what are the blessings of a strong government. The question naturally arises, whether we have any right to force our rule upon the natives of India. We believe that it is one of those exceptional cases which makes it our duty to depart from ordinary rules, just as it has been generally agreed in England that the King of Sardinia was authorised in entering the dominions of a neighbour with whom he was at peace, because the ordinary rules of international law could not apply to a case so exceptional as that of Naples and the Papal States. If we content ourselves with endeavours to distribute justice, where before there was only corruption — to make life and property secure, where before there was only rapine and bloodshed—there would not be sufficient grounds for our assuming the government. We have a far higher mission than to carry on the ordinary routine of government with judgment and equity, and in other respects leave the native population to their own devices. We have found in India a religion which, beyond any other, enthralls the human mind, and whose basis rests on the assumption that all men are unequal in the sight of God — a religion whose degrading influences are best illustrated by the fact that its followers have always been incapable of defending themselves against foreign invaders or native despots of another faith. Had Mohammedanism been the national religion of India, we should never have occupied the position which we now do; and we may hope that Providence has permitted a religion, even more impure than that of Mohammed, to remain so long, in order that Christianity might be the more easily introduced. It is not by violent means, or by an over-eagerness to make proselytes, that we can give the millions who believe themselves born to live and die without a hope of improving their condition, an opportunity of learning that it rests but with themselves to throw off the social chains in which they have been taught to consider themselves bound. It is by spreading education, and, by improved means of locomotion, encouraging the interchange of ideas, that we shall teach the Hindoos that a man is not bound to live always

where his father lived, to follow the profession which his father followed, and to bow down before the false gods which his father worshipped. When the native population has become sufficiently enlightened to throw off the yoke of caste, it will soon become sufficiently self-confident and ambitious to throw off our yoke also. When we see that day approaching, it will assuredly become our duty, by adopting a more liberal system, to afford them some training in the art of government, lest utter confusion follow our departure. When or how that departure will be we can form no prediction, nor is it likely to come in our generation, unless through our own mismanagement. It may be peaceful or it may be stormy — it may be step by step and province by province—or it may be a sinking at once from empire into insignificance.

The results of this carelessness on the part of Government regarding the condition of the army were twofold. The best officers were withdrawn from their military duties to assist in the civil branches of government. The army became filled with sepoys chosen from a bad class of men (for our purpose), in the first instance, and whose discipline, after they had joined, was necessarily affected by the want of efficiency in their officers.

A century ago, when the East India Company were emerging from the rank of merchants to that of princes, and when our struggles both with the French and with the native powers assumed a magnitude which had neither been desired nor foreseen, the demand for officers to lead the rapidly-increasing army was so urgent, and the inducement to enter the military service so great, that many young men who had gone to India as writers laid aside the pen for the sword. Lord Clive was one of these, and Warren Hastings was only prevented by Lord Clive from becoming another. A rapidly-increasing army gave rapid promotion, not indeed in nominal rank; but captains and majors acted as brigadiers and generals, assumed command of large forces, took large towns, and divided large sums as prize money. The military cadets who joined the Indian army before the close of last century were not, as has since been the system, appointed to a sepoy regiment at once; they first joined a European corps, and were selected from that to be attached to the native troops. A hearty spirit thus pervaded the native army. The officers were proud of their position, and took an interest in their men. The sepoys reciprocated these feelings by acts of devotion such as have scarcely a parallel in history. It was under Lord Cornwallis that the native army ceased to be a *service d'élite;* and instead of experienced officers being selected for this special duty, the young cadets, as they landed, were at once posted to a sepoy regiment. A reaction, occasioned by other causes, and tending to demoralise the army, had also set in. In Bengal it reached its climax in 1857, and the army broke up. In the other presidencies it is still going on.

When the victories of our armies had borne their fruit, and added large territories to the British dominions, an increased demand arose for officers to administer these new acquisitions. A number of valuable civil appointments were created; and instead of civilians being desirous of becoming military officers, the military officers were desirous of becoming civilians. So long as the officers with sepoy corps were few and select, the service was perhaps not much affected; but the system adopted by Lord Cornwallis, under instructions from the Directors in England, was ruinous to discipline. We shall describe it as it continued in 1857 in Bengal, and still remains in Madras and Bombay.

A certain number of young men, from sixteen to twenty years of age, were yearly sent out to India as cadets. On arrival, they were posted to regiments as cornets or ensigns, and their names borne on the returns of their regiment till they retired from the service, or were removed as general officers. But though nominally in the military service, they were really intended to supply the *personnel* for half the civil government of India. The diplomatic, revenue, police, public works, and other departments of government, were not only open to them, but the

business of any one of them would have come to a stand-still, if a constant supply of men, to fill up vacancies, were not drawn from the army list. In a return of the Bengal army, prepared a few years before the mutiny, out of 444 captains, 145, or not one-third, were present with their regiments. In every other department the emoluments were far higher than in the army. The cadet could not be a week in India without perceiving that the first object to which he should apply his talents and interest, if he had any, was to get away from his regiment. By obtaining civil employment, he might hope to lay by a competency on which to return to his native country after thirty or thirty-five years' service; whereas he could barely live in comfort, much less lay by one farthing, during a similar period of regimental service. Even before leaving England, if he belonged to the military college at Addiscombe, he had always heard the Chairman of the East India Company in his addresses to the cadets at their half-yearly examinations, recommend them to study the native languages, because passing in the languages was the test examination for admittance to staff employ. But if an officer passed in the language, and remained in his regiment with unpassed comrades, what reward had he? To get away from his regiment was the only inducement to exert himself. Not a gazette appeared but the passed officer looked wistfully at the list of appointments to see if his own name was included; not an appointment fell vacant, but the governor's private secretary was besieged with applications for the situation. It must be owned that the patronage was most fairly distributed, which did not improve matters so far as the army was concerned. The Governor-General and governors, with whom all the patronage rested, generally belonged to the aristocracy, and the candidates for employment to the middle classes. Not being pressed by family connections or parliamentary influence, the patrons had no inducement to look out for anything but merit. Merit, however discovered, was sure to be rewarded by promotion — promotion, that is, out of the military into any other department. As all officers nominally belonged to regiments, not only was the military department debarred, by the inferior emoluments attached to it, from competing with other branches of government for the willing service of able men, but it had to take their bad bargains off their hands. If an officer was tried and found fit for nothing else, he was sent back to his regiment. Taught by acts more eloquent than words, the sepoy officer saw that the State considered him as a person of little importance. The sepoys saw this also. They knew that there were some men among their officers whom they could not respect, and many more who went through the routine of daily duty without the slightest interest, and hoped to be soon quit of it and their regiment for ever.

The officers who remained with their regiments comprised several classes. There were a few whose abilities and industry would have authorised their aspiring to other employment, but who remained with their regiments from choice. There were also officers who honestly discharged their duties, and took an interest in the sepoys, but endeavoured (as they had every right) to better their own condition, by exerting all the influence they possessed, and urging all the claims they could show, to get placed on the staff. There were officers who had been passed over by accident, by the superior interest of their equals, or the ill-will of their superiors, and who hated their regimental duties, and took no further trouble in discharging them than was necessary to escape the censure of the colonel; there were officers who, from indolence or stupidity, failed to pass the test examination; and, lastly, there were those who, from misconduct or incapacity, had been turned out of other employments. What proportion of each class there was, we do not venture to guess; but it is not thus we should organise a body of men to take charge of a regiment, a ship, a railway, or any other public or private office. It is not altogether easy for persons little acquainted with the features of Indian

service, to understand the difference between a military man's position in India and in England. Many young men enter the home service because it confers a certain social distinction. The profession of arms has always been considered an honourable one. In former days the nobles assumed it, because might gave right; and, to this day, the sovereigns of Europe are careful to identify themselves with their armies. This gives a glitter and attraction to the military service in Europe which is wanting in that of India. The whole society is there composed of officials, and social and official position, therefore, go hand-in-hand. Official rank is measured by official salary, and as the military service is by far the worst paid, it is by far the least attractive.

If the young men who went out for service in India had been placed on a general list, and afterwards told off to the various departments, we do not think the military service would have been so neglected. Government would have shrunk from expressly selecting inferior officers for regimental duty, although they might not scruple, when they found an inferior officer in a regiment, to leave him there. It would also have been impossible to force good officers into a department which offered inferior inducements, because they were good officers. But the other alternative remained—to place regimental duty on a level with other departments. The military department could thus have had a fair proportion of talent devoted to it; and, what is of far greater importance, its officers would have been contented men, placed in a proper position for commanding the respect of their men. The editor of the views and opinions of General Jacob thus epitomises the opinions common to Sir John Malcolm, Lord Metcalfe, and General Jacob:—"That from the moment when the command of a native regiment become less sought for than other employ, we may date the commencement of our downfall. To render this command sought for, we must place the commander in a position to be looked up to by his men and by society, whether English or native, and we must support him in the exercise of full authority. To do this, involves selection—selection, that is, for a class of appointments more essential to the existence of our rule in India, than any other appointments, whether civil or military."

We have here shown the more glaring defects of the system by which the Bengal army was officered—defects which surely must appeal to the common sense of every reader, without any knowledge of military organisation or India government being required to assist him in forming a judgment. We proceed to consider the material of which this army was composed.

The anomalous character of the sepoy army would be supposed, for the reasons already given, to have suggested cautions to secure its fidelity, which in other armies are not required. In England or France, or any European nation composed of a homogeneous population, one recruit is likely to prove as faithful as another. If the soldiers are properly fed, clothed, and paid, there is scarcely any conceivable inducement to mutiny. The Indian Government acted as if the Bengal army was on a precisely similar footing. They seem to have thought that by paying a sepoy twice as much as an ordinary labourer's wages—that is, more than twice as much, in proportion, as any soldiers in the world receive—they had done everything. There was a population of 150 millions to select from, divided into many nations by diversity of language, and into many classes by the arbitrary rules of a religion which was common to the majority throughout the country. But commanding officers were allowed to fill their regiments with men of what caste or nation they pleased. They naturally chose recruits whose physique would give the regiment an imposing appearance, and these they found among the high-caste men of Oude and the north-west. The Commander-in-Chief or inspecting general looked at the men as they would at so many English soldiers, praised the tall ranks and martial aspect of the companies as they marched past, and no

fluence are kept with their families at some distance from their own district, and not associated too much in large bodies. The Sikhs possess a strong nationality, and a very little flame would soon kindle into a great matter amongst them. Indeed, the Sikhs in our pay very frankly discuss with their officers the chances of success in a struggle between them and the British, and assume, as a matter of course, that such a struggle must one day take place; and if twenty or thirty thousand Sikhs are kept in regiments by themselves, there cannot be a doubt that a struggle is certain, and its issue doubtful. The Bengal army, for the present, is officered on the irregular system, and, we believe, in a more healthy state than the old army; but an inspecting officer, with high authority, is urgently required to watch narrowly its development, and introduce improvements or check abuses while they are yet in the bud. A number of officers of the old army have thus found employment. They are in a better position than formerly, although we still think enough importance has not been attached to the position of an officer of sepoys. Some of the Bengal officers have been employed on the police and civil duties, and some, especially the seniors, remain unemployed—the victims of a system which was the handiwork of their superiors in days gone by, and which they had not power to alter. The Madras and Bombay armies are in nowise changed from what they were. The position of the officers is not improved — indeed it is worse than ever; for since the mutiny, officers are more than ever eager to leave their regiments, and there is a widening of the interval, already so much wider than in days of old, which separates the officers and men.

The Bengal army is therefore in a transition state; what it may turn out, we cannot venture to say. The excellent class of recruits from which the Madras sepoys are selected, and the admirable system by which their station for the time being becomes their home — often containing their aged parents as well as their wives and children — may save the Madras army from originating or joining in a mutiny. The Bombay army although not equal to the Madras army in this respect, is still far superior to the old army of Bengal. But we have described the system on which these armies are officered, and must leave it to our readers to decide how far it is compatible with the influence which sepoy officers, of all others, should possess over their men.

Not less important than considerations upon the discipline and economy of our native army is the question of its numerical strength, which, however, can be in no way separated from the general question of the numbers of troops of all arms, European and native, which we require. In former days, while our sepoys were faithful, we found that, with a total of 25,000 Europeans in India, we could hold our own and extend our conquests at pleasure. Our native army was at that time little short of 250,000 men. It would take up so much space to enter into a discussion of this subject that we shall only offer a few remarks. The mutinies have shown us — first, that the native princes of India are either less warlike than formerly, or increased means of observation have so impressed them with the idea of our power, that even the most favourable circumstances will not induce them to take up arms against us; second, that a mutiny of troops drilled and disciplined by ourselves is more formidable than any combination whatever of native princes. In fact, but for this unhappy mutiny, a generation was arising in India totally ignorant of war, except as a matter of tradition. If our European force is maintained at 50,000, we should be able to hold all the stations, and send 20,000 men into the field — a force amply sufficient to operate in half-a-dozen directions. A column of Europeans requires some native cavalry to make reconnaissances, and perform such light cavalry duties. If an enemy is broken and takes refuge in the jungles, it is also necessary to have some native troops, both infantry and cavalry, to give him the *coup de grace*. Sixty or seventy thousand ought to suffice for all

India. We shall soon possess means of concentrating troops, such as never entered into the calculations of former governments: every hundred miles of railway is worth a reinforcement of five hundred men.

The police force now amounts to 115,000 men. A decided mistake, in our opinion, has been committed by giving them all muskets. In settled districts a policeman requires nothing but a stout baton. There might be muskets, in the proportion of ten to every hundred men, at the headquarters of each district, for detachments or treasure-escorts to use. In a few unsettled districts it is of course right that the whole should be armed.

We cannot close this article without alluding to the impolicy of the measure which emancipated the native press in India. A free press and a despotic government upheld by the sword are incompatible. What says Lord Macaulay—"Combine a press like that of London with a government like that of St. Petersburg, and the inevitable result will be an explosion that will shake the world." That portion of the press which is printed in the English language may safely be left free, for nine-tenths of its readers are Government officials, and its only interest can be to correct abuses, not to embarrass the Government; but the native press should always be under control. A censorship was established during the mutinies, and we trust still continues. It is notorious that the native newspapers for many years contained seditious articles, which were read by every sepoy regiment. Free institutions should precede a free press; and until an Indian Government is prepared to grant the one it should withhold the other.

To carry out the reforms necessary in our Indian army will require a vigorous hand. There would be strong interests and still stronger jealousies to overcome. But the question is not an intricate one like Indian finance or Indian politics. The causes from which the Bengal mutiny arose lie on the surface—they are still at work; and an example of revolt before wanting, but never to be forgotten, has been set. It will be a national disgrace and a national disaster if these causes are suffered to remain, and a short interval divides the first and second mutinies.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THERE are periods in the history of most individuals at which their personal health becomes a subject of interest to all their friends. Either some sudden momentary attack, or some series of petty sicknesses has brought the matter to the mind and attention of the little community of neighbours and acquaintances under whose observation each man naturally falls. It is most probable that he knows all about his own colds and headaches, and rates them only one by one as the cause of so many lost working days or painful hours, without connecting them into a system, or looking forward to a result. But his own inadvertence is abundantly made up for by the benevolent and compassionate logic of the bystanders, who put one thing to another with astonishing ingenuity, and make out the circumstances of the unfortunate subject of their commiseration to be all but hopeless, before he himself, poor soul, is conscious of the smallest occasion for alarm. Have not we all been witnesses of—are not most of us conscious of assisting in—these mysterious looks, and undertones, and anxious inquiries, which after a while make it a certain fact that poor Mr. So-and-so is in a bad way? If he is not ill at this moment, he will be shortly. He looks tolerably well on the whole, but that you know is so much the worse, showing the insidiousness of the disease. When this kindly human tendency has no worse effect than the common one of making men impatient of any inquiries about their health, and disposed to receive sympathy on that score very ungraciously, its effect is innocent; but there can be no doubt that sometimes the mind receives a more dangerous impression from that consciousness of having been given up by the lookers-on, and that the life which has been thus tacitly and sympathetically disposed of by other people, gradually receives in its own person a certain harassing sensation of insecurity. None of us can have any confidence that we shall be saved from our friends in this respect. The tendency is universal; the sad tone, the pitying look, the steady and close observation, are familiar to everybody. "Ah, poor man, his health is not what it used to be;" the concerned little world has made up its mind on the subject. If he does the duty which his little community expects of him, the man, without loss of time, will die.

That stout and slightly plethoric individual, well-known in these and other pages under the name of John Bull, has come safely through many such interesting crises. Times out of number he has been in a bad way; and it is commonly known that continental bystanders have asked how he did, with all the well-known ominous signs of grieved regard and anxiety, even at a very recent period. England was falling into a sad condition of decay, trundling heavily and clumsily down her precipice—presently, alas, to fall headlong, and be made an end of. Ah me! how much the French philosopher was sorry! how deeply concerned was the sympathetic German! But there are laws, gentlemen, as you are all aware, inexorable laws which regulate health, of which it is sadly to be feared our poor friend had not been sufficiently observant—and nature always avenges herself. If by any chance England should fall out of the highest rank of nations, how grieved that select and exclusive circle would be to lose her agreeable society! how deeply afflicted they are to remark, now and then, her infirm condition, and how they shake their heads over her disturbed state of health! A sad loss, certainly; but still we must be resigned to the decrees of Providence,—and, indeed, the wonder is, with her constitution, how she could have lasted so long.

This frequently-recurring and most amiable anxiety regarding the health and security of such an ungrateful commonwealth as our own, is not so entirely spontaneous, and without foundation, as it seems. English contemporary history is a puzzle to everybody but an Englishman. No

other country knows, or will express, that chronic discontent in which the English ideal and sense of something higher to be attained, perpetually develops itself. We are not much given, as a nation, to Utopian speculation, or dreams of an ideal state. Utopia lived and died in those grand old hyperbolical days, when the nation was surprised by such a flush of genius that the exuberance ran over, and a certain sweet craze of tender fancy was permissible. But that is not how the ideal faculty of this people finds expression, save by an exceptional chance and accident. Neither are we apt to form logical systems of paradise, nor to arrange schemes for making all the world happy. Much less pretty—much less amiable—is the guise in which our prevailing ideal bursts forth and discloses itself. We, too, long and stretch forward to something better than we have yet been able to attain. We, too, have a certain visionary superlative excellence flushing the clouds before us. But unfortunately we cannot manage to express this in Arcadian visions, or Fourrieristic squares and angles, or all-embracing, all-interfering governmental rule. The material we have to deal with is stiff-necked and impracticable. There does not exist, we are proud to say, a single tiny village in England which, if its natural rulers were known to entertain the determination of making it happy, would not decide, in its independent mind, to be wretched in spite of them. Absolutism of place and thought is as foreign to the genius of the British mind as absolutism in rule. We cannot, were we ever so anxious, bring up our refractory clients to our standard in an arbitrary and lofty manner—nor can we beguile them by fancy pictures of what might be. Neither the one system nor the other strikes a congenial chord in their illogical and independent bosoms. To hope for the attention or sympathy of the British public to any general idealistic scheme of human improvement would be the vainest project ever undertaken by the vanity of man.

Yet it is equally true that a strong and warm ideal exists in this country; and that generous minds here have thrown themselves, with the boldest unreserve, into all those questions of human advancement and purification, which are so attractive to generous minds everywhere. The question is, how does this national ideal of ours develop itself?—what are the characteristic national words in which it makes itself visible to the world?

The only plain and simple answer to this question is precisely the reason why foreign bystanders, utterly bewildered by a constitutional custom which they cannot by any amount of explanation make themselves understand, are so often deceived into a condition of tender and neighbourly solicitude about the good health and estate of this oddly individual island. There is one method by which the sympathy and attention of the British people can always be secured; one unfailing charm which always acts upon the stubborn English imagination, take it how you will. A public man who has the luck to begin his life with a great, reasonable, and apparent grievance, makes his political fortune by that happy chance. Sunk deep into the calm centre of conscious comfort and wellbeing which fills these islands, is a certain unfailing, unfathomable well of discontent—discontent which has its source in the highest faculties of our nature, as well as in some of the pettiest instincts of the same—a perpetual protesting voice making its restless outcry among us. "We are very well, but we are not so well as we might be," sighs night and day this spontaneous natural breath. By times it aches higher, and breaks into a passion of which something notable comes; generally it keeps up a somewhat peevish observation on public acts and universal morality; always it grumbles sadly, an undertone of perennial objection in the national heart. This is how the British idealistic quality—the great poetic-prophet instinct of the nation—takes familiar expression. We are great, we are strong, we are fortunate, we have a confidence invincible in our own arms, and force, and courage—it is not in us to believe that we can be beaten or overcome; notwithstanding, in the height of her self-complais-

ancy and climax of her confidence, England stands at her own door and looks out through the twilight at her own home-firmament, and sighs out the discontent in her heart. We are very fortunate and prosperous, but we are not so well as we ought to be, says the great, sober, unromancing nation; and forthwith brings up whatever she can fall upon to justify this trouble in her heart, out to the broad daylight and common vision of men. "This and this has happened, and why did it happen?" says the great optimist; "such and such hideous matters are going on under cover of my imperial mantle. Look to it, my masters; there is some one of you to blame."

Such is the characteristic expression of that high national ideal which exists in this country. It does not run into visions nor abstract plans. It has, like most English matters, but a sparing amount of logic in it. It declares itself in a public complaint raised against every visible evil; in an unsparing readiness to blame somebody when anything goes wrong; and in an entire refusal to believe in *necessary* crimes and calamities. The superficial view of all this is that an Englishman's highest delight lies in grumbling; the curious uncomprehending foreign view is, that before a nation can really be brought to speak of her troubles in so very open and serious a manner, these troubles must have struck at the very root of her life, and become unconcealable. Few people imagine that the ideal soul of the nation finds a voice in this popular science of complaint; or that in reality it is the perennial natural protest that something better is still attainable, which bursts in all this clamour of fault-finding and elaborate exposition of invisible evils from the national heart.

Such, notwithstanding, is certainly the case. The practical reformation of evil is one of the hardest tasks in this life, as everybody knows, and it is one which every step of progress, and refinement of civilisation, complicates more deeply,—since every stage of social advancement makes summary and arbitrary proceedings, the primitive and forcible method of dealing with the adversary, less and less practicable. In the mean time, while we have not yet agreed upon the best method of rooting out the malady, ought we not to be decorously silent about the existence of this scourge and shame which is in our own flesh? To this question the popular voice of the three kingdoms at all times and in all circumstances has answered, No: bring it out into the daylight—lay it forth in the full sight of man—spread it out before the Lord. If we cannot mend, let us at least deny, defy, and denounce it. Visionary perfections are out of our way; and we know nothing about any plan or system which can build again the bowers of Eden. We are a terribly matter-of-fact, commonplace, unpoetical people; only if we never mend it, if we die saying it, this crime and misery should not, must not, has no right to be. We confess it is true we have no panacea to offer; the romance of our history happened long ago and is past. Very probably Dutch William, in his days, was looked upon as the universal cure-all, by those ancestors of ours who were no better than they should be in their own persons. But we have no gospel of an emperor to believe in, and know very well that all the evils of humanity cannot disappear even before the steps of an honest king. Perhaps no amount of cobbling possible will ever patch this old world up into simple decency, much less reformation. Nevertheless, here we stand, a plain, prose people, saying out with strenuous lungs this severe, lofty, unconscious poetry that is in us. Wherever the name of England sounds, with all its echoes of praise and glory, let the cry of our ceaseless protest and complaint echo into that victorious proclamation. Incredulous listeners will hear, and marvel, and misconceive. That is nothing to the purpose. We are great, but we should still be greater. Crime and misery, devilish spectres, are in the midst of us. All the arguments of philosophy shall not make us believe that they are necessary evils. We publish them abroad as outlawed felons whom we cannot kill, but will not tolerate. People die for want in our rich, rich plentiful streets; little children drop to sleep standing at their cruel tasks; chris-

tened households huddle into dismal dens, like families of wild beasts. Hear it, oh ye heavens and earth! Darker horrors, still, we cry aloud in a passion of shame, and rage, and self-resentment. These things are, and we cannot destroy them; but we protest with open avowal, remonstrance, and complaint, before heaven and earth, that they have no right to their existence, and must not be!

Such is the true nature of that universal national tendency we have to publish our own shortcomings. How many calm functionaries have not we worried to death on this account! how many good men risen up and slaughtered on the moment, to discover afterwards that our sudden outcry was a thousand times less just than we thought it! Anyhow, should it even cost the nation a good servant, by misadventure, now and then, let us at all costs establish that wrong has no right to exist anywhere—that we have no toleration to spare for cruelty, falsehood, and injustice — and that evil, though it is, and flourishes, must not and has no right to be!

That the existence of any deep poetic motive in the great public Palavers held from time to time in this candid country may very reasonably be doubted, we do not deny. Sanitary commissioners, school inspectors, and workhouse visitors, are not the class in whom we hope to find the ideal principle most largely developed. Neither is there, except to a very few choice spirits, that deep charm in statistics, which might be expected from so popular a science; but still the entire groundwork on which so much petty detail, so much mild twaddle, so many noble laborious efforts, so many wise and so many foolish suggestions, have been built up into a notable size and height, claiming the observation of the community, is no other than the lofty and visionary Discontent, the high unconscious practical Idealism of the British nation.

And who can deny that grand postulate of the national conscience? All is not well in the depths of our riches and prosperity. Sad upon the air, amid all shouts of increase and progress and advantage, come the cries of the helpless whom civilisation crushes down in her iron car. Scientific observers shout out notes of congratulation to each other from the hilltops as they light their friendly lights across British waters, and watch the big ships, big tides, great bread-makers, fertilising agencies from all the world, come sailing in to land; but the sentries below in the shadow shake their heads as they say, All's well. We have grown richer and greater every year, but we have not kept our ways clean and pure to mark the course of our advance. Our footsteps have soiled the road we have traversed. Pitiful voices come upon chance gusts of every breeze. Dead souls a thousand times more pitiful, without a voice to tell their grievance, roll over, sullen and blank, before the Juggernaut car. National pride, arrogance, self-esteem, however it may be called, prevents us from measuring ourselves against our neighbours, and taking consolation that we are no worse than they. We are a law to ourselves in this matter; one thing we know and are assured of, a steady shadow always keeping its place behind that blaze of national glory which only aggravates its gloom,—that we have not done so well as we should have done; that we might have gained all our advantages with cleaner hands; and that for souls of men, and pangs of suffering innumerable, in the blaze of our prosperity, we are to blame.

This consciousness lays a sincere and single-minded nation singularly open to the assaults of advisers. We want little convincing as to the reality of the complaints against us. They have found their echo and repetition in the secret ideal sentiment of our own minds. But how to mend them? At the word, as at a spell, the air is full of rushing winds and voices. Every one acknowledges the universal occupation of the British people and its general want of leisure; but few people make due account of the leisurely yet active-minded class who exercise themselves so universally in pricking up and goading on the much-enduring British lion. That there is such a

class, however, associations, committees, directorships, public benevolences, and interferences of every description, testify over all the kingdom. Good people either retired from active life with all its habits and necessities strong upon them, or brought up according to the splendid working discipline of our legislative classes, without the luck to find or the necessity to seek any formal occupation for their powers, or generally, possessed with that restless locomotive faculty of mind which must be doing, without any profession to fill the hands which do not have it in them to be idle. To this combination of leisure and activity, necessarily confined to the class which is not under the necessity of working for its living, we owe all our statues and public memorials, the greater part of our public ornamentation, false or true, a valuable amount of benevolent and charitable works, and a ceaseless din of talk and agitation which goes far to exceed ordinary human temper and patience. It would be difficult to say how much of the main stream and current of popular thought and conversation, how many of the speculations, semi-benevolent and semi-philosophical, which amuse and occupy us, are originated by the strenuous and laudable exertions of this fortunate, restless, active-minded class, with whom work of some kind is a necessity, and to whom Providence has denied the great blessing of working for daily bread, to find something for themselves to do. Let us give them their due; many such disengaged and unembarrassed individuals have plunged into real social work, to the entire surrender of their freedom, and the fortunate circumstances of their position; but the class, as a class, is the general adviser and busybody of the nation. For some certain amount of congenial occupation to themselves, they are quite ready at any time to aggravate the public out of its wits, and make the "cause" which they have taken up for the time being, the most afflictive of public nuisances; or, a still more melancholy and usual result, to systematise and regulate charity out of all charitableness, and make a dismal bustling business out of the afflictions of the poor and the brotherly feeling of the rich. Let us glance ever so slightly into the ordinary machinery of the vast London charities. Let us but penetrate behind the screen of those great edifices, with their proud "voluntary contribution" legend, and how deeply shall we find the busybody involved in all their concerns! Has any of our readers witnessed an election into one of the great benevolent institutions there? Can they ever forget, if they have, the frightful artificial trade aspect of the whole concern—the polling tickets, the placards, the canvassing ladies smiling daggers at their opponents' tables, the intermediary class, middle-men and middle-women, stepping in officiously between the helped and the helpers, obliterating both from the scene, and leaving nothing but their own petty electioneering trade, and complacent business of doing good, to be anywhere visible? Looking back with painful disgust to such a scene, once witnessed by our own eyes, we find it excessively difficult to take comfort in systematic charity, or to believe in committees. Political economy has learned how to estimate the existence of the race of middle-men long ago. The economy of social help and reformation being less rigid, has in its inexperience and youthful enthusiasm taken large armies of them into its bosom. There is not perhaps a single question raised of late days concerning the improvement and progress of the people, nor an attempt to reach out a hand of brotherly kindness by way of education or otherwise to these same people, nor even the smallest local undertaking of charity however honestly and worthily originated, which has not felt itself bound, first of all and wilfully, to encumber its own hands with a committee. Men, who will "make a business of it," flock around every budding effort. Let us grant that they mean no harm; let us grant rather that they mean really the highest amount of good in them, and are earnest to "promote" and further the matter they have taken up. The motive by no means changes the injurious character of the work.

Committee-rooms, offices, minutes, and secretaries, are expensive articles to begin with — time, patience, and charity, are still more costly; and the agency which interposes itself in dead shadow between the helped and the helpers, is an institution as pernicious as it is convenient—a foreign intruder which chills the chief parties on either side of it—a blank non-conducting medium by which the human warmth of giving and receiving gets thrilled back again and turns to bitterness. Idleness is doubtless a very sore and heavy affliction; but the busy idleness which devotes itself to committees, and complacently believes itself laborious for the good of its race, is a kind of national calamity, Never was a nation so beset by these multitudinous, harassing, intrusive, and well-intentioned enemies. Should some enlightened statistical inquiry ascertain the number of existing and acting committees within this empire, the list would doubtless astound and appal the most advanced Reformer. In every quarter of the kingdom, some certain little body of men—or, alas! women—are perpetually sitting upon us, hapless victims; intercepting our charities out of our warm hands into cold money-boxes and amateur ledgers; riding furious hobby-races through our humble schools, and homely training; bewildering the hapless rustics, and amusing the sharp-witted mechanic folk, who see through their eager bustle of occupation, and shrewdly suspect that, in their position, their teachers' views of ordinary matters would undergo strange modification. These middle-men work an unspeakable amount of bustle, and create an unheard-of mass of committees out of our national discontent with our own ways. They step briskly forward to take their place between us and our brothers whom we have neglected, and concerning whom our heart is compunctious. As they flutter to and fro with their minute-books and lists of contributions, the human face of that brother of ours down below there, whom alone we want to see, obscures and clouds over into something abstract, of which we cannot discern the lineaments. The middle-man stands straight between us, taking down our name on one page, and *his* on the other. What are we to do? the committee of course will make all proper inquiries, and see that your bounty is not dispensed unworthily; and what can you do, poor human charity? It is vastly convenient, to be sure; and perhaps these cool good people, who make it their business, can manage it best after all; and so, the compunction falters back, and buys itself off with a little money. And the profession of benevolence—voluntary, unpaid, unimpeachable profession, asking nothing for its labours but a little fuss, a little importance, and the delight of something to do—thrives, and talks, and classifies, and forms associations; gives charity a parliament, a literature, and a wide mutually applausive audience; and, in short, manages to bewilder the traditional woman who impersonates that virtue out of the very children at her bosom, substituting itself instead with the newest baby-bottle in its useful fingers, and the applause of "a crowded meeting" ringing sweet in its accustomed ears.

This gradually consolidating and increasing institution has greatly changed the moral aspect of the primitive and cardinal virtue which it undertakes to represent. Charity has it no longer in her power to remember that her right hand must not know what her left hand does; far from that, the newspapers must know about it, and the general population; it must become the material of which public reputations are made, and personal progress assisted. If it is not such an army as those broken men and men in debt, who linked their desperate fortunes once to the young Hebrew adventurer in his cave, it is at least a crowd of ambitious and active individuals, who climb up out of respectable chaos, by that shining ladder of Public Beneficence and Universal Charity. From the persistent woman, in the novel, who manages to make the clergyman bow to her, up to the rising young man, whose clever paper, at a social science meeting, or skilful reformatory project, draws the attention of a Minister, the tendency is a very general and dangerous one. Good *may* come of it, as good falls

unhoped for out of many an unpromising channel, but it is sadly certain that many a complication of other motives produces that which falsely takes the form and credit of the purest patriotism alone. And the result is, that when the country, awakened to some special peril of conscience, calls out for help and counsel, how to mend this evil in her ways, she finds her first answer, not from the hearts and spirits which feel a still sharper and closer prick of individual responsibility, but from a clever, ambitious, and ready Agency, created by the special tendency towards compunctions which is known to influence her, and with that and many another grievance, all ready cut and dry, prepared for the time when her heart shall be moved on the subject. Well! it is a great ease, to be sure, and saves the country a vast deal of trouble; and what have you to say against it? Big civilisation, sharp and cruel, has made her gulfs between man and man. No kindly Saxon Frankpledge will avail us now; nor haughtier Norman bond, feudal, yet human; nor wasteful tender Celtic tie of nature. Humanity has to pay her price for her street lamps and paving. With so many other concerns on her hands, she cannot afford the time to do her own duties, but must depute them to other people, like any other great lady. So to be sure, there is nothing to be said against it; it is better to do it by a middle-man, than not to do it at all. Let the committees rise and flourish! let us set up the philanthropist's profession between the rich and the poor; let us give Benevolence a most visible, distinct, and well-regulated constitution, with laws, rights, and office-bearers not to be disputed. Just at the present moment, that seems the only expedient apparent to the troubled soul, who somehow cannot persuade his heart that he is not his brother's keeper, yet does manage to convince his mind that he has no time to look after his brother. Here is one grand expedient and panacea for that uneasiness. The philanthropist stands smiling, quite ready to take up the business. He will send for your subscription, and give you no trouble about the matter. Henceforward, it is comfortable to know, except in sermons, or for a special "object," you will hear little more about your brother; and yet, delightful thought! can "do your duty" all the same.

This great modern machinery and agent has naturally had a quite incalculable share in the recent very large development of talk and suggestion which has confirmed the separate existence of that which we now call the Social Science. Various branches of this aggregate have been long enough before the world. Sanitary laws, which began with blue-books and elaborate scientific expositions, have dribbled down into story-books and penny pamphlets, by course of years; and the earliest period when the schoolmaster burst abroad, is beyond the range of some of our memories. The new point in the matter is simply the conjunction of many different modes of inquiring into, and legislating for, the wants and troubles of the country, in a kind of social parliament, brief enough to figure, while it lasts, as a public divertisement, and not to make too heavy a call upon the energies of the amateur statesman. Four years ago this new institution was inaugurated under the presidency of Lord Brougham, whose venerable and distinguished name was, of course, of itself sufficient to attract everybody's attention to the new society, and whose mighty hand has, perhaps, been involved in more of the good, and as much of the mischief, accomplished in his generation, as ever falls to the lot of mortal man. This great interpreter of the purpose which moved the philanthropic faculty to the adoption of such a plan, described it, at its first meeting, as an association for the discussion of "five of the most important branches of moral and political inquiry—those which especially form the practical portions of Social Science"—and declared the expected advantages to consist in "bringing together those who chiefly devote themselves to promote the inquiries and the measures connected with social improvement; and this position seems to rest upon most solid grounds, both from considerations common to all joint undertakings, and from the peculiar

nature of the subject itself. Of the former description is the great advantage which must accrue from the mutual help afforded to one another, as fellow-labourers in the same cause; the increased efficacy thus given to the efforts of each; the lights struck out by full discussion, with the valuable suggestions thus produced; the experience, the reflections of each individual, being made, as it were, common to all; the security against error, by timely examination of each plan before its author's prepossessions have been too deeply rooted, and before he has been committed to its details; the authority given to proposals ultimately, and after mature deliberation persevered in, even if not sanctioned by the assent of others; the influence which may be acquired in various ways, when that sanction has been declared." The institution, in short, is intended, if successful, to "bear as wide a relation to moral and political science, as the British Association, which has now been in successful action for considerably more than a quarter of a century, does to mathematical and physical science."

On this principle the Association for Social Science comes into existence—nobody taking into account, as it would seem, the wide division between Science physical and mathematical, and Science benevolent and reformatory. It is an odd unphilosophical preface to the sittings of a body of philosophers. What have the guides of Social Science — men who have voluntarily taken upon themselves to find an answer to some of those dark social problems which cut into the very heart of humanity, and who head a crusade boldly proclaimed to be one of help, medicine, and cure, to human spirits and bodies —in common with the disciples and students of professional and remunerative Knowledge? A most important and apparent difference lies on the very face of the matter. Faraday and Owen have the noblest moral right to all the glory and advantage which can be derived from their discoveries; and so far from censuring, we applaud as a generous and lofty sentiment, that desire for fame and distinction which makes up to many a scientific man for a more substantial reward, and stimulates his labours. But could we suppose that John Howard, for example, had the smallest idea of personal distinction mingled in the impulse of his labours, how great would be the fall! Such a narrow, sublime, one-ideaed man is beyond the region of common stimulation; and though there are few Howards, the principle extends to all who profess like hopes and intentions. Personal ambition either of one kind or another, must not enter into the purpose or calculations of men who appear before the world as devoted to the service of their fellows. Remuneration, either temporal or spiritual, is not to be proposed or suggested in connection with such schemes. Fame may come, but it must come unawares. Any motive, save the great motives of Christian charity, human sympathy, and true patriotism, are not only inapplicable, but degrading. In any other worldly pursuit a man's own honour and advantage are naturally expected to reckon for something. But when he voluntarily takes his place as one of those whose work in this world is to help and succour the suffering, to deliver the fallen, to conserve the spiritual and moral interests of society, the very idea of an ulterior motive or foreign stimulus is fatal to his mission. The man who describes to the British Association the entire series of experiments which led to some new result in chemistry, or who propounds the particulars of an invention, and informs his audience how he came to think of it, does nothing which the most scrupulous of optimists can object to; but when another man rises in his department to tell what "a great work he is doing," according to the common slang of benevolence — how tender expedients of charity developed within him—and what his own personal hands and heart have done for the criminal, the ignorant, or the helpless, —the least sensitive mind finds something to cavil at. Amid the deepest interest, and through the loudest plaudits, a certain sense of incongruity and discomfort lingers in the mind of the hearer. Perhaps the world has outlived the primitive rule. "If thou serve many, tell it not to

any," may be no longer a serviceable axiom. Still, let us at least have paper and print intervening — a decent veil between the face of Goodness and her admirers. The moment we can allow ourselves to believe that common praise and social advancement act largely as motives in works of benevolence, that moment our hearts revolt against the very works themselves. But such motives must, of sheer necessity, be brought into large and active operation by such an institution as the new yearly parliament of charity. Most likely they will prove their own falsehood by producing nothing which will even bear talking of; but they are certain to produce a large amount of talk. No such confusing, embarrassing human sentiment can interfere with pure Science. The two stand upon entirely distinct and separate ground. The labours of a body of men who seek abstract truth, new developments of science, increase of knowledge and professional reputation, can never form a rule or example for those of another body who, in all their labours and researches, profess to seek only the good of their fellowmen.

Whether human reformation can ever be made a science of, is a much more extensive and difficult subject. Nobody will deny, however, that it is sadly the most troublesome science which has ever been inquired into by man. Doubtless some satisfactory theory will sooner or later come into being about those Flint Instruments which have given scientific curiosity so much pleasant bother of late days; and there these mysterious articles will lie unchanging, ready to justify their interpreter's hypothesis; but the human instrument will not keep still to prove anybody's theory. On the contrary, with a strange impulse towards the perverse side of everything, human nature, as everybody knows, loves nothing so well as to explode and dash in pieces every theory which has ever been formed upon it. Every prophecy we make, every conclusion we draw, however true to facts or general nature, is liable to be scattered in the dust at any moment by some unforeseen and uncomprehended individuality which we did not take into consideration. Abstract science has the unspeakable advantage over her new sister of having *things* to deal with, and not creatures — things, substances, irrational forces, that can be chained down, not only with brass and iron, but with axioms and necessities, which are totally out of the question with the difficult and slippery beings whom Social Science, rash and young, has taken into hand. Neither steam nor electricity, though they may make a momentary demonstration of bloody and cruel revolt now and then, can struggle permanently against the rule imposed upon them; but all the reasons of philosophy, all the expedients of benevolence—nay, more wonderful and appalling far, all the alternatives and motives of Christianity—may be thrust aside and rendered useless at any moment by the sullen refusal of a fool; and fools are no unimportant portion of the bulk of humanity. With such material, conclusions must be warily made; and when they are made, due allowance for the possibility of their entire overthrow and destruction must needs be added to the argument. In these circumstances it would be natural to suppose that this study should be cautiously undertaken, and pursued under conditions becoming the gravity of the discussion. Modern philosophy, it appears, has taken a different view of matters. There was no external call to arms when Don Quixote mounted his immortal steed. Neither fighting kings nor distressed princesses awoke the hero out of his quiet. He set forth by his own inspiration, the magnanimous old paladin. Once more an old paladin has rushed to the rescue of humanity. Success and honour to the arms of the valiant old champion! But if Don Quixote had gathered behind his back all the impertinents of La Mancha, could that antique hero ever have possessed himself, does any one suppose, of the universal heart? Under precisely the kind of circumstances which are likely to make the study of human wants and remedies an impracticable operation—in the glitter and fuss of big yearly meetings, by means of which the professors of the new science are expected to keep the

population of some great town in a week's excitement and amusement—the Social Science makes its *debut* before the British public. Here stands the exponent of our doubts and tribulations. It is not to be supposed that he could have taken the trouble to bring himself into existence unless he had something to say. There are some dismal, sad, miserable questions to ask of this volunteer adviser—questions which are strangely out of keeping with the "laughter" and "cheers" of those famous long speeches. Shall we all break through the amused and admiring crowd and demand an answer to our difficulties? Shall we disperse summarily the delightful excitement of local hospitality and hero-worship, by desiring to know what is the good of it? Solitary individuals, not of reformatory genius, but only of thoughtful mind, elsewhere ponder the vexed questions of humanity, and make little enough of them. Religious communities, not over-thoughtful, do what lies in them to apply the supreme talisman of Christian progress, and yet do not change the world. Let us see what they are to do amid their "cheers" and "laughter" at Glasgow and Liverpool—the noble old Quixote, with his lance in rest, and all the rabble of La Mancha in his rear.

The reception, however, of this new institution has certainly been remarkable. In the big active towns which have had the honour of receiving these guests for their yearly meeting, all the world has given itself up in reverential attention to the utterances of the oracle; a provincial community, with a due respect for great names, and but limited means of access to the presence and possible prelections of the authorities of the age, is, doubtless, tolerably ready to do this at all times, be the subjects of conference what they may. But the existence of this vast committee of public health and improvement, seated in popular state, amid the plaudits and encouragements of the general community, is a wonderful and characteristic fact in its way. High in its place of criticism sits this self-constituted body, turning up our social sores and grievances, with much equanimity and perhaps even a little complacent pleasure in the work; deriving its authority nowhere but from its own will; responsible to no man; censuring most of us; and writing its mild stigma upon the face of the country, which claps its hands and cries, Well done! A swift, sure, and silent measure of national amendment, originated by the State, if such a thing could be—such a measure as might have been possible in France had the Emperor been, as was once supposed, the one inestimable despot whom the optimists of the world could choose as the representative of that system—would perhaps raise as large an amount of opposition in this kingdom as the darkest act of oppression similarly imposed. But the satisfaction with which we can sit to hear ourselves abused by any free and dauntless independent body which chooses to take that task upon itself, is entirely unique and wonderful. This is the position boldly taken by the standard-bearers of Social Science. They stand up in our presence and calmly discuss our peculiarities, our failures, our intimate and private concerns; how we educate our children, how long we let them stay at school, and their indifferent training there. How we manage with our work-people; how cruel and careless we are in many cases; how indifferent to the wear and tear of human material; how ready to use it up, if we could or dared, with only a little more decency in speech, but no great difference in sentiment from the monsters of American fiction. We applaud, though we are pelted on all sides; and the ladies come assiduously, and rise into flushes of enthusiasm, though they hear how badly educated they were, how imperfectly qualified for their natural domestic life, and how sadly incapable for anything out of it. The Association says all this with great coolness and composure of mind; indifferent about the culpability, concerned only with the fact; and all the vain-proud wealthy British towns, with their high notions of their own importance and claims to influence the nation, sit at its feet and applaud the utterance. Far more remarkable and interesting than any-

thing it has to say is this singular position which the new science is permitted to take among us. The British Association deals with matters which concern nobody's personal feelings; Social Science, on the contrary, assails in turn almost every class and type of its audience. Is it because individual consciences are snugly impervious to general and public censure? Is it because the many have a great and fortunate faculty for taking to themselves the credit of the reformation attempted by the few? Anyhow, the fact is certain: we all join with great goodwill in the Big Committee which sits upon ourselves. With a human relish for the particulars of other people's lives and actions, we can endure the thrust which is to be made at our own persons. For many a long day the critical literary world has been stimulating historians to include the social story of bygone ages with its loftier tale. Many a page of pseudo romance, and chronicle of perished finery, has ensued therefrom. Now we will make our own social history. If posterity does not know how our houses were drained, and our children attended to, it will be because the elucidating documents are too many and not too few. With a characteristic delight we lay our heads together over everybody's private affairs. An altogether new and elevated style of gossip springs into flourishing existence: that supreme species of self-conceit which finds the minutest details of its own proceedings important, is glorified by the same process. When one makes an improvement in one's factory, or even one's household —when one helps at training some poor destitute children in one's neighbourhood—here is a quite noble and elevated channel by means of which the narrative of one's own private exertions may be made to improve the world. By such means the new Institution compounds with its admirers for its universal criticism. The deepest and the pettiest sentiments of human nature unite to open the ears of the people to its prelections; here, perhaps, we will learn some means of mending what is amiss in our great social fabric; here, certainly, we shall find a channel for modestly communicating what we are about, and advising our neighbours to do likewise. So the departments open, the speeches are made, the plans are discussed. A flutter of "warm feeling" and "profound interest" animates the meetings; and everybody returns to his place with the consciousness of having taken a meritorious part, and put in at least his suggestion towards the mending and amelioration of the world.

Such a movement, however, with all its apparent defects and objections, could not originate of itself. Something special must be labouring in the national heart to throw up these bubbles to the surface. It is not national misfortune or despondency. At the present moment nothing ails the British empire, nor is it afraid of anything. There is neither present panic nor shadow of coming evil on our firmament. As clear of apprehension or difficulty as perhaps ever country was — as satisfied, prosperous, and comfortable as perhaps a vast aggregate of human beings can ever hope to be — what volcano heaves in the great bosom now, to set astir these superficial commotions? The question is not so hard to answer as it seems. When great apparent and visible evil is among us, in any overwhelming shape, either physical or spiritual, and when our whole strength is engaged in conflict with that enemy, we cannot afford to study our less apparent plagues. Prosperity comes, and all is well with us; but with prosperity comes the ache of consciousness that the peace we pronounce is not to all. Not to all! never to all, though the face of the country brightens in that blaze of sunshine. When the colours are fairest on the picture, the creeping shadow steals across us, and carries sickness to our hearts. Not very long ago the English people celebrated, in a universal burst and flourish of trumpets, the progress of civilisation; here and there, indeed, these windy instruments are still to be heard playing forlorn congratulations; but a natural reaction has come about, and the cruel side of prosperity turns heavily visible to the eyes of the world. The evils of civilisation, and how to mend them, is the question now. In the

rebound, most likely we go too far, as is the use and wont of men. Have we not bought our advantages dearly? Is not that a heavy price we have paid for the oft-repeated certainty that there are conveniences in peasant houses nowadays which once were not to be found in the palaces of kings? Once for all, the nation has grown sick at the heart of her conveniences; is it possible to purge out our dark, dark corners with them, or restore primitive order and decency to those elements which have burst into dismal confusion out of sight, yet within reach of our very eyes? This problem has been solved abruptly, and without expression, by many large drafts from the most imperative and impatient portion of the community, and has carried floods of educated young men out of gentlemanly impossibilities among ourselves with a plunge into the rude primitive existence of our distant colonies. And by means of such and other silent lessons a great longing to get out of these heavy crowded mazes of mingled responsibility and punishment, and somehow to find out again a primitive standing-ground, has seized the heart of the nation. What we did with a high hand not so many years ago, we have come to falter over without a remnant of our old confident self-congratulation. People say, even, that our slave emancipation act has turned out a failure; that act, the abstract rightness of which we are, perhaps, of all our acts most thoroughly convinced of. Extended trade, too—and the extension of trade has long been considered as somehow the very atmosphere and life-breath of the nation — what evils lurk in its skirts! On the whole, this country has been wonderfully shaken out of its axioms and rules of certainty, and with a cry and wavering doubt whether it is not even needful to forswear trade and civilisation, and fight her ruder fight somehow without them if better cannot be, for truth and righteousness demands aloud the solution of her great enigma. This is the special question which has called up the Social Science Association, who are mostly old civilisation men, and concerned for the honour of that great, dread, unmanageable influence. Is it possible to harmonise these chords, which are too tightly strung? to relieve the alarmed country of her fears, and show her how she can live under this iron yoke of progress, without treading down her children by the way? Our new teachers of philosophical benevolence have undertaken to prove that it *is* possible; that the balance and equipoise which the great powers of old have always lost somehow at the climax of their grandeur, does not need, if we look to our ways, to glide from our fingers; and that if one of our hands must maim and injure, the other may always salve and heal. Much that has been sadly unsettled to the nation's faith in itself, not externally but internally, has happened within recent years. The Social Science Association has set itself forth as a physician for the recovery of that faith.

At the same time, it is necessary to recollect that this condition with which England is so thoroughly and to the heart discontented, is, in reality, a very high ideal position when compared with what many of our neighbours have attained to. She, who sends her invalids abroad in their extremity, is a thousand times more carefully clean and scientifically sanitary than the careless countries to which she sends them have ever dreamt of being. Yet, in a breath, she records her fixed conclusion that health depends upon physical purity, and despatches the weakest and most impressionable frames of all her sons and daughters to recover or die in places where physical purity is almost absolutely unknown. And again, while she holds up the sober foreign peasant to the admiration of her own labouring man, she broadly recognises as the chief preventive of the waste and ruin of her working-classes, a principle, the merest glimpse of which has scarcely penetrated into Continental ethics — the principle of that fair, cheerful, and kindly home, to which she holds every man entitled. The mere conception of this is, to a large degree, unknown elsewhere. In England the individual want of it accounts for every possible harm and misery. This illogical

superlative "way" of ours runs through all the discussions of the present question. A very feasible demonstration of our superiority to our neighbours might doubtless be deduced from the very same arguments which prove our guiltiness to ourselves. This, however, is a distinction on which we are too proud to insist. We *will* admire and hold up as an example these gay foreign crowds who don't understand what tipsiness means; but we will not condescend to measure ourselves distinctly with our neighbours, nor allow that our simplest fundamental moral principle is a thing scarcely taken up, even in theory, by the very people whose example we quote.

This is the arduous business taken in hand by Social Science: to reconcile society to itself; to bring back our confidence in our ancient brags; to bring civilisation down to common paths, and prove that she can walk on human feet, without assistance of any Juggernaut car; and to procure somehow that our conveniences, luxuries, and leisure may neither create a great helpless background of dependants, nor aggravate the natural hardships of our lawful servants. A greater or more worthy undertaking cannot be imagined. If we cannot master this vast human problem, we too, like the great empires of antiquity, will doubtless come to a climax, and go down again. It is the natural fate of great kingdoms. If it is true that nations, having no future world to be set right in, must be done full justice upon in this sphere of things, we, too, have our reckoning-day to look forward to; and whether we shall meet it with a reasonable prospect of coming victorious through the ordeal depends greatly upon whether we shall be able, more effectually than we have yet done, to subdue our domestic harms and troubles, and make the world within us more clearly consistent with all that world of national glory, prosperity, and power, which lies without.

The scene has somewhat changed in our dark tableau of national trouble. Wilful oppression or conscious injustice scarcely exists nowadays in this country. An oppressed class is scarcely to be met with. Ills that can be changed by act of parliament have slowly disappeared from the face of the earth. Those that remain are infinitely harder to deal with. A Ten Hours' Bill requires a certain amount of labour, perseverance, and courage; but once propounded, it has the essence of success within itself, and, sooner or later, must come to be law; but who shall persuade the workman to give up his Monday's indulgence, and keep his wife at her natural labour instead of thriftless cotton-spinning? Who shall put hearts of flesh into the pitiful women who prefer the gossip and din of a great workshop to the quiet and monotony of home? Home! there is no word so often invoked in all these speeches, papers, and arguments. For want of it, the man wanders off to the public-house with its cheerful lights and fire — for want of it, the women-daughters, in hideous independence, go away at sixteen to take lodgings and live by themselves. In half-a-dozen chance words, the strangest frightful picture of domestic anarchy gleams upon us. Through the misty atmosphere of such dismal households we see a long vista of other such stretching into the future. What is like to be the fate of those daughters who take lodgings? What kind of home will theirs be when it comes to their turn? The homes of England are not all whitewashed and honeysuckled. It is not the dismal town-lane, the strait little room, the neighbour's house opposite, breathing into your very face with so small an interval of air between, that disperses out of that den and sleeping-place the family of human creatures who ought to find their centre there. Might it by chance be the mill and the dread deity of trade which has to be solaced with its hecatombs of hapless youth? No such savage phraseology is needed. It is wages and independence — it is Adam Smith and the law of supply and demand — which produces this dreary, miserable result. Household thrift and economy — these noble governmental elements of primitive life, which, a thousand times more than contemptuous com-

pliments and pseudo-admiration, dignify and elevate women—are discountenanced altogether by the power of making money which these unaccustomed reasoners, like many other reasoners of higher pretensions, consider an altogether superior and more profitable operation. Trade demands the labours of those poor girls of sixteen who take lodgings; and is it to be supposed that any other influence in the world, even if it could, *would* contradict trade? Let not such a wild temerity be named in words. But it is impossible, even if it lay within the list of things to be attempted. We all know it is impossible. When wages are to be had, somebody will be found to work for them. It is one of the dread necessities, which, like so many icebergs, come blundering, by their certain inevitable blind law, across our burdened path. Are we powerless in respect to such a strange frightful revolution of nature? The Social Science Association falters out a suggestion of night-schools, but has nothing in the world to say more. Does anybody realise this dismal, hideous reality of things? The boy-brothers are made no special account of in this chapter of domestic history; but the girls, poor souls, to be independent, leave home and take lodgings! We ask nothing about the morality of these young feminine nomads. Perhaps their independence may help to preserve a certain savage virtue in them. But let anybody imagine a little commonwealth pervaded by these free, flippant, uncontrolled, and uneducated creatures, a whole future generation coming from them, an organisation of humble local society—humble, but wide and far-extending—which must be formed by their means. Here is sadly dangerous work for social science, but nothing can lie more distinctly within its sphere. A great radical fatal anomaly of civilisation betrays itself in the half-dozen words which state this miserable fact. It is exactly one of those features of our social condition which makes the thoughtful observer most deeply uneasy. How is such an ugly accident of progress to be reconciled with English nature and Christian life?

In fact, the most serious and interesting questions concerning mere society and its formation—the non-criminal classes of this country—propounded by social science, are those which concern women. There is, it appears, a great waste and over-production of that feminine article. An unnecessary surplus of half-a-million, says the statistics, remains over the due and necessary half. What is to be done with it? Must we put Civilisation again on her trial, and demand of her to what distant corners of the earth she has sent the natural-born mates of these forlorn women? or must we rather drive civilisation wild by an abrupt displacement of all her own darling rules, and arbitrary creation of trades and occupations by which they may find bread? Ingenious and enterprising women, not a few, have put the question to the Association. But the oracle as yet has produced no answer. It is a question full of moral and physical complications, and one all the more difficult to treat, because the public persists in smiling, and slumping this practical matter up with "woman's mission" generally, with which it would appear it has little to do, being rather a question of so many thousand women's daily bread.

Not to interrupt or anticipate the answer of the Association, let us investigate this matter a little in the light, dismal but real, thrown upon it by the condition of these Yorkshire and Lancashire factory-girls. "A remarkable feature of the female population engaged in producing the textile fabrics of Yorkshire and Lancashire," says one of the papers read at the meeting of 1859, "is its extremely floating character. Owing to the liberal wages they earn, many of our young factory women become their own mistresses at a very early age, gaining their livelihood in complete independence of their parents, whose protection they forsake to live in lodgings. Here their numbers are swelled by reinforcements from the agricultural districts, as the towns do not afford an adequate supply of this description of labour. Being but little bound by home-ties, these young women are always more or less on the look-

out for such districts or towns as may furnish the greatest demand, and consequent remuneration, for their labour. They readily migrate from one place to another, in search of better wages, and thereby acquire a roving and very independent cast of mind. The curious state of things thus engendered, is somewhat akin to that nomadic disposition which the sudden development of our railways once excited temporarily amongst the male population in the class of young 'navvies.' Naturally such an unsettled mode of life is most injurious to our mill-girls, and removes them from the softening and humanising influences of the family circle. Their ignorance is far from rendering them docile and humble; they are little aware of their deficiencies, exceedingly tenacious of their independence, and jealous to a surprising degree of even the appearance of condescension or patronage in the conduct of those who would approach them with the kindest intentions." This is not a fancy sketch. It is a vignette from real life of the condition and character of the female mechanic. This is what the demands of trade have made out of a body of young girls. Is it an encouraging example for even the natural and inevitable increase of this industrial class? or calculated to urge us on to the formation of others similar? It is not necessary to follow these hapless young women into the homes which most of them in youthful temerity, will doubtless undertake to set agoing. Fiction and fact have both painted ere now the dismal helplessness and misery of the humble bride, possibly most anxious to do well, dropping suddenly out of factory labour into the little house of her artisan husband, whose utmost indulgence can never stretch far enough to embrace all her ignorance and painfully-felt deficiencies. And indulgence is not the most marked characteristic of workmen-husbands. The world is accused of doing injustice to the talents and powers of women; are we not rather expected to believe in a superiority and exaltation of these powers which is scarce compatible with human weakness? To say that a woman, engaged in an out-of-door man's occupation all day long, is not likely, is not to be expected, to take up meekly her woman's work when she returns back to the home which, by rights, should be prepared and brightened for her rest after her labours, instead of depending upon her for brightness and preparation, is only to follow the simplest ordinary rule of human possibility. Granted that man is no way superior to his helpmeet, is she so wonderfully superior to *him* as to be always ready to take upon her shoulders this double trade? For we see no suggestion, in all the talk upon this subject, of the only expedient which could enable woman to enter fairly and freely, were all the external points conceded to them, into the rank of mechanics, or into professions. Some little time ago, when some foolish young High-churchman ventured a little too far into the forbidden delight of the confessional, serious voices were not wanting to point out the necessity of a celibate priesthood, where such an institution was permitted. The case is widely different to be sure; but the same rule applies still more fully to the female mechanic. She has by birth a natural profession, laborious and important enough to occupy all her powers. If she philosophically makes up her mind, on statistical or other grounds, that her probable exercise of this natural profession is too uncertain a likelihood to trust to, let her make up her mind to it, and relinquish, not only the thought, but the possibility. There is no Scripture prohibition against a vow of celibacy; we speak in sober seriousness, and not ironically. And if a woman has made up her mind that she is not likely to be a wife and mother, and that it is best for her to be a mechanic, let her be so by all means. But let her put the other trade, which she resigns, fairly out of her future. No workshop has yet been invented in this world which does anything but disable a woman for her natural office; therefore, if her life is to be shaped for the workshop, let her fairly count the cost and encounter the penalty. Neither man nor woman will make much of an accidental occupation, taken up to fill a few blank years; or resorted to in full maturity of life without previous use or training,

on pressure of necessity alone. If there is to be a large extension of trade for women—if female mechanics are to work on something like equal terms with men—then it is essential, both for themselves and the country, that workwomen should, like men, belong exclusively to their individual trade. Anything else must end in general discomfiture. Suppose that you train a girl carefully, to be a watchmaker, for example; just when she begins to repair her training she discovers her true vocation to be that of a wife; and to fill up the place which she has deserted, you find a woman who only, after her youth is over, consents to learn to maintain herself, and who considers it a matter of injustice and unfair dealing that the work she cannot do is not offered at once to her uninstructed hands. Work under these conditions is impossible. So long as no woman willingly relinquishes her natural occupation, it is certain that no body of women can ever enter steadily into the army of skilled labour. If England is to be permanently afflicted with an unavailable margin of women, this surplus must either have the courage to make that necessary sacrifice which alone can insure its fidelity to its work, or else stifle its discontent, and make the best of its unlucky position. The alternative may be unnatural, but so are the circumstances; it is not only unnatural, but a frightful waste and extravagance, to permit the mother of children, in any but singular and exceptional cases, to work at a trade. How far these poor Yorkshire girls, without reverence, veneration, or obedience in them, have disqualified themselves, or been disqualified by life which has been so hard upon them, for natural female offices, it is not difficult to see. This is all that trade has made hitherto of its female vassals. Hardship, poverty, meagre fare, and self-denial, are preferable things to these inhuman wages and what comes of them. But if we could comfort ourselves that female workmen were to be a class of celibates, it would be a very different affair.

There is, however, still something else that may be done. We can still bring up that witch Civilisation to our bar, and demand an account of the missing half million of men, these women's natural mates—where are they? In all the ends of the earth seeking their fortune. In India, where the ladies are not so very shy of following—in Australia, growing hirsute and savage—everywhere, where there is fresh ground to tread and unbounded desert air to breathe; and where all the primitive needs of life, these needs which, at their highest or at their lowest, can neither be done by man nor woman alone, call aloud for the domestic human creature whose place is vacant. This suggestion was brought before the Social Science meeting in Glasgow, which seems, however, to have given but a very hasty corner of its time to the subject, in the clever paper, since reprinted in the *Times*, of Miss Bessie Parkes, whose own brave, disinterested, but somewhat inconsequent exertions in London towards the attainment of the object on which she has set her heart, mingle a certain captivating, romantic, Quixote element in the matter. Out of a Social Science Association, where, to be sure, all the absolute laws of supply and demand have been fully set forth and established, imagine a couple of young women setting up in vast London two small feminine trade establishments, in full confidence of making a beginning to a great new Industrial movement! stumbling over their heavy cases of type in the first instance, in their tiny amateur printing establishment, to demonstrate to themselves that women may certainly do printing, but as certainly are unequal to the exertion of moving those aforesaid heavy cases, out of which the very lightest of books behove to come; and gravely announcing the same to the world, not as a natural ebullition of inexperienced generosity, and heroism, and feminine *esprit de corps*, but as a most serious and important attempt to reorganise the established constitution of English trades, and to provide a remedy for a great want of the time! Even Miss Parkes, however, is not afraid to say out boldly, that the surplus women had best, after all, follow the track which their corresponding half million has made for them over the sea. Failing this, might it not be well to consider boldly

the question of a Celibate Class? It is the only possible fashion, so far as we can see, in which the homely rules of society could remain uninjured, and well-trained female workmen become practicable individuals. The position itself is a paradox, and it seems only under unnatural conditions that any possible, even temporary, cure can come.

There is another marked and singular characteristic in this female question. The class of teachers is, we are told, enormously overstocked, and it is the natural vocation to which every educated or semi-educated woman naturally turns her hand. On the other side, Social Science wails loudly over the ignorance of all homely household arts among the women of the working-classes. Whether or not the Education Department may agree among themselves to have Physiology, Anatomy, and Social Economy taught in Schools (from which the poor little children are withdrawn at the age of ten!), it is certain that even those dignified branches of instruction will convey little of the necessary training in cookery, cleanliness, and all the female arts of construction, to the bewildered little brains of their subjects, and will do nothing in the world for such a hapless and hopeless class as these independent factory-girls. Why, lamenting over the want of help and instruction at one end of the Social scale, and the want of work and occupation at the other—why, for Heaven's sake, cannot some plan be suggested to bring these two together? Here and there a voluntary attempt gets to light, and proves its own wisdom by its success. Somebody, without the help of Social Science, gets up a school for cookery. Some school visitor, whom nobody knows of, gives quiet lessons in that noble craft of Making, upon which unfortunate incapable needlewomen have brought disgrace and discouragement, but which is, nevertheless, always an original invaluable craft; not hemming merely, but *making*, in all its simple principles and plans. Such attempts thrive. Why, then, must we invent unnatural trades for our spare women, with so much better work to do? Woe to those wicked monks and nuns that put the principle of celibate communities out of fashion! What an admirable plan would that be which could wile the disengaged women of a locality into conjunction, common dwelling, common work, and set them to their natural office of training those whom nobody trains! What if they bickered and had their little quarrels? Most people have their little quarrels, dear critic, and love each other none the worse. We repeat, of all unlikely things in the world, why should not we have female communities, with primitive cells and gardens, like those old, old immemorial nuns, who did not not so much teach as *live* the people round them into a Christian fashion of existence? Not amateur nuns, who do not forget that they are great ladies, and can, if they will, go back to "the world" to-morrow; — Female Cenobites, without any waste of upholstery, High Church or otherwise — living and working with their own womanful hands, till the cottages and lanes take heart and learn? Only the other day, we had the comfort to hear of the training adopted by a colonial bishop's wife, ere she left England. She learned clear-starching, the brave woman—and how to cook the episcopal dinner, and set her primitive palace to rights with her own lady-fingers — and needful expedients of impromptu surgery, like a princess of chivalrous times. Is there not many another woman ready for a homely primitive enterprise which should cheat, and defeat, and render harmless the vain refinements of civilisation? The hope is not more chimerical certainly than is the hope of casting down the jealous bulwarks of trade, and admitting an infinitude of new competitors to the already crowded ground, which lifts its fluttering vehement banner over the forlorn chivalrous single combat of Miss Bessie Parkes's Victoria Press!

We choose this question rather as being the light literature portion of the *Social Science Transactions*, and one which answers so well for conversation, as to have become a popular Society subject, than for any other reason. It embodies, besides, in a

wonderful degree, the difficulties, spiritual and temporal, which have produced this Avater of philosophical benevolence. Society hears, uneasy and doubtful, of the surplus women, for whom she has made no provision, and who, as doctors tell her, will either have to starve or to sin, or to find some novel means of labour; and with an ache at her heart, which is beyond all doubt, contemplates the female mechanics she already has, and what trade and good wages has made of them. You cannot stop trade and send the girls back out of their independence. Cannot you mend the evil somehow?—somehow reconcile this dismal progress with nature? cries the disturbed nation. The Social Science Association has undertaken, along with a host of other questions, to answer this.

And in the Jurisprudence department, something has to be done to exorcise that dishonourable spectre, Bankruptcy, which has frightened mercantile circles with its ghostly visitations; and the sages of Crime, Reformation, and Punishment, have everything to settle yet with respect to the most tender, considerate, and respectful way of mending old offenders. We wish the philosophers of the Social Science well out of their arduous undertaking. Such a riddle as they have taken in hand to solve has perhaps never yet, in this world's experience, been solved in detail, or even attempted. Civilisation stands at the bar, with England, a great optimist, beyond reach of logic, confronting her; faltering forth hasty accusations, propounding dismal doubts; yet only too ready to snatch at a remedy which involves a curse, in order to solve the present suffering, which may bearing a blessing. Great meetings, where enthusiastic cheering diversifies the speeches, and where a knot of great names converts a conference into a celebration, have little to do with the real matter in hand. That ancient Circe stands at the bar, and you have undertaken to defend her, to reconcile her with life and nature, to vindicate her honour and innocence from all connivance with those fatal imps that follow in her train. We wish you well out of your self-imposed task, my lords and ladies; it is no holiday business. Possibly you will make little more than your predecessors of that impassible calm sphynx that holds the key of the enigma; anyhow it will take you all your might and mettle to wrest the priceless secret out of her immemorial grasp.

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART XI.

CHAPTER XXXV.—SUN-GLIMPSE AFTER STORM.

I DO not know how other people may feel after experiencing strong excitement, but the effect which it has on me is painful in the extreme. It somewhat resembles the sensation produced by laying hold of the wires of a galvanic battery—a twitching of the nerves, a contraction of the muscles, and an apparent diminution of physical power. I have been told by more than one public speaker, that when rising under the influence of more than common excitement to address an audience, they have felt as if smitten by a sudden stroke of paralysis, when volition loses its habitual control over the limbs. That, I suppose, is an extreme case; but I can bear testimony to the subsequent languor and depression, both of mind and body, when the passions have been violently agitated.

The gross and extravagant affront which I had received from Mr. Beaton did not move me much. No one is entitled to be seriously offended by the virulent ravings of a madman; and I could attribute the fury of the merchant to nothing but temporary insanity. Some people there are, generally regarded as wise and even temperate, who nevertheless, when thwarted or contradicted, become absolute maniacs for the time; and many a scene which, if it occurred publicly, would be deemed sufficient to justify the removal of the principal actor to Bedlam, takes place in the privacy of a family regarded, even by familiars, as a model of forbearance, harmony, and affection. In presence of a witness, Beaton durst not have spoken as he did. No one was by when Saul, under the instigation of the evil spirit, sought to smite David to the wall with his javelin; for madness has a cunning of its own which always dreads detection. The entrance even of a lackey would have made the railway potentate lower his tone; and conscious as I was that, in maintaining my undoubted rights, I had done nothing to call down the discharge of such a vial of wrath upon my head, I felt in no way humiliated by the contumely to which I had been exposed.

I *did*, however, feel, on reflection, a consciousness that I had been a little too stiff and defiant—perhaps even peppery—throughout this unfortunate interview. I had neither cared for soothing, nor studied to ingratiate myself with, the man. I had acted under the influence of pride rather than discretion; and I had not borne with sufficient meekness, or made the proper allowance for that arrogant assumption which is so often the concomitant of successful enterprise. Prudence might have dictated a different line of conduct; but then Prudence is twin-sister to that jade Hypocrisy, whom I abhor, and it is not always possible to distinguish the one from the other. But, attributing to myself the largest admissible quota of blame, that could never be held, in the opinion of any jury, to justify the conduct of Beaton.

My sorrow—nay, my grief, almost amounting to despair — lay in the thought that now, after this violent and apparently irreconcilable rupture with her father, I must abandon all thought of approaching Mary Beaton as a suitor for her hand. That was what unmanned me. Granting that, in the most sanguine view, my chance of gaining acceptance was but a slight one, still it afforded at least a rational ground for hope, but that hope had disappeared for ever. Without her father's consent I felt sure that Mary Beaton would never wed, even if she had bestowed her affection; but of that as yet I had no proof, and now I was banished from her presence. Even worse than that —the old man in his irritated mood

might speak of me in her presence as a designing knave or a selfish sordid adventurer, and so degrade me in the eyes of her whom I loved with as pure a passion as ever burned in the heart of man. Life has many bitter hours, and in its course we must all expect to meet with heavy sorrows that will bear down the strongest man, and depress the most undaunted spirit; but perhaps the sharpest pang, though not the most enduring, is caused by the annihilation of those cherished hopes of love that have given light and lustre to our existence in the hey-day of our youth and expectancy.

I am not a demonstrative man; so I went through no pantomime expressive of anguish even in my own chamber: but I doubt not that I looked gloomy enough when the door opened, and my dear friend George Carlton appeared. *He* at least was not gloomy. There was more fire in his eye, and animation in his face, than I had remarked since the days of our early travel; and a certain listlessness and indifference of manner, which he had contracted since our return to England, had now entirely disappeared.

"Norman—my dear fellow—how goes it with you? Gad! this is a decided improvement on old Mother Lewson's establishment! But what is the matter? You look pale and out of sorts. Have you been unwell?"

"No, Carlton—not in health, but somewhat vexed, I own, in spirit. However, let that stand over. You, I rejoice to see, are as blooming as a hawthorn tree in May."

"And no wonder, Norman! The demon who, somehow or other, had got possession of me, and compelled me to wander among tombs, is fairly exorcised; and I am now, if not a free, at least a happy man."

"And who, if I may ask, was the exorciser?"

"Love, Norman, love—the most potent deity of the old faiths, and the culminating principle of that which is purely divine! In one word, I have proposed to Amy Stanhope, and she has honoured me by acceptance."

"What!—without fame?"

"Ah, Norman! Spare me your ridicule. I admit that I was an ass; which, being a candid and broad confession, should protect me from any observations founded upon the past. I have abandoned the Paladin theory, and shall take that place which God has assigned to me; only too happy if, in the great and final account, it shall be admitted that I have striven to discharge my duty. But I grieve to see you in this plight, for something serious must have occurred to overcome your spirit. May I know what it is?"

"*Imprimis*, I have succeeded to what, for me at least, is a fortune."

"I would wish you joy, with my whole heart, if it were not that you give the intelligence with the dismal tone of an undertaker."

"Say a mourner, and you are right. I mourn over a perished hope. But do not let us speak of that now, Carlton; I would rather hear of your happiness."

"Nay; when grief and joy chance to meet, grief ought to have the precedence. What has happened? Can I aid you?"

"No, Carlton. But you are so true a friend that I will tell you all, certain at least that you will give me your sympathy; and to confess the truth, I do stand much in need of consolation."

So, without reservation, I imparted to him the secret of my attachment, the circumstances which brought me into contact with the speculative merchant, and the untoward consequences of our interview.

"My poor Norman!" said Carlton, after I had finished my narrative, "yours is a very hard case. You go to this man Beaton's house, by special appointment, to effect a settlement; and because you will not let him make ducks and drakes of your money, the unreasonable old savage gets into a violent passion, gives you hard names, and orders you to leave his house! Well, if he were not Mary Beaton's father—and I marvel how so gentle a creature can be his child—there would not be much to regret in that. As for your notion that you might possibly have conciliated him by adopting another tone, I dismiss that as utterly visionary. Depend upon it, nothing would

have satisfied him but an unconditional acceptance of his proposal, which would have been madness on your part. You were quite right in resisting his attempts; and I wish you to be satisfied as to that; because, whatever may be the issue of the affair, it must be some comfort to reflect that you did nothing to provoke the anger of this imperative dictator."

"I am like to derive little comfort from that or any other consideration," was my reply. "Show me how the evil may be remedied, and then you may speak to me of comfort."

"Nay, Sinclair; that is no sound philosophy. Let a man suffer ever so much from the tyranny, injustice, or caprice of others, so long as he is conscious that he has done no wrong, he preserves his own respect, and is free from that worst of torments, the reproach of an inward accuser. But I suppose, in your present mood, you would say to me, as Romeo to Friar Lawrence,

> 'Hang up philosophy,
> Unless philosophy can make a Juliet!'

so let us pass from that part of the business. Then you have seen Miss Beaton?"

"Yes; I spoke with her at Lord Windermere's."

"It is curious how sharp women are in love matters! When we were at Wilbury, it never once occurred to me that you had any admiration for her; but Amy saw it clearly enough, and insisted that you had lost your heart."

"Not to Miss Beaton, I trust!" said I, nervously.

"Why, as to that I really cannot speak with any certainty," replied Carlton, with a somewhat provoking smile. "Young ladies, you know, have their confidences, and are rather fond of rallying one another upon the subject of their supposed adorers. Depend upon it, few gentlemen of their acquaintance escape without notice in those mysterious little conclaves, sacred from all intrusion, which are held in dressing-rooms."

"Ah, but that must have been a jest of Miss Stanhope's!"

"Very serious earnest, I assure you, at least as uttered to me. Amy is convinced that you were smitten. But as I am quite unaware of the state of the feelings of the other party, that can make no difference to you, unless you accept it as a proof that you are not quite such a master of innocent dissimulation as you seem to have supposed. However, of one thing I am tolerably well assured, and that is, that if an indifferent spectator can detect symptoms of admiration, the person to whom the homage is rendered will hardly be less observant."

"I wish to Heaven, Carlton, you had not told me this! If it is so fated that I am never to see her more—never to gaze upon that sweet face, or hear the melody of that gentle voice—can you not feel that a misery so great is but aggravated by the knowledge that she knows that I had dared to love?"

"In that I differ from you," replied Carlton. "I have read deep enough in Cupid's books to know that women never despise admiration; and if you could be quite candid—which, I admit, under present circumstances, is hardly to be expected—you would confess that the other evening at Lord Windermere's you were trying at all events to lay the foundation for a deliberate courtship. Why not? You were quite entitled to do so. Most of the men who besiege Miss Beaton, believing her to be a great heiress, have not half your pretensions even in a worldly point of view, and are immeasurably your inferiors in worth and intellect. Dared to love, indeed! I doubt whether I ever said to you anything more foolish, though, perhaps, I may have said the same. If I did so, I felt it thoroughly, Norman! But if we must make divinities of those we love—and shame to us it would be if that high worship were abandoned—let awe be subordinate to devotion. If you will have a saint, either in heaven or on earth, pray to her, and let her know that you pray. But do not approach her as an Isis or Persephone, for it is to the human feeling alone that you must appeal."

"Carlton," said I, "I know you well enough to be satisfied that you

would not hold such language unless you thought that there was some possibility of my attaining what I have frankly told you is the one object of my heart, just as your whole affections were centred upon Miss Stanhope—and even in the first hour of my affliction, the knowledge that you are happy and contented, and relieved from those bugbears of your own imagination, has been to me a delightful thought."

"Of that I am quite sure, my dear fellow; and I don't see why you should despair. We never can tell what an hour may bring forth. Circumstances may alter materially. I don't contemplate impossibilities, such as a sudden relenting on the part of old Beaton, for flints never thaw; but even his exorbitant pride, which is the offspring of prosperity, may be humbled. My knowledge of such matters is very limited, but I have heard it whispered that the gentleman is by no means so wealthy as was supposed, and, of course, his engagements must be enormous."

"Supposing that it were so, Carlton, which it would be uncharitable to desire—because, though Mr. Beaton has used me ill, I could not rejoice over his misfortune—I do not see what difference that would make in my favour."

"Ah! I perceive you are not acquainted with the real state of matters in regard to the Beaton family. You must not imagine that the young men whom you saw in attendance on Miss Beaton are her sole admirers. Were you in the habit of frequenting the clubs, you would ere this have learned that the favourite for the heiress-stakes—to use the polite phraseology of modern society—is the young Earl of Pentland, son to the impoverished Duke of Dryfesdale. He is said to be quite a harmless lad, who has borne the reverses of fortune with remarkable equanimity — a virtue mainly attributable to his peculiar temperament, for those who know him best declare that he has no more feeling than a tortoise. He takes everything coolly, with the passive fatalism of a Mohammedan; and might appropriately be likened to a well-furnished railway-carriage, which will roll along at the rate of forty miles in the hour when coupled to an engine, but which is of itself utterly incapable of progression. He dresses unexceptionably, talks conventionally, offends nobody, and excites but little envy. Therefore he is esteemed as a sort of model young man, who possibly may not be a genius, but who is certain, if he survives his father, to be a duke. What he lacks is money; and he has no chance of supplying that want except through matrimony. Mary Beaton is supposed to be a great heiress; and as—though I need hardly insist upon that point to you—her beauty and accomplishments would adorn the highest rank, Pentland has come forward as her suitor. Mr. Beaton, as a matter of course, would move heaven and earth to bring about that alliance. I say, as a matter of course; because human nature exhibits itself everywhere with miraculous uniformity, undisturbed by creed or climate; and the British merchant who barters his daughter in order that she may have rank and title, is on a par with the Circassian chief who sends his child to the seraglio of the Sultan."

"And this Lord Pentland—what does Mary — Miss Beaton think of him?"

"She regards him pretty much as you regard your watch — an implement to measure time by. In his eyes, she is the agreeable representative of half a million or more. He would, if absolutely necessary, propose to Tisiphone herself, in order to secure the like amount; but I make no doubt that he finds a sort of torpid pleasure in addressing a rich Aglaia. But if the money, which is his motive power, should disappear, Pentland will come to a stand-still. Domestic happiness is not his aim. Banish consols and dividends, and you will find him perfectly heart-whole, questing about for some other unfortunate young woman possessed of a large fortune realised by trade; and doubtless, in the long-run, he will be successful, for the daughters of commerce can rarely resist the fascinations of aristocratic courtship."

"Then what do you counsel?"

"Patience, Norman! — patience

that often leads to results which no violent energy can achieve. Do not looks so dolorous. I mean not to propose that you should linger on without an occasional glimpse of the lady of your love, or even the opportunity of an interview. It would be too cruel to deprive you altogether of the benefit of the sunshine. The Stanhopes have taken a house in London for the season, and will be here immediately. I shall let Amy, who is true as steel, into the secret —nothing like a female auxiliary in such cases—and you may rely upon it, she will befriend you to the utmost of her power. What matters it that the arrogant old merchant has forbidden you to enter his house? He cannot interfere with the Colonel's establishment, and there I can insure you a welcome. There is no reason why you should be punctilious with such a Brabantio. I can respect a man who throws down his gauntlet according to the usages of chivalry. If he had treated you as a kinsman, and yet intimated that he disapproved of your attentions to his daughter, you must, as a man of honour, have respected his mandate. But this has been a base and even cowardly attack, and has absolved you from ordinary restraint."

"George, you give me new life! I shall be able, then, to meet her? Be assured, I shall not abuse that inestimable privilege."

"What! Do you mean to say you won't communicate the fact of your adoration? Bah! Please to recollect that we have now changed places. A few months ago, I was the faint-hearted one, and you were the ardent adviser; now you are Master Timorous, and I am the redoubtable Greatheart. What, man! shall we let you be carried into the castle of Giant Despair? Perish the thought! We shall knock the ogre on the head, raze the building to its foundation, and celebrate the event by a jolly nuptial feast, at which my Norman shall caper like a kid on the mountains of Cadwallader! And now farewell for the present. Keep your heart up; and, believe me, everything will go well. Oh, by the way, have you chanced to encounter Lumley?"

"Yes; he wants us both to dine with him on an early day."

"Then do you fix it for any day you please, and let me know. Not sooner, however, than a fortnight from the present time, for I am under a pressure of upholstery. Do you feel better now, Norman?"

"Better? Yes, much, much better; thanks to you, my kind and trusty friend."

"I thought so, said Carlton. "The science of homœopathy is not yet fully developed. I recently caught a friend of mine, who dabbles in minute pills, prescribing for an unfortunate patient an infinitesimal dose of Lachesis, which appeared to me to be ominous of Atropos. I marvel that they have never attempted to concentrate the virtues of Speranza."

CHAPTER XXXVI.—FALSE PLAY SOMEWHERE.

"It is a very pleasant thing, Norman," said Mr. Shearaway, "to know that we have got the money safe and sound. Mr. Beaton may have behaved ill to you, and no doubt has done so; but this early settlement somewhat redeems him in my opinion; for prompt payment, like charity, will cover a multitude of sins. I've transmitted £40,000 through Coutts and Co., to lie in the Royal Bank of Scotland as a deposit in your name, on which you will receive the ordinary rate of interest, but we must look out by-and-by for a more profitable investment. I suppose you will not think of buying land just yet?"

"That is the very thing I have set my heart on. With forty thousand pounds one should be able to purchase an extensive property in the Highlands."

"Doubtless; and a pauper population into the bargain! Wait till the new Poor-law Act has come into full effect. It may work well enough in the south, where the folk are used to labour, and can get plenty of employment; but it will be a sore scourge to the lairds in the northern

and remoter districts. The Highlands are very bonny to look at in the summer-time, but I never would advise a client of mine to buy land there, unless he was prepared to expend in improvements as much again as the price of his estate. Stick to the Lowlands, I advise you; and may be, one of those days, I may hear of a likely purchase."

"I shall always be glad, Mr. Shearaway, to avail myself of your advice. But tell me, have you seen anything of James Littlewoo?"

"I have seen him, Norman, and a sore sight it is? The poor thing is just broken down with dissipation—utterly feckless. When he saw me he shook like a willow-wand; and when I asked him a question or two about his affairs — though I spoke as kindly as I could—began to blubber. I doubt he is in a very bad way. But he vows and declares that in money matters he is all right. I inquired if he had any debt, but he swore positively that he had none."

"That is very strange! He confessed to me quite distinctly that he had signed a bill for several hundred pounds."

"Then he must either be telling a lie, or he has found out some way of making money that baffles my comprehension. Do you think he can have been gambling in shares?"

"Why, there have been such fluctuations of late, that he may have made a lucky hit. Those connected with the Board of Trade are forbidden to speculate, but I daresay he is not over-scrupulous upon that score."

"Anyhow it looks queer," said Shearaway; "but I am to be in town for three weeks yet, and I shall keep a sharp eye upon him."

In the course of a few days afterwards I had ample reason to congratulate myself that I had not yielded to the solicitations of Mr. Beaton. The prices of the northern lines began steadily to decline, in consequence of heavy sales that were forced upon the market. Within a week from the date of that declension, it became publicly known that the decision of the committee of the Board of Trade, upon a point of great magnitude, was hostile to Mr. Beaton's, and favourable to a rival company.

This event created an immense sensation on the Stock Exchange. It was immediately surmised that there must have been foul play—that some one in the confidence of the committee, or having access to their documents, must have betrayed his trust; and loud and awful were the denunciations of the losers. A gross fraud on the Stock Exchange creates, among the respectable buying and selling community, as profound a sensation as the birth of an infant in a nunnery. In both cases the corporations, though they may not altogether have escaped the venomed tongue of slander, are scandalised, and most justly, by the appearance of an undeniable token of frailty, which reflects upon the character of the order. No one has such an intense horror of being bit as the habitual biter; and beautiful it was to hear the virtuous indignation of Capel Court at so vile a breach of morals.

No doubt the offence, supposing it to have been committed, was a grave one, and demanded inquiry. I had more than a suspicion, from what had fallen from Ewins, that Speedwell was cognisant of the nefarious transaction—if so, what more probable than that he should have made a tool of Littlewoo? Not the least terrible result of pecuniary embarrassments is the moral obliquity which it seems to produce even in men whom the world has esteemed the most upright and honourable. They will risk almost anything in the desperate attempt to retrieve themselves, and very often throw away character in addition to the loss of fortune. James Littlewoo had not much character to lose, and little principle to sustain him; therefore he was the more likely to yield to temptations. His declaration to Shearaway that he was free from debt, seemed to me, who had heard him tell a different story, a very ugly symptom.

I had no personal interest in expiscating the details of this fraudulent episode; but it was a very serious matter for the Government, against whom all sorts of unfounded accusations might be made, and the public security demanded that the matter should be probed to the bottom. I therefore considered it advisable to

have a special interview with Mr. Osborne, and found him at his villa.

It was unnecessary to enter into a lengthened explanation, for the old gentleman had heard the rumour, and was ready to discuss the subject.

"I quite agree with you," he said, "in thinking that some official must have played the spy. Such things are not so common now as they once were, but I could tell you strange stories of what used to take place some thirty years ago. Foreign governments, if they chose to pay for it, might have accurate information of the designs of the British Cabinet. I do not mean only that despatches and State documents were surreptitiously copied, but even private conversations were divulged in spite of the most careful precaution. Mechanism can do wonders. Fouché, who had a first-rate genius for such things, was cognisant of every word spoken in the Emperor's private apartment. The palace Master-of-Works was in his pay, and there was no difficulty whatever in laying down an acoustic pipe. The most sagacious statesman England ever knew was Lord Burleigh, who never opened his mouth, but expressed his opinion by a shrug."

"This, I take it, must have been a case of pilfering documents."

"Very likely—pilfering, or getting access to them by means of duplicate keys. Even Chubb cannot guard against accidents."

"I presume it will be advisable, sir, that an event like this, which is creating much sensation, should have prominent notice?"

"Of course. We must insist upon the necessity for a rigorous investigation, as such an escapade is calculated to throw discredit on the whole public service. By the way, do you happen to know who have profited most by the operation?"

"It appears to have been conducted chiefly by private speculators."

"Ah! Then it might not be impossible to find a clue. But that does not concern us. Well, Mr. Sinclair, have you anything more to say in the way of business?"

"No, sir; but I confess I am anxious about this matter. The fact is, that from certain circumstances which have come to my knowledge, I have a strong suspicion as to the delinquent."

"The deuce you have!" cried Mr. Osborne. "My good friend, if you have really strong grounds for suspicion, I don't envy you; for in that case it may become your duty to communicate them to the Secretary of State."

"Not, I apprehend, unless the authorities should resolve upon commencing an investigation."

"That's true enough; but upon what grounds does your suspicion rest? I am an old lawyer, though now a retired one, and have done business in Bond Street in my day. If you have no objection to tell me what you know, or have observed, I think, from my experience in such matters, that I can form a shrewd guess whether you are right or no."

Having the most complete reliance on Mr. Osborne's discretion, I did not hesitate to tell him what the reader already knows—Littlewoo's entanglement with Speedwell, and the extremely significant hints which the Jew had given to the American.

Mr. Osborne listened to the narrative with evident interest, and then said,

"I agree with you, Mr. Sinclair, that there is here ground for strong suspicion, but nothing more. There are many rascals who would stick at no villany in order to come by profitable information; and Speedwell, from your description of him, must be one of the worst of his tribe. Evidently he has got that poor young fellow entirely in his hands, and would not scruple, for his own gain, to make him liable to the penalties of transportation. But, after all, there may be no investigation, at least none which will be announced to the public. It is sometimes wiser to hush up a scandal than to make a noise about it; and I think that the Board of Trade will be extremely unwilling to admit that there has been any such laxity in its arrangements as would enable a subordinate to betray them. But if you have any regard for that unhappy youth, get him out of the way as fast as you can."

"That is my anxious wish, Mr.

Osborne. But his father's partner in business, who is now in London, is the proper person to make such arrangements."

"Undoubtedly. Now, Mr. Sinclair, will you take a stroll through the gardens?"

I agreed; and in the course of our walk informed Mr. Osborne of the recent change in my fortunes. The old gentleman was warm in his congratulations, and very much pleased to learn that I had no immediate intention of throwing up my engagement.

"You are doing what is best and wisest for yourself," he said. "Believe me, you would become quite wretched were you left without occupation; for you are just at the time of life when work is an absolute necessity — it clears the brain, ripens the understanding, and is as healthful to the mind of man as exercise is to his body. Idleness is the mother of mischief — an excellent adage, which I have tried in vain to impress upon Attie Faunce. When you get well up in years, you may, if so disposed, follow my example — assume long gaiters and a spud, and indulge in the delusion that you are a first-rate experimental farmer. I daresay that sort of thing appears ridiculous to many; but it is a foible of old age, and a very innocent one. There is a decided pleasure in pottering among turnips; and I can quite enter into the feelings of the respectable Cincinnatus. You know he was upwards of eighty when they dragged him from his plough to assume the office of dictator. I make no manner of doubt that the excellent old man swore frightfully when they divorced him from his clover."

"My own inclinations, Mr. Osborne, would lead me to retreat somewhat earlier to country quarters."

"I advise you to get a wife before you make any movement of the kind. A solitary hearth is dreary enough in towns — in the country it must be utterly unbearable. I suppose if you settle down it will be in the north, a region of which I have no personal knowledge; but, if books are to be trusted, give me Hampstead or Highgate rather than the most romantic Highland glen, where the people speak no English, and have a cordial detestation of breeches. My good friend! if you were left alone in such a place for three months, you would find your intellect gradually departing, and premature old age settling upon your shoulders, like the fiendish companion of Sinbad. They say that the Highlanders consume a vast amount of whisky—I don't wonder at it. Men must have some occupation; and solitude is a strong incentive to the bottle."

"Then, Mr. Osborne, company — which is often regarded as synonymous with conviviality — has been much belied."

"That is my thorough conviction. The love of society may, no doubt, lead to occasional transgression; but the great majority of sots are men of solitary habits. But this is a stupid kind of discussion to follow immediately on such an announcement. So Mr. Richard Beaton proves to be a cousin of yours? Faith! I doubt if he would relish the connection, if he could trace to their source the hard hits at railway mismanagement that have been made by a certain pen."

"The knowledge of that, sir, would make no difference in our relative position. There has been a complete rupture between us."

"Eh! How was that?" said Mr. Osborne.

"The explanation is easy. Mr. Beaton wished me to take payment of my bequest in shares, but I preferred the currency."

"Capital!" cried Osborne. "Now, my dear boy, you have undergone the *experimentum crucis*, for, I warrant, Beaton would do his very best to drive you to the wall. But you carried your point?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Beaton behaved most honourably with regard to the settlement; but, though admitting my claim, he thought fit to use language so offensive that henceforward we must be strangers."

"I believe you; for I know him to be a most arrogant and inconsiderate man. I am glad, though, that you are out of the scrape, for difficulties are gathering round him. Though I do not now personally practise as a solicitor, I have still a share in my old firm,

which has intimate connections with Lombard Street; and Beaton's paper, however high he may hold his head, is not exactly the kind I would pass without strict examination of the indorsements."

"Yet the world gives him credit for the possession of enormous wealth."

"The world, Sinclair, therein resembles individuals, who commonly judge from appearances, and do not take the pains to inquire any further. It was Beaton's misfortune to be uniformly lucky in the early part of his career, and that has turned his head. It is the way with all speculators; they never know when to stop. He is ambitious too, after his own fashion. I hear it said that he wishes to get a coronet for his daughter."

"Such, I believe, is the general report," I replied.

"Ah, then, he had better lose no time in completing the arrangements," said Mr. Osborne. "And yet, that is a foolish and rather cruel remark; for men who wed solely for money are rarely otherwise estimable; and if, after marriage, it should be discovered that the poor girl is not to be an heiress, her lot would be one of wretchedness. The fine folks who now fawn upon her would tear her to pieces without remorse. No; I sincerely hope that Mr. Beaton may be baulked in that attempt."

"Amen!" was my mute ejaculation; but I did not consider it necessary to say anything further upon that subject, and the conversation gradually diverged into another channel.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—JEW AND GENTILE.

Shortly after this I obtained another glimpse of the interesting Mr. Speedwell.

I was returning homewards in the dusk of the evening, when a sudden thunder-plump forced me to take shelter in the Burlington Arcade. I tried to hail a cab, but every vehicle seemed to be engaged, so I had nothing for it but to remain in the obscure and nearly deserted passage. Presently there entered a well-dressed man, followed closely by a person, whose shabby garments and battered hat gave token of extreme poverty. They faced round towards the street; and I, standing at a window close by, could not avoid hearing their conversation.

"What the devil do you mean by following me in this manner?" said Mr. Speedwell (for I instantly recognised that worthy), in a harsh and imperious tone. "'Sdeath! things have come to a pretty pass, when a gentleman cannot walk through the streets of London without being molested by vagrants! Do you think to bully me out of money by trotting at my heels, you mangy and disreputable cur? Get along with you—vanish this instant, else I shall hand you over to the police."

"Ah, for the love of God, Mr. Speedwell, do have compassion on me!" said the man, in a humble and very piteous voice. "Give me a little charity, but a shilling or two, please, for this one night, and I won't trouble you again—indeed, I will not. It's but little I ask, Mr. Speedwell; and you know I never begged from you before, nor would I do so now, were I not driven almost mad by misery. My poor wife is ill with ague, lying on straw in a garret, and three children are crouching beside her, shivering with cold, and without a morsel to put into their mouths. Ah, dear sir, do have a little mercy!"

"Curse you!" replied Speedwell, savagely. "Don't stand there whimpering about your wife and brats! It is such fellows as you that swell the poor-rates. You can't earn bread for yourselves, and yet you must needs beget paupers. No—I'm wrong in one thing. You *can* earn bread, and something better, but you won't do it, though employment is thrown in your way. You see, Flusher, I know a little more about you than you were probably aware of."

"I am sure, Mr. Speedwell," replied the other, "I would do anything—that is, anything that is right and honest—for the mere fraction of a

wage. God knows, I am not idly inclined. If I could only maintain my wife and children, I would work harder than any slave in the United States of America—and I often wish that I was one, for the slave is fed and tended, while the freeman rots and starves."

"A very pretty sentence," said Speedwell, sneeringly, "which you had better reserve for your next Chartist harangue. I tell you it is of no use bothering me. I shall not give you one penny even to get rid of you, which I freely confess I am anxious to do, because the odour exhaled from your garments, now that they are wet, is most infernally nauseous. So be off without further ado. You know as well as I do that you can have a job if you choose to accept it. If you are obstinate, and if your brats perish from starvation, you alone are responsible."

"Then God help me!" cried the unhappy supplicant, "for never was man in a sorer strait! Will you not give me one shilling—but one, Mr. Speedwell, that I may take home a loaf of bread to my children?"

"Not a stiver," replied the Jew. "You have, I understand, been very eloquent upon the subject of the big loaf—you will be all the better of a practical lesson as to the difficulty of finding the means to buy one, whether it be big or small. And the shilling, which you have so pathetically requested, shall go to the driver of that cab, who has just responded to my signal. Go home, Mr. Flusher, and reflect seriously upon your duties as a husband and a father."

So saying, Mr. Speedwell rushed towards the arrested vehicle.

The men of our country are not much given to pantomime. They do not express by outward gestures their inward emotions, as is the case with the French and Italians; and, owing to that peculiarity, it has sometimes been alleged that the Saxon race is deficient in sympathy and in feeling. That is a vast mistake; for *quiet-ism* is the characteristic of deep and genuine passion. It is no proof of a man's sincerity or of his affection for the lost, that he shall tear his hair, beat his breast, or give any other violent manifestation of affliction. The sorrow which lies heavy on his heart is too profound for histrionic display; and the sorely-stricken man, with the instinct of the wounded deer, retires from the company and shuns the observation of his fellows. I caught, however, a glimpse of this poor man Flusher's face, and never did I see agony more strongly depicted. I laid my hand upon his shoulder.

"My friend," I said, "there is a heaven above us all, and God sends aid to those who believe and trust in Him. I know nothing about you, but I have heard enough, though from no curiosity, of your conversation with the man who has just gone away, to satisfy me that you are in grievous necessity. Take this coin, and go home and comfort your family."

I gave him a sovereign; and however well the poor man might have sustained denial, the gift was almost too much for him, for he broke into a paxoxysm of tears.

"Not a word more to-night," said I. "No thanks — you cannot contain yourself. Come to-morrow, if you will, or next day, to my rooms —here is my card—and perhaps I may be able to do something for you. Meanwhile, hie home. Wife and children are beyond all the riches of the universe."

"God's blessing be upon you, whoever you are!" cried the man. "My dear wife—my poor children—they will not perish from want. Oh, sir!—if you only knew——"

"Home—home!" said I. "Waste no time in talking now. I can hear your history hereafter."

He seized and wrung my hand with a force which I hardly should have expected from a man of so attenuated a frame, and then darted from the Arcade.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—HISTORY OF A CLEVER MAN.

A day or two afterwards, Flusher presented himself at my rooms. The appearance of the poor fellow was somewhat altered for the better; at

all events, there was nothing about him to excite disgust, though much to awaken compassion. Evidently he was no habitual beggar, for he used none of that lugubrious cant which is the language of confirmed mendicity. He told me, that, since our meeting in the Arcade, he had been successful in recovering a small debt, which had enabled him to get better covering for his wife, whose health, he thought, was improving; and he spoke as if he regarded the future, not cheerfully perhaps, but, at any rate, without despondency.

There was something in the man's manner that gave me a favourable impression. He was neither obsequious nor forward, but expressed himself with the ease of a person who had seen a good deal of the world, and had associated with people of education. Some of his remarks, which were shrewd and sensible, evinced a knowledge of mankind and an amount of information much greater than could be expected from one who stood apparently so low in the social scale; and when I indicated a desire to become acquainted with his previous history he manifested no reluctance, but began the following narrative:—

"I make no doubt, sir, from what you observed the other night, when I was driven by extreme necessity to supplicate help from yonder man who has no compassion in his nature, that you regarded me as a desperate and hardened beggar. If so, the more honour to you for having given me relief. You believed, at all events, that I told no falsehood when I said that my wife and children were starving; and though there are some men, passing for devout and sincere Christians, who refuse under any circumstances to bestow charity upon a common beggar, I am sure they do not act according to the spirit of the Bible. The prayer of the beggar never sounded in vain in the ears of our Lord and His apostles; and even the habitual impostor may be reduced so low as to have a fair claim on the sympathies of the benevolent. Pardon my presumption for beginning with something that may be too like a homily. What I mean to say is this, that even the most abject beggar is still a man, who is privileged to cry to God from the depth of his wretchedness; and if any hear that cry, and steel their hearts against it, they offend the mercy without which no one can see salvation.

"I was not always the degraded and impoverished being you behold, though I never found myself in what are usually termed easy circumstances. Had I acted like most of my contemporaries, the men with whom I started in the race of life, and applied myself to some reputable trade or calling, I think I should have been successful. I am not a careless or extravagant man, and I never threw away money, when I had it—which was very seldom—upon sensual indulgences. I am not a drunkard: I abhor sottish habits, and years have gone by since I lifted a glass of gin to my lips. I never committed a crime that could bring upon me the chastisement of the law. No man living can say that I ever attempted to swindle him. I have tried to act uprightly—yes, and honourably—with what result you may perceive, by my threadbare, or rather ragged coat, and my shoes, which are no longer impervious to the mud of London.

"You may wonder at this, sir. The explanation is quite simple. I was regarded, from my early youth, as a sort of phenomenon—a wondrously clever creature. My father, who was a shipowner in Newcastle—I was the child of his old age—thought me a perfect prodigy. I was allowed to have my own way in the nursery, which perhaps did no great harm, though the dear old woman who presided there annually tendered her resignation on account of the 'fractiousness of the bairn.' That, however, was a mere threat; but, after I was promoted to a jacket and corduroys, my existence must have been a serious annoyance to the old friends of my father. They were, for the most part, quiet, plodding, money-making men, whose reading was limited to share-lists, and who were accustomed, over their port wine, to talk of nothing but the rise or fall of markets. You will readily imagine that they were not much delighted either by my monkey-tricks

or my recitations — indeed, I once overheard one of them mutter to his neighbour, 'That boy will certainly be hanged!'

"I was sent to school, where I made some progress in letters, being distinguished for proficiency in spouting, and the fabrication of verses, which, though doubtless very bad, were considered by my master as proofs of decided genius. I was apprenticed to no trade; indeed, I had no inclination for any kind of laborious employment. I believed that I should ultimately inherit money, and I did not care to work for more. So I led an indolent kind of life until I was upwards of twenty, when my poor father sickened and died. He was an amiable but somewhat easy man, who never looked very closely into his affairs—the worse for me, as, on investigation, it appeared that his liabilities were greater than his assets. Everything was swept away by his creditors, and I was left to begin the world with scarce a shilling in my pocket.

"I comforted myself with the thought that I was no worse off than hundreds of others, and resolved to settle to work with energy and perseverance. So, in the first instance, I applied for employment to the old friends of my father, never doubting for one moment that I would readily procure a seat in a counting-house. I might as well have asked them to take me into partnership! I was much too clever, they said, for the situation of a clerk. I was a young man of genius, and, as such, could not be expected to submit to the drudgery of making out invoices. They were profoundly sorry, but they really had no room or occasion for a poet on their establishments! Such were the answers I received from gentlemen who had dined once a-week in company with my father for more than twenty years. I began to feel alarmed. 'Of a verity,' thought I, 'this same genius must be a fatal gift, for, whether I have it or no, the mere reputation of possessing it stands between me and my daily bread!' I then thought of applying for a situation as usher or under-teacher in a school, and made my obeisance to a D.D. who had advertised for a helper.

"'Can you make verses, young man?' said the portly dignitary.

"'Certainly, sir,' was my reply.

"'In Dochmiacs, and Trochaic Tetrameters?'

"'I am afraid, sir, that I do not comprehend the intricacies of the Greek measures.'

"'Then I wish you a good morning.'

"Foiled in this attempt, I sat down to write an article for a popular review. The manuscript was returned, with a polite intimation that it would not suit. I tried the newspapers, and gained admission to Poet's Corner; but, alas! beyond the empty honour I received nothing; and poets are not chameleons—they will not thrive and fatten upon air. In brief, I could find no suitable employment in Newcastle.

"'It seems to me, Flusher,' said one of the few friends who still adhered to, and, I think, really compassionated me—'it seems to me that you are too well known in this place. There is a vast deal of envy, and not much less malignity, in the world; and people who remember that you held your head rather high before misfortune came, and sneered at their pursuits, are glad to see you brought to bay. You had better leave this. I will give you a letter to a correspondent in Glasgow, who perhaps may be able to find you a situation.'

"I had nothing for it but to comply; so I started for Glasgow. I found the gentleman to whom I was recommended in his counting-house. I gave him the letter. He read it.

"'Humph!' said he, 'a landlouper, nae doubt! What are ye fit for, young man?'

"'Any employment, sir, that you may chance to require.'

"'Onything? That means naething, or my name's no Watty Govan. Ken ye ought about shirtings?'

"'No, sir; but I could learn.'

"'Nae doubt of that; but ye canna expect me to pay for your schuling; ye may gang your wa's. But stop! ye're frae Newcastle, and that's a mining district—I advise ye to step down to Airdrie. It's a rising place, and maybe you'll find employment there.'

"So Heaven help me, I knew no

more about mines than I did of conic sections. Airdrie, therefore, was as unlikely a spot for me to prosper in as Laputa. I roamed for a whole day, nearly distracted, through the damp streets and dingy atmosphere of the western Scottish metropolis, sustaining myself with the cheapest food—for by that time my coin was nearly exhausted—until I came beneath the flaring lamps of a theatre.

"'There's a pass cheque for anybody who wants it!' cried a Glasgow buck, tossing the bit of pasteboard away. Perhaps the action was not very honourable, but, as the ticket fell at my feet, I picked it up, and, without challenge, was admitted to the boxes.

"The audience was scanty; and no wonder, for the company was a very poor one. The walking gentleman and lover was a ricketty lad with a lisp, who might have been a waiter in a country inn. The benevolent father was about as affable as the keeper of a turnpike. The hero was a consummate ranter; the low comedian a bad specimen of Cockaigne; the tragedy queen a powerful scold; and the soubrette evidently a minx. The life of the company was the manager, a queer gaunt old fellow, who rattled through his part without caring for adherence to the text, and sometimes gave a zest to the otherwise dull performance by addressing sarcastic remarks to the occupants of the gallery, which were responded to by roars of laughter and a battery of orange-peel.

"'Well,' thought I, 'if fellows like these can get an engagement, why should I despair? I may not exactly be a Kean or a Macready, but I flatter myself that I can act better than any member of that company. Since the commercial world will have nothing to say to me, why should I not become an actor?'

"Full of this idea, I requested an interview with the manager when the performances were concluded, and was admitted to the dressing-room of that worthy. He was exchanging the raiment of Sir William Wallace for the garb of the nineteenth century.

"'What brings thee hither, cavalero, ho?' cried he, divesting himself of a pasteboard cuirass. I should mention that, at times, the manager discarded the use of the ordinary speech of mortals, expressing himself in blank verse, which he poured forth with marvellous fluency.

"'I wish, sir,' said I, 'to join your company, if there should happen to be a vacancy.'

"'Aha! a new recruit for Thespis' line!' cried the manager. 'Pr'ythee stand forth and let me view thee, lad! —A likely form, with thewes and sinews good. An eye like Mars—no, hang it, I don't mean that!—An eye that hath a language of its own. Demeanour, gesture, such as fits a man; a voice not raucous. Tell me, gentle youth—Hast ever felt the perfume of the lamps, or trod in ecstacy the scenic floor?'

"'No, sir; I am quite new to the profession.'

"'That's strange indeed, and passing pitiful!' replied the manager. 'Yet say I not to thee, Begone, depart! Not in one day did royal Rome arise. What! was not Roscius once a country clown? And gentle Shakespeare was a poor man's child? I like thee, lad! But what dost thou affect? Woo'st thou Thalia in her sportive mood? Or mak'st to mad Melpomene thy moan?'

"'I am quite ready, sir, to undertake any line of characters you please. Though I have never ventured upon the stage, nor indeed thought, till now, when necessity leaves me no choice, of adopting it as a profession. I have carefully studied elocution, and would try to make myself generally useful.'

"'A brave resolve! and I do need a man, to act incontinent the lover's part, and sigh like furnace in a lady's ear. Jones, whom the bills do blazon as Fitz-George, hath cast his seal'd commission in my teeth; deeming at Manchester to shake the world, and flutter Volscians in Corioli. His place is thine, if thou accept my terms; which, for the present, must be moderate.'

"'I am willing to take, sir, whatever you consider to be the value of my service.'

"'A sovereign, then, shall be thy weekly wage, until the moon hath twice renewed her horn. Give me

thy hand, and pledge me in this bowl! I do foresee thou shalt be great anon, —and, like the witches on the blasted heath, I'll hail thee Thane of Cawdor!'

"So saying, the inspired tragedian handed me a pot of porter, by way of ratifying the bargain.

"And so I was enlisted for the stage. It is a poor and wretched life, that of an actor, at least in the humbler walks; and I never had an opportunity of rising in the profession. I did all in my power to make myself useful; and was, I think, rather a favourite with the frequenters of the Glasgow theatre, to whom I was known as Mr. Sidney Fortescue. Though the manager did not spare me — for I was compelled at very short notice to assume any kind of part — he was considerate enough to raise my salary; and perhaps I might have gone on till now, huffing and stamping on the boards, but for an untoward accident which cut short my theatrical career.

"We had made grand preparations for the production of a Christmas pantomime, in order to replenish our somewhat limited exchequers, and the whole inventive powers of the carpenters and scenic artists were put forth on the occasion. A harlequin of much renown, whose real name, I believe, was Grimes, but who preferred the imposing denomination of Signor Torre del Greco, had been specially engaged; and at least three dozen unpromising infants had been transformed into fairies, and were to flutter across the stage as denizens of the Celestial Bower. All things were ready, and the public was supposed to be on the tiptoe of expectation, when the manager received a letter, informing him that the gifted Signor, having indulged too long and copiously in the use of British spirits, had been seized with a nervous attack, for which he was now under treatment at a public hospital, and that his appearance at the Glasgow theatre was utterly out of the question!

"Here was a precious dilemma!— the play of *Hamlet* ready for representation, with the omission of the principal part! Our manager, as was his wont when anything went wrong, stormed and raged ferociously; and for four-and-twenty hours it was not safe to approach him. But he was a shifty man, full of resources, whose boast it was that he never had broken down in any theatrical attempt. He summoned me to his room.

"'Kind Fortescue,' he said, 'attend to this! Torre hath failed, and Greco cannot come. Yet shall the winter of our discontent, by thy assistance, my aspiring boy, resolve itself into perpetual spring. Thou art the flower and garland of our youth — strong-limbed art thou and agile for the dance; the double-shuffle thou dost comprehend, and thou art prompt to point the pliant toe. Therefore, good youth, be ruled in this by me. Don thou the dress of pleasant Harlequin! Assume the bat, and, through the mazy bowers, fly with the fond and amorous Columbine, whilst, vainly toiling in thy glittering wake, perspire the Clown and slipper'd Pantaloon!'

"'Surely, sir, you do not mean to propose that I should act Harlequin!' cried I, quite aghast — for I need hardly say that pantomimic characters were quite out of the usual range of a performer's business.

"'And wherefore not? Some one must take the part; and who so fit and excellent as thou? See—I have set my fortune on a cast — on one great venture perill'd all my means; and if I fail, why then—put out the light! I know thee, boy, far better than thyself! Thou art no summer friend, to shrink away at the first piping of the northern blast, from him who cheer'd, and taught, and tender'd thee! Thou wilt not leave the old man desolate! O Sidney Fortescue, forsake me not, but be the joy and comfort of mine age!'

"'I would do anything in my power to assist you, sir; but really I cannot undertake the part of Harlequin.'

"Then perish, Priam! Troy, be thou consumed; and never more let Ilium have a name! I'll take my staff and wander through the world, as Belisarius did, to crave an alms. And when they ask me how I fell so low, I'll say the stroke that beat the old man down was not misfortune, but ingratitude!'

"All this must appear to you supremely absurd; but theatrical life is made up of whims, oddities, and queer shifts and transformations; and it was quite true that upon the success of the pantomime depended the stability of the theatre. I was always facile; besides, the manager had been kind to me after his own fashion. The exigency was pressing, and I thought there might be some fun in the performance of so exceptional a part. To the intense joy of our chief, I yielded, and for the next few days did nought but practise dancing and the necessary stage rehearsals. I found that I could go through the mimetic business well enough, but the flying leaps somewhat dismayed me. It is no joke to launch one's self head foremost through a shutter or a clock!

"Well; I acted Harlequin for several successive nights without mishap, and to the satisfaction of the public—at least if I might judge from the newspaper notices of the entertainment, wherein I was likened to a flying-fish. But my flights were soon brought to a close. The four scene-shifters, whose duty it was to break the fall of the pantomimic acrobats by catching them in a blanket, were unfaithful to their trust. I bounded valiantly through a post-office window, came down with a heavy crash on the bare boards behind, and discovered that my leg was fractured.

"This disaster terminated my connection with the theatre. A subscription was opened for the unfortunate mime who had suffered for the public amusement; and on the proceeds of that I lived till I was able again to move. But in the interim, during the many solitary hours which a sick-bed affords for reflection, I had taken counsel with myself as to the means of obtaining subsistence in the time to come. Of the stage I had had quite enough, and to it I would not return. I bethought me that I had a talent for drawing, which might possibly be turned to advantage; for although I did not expect to shine as an artist, I thought I might contrive to get some employment as an engraver. So I procured a set of etching-tools, and before I was allowed to leave my room, I had acquired some manual dexterity. Well, sir, I did get work, and wrought very hard for more than a year, when I was suddenly seized with a dimness of vision; and on consulting an oculist, was told that, if I persevered in engraving, I would certainly lose my eyesight.

"This announcement was a heavy blow to me; nevertheless, I was determined not to give way to despondency; and by the advice of the doctor, who recommended country air, I left Glasgow, and went to the lake district of Westmoreland. Though forbidden to engrave, I could still sketch; and I hoped to find a ready market for my productions among the tourists who in summer-time swarm through that beautiful country. I took up my headquarters at Keswick, and did well enough for a time, till competition—which political economists maintain to be an admirable thing, but which I consider to be a grievous curse—forced me out of the field. Two rival sketchers came down from London; and as their drawings were, I must needs admit, somewhat better than mine, my occupation was speedily gone.

"And now I come to what was in truth the only really happy period of my existence. I fear, sir, that I weary you with these details, but you have asked for a faithful narrative, and you shall have it. In one of my sketching expeditions to a remote part of the lake country, I had made the acquaintance of a worthy old *statesman*, for that is the name by which yeomen-proprietors are called in Westmoreland. He and his wife were primitive people, cultivating their own small farm, and living entirely on its produce, without any care or curiosity as to what might be going on in the great world that lay beyond the limits of their glen. It is a happy lot that of the husbandman who is beyond the dread of penury; and if God would vouchsafe me a choice, I rather would be one of them than dwell in a thronged and heartless city.

"This pair had but one daughter, a beautiful girl of nineteen, modest as the mountain daisy, sweet as the lily that blossoms in the lowly vale. No artificial boarding-school accom-

plishments, which warp the mind and destroy the simplicity of the female character, had impaired the simple nature of Lucy Brathwaite; yet was she not illiterate, for she had ventured into the fairy land of poetry, and had perused attentively such books—and these are the works of the older masters, Jeremy Taylor and Bunyan and Fuller — as are commonly found in the houses of the northern yeomen. I venture to think that their writings are somewhat better, and far more wholesome, than the trash which constitutes the staple of modern circulating libraries. Lucy had no harpsichord, but she sang—O how sweetly, and with what pathos! —the simple English ditties to which the chords of the heart so readily and sympathetically respond. To see her was to love her. So, when I became convinced that a protracted residence at Keswick would be useless, and a mere squandering of the small sum of money which I had contrived to scrape together, I sought the farm of John Brathwaite, and offered myself as a lodger. I shall not dilate on what followed; suffice it to say, that I was fortunate enough to win the heart of Lucy, and to consummate my happiness by making her my wife, with the approval of her parents. I did not conceal from them my want of means; but they, dear honest folk, had a kind of reverence for a man who had seen more of the world than themselves, and who had received a wider, for I shall not say a better, education. Above all, they were bound up in the welfare of their child; nor would they have thwarted her inclination, had she made a more objectionable choice.

"I would not, however, consent to eat the bread of idleness. There was room for a school in that part of the district where my father-in-law resided; and by favour of the rector, who had taken a fancy for me on account of my presumed classical attainments, which, no doubt, were superior to those of some licentiates of St. Bee's, I was enabled to commence business as a teacher. The duties were not onerous; at all events, the holidays were long; and, my health being then robust, I could aid in the operations of the farm. I was then, I may say, supremely happy. Two children were born to me; and, gazing on them with a father's love, I forgot all my previous misfortunes. I began to think that my malignant and persecuting demon had lost trace of me among the valleys of Westmoreland. I was greviously mistaken. Alas! he found me out, in the guise of a Midland County newspaper, to which I had the misfortune to subscribe.

"I shall not take the liberty, sir, of guessing at your political opinions. Mine were then tinged with Radicalism, for those who have not succeeded in the world are apt to attribute their failure to defects in the social system, rather than admit their own incompetency. Without being exactly envious, it is difficult for a man of education to suppress a certain bitter feeling when he sees others surrounded by that wealth and luxury to which he never can attain; and I will add that the classical studies pursued in this country by the youth of the middle classes, often to the exclusion of subjects more really useful, tend to foster democratic notions. The downfall of royalty in Rome, the conspiracies of Harmodious and Aristogiton, the assassination of Julius Cæsar, and the sedition of the Gracchi, are represented to boys as things worthy of admiration, if not absolutely to be imitated. They rarely learn anything in the schools about the principles of the British constitution, whilst they are sedulously indoctrinated with the details of republican polity. It is astonishing to me that this view has never occurred to the Dons of Oxford, who are stanch Tories as well as great sticklers for antiquated education. If your function were to teach Christianity, you would not take the Koran for your text-book.

"I had then very loose notions on the subject of government, and I am not sure that my ideas as to the apportionment of property were strictly correct. I thought the American constitution a noble model, overlooking the fact that it has perpetuated slavery, and made the rule of the civil magistrate subordinate to

the tyranny of the mob. I was not exactly prepared to advocate the establishment of a republic in Britain, but I looked with an evil eye on the existence of the hereditary Chamber, believed that the revenues of the Church might be advantageously cut down, and was decidedly in favour of household suffrage and vote by ballot. I see things now in a very different light; but then I was a regular Chartist.

"Well, sir, I soon began to take an active interest in politics; and, having plenty spare time, I commenced writing a series of letters, explanatory of my views, to the editor of the newspaper, all of which duly appeared in print; and as they were not deficient in point of energy and strong language, Marcus Junius Brutus—for that was the signature I adopted—was spoken of and commended in Radical circles as an intrepid patriot, a fearless denouncer of abuses, and an unflinching friend of the people. Finding that my first essays were so favourably received, I waxed yet more eloquent; and as general denunciations are apt to pall if too frequently repeated, I looked out for individual instances of what I deemed tyranny and oppression, and drew my illustrations from our own immediate neighbourhood. Was a poacher convicted before a Westmoreland justice of the peace?—I made it the text for a diatribe on the crying iniquity of the Game-Laws. Did a squire raise his rents?—I reviled him as more covetous than Ahab. At the surrounding clergy I shot shafts innumerable, sparing only—for I had some gratitude left—the good man who had befriended me. All this I did absolutely without malice, as is the case, I believe, with many writers, who, bent upon exhibiting their dexterity, never think about the pain which they inflict; but to that persuasion it was obviously impossible that the men whom I had maltreated should incline. Local allusions roused suspicion. An investigation followed, and I was detected as the author of the libels. Such a ferment arose as I dare to say was never known before in that secluded district. Radicalism was a thing abhorred by the honest statesmen and farmers, who regarded it as synonymous with infidelity; and the residence of a Radical among them was esteemed pollution. All my scholars disappeared. The rector, formerly so kind, now passed me without recognition. More than once I was insulted on the road; and I received a courteous intimation, that if I presumed to show myself at any fair or rustic gathering, I would do well to provide a cart to carry me home, as my carcass would be so handled as to preclude the possibility of walking. Had I been a solitary man, I might have tried to stem the tide of prejudice—or righteous indignation, for perhaps that is the more appropriate term—in the hope that it might gradually subside; but its rage was felt severely by others. Dear old John Brathwaite, though perfectly innocent, shared in my unpopularity, and was taunted with having disgraced a respectable family by giving his daughter to a revolutionary blackguard. He stood up for me as long as he could, but the storm was absolutely overwhelming.

"'Will,' he said to me, one day—'Will, I know that thou art a good man at bottom, for all they say about thee, and I wonna believe but that thou means well enough, though thou has set up the neighbour's backs by speaking ill of dignities, which is clear against gospel text. But thou hast been a good husband to my Lucy, and a fond; and I think, lad, that thou fears God, so thou canna be quite the wicked one they call thee. But for a' that, Will, thou has gi'en offence, and I wotna what made thee do it; for sure am I that ye never were wronged to the breadth of a hair while under my roof, and wherever thou gaed there was an open door for thee, and it's thy fau't, and nane ither, if thou finds them locked. I'm a failing man, Will; and I've tauld them where to dig my grave, and I'd like to be let down into it by them that knew the Brathwaites before thou came among us, and to have a decent burial like, and to have some folks to say, as they hear the clods tumbling down, "The Lord have mercy on old John!" Now, lad, that canna be if thou stays

here. It's a sore thing to me, and like a tearing of my heartstrings, to tell thee that thou must take Lucy and the childer wi' thee. It's the same as saying that I will die four years before the time that I might have lasted; but what's that, if we have the trust, that where time ends, eternity begins? Right or wrong, thou must make a flitting, for the honour of my forebears is upon me; and, though I like thee weel, I mun hae tears upon my coffin, and a gathering that won't be there if thee carries my head.'

"What could I do, branded with infamy as I was, but leave the sweet spot where alone I had found rest and happiness? Ah, miserable fool, to throw those inestimable blessings away! My poor wife never upbraided me, though she wept often and bitterly in secret, for I could see the trace of tears and deep sorrow on her countenance; and she went about the house quietly, but like one that was heart-broken. No more singing now! So on a fine spring morning, when the lambs were racing on the meadows, and the larks carolling in the air, we went forth from the home of love, knowing well that we never should return. Still I see the venerable form of John Brathwaite, but slightly bowed with age, his grey hairs streaming in the wind, as he folded his daughter in a last embrace, and implored a blessing on her head! Then my heart filled to bursting, and I cried out in the words of Esau—

"'Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, even me also, O my father!'

"'The Lord be with thee, my son!' said the old man, laying his hand upon my head; 'may He guide thee in the right path! And, O Will, if thou hast done wrong and offended, harden not thy heart, nor strengthen thy pride, but humble thyself and ask pardon, and it may be thou shalt yet prosper. And O, be kind to my Lucy, and these dear babes that are sent out out so early to wander in a wicked world!'

"And so we left the pleasant uplands—left the crystal streams, and winding glens, and the hill-sides studded with thorn-trees, wherein the cuckoo was proclaiming the spring—and we came to the low-country thronged with life and swarming with industry, where no familiar faces were to be seen; and we passed through districts blackened by smoke, where night and day the huge furnaces were vomiting forth their flames—through towns that seemed but an agglomeration of colossal factories—through hamlets peopled by careworn men and women, with countenances prematurely old; and still, as we advanced, the throng became denser, and the roar of life more stunning, until we descried a thick cloud that, heavy as a funeral-pall, lay above a great city; and in the dusk of evening we mingled with the crowd that poured along the streets of Manchester."

ALEXANDER CARLYLE OF INVERESK.

The frightful daubs which ornament our dining-rooms, doing duty as family portraits, owe their existence and position to one of the most universal of human principles. At first a spectator would be astonished at the prominent place occupied by the portentous visage of our grandfather, that vulgar countenance, that toddy-speckled nose, those maudlin eyes—Why, in Heaven's name, was Dick Tinto permitted to immortalise such degrading characteristics? and why does his wretched performance hold the place of honour over the mantelpiece, to be looked at, sneered at, scunnered at, by the best-natured of our friends? When he turns his attention to the other side of the room, and sees the perked-up countenance of our grandmother — the cap hiding the greater part of her forehead, the ruff burying the lower part of her chin, the short-waisted gown, and gorgeous-patterned India shawl — our visitor is still further amazed at the reason of our rescuing those very commonplace presentments from the garret or the fire. The central figures are supported on all sides by other members of the family. Aunt Sibylla flares in yellow and gold; uncle Peter leans on an anchor, and defies the storms he is likely to meet in command of the Hopeful, East Indiaman; and over the sideboard, in a profusion of frill and hair-powder, is a dark, Rembrandtish, and rather indistinct representation of the great Æneas of our tribe, who founded our respectability on sugar-casks and rum. We don't admire these pictures as works of art; we don't cherish them as elevating to our pride of ancestry; but we have a very great attachment to them, failures and caricatures as they are, for they give us an idea of how our predecessors looked and dressed. They enable us to trace the genealogy of our own snub nose, and our eldest hope's squint; and it is easy to form an estimate of the tempers and manners of the originals from the acquaintance we make with their outward forms. But when we ascend in the scale of wealth and position, the family galleries of our nobility must be pieces of silent history, perhaps as redolent of truth as the pages of our most brilliant authors. For the chief personages are not left alone, but, girt by many a baron bold, some of their own blood, and some of the equally noble races with whom they were brought into intimacy by politics or religion, they present a faithful image of the generation to which they belonged—hard-featured, dark-complexioned, firm-handed men like Strafford; or burly, wide-coated knights and gentlemen who admired Townshend more for introducing turnips into Norfolk, than Sir Robert Walpole for preserving the country from foreign and civil war. Yet in all our inspections of the effigies of past times, the words of Cowper are always in our mind—

> "Oh, that those lips had language!"

The face, after all, is a poor index to the thought. A man may have the nose of the Duke of Wellington and the heart of Bobadil; a woman may have the brows of the chaste Diana and the life of Lady Mary. Let us hear what they said and did—tell us something about them, be it ever so little—"How lived, how loved, how died they?" And this accounts for the amazing twaddle we read in the catalogues of historic collections. Emulous of the sprawling artists, the anecdote-monger splashes in his facts here and here, without the least keeping or regard to harmony or proportion. Incidents are misplaced, characters are travestied or interchanged. Dick Turpin's ride to York is attributed to Prince Rupert; the meanness of Elwes transferred to the Duke of Marlborough; the faultless honesty of downright Shippen thrust on Lord Bacon.

To remedy these defects, we turn to better authenticated statements,

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Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk; containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1860.

and catch an occasional glimpse of real character in the events or sayings attributed to a particular man. But wit, and wisdom itself, is a very evanescent quality, unless all the circumstances which gave rise to it, and even the peculiarities of the people to whom it is addressed, are brought before us at the same time. Dr. Johnson, always witty and always wise, was wise and witty in quite a different manner in his tea-drinkings with Miss Williams and Robert Lovett, from that of the club and his rencontres with Goldsmith and Burke. We should probably see neither wisdom nor wit in his conversation with the blind old poetess and the quack, for we have no knowledge of the two personages which could enable us to judge of the appositeness of his repartee or advice. We only know that they were penniless and afflicted, and we therefore see their fitness to be the objects of commiseration and bounty. His charity becomes beautiful and intelligible when we see the excessive friendlessness and know the inexhaustible philanthropy of his great kind heart. With Burke or Goldsmith, on the other hand, the case is so essentially different that the conversation owes all its charm to our intimacy with the parties engaged in it. After a blustering and inappropriate tirade from Oliver, we see the thunder gathering on the avenger's brow, we watch for the inevitable bolt, and when it strikes are only surprised at the thickness or divine temper of the victim's shield, which enables us to admire the force and dexterity of the blow without having to condole over broken bones or diminished self-satisfaction. The great art of Boswell was shown in grouping as much as in individual likeness. For an isolated figure, we repeat, either in anecdote or painting, tells us nothing. A thousand stories may be handed down from father to son, but as the journey lengthens the light decays. The accessories are left out, the local or chronological colouring is changed, and at last a tale that convulsed contemporary audiences with its humour, and recalled to the listeners the tones of voice and expressions of countenance, the ranks and qualities of all the persons introduced, falls as dead upon succeeding ears as the impersonal jokes in Joe Miller, or the facetiæ of Cicero.

Every period, we suppose, appears to the men of it the most remarkable in the annals of time. They have had all their own adventures in it, and have been triumphant in lawsuits or successful in love, and have seen the greatest comet and heard the most eloquent preacher, or huzzaed the greatest general the world had hitherto produced. But as the golden years go on, the preacher turns out to be a very third-rate performer on the used out tight-rope of prophecy and the end of all things, and the general is only a fit companion for Whitelock or Major Sturgeon. Unless as studies of human character, there are long tracts of national existence on which we look back and find all barren. A man born in the year of the Revolution heard nothing to break his slumbers till he was five-and-twenty years of age. Between the rebellions of '15 and '45 history has little to record. A few fussy, selfish, and utterly unprincipled individuals busied themselves about domestic politics, and coquetted with pretenders, or put on the guise of patriotism and a love of freedom; but the general current of English life was as slow as that of a Dutch canal. Squires and shopkeepers drank their beer and smoked their pipes and were quiet; and to us the two most prominent personages of a whole generation were a hump-backed little poet and a short-faced philosopher. We have more interest in Pope and Addison than in any of the commanders and politicians who loomed so large on the people who had no knowledge of perspective, and thought Richmond Hill, seen from the Thames, as high as the Alps.

It is not altogether because they wanted a sacred chronicler that that period and others we could name have sunk into comparative oblivion. We, who come after, weigh the merits of a generation by the effect we see it to have produced on its successors. A great generation is the one which, by its acts or sufferings, scatters the seeds of future harvests. For man is very ungrateful,

and judges only by effects. Garibaldi himself may sink into a Rienzi or even into a Walker, unless the edifice he has raised be found permanent and useful. If Italian unity is a failure, nobody, in twenty years from this time, will care for the most careful account of the great Liberator, for his letters or speeches; but if he has indeed inaugurated a new life for the classic land, and has succeeded in uniting a northern and Protestant love of liberty to the passion and poetry of the southern blood, no description will be too diffuse, no anecdote too unimportant, to be cherished as of great value, because revealing glimpses of an individual whose personal qualities have changed the destiny of nations, and impressed themselves, as we, perhaps, presumptuously hope, on the character of his countrymen. We should, therefore, not advise any of the enthusiastic worshippers of the present to give the world the benefit of their experience till time has stamped the current coin of praise and adulation with the marks of its solid value. Let them lay in their materials now. Let them photograph the active agents in this great movement — the squab features and warlike presence of the Sardinian King, and the portly form of Cavour; let them carefully represent Garibaldi surrounded by his friends, singing, haranguing, inspiring, or comforting, as the case may be; but here let them stop till the inexorable years have shown whether the end will form a fit conclusion to the glittering commencement — whether, in fact, the heroes are real heroes, working a real work; or stage heroes, with tin swords and tinsel crowns, raising unsubstantial thrones, and speaking only at the dictation of the prompter.

Our own country may appear, to the unobservant, to have had no period of excitement and change like the present uprising of the nations against their old regime. But a deeper inquirer sees as great an upheaving of thought and endeavour in Scotland, after the abortive effort to restore the ancient race of our kings, as any people can show at any time of their career. The old order changed almost imperceptibly, giving place to new. We had been a fractious, discontented set of people, grumbling at the Union; grumbling at the wealth of England, though we were invited to share it; half savage still, through a persistent pride in retaining the feelings and fashions which had prevailed when other people's were as savage as ourselves; divided by religious animosities, tricked in many instances by our nobility, and sulkily settling down to our rude feasts and portentous debauches, to console ourselves for our national degradation and personal want of power. But gradually the scene changed. The national genius manifestly took a new direction. We left off talking seriously about a restoration of the Stuarts, and only sang delightful songs about bonnie Prince Charlie; but we buckled to the serious business of life. We produced a crop of philosophers, orators, wits, and statesmen, such as had never been dreamt of before. We became merchants and colonists, and scattered the glories of our northern pronunciation in all lands. We took possession of India and America, and the islands adjacent thereto; and having grown rich, adventurous, and famous wherever a bawbee was to be made, or a gallant achievement performed, we looked back through the checkered career of little more than forty years, and we saw at one end of it the young Chevalier with his mob of Highland gillies, and at the other, Hume, Robertson, and Robert Burns, in the maturity of their fame. Now, it is this transition period which engages the attention of the very remarkable man to whom we are indebted for the present work.

It was a period which furnished materials for a calm and leisurely survey, not like that other awakening of new thoughts which gloomed and lightened in the French Revolution, presenting such mixtures of the grotesque and grand, agitating men's minds with such alternations of hope and fear, and ending in such a cataclysm of all previous ideas, that description was impossible, because there was neither time nor opportunity for observation; and that mightiest of human movements must be content to go down to posterity shrouded in its own portentous shadows, as terrible and as indis-

tinct as the spirit that passed before the face of Eliphaz. Glimpses may be caught at intervals of a Mirabeau or a Danton, but nobody was in a state to study them; and they owe their historical personality to the after-thoughts and dramatic imagination of the generation who knew them not. Now, here was a Scottish divine, calm-minded, clear-eyed, so fortunately placed that he could be a spectator of everything going on, with as commanding a view of the storms which seemed to fight against the Churches, and finally "to confound and swallow navigation up," as a watchman on the Eddystone Lighthouse, beholding from his safe eyrie the tackings and tumblings of a disordered fleet.

Alexander Carlyle was born in 1722, and died in 1805. He was present at the battle of Prestonpans, and the procession of Prince Charlie to Holyrood; he lived through the triumphs of Chatham and Wolfe, the glories of Duncan, Jervis, and Nelson, and saw the first establishment of Napoleon as Emperor of the French. His Memoirs, however, do not come down so far; but many of the persons commemorated in his sketches survived almost to our own day; and thus connect us by one link to the performers in the murder of Captain Porteous, and the strange histories of Lord Lovat and Lord Grange.

We have said the position of the author was eminently adapted for the study of passing events. His personal qualities were no less in his favour as an observer of life and manners. Polite and brilliant as a Marquis of Versailles, and handsome in face and form in a very remarkable degree, he did not bury his powers of entertainment and fascination in a country manse. His were not, indeed, the days when the gentry of the land still found it an honour to serve at the national altar, and retained the social position which the displaced Episcopalian establishment had secured to its ministers. A spirit, however, of mutual good-will occasionally existed between the adherents of the two forms of government, and we meet with a charming anecdote in the early part of the volume, where we are told of his visit to the manse of "old Lundie of Saltoun, a pious and primitive old man, very respectful in his manners, and very kind. He had been bred an old Scotch Episcopalian, and was averse to the Confession of Faith; the presbytery showed lenity towards him, so he did not sign it to his dying day, for which reason he never could be a member of Assembly." Carlyle himself was of excellent family on both sides of the house, being descended by his father from the Lords Carlyle, and claiming kin through his mother with the Dukes of Hamilton, and having the claim allowed. His father and mother were not so remarkable in other respects as the parents of distinguished characters are generally represented; the truth being, that the abilities attributed to the progenitors owe their existence to the affection and youthful admiration of the child. We have known the surviving parents of illustrious men, and found them as dull as if their progeny were very ordinary persons, but who will come out in the memoirs of the poet, orator, or statesman, as among the wisest and best of mankind. Partly to this elevating influence of filial love we may attribute the description of his mother. "My mother was a person of superior understanding, of a calm and firm temper, of an elegant and reflecting mind: and, considering she was the eldest of seven daughters and three sons of a country clergyman, near Dumfries, and was born in 1700, she had received an education, and improved by it, far beyond what could have been expected. Good sense, however, and dignity of conduct were her chief attributes. The effect of this was, she was as much respected as my father was beloved."

It will scarcely be believed that this dignity of manner and respect of all her neighbours was maintained on an income of seventy pounds a-year. There were no complaints of poverty, though the family was increasing; and when the stipend was augmented by the hard exertions of two of the law lords, who not only voted for the increase as heritors of the parish, but actually left the judgment-seat and pleaded the clergy-

man's cause in person, the hospitalities of the manse seem to have been liberal and constant, the expenses of all the family regulated on a very generous scale, and society with the highest of the gentry maintained on equal terms. Yet the result of the augmentation and the friendly eloquence of two Judges of the Court of Session, raised the gross income to only a hundred and forty pounds. "Living was wonderfully cheap, even in Edinburgh, in those days," says the author, with a sigh at the rise of prices in his later time. "There were ordinaries for young gentlemen, at fourpence a-head, for a very good dinner of broth and beef, and a roast and potatoes every day. with fish three or four times a-week, and all the small-beer that was called for till the cloth was removed."

Fourpences must have been very scarce, or beef and broth very abundant, to account for this excessively moderate tariff. By dint of the peace and plenty pervading the minister's house, young Alexander grew up in health and happiness, a fine sprightly intelligent little fellow, with humour and observation far beyond his years. Whether it was a stroke of humour or a knowledge of character which prompted him to the first display of his powers of oratory, we are not told; but it looks like one of the jocular achievements of his maturer days, for it consisted of his mounting a tombstone, and reading to a dozen old women, who had not found room in the church, the whole of the Song of Solomon! This was a fortunate exercise of his eloquence, for one of the old ladies, enchanted probably with the utterly incomprehensible English accent in which the love passages were given (for he had been taught the true pronunciation by an aunt who had been settled some years in London), exclaimed, "Ye'll be minister of Prestonpans yersel' some day." "No, no," said the boy, "not Prestonpans; yon's my kirk," and pointed to the tapering spire of Inveresk. The answer lay hidden in the old women's hearts, but when many years had passed, and his presentation to that living was violently opposed by the inhabitants, on the plea of his being too young and volatile for the charge, the survivors of the audience in Prestonpans churchyard remembered the prophetic saying, and spread the report of it so potently from house to house, that it reconciled the parishioners to their youthful minister, whom they looked on with respect as their foreordained and divinely announced instructor.

One of the law lords who had pleaded for the augmentation of the minister's stipend was the famous Lord Grange, a brother of the still more notorious Earl of Mar; and the principal heritor, at whose expense the increase was to be made, was a certain Morison of Prestongrange. These two are the first specimens from the portrait-gallery of the worthies of Prestonpans, and we doubt whether livelier likenesses are to be found in Miss Mitford's *Our Village* or the familiar sketches of Miss Austen.

"The two great men of the parish, however, were Morison of Prestongrange, the patron, and the Honourable James Erskine of Grange, one of the Supreme Judges. The first was elected Member of Parliament for East-Lothian in the first Parliament of Great Britain, although the celebrated Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun was the other candidate. But Government took part with Morison, and Fletcher had only nine votes. Morison had been very rich, but had suffered himself to be stripped by the famous gambler of those times, Colonel Charteris, whom I once saw with him in church, when I was five or six years of age; and being fully impressed with the popular opinion that he was a wizard, who had a fascinating power, I never once took my eyes off him during the whole service, believing that I should be a dead man the moment I did. This Colonel Charteris was of a very ancient family in Dumfriesshire, the first of whom, being one of the followers of Robert Bruce, had acquired a great estate, a small part of which is still in the family. The colonel had been otherwise well-connected, for he was cousin-german to Sir Francis Kinloch, and, when a boy, was educated with him at the village school. Many stories were told of him, which would never have been heard of had he not afterwards been so much celebrated in the annals of infamy. He was a great profligate, no doubt, but there have been as bad men and greater

plunderers than he was, who have escaped with little public notice. But he was one of the Runners of Sir Robert Walpole, and defended him in all places of resort, which drew the wrath of the Tories upon him, and particularly sharpened the pens of Pope and Arbuthnot against him. For had it not been for the witty epitaph of the latter, Charteris might have escaped in the crowd of gamesters and debauchees, who are only railed at by their pigeons, and soon fall into total oblivion. This *simple* gentleman's estate (Morison's) soon went under sequestration for the payment of his debts. He was so imaginary and credulous as to believe that close by his creek of Morison's Haven was the place where St. John wrote the Apocalypse, because some old vaults has been discovered in digging a mill-race for a mill that went by sea-water. This had probably been put into his head by the annual meeting of the oldest lodge of operative masons in Scotland at that place on St. John's Day.

"My Lord Grange was the leading man in the parish, and had brought my father to Prestonpans from Cumbertrees, in his native county Annandale, where he had been settled for four years, and where I was born. Lord Grange was Justice-Clerk in the end of Queen Anne's reign, but had been dismissed from that office in the beginning of the reign of George I., when his brother, the Earl of Mar, lost the Secretary of State's office, which he had held for some years. After this, and during the Rebellion, Lord Grange kept close at his house of Preston, on an estate which he had recently bought from the heirs of a Dr. Oswald, but which had not long before been the family estate of a very ancient cadet of the family of Hamilton. During the Rebellion, and some time after, Lord Grange amused himself in laying out and planting a fine garden, in the style of those times, full of close walks and labyrinths and wildernesses, which, though it did not occupy above four or five acres, cost one at least two hours to perambulate. This garden or pleasure-ground was soon brought to perfection by his defending it from the westerly and south-westerly winds by hedges of common elder, which in a few years were above sixteen feet high, and completely sheltered all the interior grounds. This garden continued to be an object of curiosity down to the year 1740, insomuch that flocks of company resorted to it from Edinburgh, during the summer, on Saturdays and Mondays (for Sunday was not at that time a day of pleasure), and were highly gratified by the sight, there being nothing at that time like it in Scotland, except at Alloa, the seat of the Earl of Mar, of which indeed it was a copy in miniature.

"My Lady Grange was Rachel Chiesly, the daughter of Chiesly of Dalry, the person who shot President Lockhart in the dark, when standing within the head of a close in the Lawnmarket, because he had voted against him in a cause depending before the Court. He was the son or grandson of a Chiesly, who, in *Baillie's Letters*, is called Man to the famous Mr. Alexander Henderson: that is to say, secretary, for he accompanied Mr. Henderson on his journey to London, and having met the Court somewhere on their way, Chiesly was knighted by Charles I.; so that, being a new family, they must have had few relations, which, added to the atrocious deed of her father, had made the public very cool in the interest of Lady Grange. This lady had been very beautiful, but was of a violent temper. She had, it was said, been debauched by her husband before marriage; and as he was postponing or evading the performance of his promise to marry her, it was believed that, by threatening his life, she had obtained the fulfilment of it.

"It was Lord Grange's custom to go frequently to London in the spring: and though he seemed quiet and inactive here, it was supposed that he resented his having been turned out of the Justice-Clerk's office in 1714, and might secretly be carrying on plots when at London. Be that as it may, he had contracted such a violent aversion at Sir Robert Walpole, that having, by intrigue and hypocrisy, secured a majority of the district of burghs of which Stirling is the chief, he threw up his seat as a Judge in the Court of Session, was elected member for that district, and went to London to attend Parliament, and to overturn Sir Robert Walpole, not merely in his own opinion, but in the opinion of many who were dupes to his cunning, and his pretensions to abilities that he had not. But his first appearance in the House of Commons undeceived his sanguine friends, and silenced him for ever. He chose to make his maiden speech on the Witches Bill, as it was called: and being learned in dæmonologia, with books on which subject his library was filled, he made a long canting speech that set the House in a titter of laughter, and convinced Sir Robert that he had no need of any extraordinary armour against this champion of the house of Mar. The truth was, that

the man had neither learning nor ability. He was no lawyer, and he was a bad speaker. He had been raised on the shoulders of his brother, the Earl of Mar, in the end of the Queen's reign, but had never distinguished himself. In the General Assembly itself, which many gentlemen afterwards made a school of popular eloquence, and where he took the High-flying side that he might annoy Government, his appearances were but rare and unimpressive; but as he was understood to be a great plotter, he was supposed to reserve himself for some greater occasions.

"In Mr. Erskine's annual visits to London, he had attached himself to a mistress, a handsome Scotchwoman, Fanny Lindsay, who kept a coffeehouse about the bottom of the Haymarket. This had come to his lady's ears, and did not tend to make her less outrageous. He had taken every method to soothe her. As she loved command, he had made her factor upon his estate, and given her the whole management of his affairs. When absent, he wrote her the most flattering letters, and what was still more flattering, he was said, when present, to have imparted secrets to her, which, if disclosed, might have reached his life. Still she was unquiet, and led him a miserable life. What was true is uncertain; for though her outward appearance was stormy and outrageous, Lord Grange not improbably exaggerated the violence of her behaviour to his familiar friends as an apology for what he afterwards did; for he alleged to them that his life was hourly in danger, and that she slept with lethal weapons under her pillow. He once showed my father a razor which he had found concealed there.

"Whatever might be the truth, he executed one of the boldest and most violent projects that ever had been attempted since the nation was governed by laws; for he seized his lady in his house in Edinburgh, and by main force carried her off through Stirling to the Highlands, whence after several weeks, she was at last landed in St. Kilda, a desolate isle in the Western Ocean, sixty miles distant from the Long Island. There she continued to live to the end of her days, which was not before the year 17—, in the most wretched condition, in the society of none but savages, and often with scanty provision of the coarsest fare, and but rarely enjoying the comfort of a pound of tea, which she sometimes got from shipmasters who accidentally called.* Lord Grange's accomplices in this atrocious act were believed to be Lord Lovat and the Laird of M'Leod, the first as being the most famous plotter in the kingdom, and the second as equally unprincipled, and the proprietor of the island of St. Kilda. What was most extraordinary was, that, except in conversation for a few weeks only, this enormous act, committed in the midst of the metropolis of Scotland by a person who had been Lord Justice Clerk, was not taken the least notice of by any of her own family, or by the King's Advocate or Solicitor, or any of the guardians of the laws. Two of her sons were grown up to manhood—her eldest daughter was the wife of the Earl of Kintore—who acquiesced in what they considered as a necessary act of justice for the preservation of their father's life. Nay, the second son was supposed to be one of the persons who came masked to the house, and carried her off in a chair to the place where she was set on horseback.

"This artful man, by cant and hypocrisy, persuaded all his intimate friends that this act was necessary for the preservation of her life as well as of his; and that it was only confining a mad woman in a place of safety, where she was tenderly cared for, and for whom he professed not merely an affectionate regard, but the most passionate love. It was many years afterwards before it was known that she had been sent to such a horrid place as St. Kilda; and it was generally believed that she was kept comfortably, though in confinement, in some castle in the Highlands belonging to Lovat or M'Leod. The public in general, though clamorous enough, could take no step, seeing that the family were not displeased, and supposing that Lord Grange had satisfied the Justice-Clerk and other high officers of the law with the propriety of his conduct.

"From what I could learn at the time, and afterwards came to know, Lord Grange was in one respect a character not unlike Cromwell and some of his associates—a real enthusiast, but at the same time licentious in his morals.

"He had my father very frequently

* "She was carried off in 1732; and after being detained about two years in the small island of Hesker, was conveyed to St. Kilda. On the affair getting wind, she was afterwards removed to Harris, where she died in 1745, before the arrangements for obtaining her release, and a full inquiry into the affair, could be completed.—Ed."

with him in the evenings, and kept him to very late hours. They were understood to pass much of their time in prayer, and in settling the high points of Calvinism; for their creed was that of Geneva. Lord Grange was not unentertaining in conversation, for he had a great many anecdotes which he related agreeably, and was fair-complexioned, good-looking, and insinuating.

"After those meetings for private prayer, however, in which they passed several hours before supper, praying alternately, they did not part without wine; for my mother used to complain of their late hours, and suspected that the claret had flowed liberally. Notwithstanding this intimacy, there were periods of half a year at a time when there was no intercourse between them at all. My father's conjecture was, that at those times he was engaged in a course of debauchery at Edinburgh, and interrupted his religious exercises. For in those intervals he not only neglected my father's company, but absented himself from church, and did not attend the sacrament—religious services which at other times he would not have neglected for the world. Report, however, said that he and his associates—of whom a Mr. Michael Menzies, a brother of the Laird of St. Germain's, and Thomas Elliott, W.S. (the father of Sir John Elliott, physician in London), were two—passed their time in alternate scenes of the exercises of religion and debauchery, spending the day in meetings for prayer and pious conversation, and their nights in lewdness and revelling. Some men are of opinion that they could not be equally sincere in both. I am apt to think that they were, for human nature is capable of wonderful freaks. There is no doubt of their profligacy; and I have frequently seen them drowned in tears, during the whole of a sacramental Sunday, when, so far as my observation could reach, they could have no rational object in acting a part."

From these and other strange inconsistencies he draws the philosophic and liberal conclusion: "The natural casuistry of the passions grants dispensations with more facility than the Church of Rome." The other inhabitants of Prestonpans succeed in order due, and are all, notable and obscure, presented to us with accuracy and effect. Among the notables was Colonel Gardiner, whose melancholy death, so near his own house, derived perhaps additional interest from the well-known circumstances of his miraculous conversion, related by Dr. Doddridge. But Carlyle's rigid impartiality will not allow him to glorify his parish with the residence of the hero of so strange a story; or to acquiesce in the verdict passed by his biographer on his modesty and wisdom. "Gardiner," he says, "was a noted enthusiast, a very weak, honest, and brave man, who had once been a great rake, and was converted, as he told my father, by his reading a book called *Gurnall's Christian Armour*, which his mother had put in his trunk many years before." The facts are then narrated, almost from the lips of Gardiner himself, and there is nothing of the marvellous in them from beginning to end. "Dr. Doddridge," he says, "has marred this story, either through mistake, or through a desire to make Gardiner's conversion more supernatural, for he introduces some sort of meteor or blaze of light that alarmed the new convert." The learned and accurate editor of this work gives the passage from Doddridge in a foot-note, and we see that Carlyle's statement of the biographer's exaggeration is greatly undercharged. Instead of a blaze of light alarming his hero, Doddridge describes a visible representation of our Saviour on the cross, and a voice upbraiding him for his sins. It is not likely that Gardiner added those embellishments, for he never varied in the particulars of the incident, and was in the habit of telling the story whenever he had the chance.

"I have heard him tell the story," says Carlyle, "at least three or four times, to different sorts of people, for he was not shy or backward to speak on the subject, as many would have been." Rigid impartiality, and a natural tendency to expose the pretensions of "shams" and "windbags," were the characteristics of this earlier possessor and illustrator of the name of Carlyle, to an extent which would have endeared him to its present wearer. In power of picturesque or humorous description, it would be hard to choose between Alexander and Thomas. The following scene ought to have Hogarth's portrait of Lord Lovat for its frontispiece. It must have been a

strange reflection to the author, that he had spent a long day in the company of the two greatest rascals at that time unhanged.

"In summer 1741 I remained for the most part at home, and it was about that time that my old schoolmaster, Mr. Hannan, having died of fever, and Mr. John Halket having come in his place, I was witness to a scene that made a strong impression upon me. This Mr. Halket had been tutor to Lord Lovat's eldest son Simon, afterwards well known as General Fraser. Halket had remained for two years with Lovat, and knew all his ways. But he had parted with him on his coming to Edinburgh for the education of that son, to whom he gave a tutor of a superior order, Mr. Hugh Blair, afterwards the celebrated Doctor. But he still retained so much regard for Halket that he thought proper to fix his second son, Alexander Fraser, with him at the school of Prestonpans, believing that he was a much more proper hand for training an untutored savage than the mild and elegant Dr. Blair. It was in the course of this summer that Lovat brought his son Alexander to be placed with Halket, from whom, understanding that I was a young scholar living in the town who might be useful to his son, he ordered Halket to invite me to dine with him and his company at Lucky Vint's, a celebrated village tavern in the west end of the town.

"His company consisted of Mr. Erskine of Grange, with three or four gentlemen of the name of Fraser, one of whom was his man of business, together with Halket, his son Alexander and myself. The two old gentlemen disputed for some time which of them should say grace. At last Lovat yielded, and gave us two or three pious sentences in French, which Mr. Erskine and I understood, and we only. As soon as we were set, Lovat asked me to send him a whiting from the dish of fish that was next me. As they were all haddocks, I answered that they were not whitings, but, according to the proverb, he that got a haddock for a whiting was not ill off. This saying takes its rise from the superiority of haddocks to whiting in the Firth of Forth. Upon this his lordship stormed and swore more than fifty dragoons; he was sure they must be whitings, as he had bespoke them. Halket tipped me the wink, and I retracted, saying that I had but little skill, and as his lordship had bespoke them, I must certainly be mistaken. Upon this he calmed, and I sent him one, which he was quite pleased with, swearing again that he never could eat a haddock all his life. The landlady told me afterwards that as he had been very peremptory against haddocks, and she had no other, she had made her cook carefully scrape out St. Peter's mark on the shoulders, which she had often done before with success. We had a very good plain dinner. As the claret was excellent, and circulated fast, the two old gentlemen grew very merry, and their conversation became youthful and gay. What I observed was, that Grange, without appearing to flatter, was very observant of Lovat, and did everything to please him. He had provided Geordy Sym, who was Lord Drummore's piper, to entertain Lovat after dinner; but though he was reckoned the best piper in the country, Lovat despised him, and said he was only fit to play reels to Grange's oyster-women. He grew frisky at last, however, and upon Kate Vint, the landlady's daughter, coming into the room, he insisted on her staying to dance with him. She was a handsome girl, with fine black eyes and an agreeable person; and though without the advantages of dress or manners, she, by means of her good sense and a bashful air, was very alluring. She was a mistress of Lord Drummore, who lived in the neighbourhood; and though her mother would not part with her, as she drew much company to the house, she was said to be faithful to him; except only in the case of Captain Merry, who married her, and soon after went abroad with his regiment. When he died she enjoyed the pension. She had two sons by Drummore and one by Merry. One of the first was a pretty lad and a good officer, for he was a master and commander before he died. Lovat was at this time seventy-five, and Grange not much younger; yet the wine and the young woman emboldened them to dance a reel, till Kate, observing Lovat's legs as thick as posts, fell a-laughing, and ran off. She missed her second course of kisses, as was then the fashion of the country, though she had endured the first. This was a scene not easily forgotten.

"Lovat was tall and stately, and might have been handsome in his youth, with a very flat nose. His manner was not disagreeable, though his address consisted chiefly in gross flattery and in the due application of money. He did not make on me the impression of a man of a leading mind. His suppleness and profligacy were apparent. The convivium was not over, though the evening approached. He conveyed his son to the house where

he was to be boarded, for Halket had not taken up house; and there, while we drank tea, he won the heart of the landlady, a decent widow of a shipmaster, and of her niece, by fair speeches, intermixed with kisses to the niece, who was about thirty, and such advices as a man in a state of ebriety could give. The coach was in waiting, but Grange would not yet part with him, and insisted on his accepting of a banquet from him at his house in Preston. Lovat was in a yielding humour, and it was agreed to. The Frasers, who were on horseback, were sent to Edinburgh, the boy was left with his dame, and Lovat and Grange, and Halket and I, went up to Preston, only a quarter of a mile distant, and were received in Grange's library, a cube of twenty feet, in a pavilion of the house which extended into a small wilderness of not more than half an acre, which was sacred to Grange's private walks, and to which there was no entry but through the pavilion. This wilderness was said to be his place of retreat from his lady when she was in her fits of termagancy, which were not unfrequent, and were said by his minions to be devoted to meditation and prayer. But as there was a secret door to the fields, it was reported that he had occasionally admitted fair maidens to solace him for his sufferings from the clamour of his wife. This room had been well stored with books from top to bottom, but at this time was much thinned, there remaining only a large collection of books on dæmonologia, which was Grange's particular study. In this room there was a fine collection of fruit and biscuits, and a new deluge of excellent claret. At ten o'clock the two old gentlemen mounted their coach to Edinburgh, and thus closed a very memorable day."

The people who talk disparagingly of the grim pomposity and sour Presbyterianism of the Scotch find no corroboration in this account of the manners of the olden time. In every page there is some anecdote of the most riotous hilarity, whether among sages of the law or pillars of the kirk; the whole race seemed to be devoted to picnics and high jinks; and even Carlyle, having survived to the quieter period when people only danced to the genteelest of tunes, hurries over some of the incidents as if doubtful of their exact propriety in the personages engaged. He gives the most amazing revelation, for instance, of a succession of jovialities and eccentricities, which would scarcely be tolerated at the present time in a troop of strolling players;—and yet the performers were venerable ministers of the gospel, who seemed unconscious all the time of the incongruity of their behaviour.

"At this time, too, I made a very agreeable tour round the country with my father and Mr. Robert Jardine [minister of Lochmaben], the father of Dr. Jardine, afterwards minister of Edinburgh. Though they were very orthodox and pious clergymen, they had, both of them, a very great turn for fun and buffoonery; and wherever they went, made all the children quite happy, and set all the maids on the titter. That they might not want amusement, they took along with them, for the first two days, a Mess John Allan, a minister who lay in their route, with whom they could use every sort of freedom, and who was their constant butt. As he had no resistance in him, and could only laugh when they rallied him or played him boyish tricks, I thought it but very dull entertainment. Nor did I much approve of their turning the backsides of their wigs foremost, and making faces to divert the children, in the midst of very grave discourse about the state of religion in the country, and the progress of the gospel. Among the places we visited was Bridekirk, the seat of the oldest cadet of Lord Carlyle's family, of which my father was descended. I saw, likewise, a small pendicle of the estate which had been assigned as the portion of his grandfather, and which he himself had tried to recover by a lawsuit, but was defeated for want of a principal paper. The laird was gone to Dumfries, much to our disappointment; but the lady came out, and, in her excess of kindness, had almost pulled Mr. Jardine off his horse; but they were obstinate, and said they were obliged to go to Kelhead; but they delivered up Mess John Allan to her, as they had no further use for him. I had never seen such a virago as Lady Bridekirk, not even among the oyster-women of Prestonpans. She was like a sergeant of foot in women's clothes; or rather like an overgrown coachman of a Quaker persuasion. On our peremtory refusal to alight, she darted into the house like a hogshead down a slope, and returned instantly with a pint bottle of brandy—a Scots pint, I mean—and a stray beer-glass, into which she filled almost a bumper. After a long grace said by Mr. Jardine—for it was his turn now, being the third brandy-bottle we had seen since we left Lochmaben—she emp-

tied it to our healths, and made the gentlemen follow her example: she said she would spare me as I was so young, but ordered a maid to bring a gingerbread cake from the cupboard, a luncheon of which she put in my pocket. This lady was famous, even in the Annandale border, both at the bowl and in battle: she could drink a Scots pint of brandy with ease; and when the men grew obstreporous in their cups, she could either put them out of doors, or to bed, as she found most convenient."

Having obtained a bursary or exhibition to Glasgow, the author went to the University there, in the year 1743. Oh, great and wondrous city, teeming with wealth and energy, thy mills thundering with innumerable wheels, and thy leviathans of the deep dashing the farthest waters of the Pacific into foam, with thy ginghams overloading the markets of Timbuctoo, and thy finer fabrics surpassing the elegance and beauty of the workmanship of Persia and Hindostan, look back on the days of thy youth, a hundred and eighteen years ago, and be humble!

"The city of Glasgow at this time, though very industrious, wealthy, and commercial, was far inferior to what it afterwards became, both before and after the failure of the Virginia trade. The modes of life, too, and manners, were different from what they are at present. Their chief branches were the tobacco trade with the American colonies, and sugar and rum with the West Indies. There were not manufacturers sufficient, either there or at Paisley, to supply an outward-bound cargo for Virginia. For this purpose they were obliged to have recourse to Manchester. Manufactures were in their infancy. About this time the inkle manufactory was first begun by Ingram & Glasford, and was shown to strangers as a great curiosity. But the merchants had industry and stock, and the habits of business, and were ready to seize with eagerness, and prosecute with vigor, every new object in commerce or manufactures that promised success.

"There were only a few families of ancient citizens who pretended to be gentlemen; and a few others, who were recent settlers there, who had obtained wealth and consideration in trade. The rest were shopkeepers and mechanics, or successful pedlars, who occupied large warerooms full of manufactures of all sorts, to furnish a cargo to Virginia. It was usual for the sons of merchants to attend the College for one or two years, and a few of them completed their academical education. In this respect the females were still worse off, for at that period there was neither a teacher of French nor of music in the town. The consequence of this was two fold; first, the young ladies were entirely without accomplishments, and in general had nothing to recommend them but good looks and fine clothes, for their manners were ungainly. Secondly, the few who were distinguished drew all the young men of sense and taste about them; for being void of frivolous acomplishments, which in some respects make all women equal, they trusted only to superior understanding and wit, to natural elegance and unaffected manners.

"The manner of living, too, at this time, was but coarse and vulgar. Very few of the wealthiest gave dinners to anybody but English riders, or their own relations at Christmas holidays. There were not half-a dozen families in town who had men-servants; some of those were kept by the professors who had boarders. There were neither post-chaises nor hackney-coaches in the town, and only three or four sedan-chairs for carrying midwives about in the night, and old ladies to church, or to the dancing assemblies once a-fortnight.

"The principal merchants, fatigued with the morning's business, took an early dinner with their families at home, and then resorted to the coffeehouse or tavern to read the newspapers, which they generally did in companies of four or five in separate rooms, over a bottle of claret or a bowl af punch. But they never staid supper, but always went home by nine o'clock, without company or further amusement. At last an arch fellow from Dublin, a Mr. Cockaine, came to be master of the chief coffeehouse, who seduced them gradually to stay supper by placing a few nice cold things at first on the table, as relishers to the wine, till he gradually led them on to bespeak fine hot suppers, and to remain till midnight."

Meantime the Professors pursued their learned courses, and furnished materials to the chiel among them taking notes. These notes are only less valuable than some others in the work, from the subjects of them not being so distinguished in public life; but as presentments of individual character, they have all the merits of his more finished drawings. Two years' residence enables him to give

an account of men and manners which must have peculiar interest for the merchant princes of the present time. The third year of the young exhibitioner was to be spent at some foreign university, and Leyden was fixed on as the most accessible. In the mean time he devoted the summer of 1745 to preparations for his entry on the ministry, and for this purpose canvassed the clergy of his presbytery, and, we need not say, photographed them with his usual skill. Having passed his preliminary trials, he was on his way to visit his relations in the south, when, at the beginning of September, he heard some news which turned his thoughts in another direction. This was the landing of Prince Charles Edward, who had been joined by many of the clans, and might be expected to break down into the low country, unless Sir John Cope, who was then on his march north, should meet with them and disperse them. Then follows a graphic account of the preparations within the city of Edinburgh, as the rebels approached from day to day, and round the outer walls "the cry was still they come." It was calculated that of the men in the town, two-thirds were Whigs or Hanoverians, and of the ladies, that an equal proportion were Jacobites. Unfortunately, the provost of the time was on the Pretender's side, and frustrated all the preparations for defence. Volunteers offered from all classes of society.

Carlyle joined the college company, and was put through the manual exercise along with his friends Robertson, John Home, William Wilkie, George Logan, and many more. They were busy in learning their exercise during the whole of Saturday the 14th. Bruce of Kennet arrived with a considerable body of volunteers from his country. Sir Robert Dickson marched on with 130 or 140 from Musselburgh and Inveresk, and this increased the strength and added to the courage of the inhabitants. The sequel as regards public affairs is well known; how panic or treachery prevented the inhabitants from defending their homes, how the Principal of the University besought the student corps not to risk the flower of the nation against such valueless opponents as the Highland forces; and how, finally, while some of the more gallant spirits resolved to join the regular army, the peaceable and terrified population heard of the approach of the invaders, and, looking across the valley lying at the north of the High Street, at that time filled with a marshy loch (and now the site of the beautiful Princes Street Gardens, and the monument to Sir Walter Scott, they saw on the top of the opposite hill, now the situation of the stately George Street, but then called "The Lang Dykes," two regiments of King's Dragoons in disorderly retreat from Colt Bridge to Leith. Submission, except on the part of the Castle, was the only plan, and Prince Charles very soon took up his abode in Holyrood. Carlyle and his companions had found their way to the tents of Cope's army near Dunbar; but finding no accommodation for man or beast, nor any great appreciation of the value of their services, our author called on his friend Colonel Gardiner. "He looked pale and dejected, which I attributed to his bad health and the fatigue he had lately undergone. I began to ask him if he was not now quite satisfied with the junction of the foot with the dragoons, and confident that they would give account of the rebels? He answered dejectedly, that he hoped it might be so, but ——, and then made a long pause. I said that, to be sure, they had made a hasty retreat. 'A foul flight,' said he, 'Sandie, and they have not recovered from their panic; and I'll tell you in confidence that I have not above ten men in my regiment who I am certain will follow me. But we must give them battle now, and God's will be done!"

The battle was given, the particulars of which it is needless to dwell on. Some unaccountable terror paralyzed the English, and some wild enthusiasm animated the Gael. Carlyle, from the top of Prestonpans steeple, observed the enemy's motions, and reported them to the aide-de-camp of Sir John Cope. When the darkness came on, he descended from his speculative tower, and, get-

ting a bed with some difficulty, fell fast asleep.

"I had no need to be awaked, though the maid was punctual, for I heard the first cannon that was fired, and started to my clothes; which, as I neither buckled nor gartered, were on in a moment, and immediately went to my father's, not a hundred yards off. All the strangers were gone, and my father had been up before daylight, and had resorted to the steeple. While I was conversing with my mother, he returned to the house, and assured me of what I had guessed before, that we were completely defeated. I ran into the garden where there was a mount in the south-east corner, from which one could see the fields almost to the verge of that part where the battle was fought. Even at that time, which could hardly be more than ten or fifteen minutes after firing the first cannon, the whole prospect was filled with runaways, and Highlanders pursuing them. Many had their coats turned as prisoners, but were still trying to reach the town in hopes of escaping. The pursuing Highlanders, when they could not overtake, fired at them, and I saw two fall in the glebe. By-and-by a Highland officer whom I knew to be Lord Elcho passed with his train, and had an air of savage ferocity that disgusted and alarmed. He inquired fiercely of me where a public-house was to be found; I answered him very meekly, not doubting but that, if I had displeased him with my tone, his reply would have been with a pistol bullet.

"The crowd of wounded and dying now approached with all their followers, but their groans and agonies were nothing compared with the howlings, and cries, and lamentations of the women, which suppressed manhood and created despondency. Not long after the Duke of Perth appeared with his train, who asked me, in a very different tone, the way to Collector Cheap's, to which house he had ordered our wounded officers. Knowing the family were from home, I answered the questions of victorious clemency with more assurance of personal safety than I had done to unappeased fury; I directed him the way to the house, which was hard by that where I had slept."

The description of the battle contains nothing new—a feeble discharge of the royal troops—a rush and a shriek from their opponents—a narrow road between two walls, filled with fugitives, whom the broadsword pursued with inevitable edge, surpassing even the slaughter at Kilsyth under the gallant Montrose, where one of the Highlanders said, with a grin of contempt for lowland habiliments, "At every stroke I cut an ell o' breeks." Wounded officers were lodged in the neighbouring houses, and Carlyle volunteered to go in search of the medicine-chests which the surgeons had left among the baggage. A guard was furnished to defend him from stragglers, and he took his way to the camp. "It was not long before we got to Cockenzie, where, under the protection of my guard, I had an opportunity of seeing this victorious army. In general they were of low stature, and dirty and of a contemptible appearance. The officers with whom I mixed were gentlemanlike and very civil to me, as I was on an errand of humanity. I was conducted to Lochiel, who was polished and gentle, and who ordered a soldier to make all the inquiry he could about the medicine-chests of the dragoons. This view I had of the rebel army confirmed me in the prepossession that nothing but the weakest and most unaccountable bad conduct on our part could have possibly given them the victory. God forbid that Britain should ever again be in danger of being overrun by such a despicable enemy; for, at the best, the Highlanders were at that time but a raw militia who were not cowards." Their prince, also, was not the sort of chief to make up for deficiencies of means by wisdom or courage. Carlyle saw him several times, and describes him as a good-looking man, of about five feet ten inches, his hair dark red, and his eyes black. He mounted his horse and rode off through St. Ann's Yards and the Duke's Walk to his army. There was no crowd after him; about three or four hundred each day. By that time curiosity was satisfied. "The court at Holyrood," he adds, "was dull and sombre. The Prince was melancholy: he seemed to have no confidence in anybody, not even the ladies, who were much his friends. He was thought to have loitered too long in Edinburgh; and, without doubt, had he marched immediately to Newcastle, he might have distressed the city of London not a little. But besides that his army wanted

clothing and necessaries, the victory at Preston put an end to his authority. He had not a mind fit for command at any time, far less to rule the Highland chiefs in prosperity."

This for a time puts an end to the home experiences of our author, for even while the march was going on into England, men's minds were sufficiently made up as to the impossibility of the rebels' success, so that business and amusement resumed their own channels, and he prepared for his voyage to Holland to commence his student life at Leyden. There the same exquisite power of depicting character is perceived. His fellow-students are brought before us in their habits as they lived; and among these were Dr. John Gregory, the founder of the line of celebrated Edinburgh physicians, whose names are still remembered with respect. John Wilkes, hideous, insolent, and immoral as in his noon of fame; and Charles Townshend, afterwards a distinguished statesman, and "husband to Lady Dalkeith, the mother of the Duke of Buccleuch." This latter circumstance, without doubt, freshens the memory of the recorder of his sayings and doings, and the Leyden scholar probably owes some touches in his picture to the sittings he furnished the artist when he occupied Dalkeith House, and exercised the power and influence of his stepson, the Duke. Great regrets have always been expressed that none of Charles Townshend's speeches in Parliament have been adequately reported, for all his contemporaries agreed that he was the most brilliant and effective speaker of that time. His wit, also, has been handed down by tradition as excelling that of all his rivals; but a few of the truthful revelations of Carlyle tend to make us congratulate the wit and orator that he rests in the magnifying atmosphere of the unknown; for the probability is, that a closer acquaintance might destroy the originality of his speeches and retorts. People at the present day are satisfied to gather their opinions from the *Times*, and their joccosity from *Punch*; but as we are all equally well up in those recondite authorities, no great reputation is gained either as punsters or politicians. Ancient diners-out have made the confession that they spent an hour or two before dressing in reading *Burton's Anatomy* or *Peter Bayle*; nearer our own time many a table has been illuminated by the reflected light of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*; but Charles Townshend was bolder than those trainers for colloquial championships. "Wilkes was very fond of shining in conversation," says Carlyle, "very prematurely, for at that time he had but little knowledge, except what he derived from his Utrecht friend, Immateriality Baxter, as he was called."

"In the art of shining, however, he was much outdone by Charles Townshend, who was not above a year older, and had still less furniture in his head; but then his person and manners were more engaging. He had more wit and humour, and a turn for mimicry; and, above all, had the talent of translating other men's thoughts, which they had produced in the simple style of conversation, into the most charming language, which not only took the ear but elevated the thoughts. No person I ever knew nearly equalled Charles Townshend in this talent but Dr. Robertson, who, though he had a very great fund of knowledge and thought of his own, was yet so passionately fond of shining, that he seized what was nearest at hand—the conversation of his friends of that morning or the day before—and embellished it with such rich language, that they hardly knew it again themselves, insomuch that he was the greatest plagiary in conversation that ever I knew. It is to this, probably, that his biographer alludes (his strong itch for shining), when he confesses he liked his conversation best when he had not an audience."

An exaggeration of this cramming for society is furnished by the utterly ludicrous habit of another of the students, of the name of Monckley, who pumped young Gregory on all topics, great or small, asking his opinions, and the facts he founded them on, and then spouting them all, facts and opinions, as his own. Gregory, who had no desire for applause, submitted in peace to these verbal larcenies; but on one occasion contradicted him in the middle of a pompous harangue, materials for which he had derived from the morning's consultation. The bladders being suddenly removed, the miserable Monckley found himself in deep water, and could only say, "Surely this

was not always your opinion," and sank for the rest of the evening.

When the Leyden session was over, Carlyle must have felt some regret at his approaching descent from the sunshine of the world of wit, learning, and sociality, he had so long enjoyed, into the comparative dulness of a country manse. But some natures carry their own sunshine with them; and Carlyle's home could not have been a dull one even at the Kirk o' Shotts. As a kind of farewell to his unprofessional enjoyments, he spent a short time in London, on his way from Holland, in the gayest and most fashionable circles. The Scotch probationer may be supposed to have been somewhat out of his element in dining with young guardsmen, and dancing with countesses, at a ridotta in the Haymarket. But we learn in the earlier part of the Memoirs, that his dancing had been carefully attended to; his face and figure, we know from his pictures, were models of grace and beauty; his manners, we learn even from his caricaturists, were dignified and refined; and we cannot help seeing that the future minister of Inveresk was a fit associate for the highest in the land. He was a fit associate also for the cleverest and most distinguished. With Smollett he formed a friendship which lasted through their lives. Carlyle was in the London Coffeehouse with him when the news of Culloden arrived, and saw the bitterness of Matthew Bramble roused in no small degree by the rejoicings of a London mob over what he considered the defeat of his countrymen. The "Tears of Scotland," a poem which had a great success, was the result of this morbid feeling. "Smollett," says his friend, "though a Tory, was not a Jacobite; but he had the feelings of a Scotch gentleman on the reported cruelties that were said to be exercised after the battle of Culloden." But the sentiments even of the English army were very mixed on this most ill-used victory. Lyon, an Englishman, though of Scottish parents, and an officer in the Guards, professes his pleasure, as a loyal subject, that the rebellion is quelled, but "I'm sorry," he adds, "it has been accomplished by the Duke of Cumberland; for if he was before the most insolent of all commanders, what will he be now?" Leaving this and other difficult questions to be answered by time and experience, our author rides down to Edinburgh, and takes up his abode once more in the manse of Prestonpans. "Oh! be careful, Sandie," his mother probably said, "how ye behave yerself, now you've got away from your friends in the south; walk doucely with your eyes on the ground, like godly Sanders Faracy, the Seceding elder at Portobello; keep your hat over your brows, and never go beyond a trot when you mount your nag." We fear—if these cautions were addressed to the youthful minister—that he never laid them seriously to heart; for we are told, that when he was presented to the parish of Inveresk in 1748, a list of "objections" was handed in, among which appeared, "that he danced frequently in a manner prohibited by the laws of the Church; that he wore his hat agee, and had been seen galloping through the Links one day between one and two o'clock." The prophetic nature of his appointment, above alluded to, however, rescued him from the effects of these heinous sins, and he was formally installed in a parish which, besides its advantages in stipend and situation, was within visiting distance with his old friends at Prestonpans; with Hew Bannatyne of Ormiston, Robertson of Gladsmuir, and John Home of Athelstaneford. Edinburgh, he might have added, was within an easy ride, where he rapidly formed friendships with men as learned and intelligent, and, we may add, as good judges of claret, as his country neighbours. Something delightful about John Home reconciles us to the over-success of his very inflated *Douglas*, and the littlenesses of character which come out under the microscope of his companion. What can be more charming as a likeness than this description?—

"John Home was an admirable companion, and most acceptable to all strangers who were not offended with the levities of a young clergyman, for he was very handsome and had a fine person, about 5 feet 10½ inches, and an agreeable catching address; he had not much wit, and still less humour, but he had so

much sprightliness and vivacity, and such an expression of benevolence in his manner, and such an unceasing flattery of those he liked (and he never kept company with anybody else)—the kind commendations of a lover, not the adulation of a sycophant—that he was truly irresistible, and his entry to a company was like opening a window and letting the sun into a dark room."

Preaching admirable sermons, attending excellent dinners, delighting his parishioners with his social qualities, and gradually acquiring a reputation for ability which promised the highest eminence in his profession, the minister of Inveresk kept himself for some time out of the party discussions which began to disturb the Church. We will follow John Home's sensible advice, conveyed in rather roundabout heroics—

"Oh! rake not up the ashes of our fathers!
Implacable resentment was their crime,
And grievous has the expiation been."

Commending the narrative of debates in Presbyteries and Assemblies, the assault by the "Highflyers" on the "Moderates," the opposition to the law of patronage, and the triumphant overthrow of all attempts to alter the settled order of things, to those who are curious about the small beginnings from which great results arise, it suffices for us to point out the various classes to whom his volume will have a peculiar interest. Established Kirk and Free are equally represented. But the view we take of it at present limits us to its extraordinary merit as a collection of personal anecdotes. The leader, for instance, of the party which, we suppose, would not have disdained the name of Evangelical, was Dr. Webster, a man well known for his ability, and also as the founder of the Widows' Fund; of his exertions against the Moderates, of whom Robertson, the historian, and Carlyle, were the chief champions, we need not speak. The prize will be adjudged according as the reader leans to the support of a national church subordinate to the law, or a dissenting body endeavouring to dominate, or, at all events, to ignore the civil courts; but both parties, at the time of the bitterest feud, acknowledged Dr. Webster's matchless qualification for the guidance of an ecclesiastical party, in the one point, that he was a five-bottle man, preserving to the last bumper the most sanctimonious respectability of look and manner, and able to lay his companions under the table without the slightest effort. "This had brought on him," says Carlyle, "the nickname of Dr. Bonum Magnum, but, never being indecently the worse of liquor, and a love of claret to any degree not being reckoned in those days a sin in Scotland, all his excesses were pardoned." In another place, he incidentally alludes to the same subject, when a fitting opponent was found to the reverend sandbank of the Highflyers:—"Dr. Patrick Cuming," he says, "was at this time at the head of the Moderate interest, and, had his temper been equal to his talents, might have kept it long; for he had both learning and sagacity and very agreeable conversation, *with a constitution able to bear the conviviality of the times.*" We have heard of constitutions being strong enough to stand any climate, or any amount of fatigue; but the "conviviality" of 1753 must have been more trying to health than a journey to the deserts of Africa, or a residence in the Campagna of Rome. With what hopeless emulation the younger generation must have accompanied either leader, perhaps as far as his second bottle, must be left to our imagination, while the triumphant

"Doctor of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a vast abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his buried flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times."

One incident, however, though intimately connected with Church politics, with which we profess not to interfere, we must dwell on for a little, as presenting us with some strange information on a point of literary history. John Home, the pleasant and popular minister of Athelstaneford, after various attempts at the drama, which remained in the privacy of his desk, at last produced the tragedy of *Douglas*. It is difficult for us to enter into the raptures expressed by the chief men of letters of the time, of the merits of this work. They

were all imbued, to be sure, with a taste for the declamatory style of Racine and Corneille, and had not quite recovered from the assaults directed by the classicists against the savage of Stratford-on-Avon; but friendship for his companion and namesake probably entered into David Hume's criticism when he proclaimed it "a perfect play." When other learned personages pronounced the same decision, the minister of Athelstaneford announced his intention of carrying it in person to London and offering it to Garrick. As a bridegroom is escorted home from church, as a young heir is surrounded by his friends on taking possession of his estates, as a king is guarded by princes and nobles on entering his capital after a triumphant campaign, blithe Johnny crosses the border, attended by an admiring body-guard of the ministers of the Merse and other parts of the country. Nine or ten parsons, booted and spurred, trotting on their Galloways, to keep the immortal drama and its well-beloved author from harm, must have excited no little curiosity in the villages they passed through. Saddle-bags were scarce, for the journey was to be short, and shaving or night shirts were not indispensable to the retinue; but great was their consternation when they found that the object of their solicitude had no saddle-bags himself, though bound for the great city, and that the invaluable manuscript was exposed to all the chances and perils of a place in his great coat pocket! A foray was made on a neighbouring manse, to procure a safer conveyance for the literary Koh-i-noor, and the pilgrims continued their course to Woolerhaughhead. Jolly the supper must have been, and uproarious the fun, in spite of the inferior quality of the inn, for Carleyle and Home, who slept in the same room, were disturbed in the middle of the night by a dreadful noise in the next apartment, and found it arose from a quarrel between a certain Mr. Lawrie and another Merse man, the sharer of his couch, whom after a noisy and vehement struggle he had succeeded in kicking out of bed. The rest of the journey after the departure of the Berwickshire cavalcade was finished without accident, and John Home presented his tragedy to David Garrick. David was unconvinced by the testimonials of the northern lights, and declined to bring it out. The author returned without any demonstration on the part of his admiring friends, and made himself as charming and fascinating as ever. But Caledonia, stern and wild, would not allow her poetic progeny to be so despised. If London has not the taste to perceive the beauty of Lady Randolph, there is not a cady in Edinburgh who will not see the excellence of every line. So national pride coming into the question, the Theatre Royal was secured, the actors were instructed in their parts by the wits and philosophers, and applauded when the curtain drew up by the beauty and fashion, and John Home was the Scottish Shakespeare. That a Shakespeare should arise in the Canongate, and not be supported by the best educated and most literary body in the country, was not to be thought of; and on the third night, to witness the pecuniary reward of their friend as well as the reality of his triumph, Carlyle and others of the cloth made their appearance in the house. No actual law of the Church was contravened by this proceeding. It was known that the rural clergy, in their visits to the metropolis, did not deny themselves the gratification of seeing the excellent acting of Digges and his company, and no notice was taken of their dramatic taste. But when the noble countenance and commanding figure of the eloquent and unsparing "opponent," as he was called, "of fanaticism," the friend of David Hume, and patroniser of dancing and penny whist, was seen in the stage-box, the Highflyers were frightened from their propriety, and accused him before the Presbytery of the high crime and misdemeanour of having entered into friendly conversation, and even having had social meetings, with actors and actresses, "persons who by their profession, and in the eye of the law, are of bad fame, and cannot obtain from any minister a testimonial of their moral character." He defended his cause with great success, though Dr. Webster, who was furious against all breaches of decorum except those of the table, took the lead

against him, and decoyed the former leader of the Moderates, Dr. Patrick Cuming, to his side. The number of bottles those two champions of orthodoxy and Bacchus must have consumed over their reconciliation, would have puzzled the late Joseph Hume; but the final result was, that Carlyle was triumphant in the General Assembly by an immense majority; that John Home, the fount and origin of the evil, resigned his living without a word of rebuke; and the clergy for a while were permitted to frequent the theatre.

Whether a continuance of that permission might not have had a favourable influence on the stage, and preserved us from the coarseness and buffoonery which, there is no denying, at one time characterised the pieces produced, we cannot tell. But we cannot help thinking that the wrong method has been pursued in banishing theatrical amusements altogether, instead of raising their tone, by elevating the moral feeling of the audience. If Dean Milman and the Bishop of London presented the spectacle of genius and religion witnessing the mode in which their countrymen spent their hours of relaxation, the lowest occupant of the gallery would hiss the slightest approach to impropriety in language or position in so purifying and exalting a presence. "It is remarkable," says Carlyle, in commenting on this incident, "that in the year 1784, when the great actress, Mrs. Siddons, first appeared in Edinburgh during the sitting of the General Assembly, that court was forced to fix all its important business for the alternate days when she did not act, as all the younger members, clergy as well as laity, took their stations in the theatre on those days by three in the afternoon." Robertson and Blair, however, held aloof from this open demonstration of their liberal feelings on the question, and limited their patronage of the players to the cultivation of the great actress's friendship in private. A mean compromise, exclaims the pugnacious Moderate, "for they got no credit for their abstinence, and the struggle between the liberal and the restrained and affected manners of the clergy had been long at an end, by my having finally stood my ground, and been so well supported by so great a majority in the Church."

The success of *Douglas* in Edinburgh, led to its production in London, where, although Garrick maintained his original opinion that it was not fit for the stage, it was received with unanimous applause. Theatrical applause in those days was generally the herald of more substantial things. On this occasion, Lord Bute, the governor of the Prince of Wales, and afterwards the ruler of the nation, became attached to the captivating author with the warmth of personal friendship; procured a pension for him, and was for many years guided by his advice. The secret influence behind the throne which occasioned so much parliamentary eloquence and public indignation would have been found, if inquiry had been made beyond the ostensible favourite and statesman, in the person of a displaced Scotch minister, the kindest hearted, merriest mannered of his tribe, who never missed an opportunity of benefiting a friend, and never availed himself of an opportunity to advance or enrich himself.

A journey to the great metropolis in 1758, united Carlyle to his old companion; and as Robertson was also besieging Paternoster Row with the first volumes of his *History of Scotland*, "three blither lads were not to be found in Christendie." Little information is given us of public affairs at this time; and indeed, the worthy trio had little leisure for such small concerns as the war with France and the glorious administration of Chatham. A club was formed for social intercourse, and, after the manner of our countrymen, it was almost limited to "our noble selves." The list of members is strictly Caledonian; "there were J. Home and Robertson and Wedderburne and Jack Dalrymple, and Bob Adam, Adam Ferguson and myself." With such a set, perhaps, no foreign admixture was required; and in spite of Carlyle's complacent statement with regard to his correct English pronunciation, there might be another reason for confining the conversation to men who were to the language born; for we are presented with a somewhat suspicious anecdote

of Dr. Congalton, at this time one of the set, and medical attendant on Sir David Kinloch. "I said to him one day, 'Charlie, how do you like the English, now that you have seen them twice, for two or three months?'—'I cannot answer your question,' replied he, 'for I am not acquainted with any of them.'—'What! not acquainted?' said I.—''Yes,' says he, 'I have seen half a dozen of them calling on Sir David, but I never enter into conversation with the John Bulls, for to tell you the truth, I don't yet well understand what they say.'" The story thus related loses half its humour, from the correct English in which Charlie's disclaimer is conveyed. If the *Cotiagers of Glenburnie* had at that time been published—the first novel which ventured on the native Doric—Carlyle would have seen the necessity of putting Charlie's confession into the very broadest of Scotch. Dr. Congalton, however, we hope, repaid himself for his involuntary silence among the John Bulls, by the most ferocious prolixity among his associates at their weekly meetings at the British Coffeehouse. Properly it was a physicians' club, and Home, Robertson, and Carlyle were only honorary members. But the catalogue of practitioners, all determined by pill and bolus to revenge the slaughter of their countrymen at Flodden, present us with very distinguished names, all redolent of claret and heather: Pitcairne, Armstrong, Orme, and Dickson, William Hunter, Clephan, and Graham of Pall Mall. Hunter—great himself, and only equalled by his brother John—had a standing toast to which the club did honour, "May no English nobleman venture out of the world without a Scottish physician, as I am sure there are none who venture in!"

But clubs supplied society for only two nights in the week, and what was to be done with the other five? Glimpses are given us of the higher stage on which dukes and ministers were strutting their hour, but the real stage of Drury Lane had more charms for the emancipated ministers and the dramatic poet.

"Garrick, though not of an understanding of the first, nor of the highest cultivated mind, had great vivacity and quickness, and was very entertaining company. Though vanity was his prominent feature, and a troublesome and watchful jealousy the constant visible guard of his reputation to a ridiculous degree, yet his desire to oblige, his want of arrogance, and the delicacy of his mimicry, made him very agreeable. He had no affected reserve, but, on the least hint, would start up at any time and give the company one of his best speeches. As Garrick had been in Dublin when I was in London in 1746, I assiduously attended him at this time, and saw him in all his principal parts, both in tragedy and comedy. He used to say himself, that he was more at home in comedy than in tragedy, and I was of his opinion. I thought I could conceive something more perfect in tragedy, but in comedy he completely filled up my ideas of perfection. There may be a deception in this, for every well-educated person has formed to himself some idea of the characters, both in ancient and modern tragedy, and if the actor falls short of that, he is thought to be deficient in judgment: whereas comedy being an imitation of living manners, as they rise in succession among inferior orders of men, the spectator can have formed no rule or standard of judgment previous to the representation, but must accept of the picture the actor gives him, and must approve of it, if it is lively, though it should not be true.

"Garrick was so friendly to John Home that he gave a dinner to his friends and companions at his house at Hampton, which he did but seldom. He had told us to bring golf clubs and balls that we might play at that game on Molesly Hurst. We accordingly set out in good time, six of us in a landau. As we passed through Kensington, the Coldstream regiment were changing guard, and, on seeing our clubs, they gave us three cheers in honour of a diversion peculiar to Scotland; so much does the remembrance of one's native country dilate the heart, when one has been some time absent. The same sentiment made us open our purses, and give our countrymen wherewithal to drink the 'Land of Cakes.' Garrick met us by the way, so impatient he seemed to be for his company. There were John Home, and Robertson, and Wedderburn, and Robert and James Adam, and Colonel David Wedderburn, who was killed when commander of the army in Bombay, in the year [1773]. He was held by his companions to be in every respect as clever and able a man as his elder brother the Chancellor, with a much more gay, popular, and social temper.

"Immediately after we arrived, we crossed the river to the golfing-ground, which was very good. None of the company could play but John Home and myself, and Parson Black from Aberdeen, who being chaplain to a regiment during some of the Duke of Cumberland's campaigns, had been pointed out to his royal highness as a proper person to teach him the game of chess; the duke was such an apt scholar that he never lost a game after the first day; and he recompensed Black for having beat him so cruelly, by procuring for him the living of Hampton, which is a good one. We returned and dined sumptuously, Mrs. Garrick, the only lady, now grown fat, though still very lively, being a woman of uncommon good sense, and now mistress of English, was in all respects most agreeable company." . . .

"Garrick had built a handsome temple, with a statue of Shakespeare in it, in his lower garden, on the banks of the Thames, which was separated from the upper one by a high-road, under which there was an archway which united the two gardens. Garrick, in compliment to Home, had ordered the wine to be carried to this temple, where we were to drink it under the shade of the copy of that statue to which Home had addressed his pathetic verses on the rejection of his play. The poet and the actor were equally gay and well pleased with each other on this occasion, with much respect on the one hand, and a total oblivion of animosity on the other; for vanity is a passion that is easy to be entreated, and unites freely with all the best affections. Having observed a green mount in the garden, opposite the archway, I said to our landlord, that while the servants were preparing the collation in the temple, I would surprise him with a stroke at the golf, as I should drive a ball through his archway into the Thames once in three strokes. I had measured the distance with my eye in walking about the garden, and accordingly, at the second stroke, made the ball alight in the mouth of the gateway, and roll down the green slope into the river. This was so dexterous that he was quite surprised, and begged the club of me by which such a feat had been performed. We passed a very agreeable afternoon; and it is hard to say which were happier, the landlord and landlady, or the guests."

At this time the Scotch clergy were alarmed with a threat that the window tax was to be extended to their manses, and Carlyle exercised his influence and habits of business in warding off the fatal blow. Greater prominence is given to this question than its importance deserves; but it shows how completely the author adopted the professional feelings of the cloth, and how natural it was that presbyteries and synods should soften in their estimate of a frequenter of plays and visitor of Garrick, when they saw the efforts he made on their behalf. It was not merely with a view to his own importance that he rode in Hyde Park with Lord Bute, and supped with the Duke of Argyll.

Romance-writers have regretted, with great justice, the easy travelling of the present day, where, unless you are favoured with a collision of trains, there is no adventure possible. Smollet, who became one of the chosen brothers during his visit to London, could never have got through his three volumes without strange incidents on the road, and at the inns where the waggon put up; and Carlyle is indebted to the same unfailing sources for scenes equal to those in *Roderick Random*. But these we must pass over, leaving the reader to imagine the variety of queer incident and acute remark which relieved the fatigue of a ride of four hundred miles, performed between London and their homes by Carlyle and Robertson, Adam the architect, and Home. Oxford, Blenheim, Warwick, are described with great vigour; and Birmingham, we are sorry to say, roused no admiration in the soul of the author of *Douglas*, who remarked, after being dragged through an enormous manufactory, "that it seemed there as if God had created man only for making buttons." When they finally crossed the border, they took their different ways, having laid in a stock of presents and trinkets; "Robertson," he says, "for his wife and children at Gladsmuir, and Home and I for the children at Polwarth manse." And thereby hangs a tale. For one of these children was Mary Roddam, who, in two years after this, became his wife. A wise and beautiful creature of eighteen accepted the hand of the mature and now celebrated man of thirty-eight, and the view of his domestic happiness is delightful. Sarah, the elder sister, he tells us, was brought up in a higher sphere than her junior, being

under the guardianship of her relations the Blacketts of Northumberland.

"Yet Mary, the younger, with no advantage but that of living with an aunt of superior understanding and great worth, though much uneducated, and having only one year of the Edinburgh boarding-school, soon had her mind enlarged and her talents improved by some instruction, and the conversation of those who frequented us, insomuch that in not more than one year after our marriage, she appeared not only without any seeming defect in her education, but like a person of high endowments. Indeed the quickness of her parts and the extent of her understanding were surprising, and her talent both in speaking and writing, and in delicacy of taste, truly as admirable as any woman I ever knew. Add to this that she was noble and generous in the highest degree, compassionate even to weakness, and, if her friends were in distress, totally forgetful and negligent of herself. I do not think it is possible I could derive greater satisfaction from any circumstance in human life than I did from the high approbation which was given to my choice by the very superior men who were my closest and most discerning friends, such as Ferguson, Robertson, Blair, and Bannatine, not merely by words, but by the open, respectful, and confidential manner in which they conversed with her."

But almost from the commencement of their married life, a cloud fell upon their hearthstone which all his energy and joyousness of disposition could not remove. His children died in early youth, and, the last of them dying in 1777, left him desolate for the remainder of his thirty years' pilgrimage. Community of grief, however, only bound him the more to the bereaved mother; and the editor excellently remarks on this, "that while his memoranda record continued visits and receptions of strangers, they bear no trace of his being addicted in later life to the social convivialities where males only can be present; for his faithful partner, Mary, is his almost constant companion, whether his visits be to a ducal mansion in London, or to the quiet manse of some old companion. Meantime, with Hume, and Robertson, and Blair, the even current of his life flowed on, and we must refer to the volume itself for elaborate characters of these his chosen friends. Some anecdotes, however, of David, we cannot pass over, which bring the historian of England before us with remarkable skill. "He was a man," he says, "of great knowledge, and of a social and benevolent temper, and truly the best-natured man in the world."

"He was branded with the title of Atheist, on account of the many attacks on revealed religion that are to be found in his philosophical works, and in many places of his *History*—the last of which are still more objectionable than the first, which a friendly critic might call only sceptical. Apropos of this, when Mr. Robert Adam, the celebrated architect, and his brother, lived in Edinburgh with their mother, an aunt of Dr. Robertson's, and a very respectable woman, she said to her son, 'I shall be glad to see any of your companions to dinner, but I hope you will never bring the Atheist here to disturb my peace.' But Robert soon fell on a method to reconcile her to him, for he introduced him under another name, or concealed it carefully from her. When the company parted, she said to her son, 'I must confess that you bring very agreeable companions about you, but the large jolly man who sat next me is the most agreeable of them all.' 'This was the very Atheist,' said he, 'mother, that you was so much afraid of.' 'Well,' says she, 'you may bring him here as much as you please, for he's the most innocent, agreeable facetious man I ever met with.' This was truly the case with him; for though he had much learning and a fine taste, and was professedly a sceptic, though by no means an atheist, he had the greatest simplicity of mind and manners with the utmost facility and benevolence of temper of any man I ever knew. His conversation was truly irresistible, for while it was enlightened, it was naive almost to puerility.

"I was one of those who never believed that David Hume's sceptical principles had laid fast hold on his mind, but thought that his books proceeded rather from affectation of superiority and pride of understanding and love of vainglory. I was confirmed in this opinion, after his death, by what the Honourable Patrick Boyle, one of his most intimate friends, told me many years ago at my house in Musselburgh, where he used to come and dine the first Sunday of every General Assembly, after his brother, Lord Glasgow, ceased to be Lord High Commissioner. When we were talking of David, Mrs. Carlyle asked Mr. Boyle if he thought David Hume was as great an

unbeliever as the world took him to be? He answered, that the world judged from his books, as they had a right to do; but he thought otherwise, who had known him all his life, and mentioned the following incident: When David and he were both in London, at the period when David's mother died, Mr. Boyle, hearing of it, soon after went into his apartment—for they lodged in the same house—when he found him in the deepest affliction and in a flood of tears. After the usual topics of condolence, Mr. Boyle said to him, 'My friend, you owe this uncommon grief to your having thrown off the principles of religion; for if you had not, you would have been consoled by the firm belief that the good lady, who was not only the best of mothers, but the most pious of Christians, was now completely happy in the realms of the just.' To which David replied, 'Though I threw out my speculations to entertain and employ the learned and metaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of mankind as you may imagine.' To this my wife was a witness. This conversation took place the year after David died, when Dr. Hill, who was to preach, had gone to a room to look over his notes.

"At this period, when he first lived in Edinburgh, and was writing his *History of England*, his circumstances were narrow, and he accepted the office of Librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, worth £40 per annum. But it was not for the salary that he accepted this employment, but that he might have easy access to the books in that celebrated library; for, to my certain knowledge, he gave every farthing of the salary to families in distress. Of a piece with this temper was his curiosity and credulity, which were without bounds, a specimen of which shall be afterwards given when I come down to Militia and the Poker. His economy was strict, as he loved independency; and yet he was able at that time to give suppers to his friends in his small lodging in the Canongate. He took much to the company of the younger clergy, not from a wish to bring them over to his opinions, for he never attempted to overturn any man's principles, but they best understood his notions, and could furnish him with literary conversation. Robertson and John Home and Bannatine and I lived all in the country, and came only periodically to the town. Blair and Jardine both lived in it, and suppers being the only fashionable meal at that time, we dined where we best could, and by cadies assembled our friends to meet us in a tavern by nine o'clock; and a fine time it was when we could collect David Hume, Adam Smith, Adam Ferguson, Lord Elibank, and Drs. Blair and Jardine, on an hour's warning."

"As Mr. Hume's circumstances improved he enlarged his mode of living, and instead of the roasted hen and minced collops, and a bottle of punch, he gave both elegant dinners and suppers, and the best claret, and, which was best of all, he furnished the entertainment with the most instructive and pleasing conversation, for he assembled whosoever were most knowing and agreeable among either the laity or clergy. This he always did, but still more unsparingly when he became what he called rich. For innocent mirth and agreeable raillery I never knew his match. Jardine, who sometimes bore hard upon him—for he had much drollery and wit, though but little learning—never could overturn his temper. Lord Elibank resembled David in his talent for collecting agreeable companions together, and had a house in town for several winters chiefly for that purpose.

"David, who delighted in what the French call *plaisanterie*, with the aid of Miss Nancy Ord, one of the Chief Baron's daughters, contrived and executed one that gave him very great delight. As the New Town was making its progress westward, he built a house in the south west corner of St. Andrew Square. The street leading south to Princes Street had not yet got its name affixed, but they got a workman early one morning to paint on the corner-stone of David's house 'St. David's Street,' where it remains to this day."

Whether David's pleasantry as recorded in the next anecdote was equally agreeable to the subject of it, we are not told. Probably the reference to the great master of Roman eloquence may have neutralised the hint it seems to convey of some degree of stillness, and perhaps ostentation, in the minister's pulpit ministrations.

'Being at Gilmerton, where David Hume was on a visit, Sir David Kinloch made him go to Athelstaneford church, where I preached for John Home. When we met before dinner, 'What did you mean,' says he to me, 'by treating John's congregation to-day with one of Cicero's academics? I did not think that such heathen morality would have passed in East Lothian."

At this time elocution was so highly valued, irrespective of the facts or reasonings it conveyed, that a depreciation of doctrine was perhaps an

additional compliment to the mode of delivery. Dr. Blair, who appears to our inflamed palates so *wairsh* and unseasoned, was considered the model of all the requirements of a Christian orator. Yet, like the man who could only jump very high in his native parish, Blair's eminence as a speaker was limited to the Church. The readier tongue of Carlyle enables him to enjoy the incident of a foolish lay elder in the Assembly, who offered Blair a thousand pounds to teach him the art of speaking in public.

"As Blair was Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, he thought he was the most likely person to comply with his request; but he had not observed that Dr. Blair never spoke in public himself, but from the pulpit, from which he might have gathered that the knowledge of rhetoric is different from the practice."

Accepting, therefore, the Ciceronian part of St. David's criticism, Carlyle gives us another anecdote of the great historian and the charming dramatist, which shows that "pleasantry" was not confined to one side.

"At the Poker Club, when everybody wondered what could have made a clerk of Sir William Forbes run away with £900—'I know that very well,' says John Home to David; 'for when he was taken, there was found in his pocket your *Philosophical Works* and Boston's *Fourfold State of Man*.'"

The Poker Club, instituted in ridicule of the more puritanic brethren, might furnish excellent quotations, illustrative of the wit and freedom of our Scottish society, but space warns us to hurry on. Journeys to England, residences in Harrowgate, alternating with ecclesiastical schemes and orations, fill up the remainder of the work with unflagging spirit. But, at last, we find the effect of "years, that bring the philosophic mind;" and a short extract, which we take from the editor's Supplementary Chapter, "shuts up the story of the days" of that gay and sparkling fellowship, in a letter to Sir John Macpherson. This gentleman had risen to be Governor of British India, in succession to Warren Hastings, and was now come home. The date is 1796.

"Now for an account of your old friends, which, if you saw Ferguson as he passed, which I think you did, I might spare.

"To begin with Robertson, whom you shall see no more; in one word, he appeared more respectable when he was dying than ever he did even when living. He was calm and collected, and even placid, and even gay. My poor wife had a desire to see him, and went on purpose, but when she saw him from a window, leaning on his daughter, with his tottering frame, and directing the gardener how to dress some flower-beds, her sensibility threw her into a paroxysm of grief; she fled up-stairs to Mrs. Russell and could not see him. His house, for three weeks before he died, was really an anticipation of heaven.

"Dr. Blair is as well as possible. Preaching every Sunday with increasing applause, and frisking more with the whole world than ever he did in his youngest days, no symptoms of frailty about him; and though he was huffed at not having an offer of the principality, he is happy in being resorted to as the head of the University.

"John Home is in very good health and spirits, and has had the comfort, for two or three winters, of having Major Home, his brother-in-law, a very sensible man, in the house with him, which makes him less dependent on stranger company, which, in advanced years, is not so easy to be found, nor endured when it is found.

"With respect to myself, I have had many warnings within these three years, but on the whole, as I have only fits of illness, and no disease, I am sliding softly on to old age, without any remarkable infirmity or failure, and can, upon occasions, preach like a son of thunder (I wish I were the Bold Thunder for a week or two) against the vile levelling Jacobins, whom I abhor. My wife, your old friend, has been better than usual this winter, and is strong in metaphysicks, and ethicks, and (can) almost repeat all Ferguson's last book of Lectures, which do him infinite honour. I say, of that book, that if Reid is the Aristotle, Ferguson is the Plato of Scotch philosophers; and the Faculty of Arts of Edinburgh have adopted my phrase."

The abruptness of the conclusion of the Autobiography deprives us of a picture of the times after 1770, but the loss is partly supplied by the recollections with which the old man eloquent breaks through the thread of his narrative, and carries us considerably beyond that date. Taking, however, the finished portion of the work, we believe that the social and public life of any equal period never had so graphic a chronicler be-

fore. No national change, we have already remarked, was ever more complete than that which occurred during Carlyle's lifetime, although, from the steadiness of its progress, its power and rapidity almost escaped observation. But in looking back from the terminus we reach in 1805, we can estimate the strength and vigour of the engine which carried us all the way from 1722, without any accident to wheel or boiler.

We have seen the mode of travelling up to 1775, and got our first view of modern locomotion in the introduction of post-chaises, and the commencement of turnpike roads. Wretched streets traversed the most picturesque and dirtiest town in Europe; and the meanest of wynds and alleys were the residences of the learned and noble. The habits of the people had become a proverb for all that was anti-saponaceous and coarse. But towards the end of the work we see notices of the rising on the opposite ridge from the city of the Stuarts, of a new and splendid capital, which furnished fitting homes for the polished gentry and accomplished poets, philosophers, and historians, who seemed to be subdued by the spirit of the houses they dwelt in, and could not continue to practise in Queen Street or St. Andrew Square, the convivialities and excesses which found a congenial locus in the purlieus of the Grass-market or the Flesher's Close. Architecture, no less than the other faithfully cultivated arts, softens the manners, and will not permit people to persist in being barbarous. Contemporaneously with the growth of the New Town, the savage joviality which had characterised the Old disappeared. Tavern life was extinguished by the size of the apartments at home; and a country minister would pause a good while before he sent a "cady" to summon the Moderator of the Assembly, two or three of the Judges, and the Principal of the University, to meet him at a hotel-supper on half-an-hour's notice. Yet this was common eighty years ago, as recorded in this volume. Religious and party spirit also ran so high that the Kirk, though divided against itself, found an ample superfluity of hate to bestow on Dissent and Episcopalianism. The adherents of that old communion felt their recent fall embittered by the insults of their successful rivals, and revenged themselves by cherishing a romantic sort of Jacobitism among their flocks, which so alarmed the Government that it would not permit the raising of a Scotch militia, believing that the majority of the people were disaffected, if not disloyal. "For it must be observed," says Carlyle, "that when Presbytery was re-established at the Revolution, after the reign of Episcopacy for 29 years, more than two-thirds of the people of the country, and most part of the gentry, were Episcopals; the restoration of Presbytery by King William being chiefly owing to the Duke of Argyle, Marchmont, Stair, and other leading nobles who had suffered under Charles and James, and who had promoted the Revolution with all their interest and power."

This work, though latest published, forms, in fact, the commencement of the series of biographic and anecdotic reminiscences of the last century with which our own day is enriched. The admirable *Recollections of Lord Cockburn* begin nearly where Carlyle leaves off. Sir Walter Scott was thirty-three at Carlyle's death, and the wondrous strain is carried on till the gentle ripple of the Tweed sounded on that September morning into his dying room, in 1832. In many respects, the earlier revelations are superior to the rest. In personal interest, we cannot, of course, place them on a par with the records of the man who would be acknowledged the greatest of modern poets, if he were not undoubtedly the greatest of English novelists; but as a reproduction of a distinct individuality we hold them not to be inferior even to the master-piece of Lockhart. Following no master, moulding himself on no model, the charm of these pages is their originality. They are not Boswellian, nor Johnsonian, nor Colley Cibberish, nor traceable to any source. Yet in their liveliness of description, sly touches of satire, and vigorous analysis of character, combined with the naturalness of incident and surprising variety of interest deduced from ordinary adventure, we are constantly reminded of *Gil Blas*.

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